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★ Collier's

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# . . . this great best-selling novel which strips the masks from an American town!

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EVERY adult in Kings Row knew that a human face sometimes becomes a "mask"—hiding its owner's secret love, hate, or ambition—but fourteen-year-old Parris Mitchell did not suspect it. He simply took people at their face values.

He liked his affectionate little girl-friend Renee. They tramped the country and went swimming together, at first in Adam and Eve innocence. He loved his big-hearted, girl-crazy pal, Drake McHugh. He liked and trusted Drake's tomboy girl friend, Randy Monaghan, and Jamie Wakefield, who secretly wrote poems, and whom people called "too pretty for a boy."

Cassie Tower, the prettiest young girl in town, he admired but thought "strange," perhaps because she was always kept at home by her unpopular physician father, who lived mysteriously well without any patients to speak of. Parris liked Dr. Tower, even if few grown-ups did. But he feared and disliked the cold-faced surgeon, Dr. Gordon, whose patients' hearts were so often found "too weak for chloroform." Once Renee and Parris had heard frightful screams from a farmhouse, with Dr. Gordon's buggy there. Parris never forgot them.

Through this sensitive reaction to the people around him, Parris gradually developed the intuitive insight of a born physician; gradually he discovered that each and every one of them faced the world of Kings Row through some kind of protective mask, which hid a sickness of the mind or soul—perhaps a gnawing fear, a paralyzing inferiority complex, or a cherished vice. And later, as Dr. Parris Mitchell, equipped as a psychiatrist by five years study in Vienna, he helped some of them to take off their masks.

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OCTOBER 4, 1941


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COVER VERNON GRANT


# ANY WEEK

BY THE time we reached Buffalo we needed a bit of diversion. You can spend just so much time in Washington these days and keep the morale intact. After a few days you need a change—a sea voyage, for example, or a new hat or something. Anyway, when the plane got to Buffalo, things began to pick up. Little did we think, for example, that we'd live to see the day when one might not take photographs of Niagara Falls. Yet there at the airport was the notice—no taking pictures of Niagara Falls. Naturally this inspired a great deal of speculation and discussion. That we might have something to go on, an Army officer told us that certain defense measures were being taken to guard the falls from "possible and even probable enemies." We sided with two gentlemen who were contending that it was as it should be—that after all these years the falls were entitled to a little privacy. Our side contended, too, that while it was something like slapping down a priority on photos of the Mississippi River (which was being considered with some gravity in Washington at the moment) we couldn't very well complain. After all one could still shoot pictures of the falls from the Canadian side, that country being at war, not seeming to mind. However, we were comforted by the man who ran the newsstand. He said that there was no visible shortage of photographs of Niagara Falls, that he had on hand seventy-two different views and thought that anyone wanting more than that warranted being suspected of subversive motives. Anyway, it picked us up quite a lot after Washington where, somehow, we began to droop when we discovered that between the OPM and Mr. Leon Henderson, 100 per cent priorities were being placed on blueprint paper and glass eyes.



NEVERTHELESS, problems of this sort are puny compared to that which had an employee of the Honorable Harold Ickes on the somewhat uncertain side. This fellow works the Chicago district for the National Forests division of Mr. Ickes' Interior Department. It is his particular job to agitate the American public to more and longer motor tours of our beautiful national forests and parks. From what he had read in the papers, Mr. Ickes was urging motorists to conserve gasoline and nothing in his instructions told him how tourists were to conserve gasoline and at the same time redouble their touring of our national parks and forests. He had wired to his chief in Washington. Either his plea for instructions had gone astray or his chief was busy looking up a few instructions on his own hook. Anyway, the tour promoter was in quite a quandary when we met him. "Sometimes you begin to suspect that there's a lot of conflicting ideas down there these days," he sighed as we left.

BURNING as little gasoline as possible, Mr. Will Schribner of Madison, Wisconsin, was motoring through North Dakota. Stopping for refreshment at a place near Bismarck—a place Mr. Schribner describes as "a favorite with the better class of riffraff"—he became engaged in conversation with the barkeep and eight or ten customers. "The situation, national and international, was pretty well straightened out in a few minutes," writes Mr. Schribner. "The concensus was that we have too few tanks in the field and too many in official swivel chairs. There seems, too, to be a growing feeling that a few hundred per cent priorities should be laid on Congress. This sentiment developed when the bartender said that he'd had a customer, the day before, who had told him that there was some talk of Congress planning to pass a law postponing next year's elections for the duration."

AND here's one from a young man who is burning no gasoline at all. He is touring on a bicycle, having paused in Estes Park, Colorado, long enough to write to us. His name is Mr. Jack Bitterwack. When not touring he lives in Chillicothe, Ohio. Mr. Bitterwack was graduated from college in June and has had time since, says he, to "figure out what hundreds of commencement orators said to hundreds of graduating classes." He thinks that it all comes down to this: "Make the best of our mistakes so that you may hand down a brand-new set of mistakes to your own sons." And then Mr. Bitterwack concludes: "I have already thought of one. When I get to the state where I am asked to address a graduating class I'm going to suggest that I do nothing of the sort. I will insist that we ancients trade places with the graduating kids for the day and let them do the talking. The result will add nothing, as usual, to the wisdom of the world, but it will be a whole lot easier to understand."

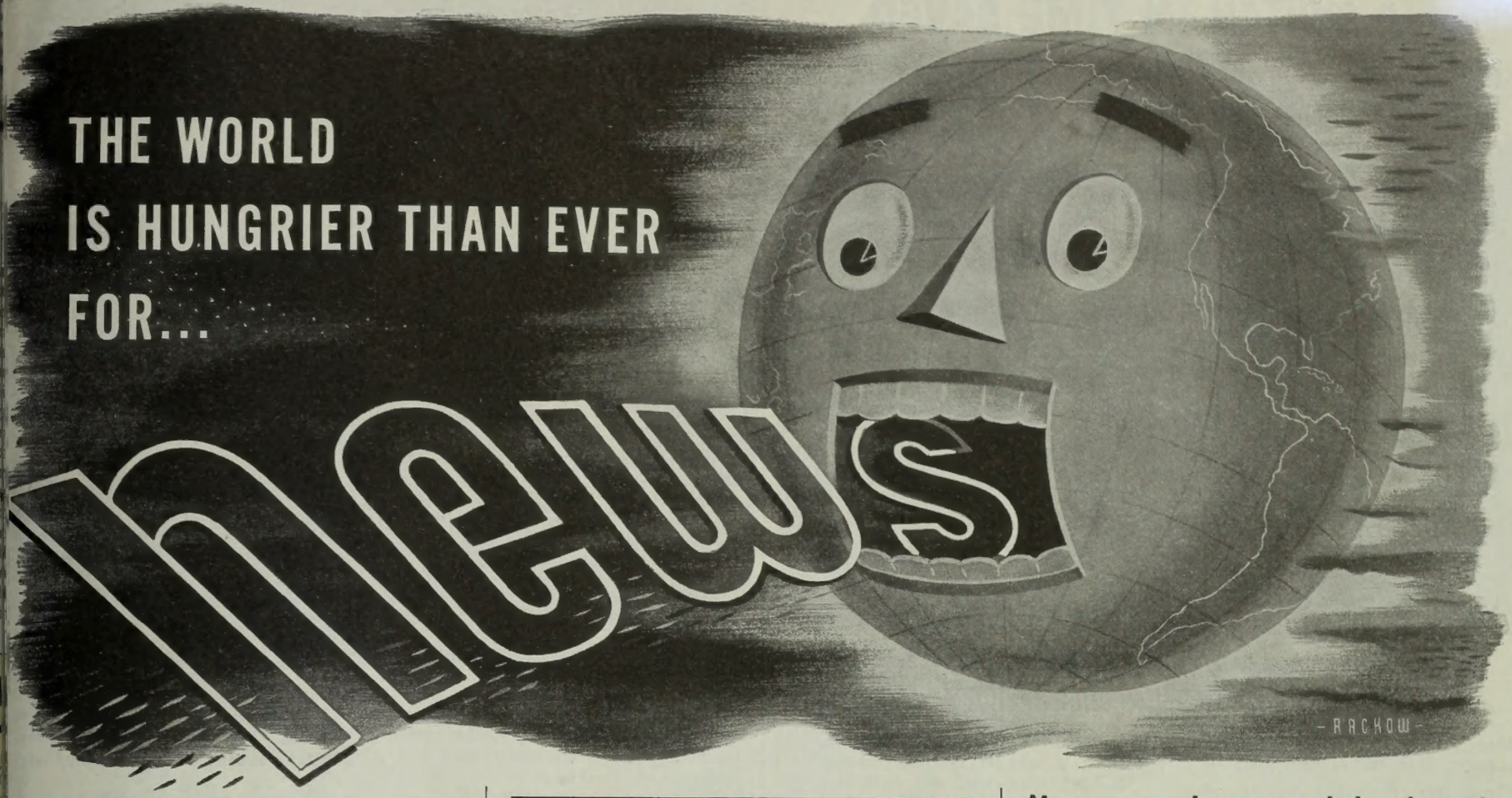
THIS stirring incident was observed by Mr. Paul Gravely of Toledo, Ohio, while he was waiting on a New York street corner for the lights to change. Other occupants of the corner were two gentlemen conversing in German and a very indignant lady who wa talking to herself. When the ligh had changed she darted toward th traffic cop and, pointing to the still co versing gentlemen, told the cop th they were speaking German. "Ar what do you suggest I do about madam?" asked the cop. "Your dut of course," said she. "They're Ge mans—probably spies." The c looked at the lady for a moment a then said: "Madam, it's a humid d sure enough. Now let me take y across the street." So he guided h across, she becoming more indignant the step. Once across, the cop touch his cap and said: "Now walk slow madam. It's a warm day, sure enoug



WE MENTIONED a lot of th things to a friend of ours who lives Detroit—particularly that part ab about the ever-increasing ban on p tures of old familiar scenes. He dic scoff; he sneered. Anything could photographed by the ingenious, he sured us. He told us that one of motorcar manufacturers had invi news photographers to shoot a few p tures of an airplane engine—the f of its kind in America to be rolled an assembly line. As the lads aime the arriving engine, an Army capt dashed in, leaped between the gine and the cameraman, lifted arms and shouted: "No pictures! pictures. In the name of the Un States Army." (Ever since he known as Ethan Allen, Junior.) could the photographers persuade to get out of the way. They were ab to give up when a general appea escorted by his staff. The captain, tory in hand, departed, saying he'd return in a few minutes. He but not before one of the camera called to the general: "General, w you mind posing beside the new gine?" Said the general: "Certa not, my boy." Before the captain back they had shot the general and motor from all possible angles.

AND that's about all for the mor except a bit of advice to Washing to be used in the event it bec completely baffled for methods spending money faster. Just tal couple of billion and ride aroun Detroit taxicabs. With economy money should last several days. not more. . . . W


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## How this appetite for news is fed

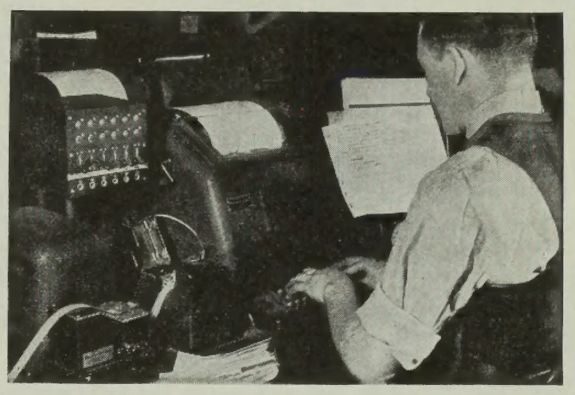
What happened in Europe today? What did Congress do? Who won the golf title? And, nearer home, will it rain this week-end?

We want fast answers—and we get them through newspaper, newsreel and newscast. Do you know that these purveyors of news gather it largely on equipment produced by one organization?




### The newspaper reporter's right arm is the telephone—made by Western Electric

Using the long arm of the telephone, the reporter can reach out to thousands of inaccessible spots, scoop up the news and bring it to his own desk. When he is in the field, telephones everywhere put him in instant touch with his paper.



### News while it's fresh is flashed over Western Electric Teletype machines

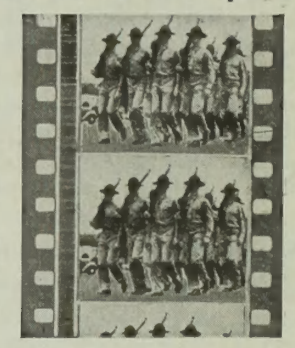
The great press associations send out thousands of words every day to papers all over the country. These stories go by Teletype machines which make for speed and accuracy. And they travel over telephone wires—another Western Electric product.

### Western Electric made the first commercial telephoto equipment



Many newspapers publish photographs which come over the telephone wires—and by means of sending and receiving apparatus which Western Electric made. Here illustrated is an operator about to transmit a picture to a group of newspapers.

### Many newsreels are recorded and reproduced by Western Electric Sound System



The sound newsreel and, indeed, the talking picture itself were made possible by the pioneering work of Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric.

### Most radio news travels over Western Electric telephone wires




Many radio stations broadcast over Western Electric apparatus. Moreover, network programs come to your local station over telephone lines and through control centers equipped by Western Electric.

* * *

Though it plays these varied parts in your daily life, this Company is of greatest importance to you in its primary role—that of source of supply to the Bell System. As such, it is the telephone users' assurance of equipment high in quality, low in cost, dependable in operation.

# Western Electric

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SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

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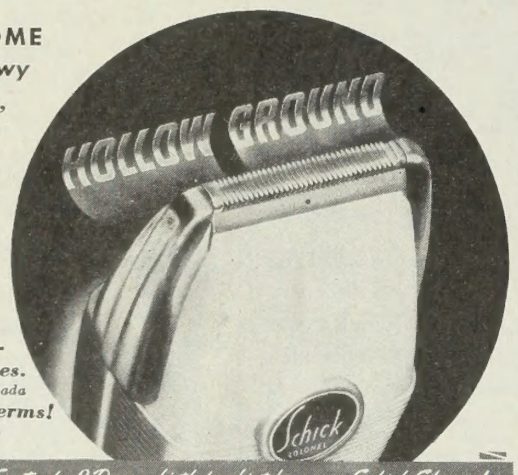
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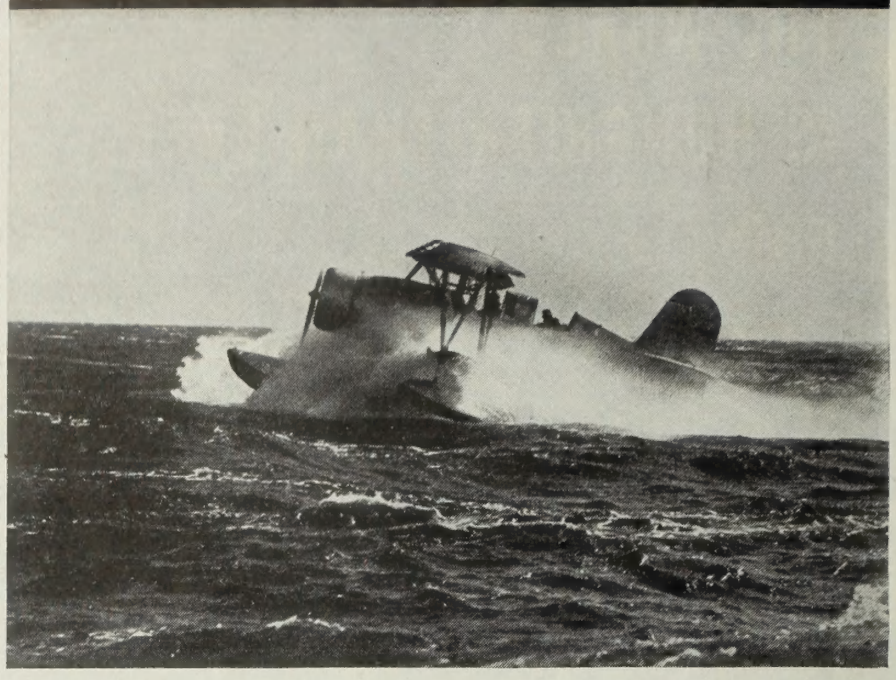
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# WING TALK



**Navy test pilots must be accomplished airmen and engineers as well. One above is putting seaplane through rough-water tests**

UNDER the pressure of war, when equipment must be produced superior to the enemy's, the most audacious projects are undertaken and often accomplished in a fraction of the time needed in peacetime. Word is trickling back here from the other side that new methods of aircraft propulsion are being worked on by the Germans and the British. R.A.F. pilots tell a story of trapping a German fighter. Suddenly a cloud of black smoke blasted out of his exhaust, and he went away from there with more speed than the R.A.F. boys ever saw. One guess is that some kind of gas or fluid is carried aboard and when fed into the engine, gives a tremendous increase in horsepower for a short enough interval to accomplish the objective.

On the British side, rocket propulsion as a means of assisting take-off is known to exist, particularly as an aid to heavily laden bombers forced to operate out of tight fields. The idea is not brand-new to this country.

USED to be that the Army and Navy would test-fly any new plane but now, and for several years, they have required the company test pilot first to demonstrate the plane's ability to fly, pull out of dives, spin and what not. When the Army and Navy do take it over there is no question about the airplane flying, so the test pilots of both services see what it will do as a military or naval plane. (An exception was made in the case of the mammoth B-19 when Vice-President Carl Cover of the Douglas Company, who has piloted the first flights of most new Douglas models, was prevented by illness from taking off the big bomber. He recommended that Major Stanley M. Umstead, the Army's Chief Test Pilot, be the first to fly it and he did.)

These Army and Navy test pilots receive no more pay than the regulation 50 per cent extra that all Army and Navy airmen get, and they volunteer for the job. The volunteer part does not signify that the duty is so hazardous they cannot be ordered to it. The qualifications have so many intangibles that not until the applicant has had a go at service test flying are his superiors able to conclude he is test-pilot material.

Army test work is done at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. The Navy test pilots, in addition to testing planes that operate from land, must also test types for operation from carriers, catapults aboard cruisers and battleships, and from rough seas.

They do the carrier work at Philadelphia, where a reproduction of a carrier deck with arresting gear is laid out on the ground. The rough-water tests for seaplanes and flying boats are carried out at sea off Norfolk and catapult tests are also made there. For general flight characteristics, the new planes are tested at the Naval Air Station, Anacostia, D. C., across the river from Washington.

Frequent departures from this general Army and Navy procedure are made to speed up the testing of new models, and when this is necessary the Army and Navy test pilot is sent to the factory to conduct the tests where any changes he recommends can usually be made immediately.

IT'S difficult to report on what airline pilots do for fun when they're off duty except at a remote place like Wake Island, out in the Pacific where the Pan American clippers lay over for the night. The coral reefs surrounding the islands abound with bizarre tropical fish, many of them good to eat. The clipper crews, equipped with rubber-mounted glass face masks, a four-foot barbed steel spear, a short length of bamboo with a piece of inner tube as a sling shot, go underwater and shoot fish. They have become quite expert at knocking off a toothsome fish dinner at fifteen feet. But there are other diversions, night tennis, sailboating, rowboating and ping-pong. The crews always hope for bad weather ahead so they can stay over and have more fun.

BEFORE they can get to Wake Island to shoot fish, the clipper crews have got to find the place. It is so insignificant that an ordinary cloud shadow on the water looks exactly like it from a distance.

On the island is a transmitter with a special antenna arrangement which can receive the flying boat's radio waves and measure accurately the direction

*(Continued on page 47)*



# If you're FIT TO BE TIED

***because your clothes don't fit you properly...***

**here's a fit to be tried—**

**DOUBLE W CHECKED FIT***

**by HART SCHAFFNER & MARX**



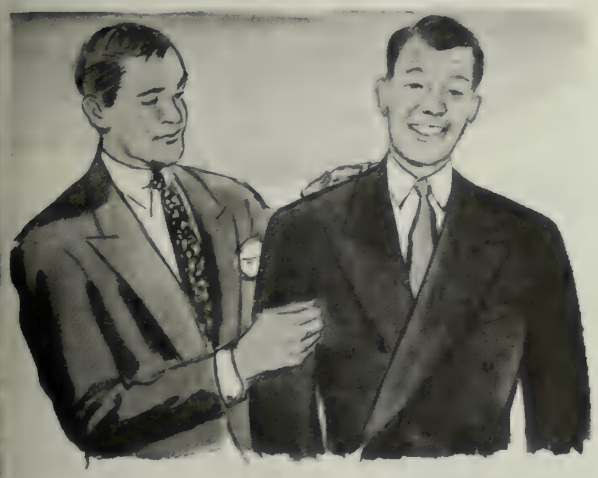
***1. FUNNY THING ABOUT SOME CLOTHES.*** They seem to fit pretty well when you try them on in the store. But after a few weeks, subtle and mysterious changes take place. For instance . . .



***2. THE SLEEVES CREEP UP.*** The shoulders hunch. The neck gapes. The vest gets so uppity it isn't on speaking terms with the trousers. What can you do about it? Simple. Next time you buy a suit get yourself a Hart Schaffner & Marx *double-checked fit!*



***3. WHAT IS DOUBLE-CHECKED FIT?*** It's your guarantee of perfection of fit! For every Hart Schaffner & Marx suit is checked *twice* for fit . . . first in the Hart Schaffner & Marx shops where it is tailored (it goes through twenty-seven different inspection operations for accuracy of size, fit, etc., in the process of its production) . . . then *again*, before you are ever allowed to wear it, by an expert tailor in the store that features Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes in your town! (The store where you ultimately should buy if you want to be assured of clothes that *do* fit you perfectly.)



***4. YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO ASK*** for double-checked fit. You get it *automatically* at any store that sells Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes. And that goes, no matter what your build may be. For regardless of whether you're unusually tall, or short, or beginning to get convex where you used to be concave, Hart Schaffner & Marx have developed specialties and sizes to fit men of *all* types of stature. Stop in and invite your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer to show you what double-checked fit can mean to the fitting qualities of *your* clothes . . . this week!

***P. S.*** **Ask to have Double-Checked Fit demonstrated to you in the famed value-suit . . .**

***Triple Test Worsted***

**This Hart Schaffner & Marx ace value is ready for you now in a wide, new variety of colors and patterns for fall at a price that, dollar for dollar, unquestionably offers you one of the best clothing buys in the country. And remember . . . this Triple Test suit . . . like every Hart Schaffner & Marx suit . . . FITS.**

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# HART SCHAFFNER & MARX




*You may be good but out you go . . . when you have the* double O

COMPETITION'S fierce these days, and ability alone often isn't enough. If an employer has to let a girl go, and has to pick from two girls of equal ability —which one gets the pink slip? The one with a clean, attractive smile and pleasant breath, or the one with "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth and Offensive breath)? You know the answer.

Yes, you may be the most fastidious girl in the world in other things, but if you're careless about the "Double O," young lady, you're in for some bad times!

*What To Do About It*

But why risk offending, when there's a delightful daily precaution that so many popular, sought-after girls use every day.

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's a dentifrice made specially to help bring out the natural sparkle, the clean, flashing brilliance of your smile.

*New Tooth Paste . . . New Formula*

The new Listerine Tooth Paste is an entirely new formula that attacks cloudy, loose deposits, goes to work on dull, dingy teeth. Many girls say they can actually see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

And for the breath—Listerine, of course. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

*Delightful Daily Double*

If you want to get ahead, don't neglect the "Double O." Start in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a clean, attractive smile, and Listerine Antiseptic for a more appealing breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

*the double precaution against* double O — *Offensive Breath, Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*The* chief use of rennin, an enzyme obtained from the fourth stomach of a calf, is in the manufacturing of cheese because it can coagulate more than 25,000 times its weight of fresh milk.—*By Mrs. Charles Nixon, Ithaca, New York.*

*Dallas,* Texas, produced an astonishing loan-shark case in November, 1938. For nine years, the victim had paid $2.25 a week for a loan of $20, borrowed to settle a hospital bill. Never having been allowed to apply a cent to the principal, he still owed the $20, although he had paid a total of $1,053, or 5,265 per cent interest.

*Any* person or firm in the United States who has a Bell System telephone may be listed, for a small fee, in New York's Manhattan telephone directory. Many use this service, including an individual in Boston and a company in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.—*By Zenna Kaufman, New York, New York.*

*California* sardines, or pilchards, are so small that the only way one may be banded, in order to study its migratory habits, is to insert a little metal tag into its stomach through a harmless incision. When caught and transported to the factories to be made into oil or meal, the sardines are passed over an electromagnetic device that locates the one in about 100,000 containing a tag.

*Old-age* assistance paid monthly to individuals by the states varies from an average of $37.87 in California to an average of $7.49 in Arkansas and South Carolina.—*By Gaeta Wold Boyer, Washington, D. C.*

*The* only countries that have never yet recognized the government of Soviet Russia are Holland, Portugal and Switzerland.—*By Mabel Giraud, San Antonio, Texas.*

*If* a philatelist had purchased and kept 2,000 copies of each commemorative stamp issued in this country between 1912 and 1929, he would have invested only $1,900 in a collection that would now have a catalog value of more than $100,000.—*By R. C. Charles, Hollywood, California.*

*The* Mono Craters Tunnel, one of the aqueducts carrying water into Los Angeles, passes under an extinct volcano, a member of the Mono Valley group.—*By Elizabeth Ashby, Ardmore, Oklahoma.*

*Latest* inventions include an alarm wrist watch that does not ring, but thumps the wearer, awakening him without disturbing others; a coin-operated machine that indicates one's pulse rate and blood pressure; an apparatus for airplane wheels that sets them running at the same speed as the machine at the moment of landing, producing a smoother contact with the ground.

*Between* June 27, 1922, the day she was commissioned, and August 16, 1941, the United States Submarine S-24 made 2,000 dives, or an average of one every three and a half days for more than nineteen years.—*By E. J. Blain, New London, Connecticut.*

*Wind Cave* in South Dakota has a ten-inch hole that produces a unique whistle when air is sucked through it by a fall in the barometric pressure, while the Dionysius Cave in Sicily has an acoustical property that makes the vibrations of a contralto voice sound like those of an organ.

*Fourteen* Russian cities now have children's railroads for the purpose of teaching boys and girls of school age the fundamentals of railroading. The gauges, locomotives, cars, signaling devices and stations are about half the size of standard equipment. The latest one, recently completed in Gorki, is six miles long, has four stations and is run by 1,500 children, who have been taught to operate it by themselves.

*A tree* usually increases its lumber content thirteen times and its value twenty-four times while growing in diameter from thirteen to twenty-five inches.—*By Walter Sharp, Lindsay, California.*

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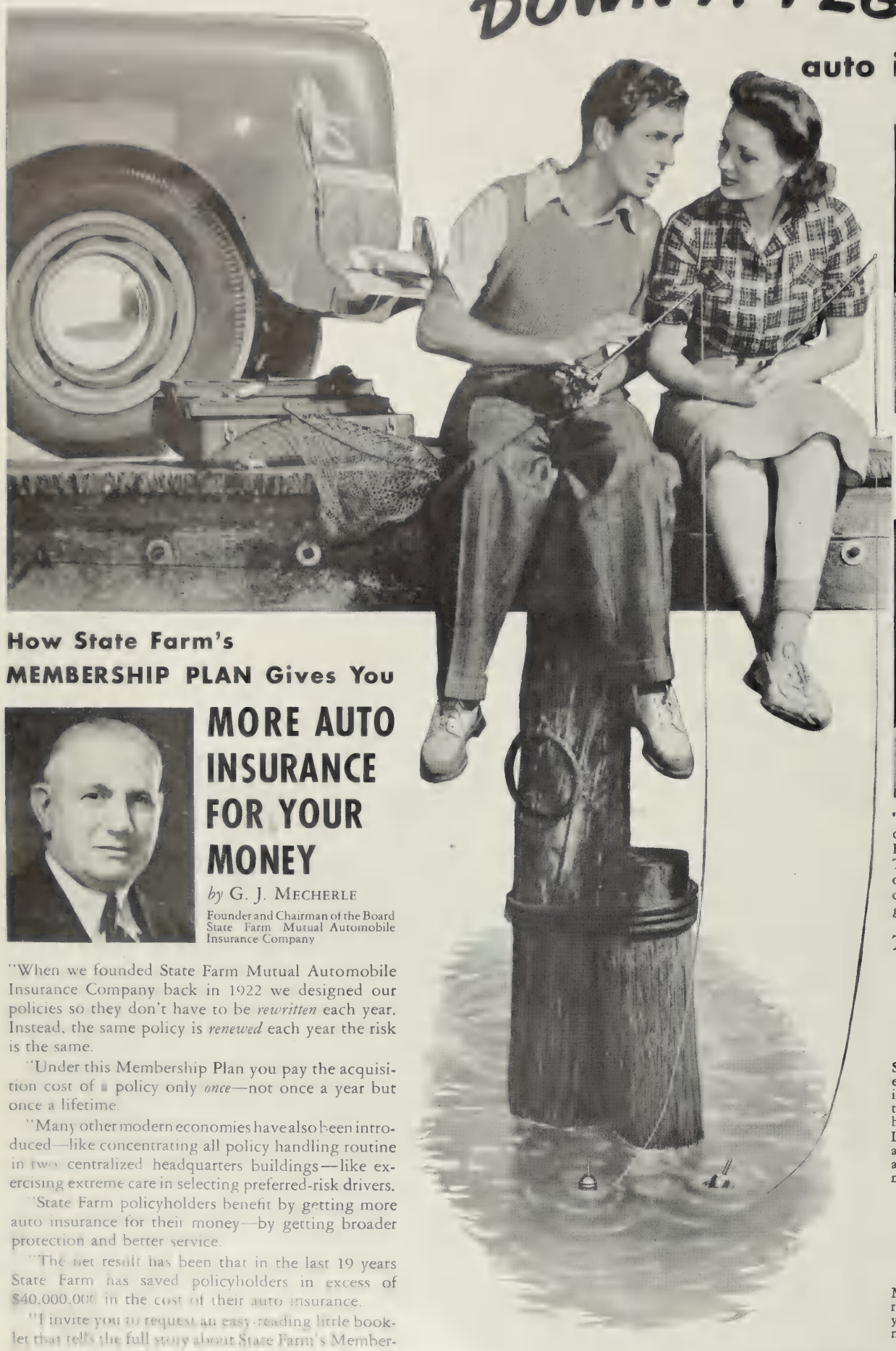
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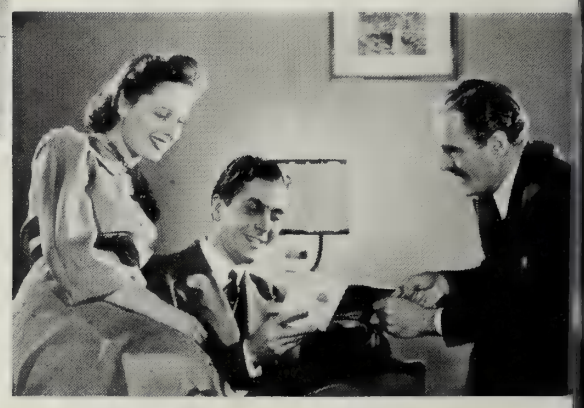
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*by* G. J. MECHERLE

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# SUB CONSCIOUS

**By Richard Howells Watkins**
ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

**Mr. Paley, second mate of the Ernestine Hobart, demonstrates conclusively that there is more than one way to skin a cat**



**They came pouring aboard in a rush that made the big lifeboat heel dangerously. The men in the bow floundered aft and joined the others**

NOBODY volunteered to man the Ernestine Hobart's lifeboat. Nobody wanted to go, not even Rob Paley, the second mate, who had first sighted those mariners in distress.

Mr. Lott, the mate, had jerked the glasses out of the smaller man's hands to look long at the distant object. "It's a Nazi sub, all right, bow up an' flying a distress signal," he said. "Well, it's deep enough around here. Don't let the skipper know or the old rooster'll be rescuing 'em."

"I've got to notify the old man," said Mr. Paley.

Lott, an uncompromising realist, turned eyes like blue ball bearings on the watch officer.

"What is this?" demanded the mate. "'The Honor Boys on the Ocean'?" He pointed a thick finger at the speck on the horizon. "D'you want Gilmore to pick 'em up an' risk their seizing the ship?"

"They'll drown if we don't," said Mr. Paley.

Mr. Lott made an impatient noise. "Sure, that gang of underwater thugs haven't got around to torpedoing American ships yet. But we're on their list. Know about the Lease-Lend Act, don't you? Would they rescue us?"

"No, but maybe that's what the war's about," Rob Paley said uncomfortably. Lott's eyes were peering suspiciously at him. "We're different from them. Anyhow, my standing orders are to report anything unusual to the old man this side of the Azores."

Mr. Lott argued. He also threatened. Both men knew Lott would be succeeding frail old Captain Gilmore at the end of five months. Already he was assuming a lot of authority. His threats meant something.

But Mr. Paley, somewhat pallid under his sunburn, called the old man anyhow, and the ship boiled with the news.

In spite of the violent reaction of the crew, Captain Gilmore, stiff-necked as a ventilator, became emphatic in his orders.

"There's still such a thing as mutiny on the high seas," the Ernestine's master said. "And there's still the cure. Get away that sta'board lifeboat!"

Snarling, cursing, the men rode the boat down the high side of the six-thousand-ton freighter. The sea that warm afternoon, some four hundred miles west of the Portuguese coast, was blue and placid.

Mr. Paley, sadly leaning his scrawny body on the steering oar, encountered concentrated hate in eight men's eyes as they sluggishly swung the oars. He looked beyond them, at the foundering submarine. That was concentrated hate, too, that submarine, and it bred hate among seamen far faster than it sank ships.

The thing was awash and out of trim. The tall conning tower was no higher



**"First I catch a glimpse of a Nazi sneakin' out o' this boat," said Mr. Lott. "Then I find you in it"**

above water than the bow. The stern was nowhere. The men, about thirty in all, in two clusters, clung to the net-cutting cable forward on deck and to the conning tower.

As Mr. Paley watched, a man, coughing violently, came scrambling out of the hatch at the top of the tower. There was a quick clanging of steel as the cover was closed behind him by two of the crew.

"Take your time, boys," said Knupple, an oiler. He had taken plenty from the crew because he was of German birth. "We can spare 'em."

Olafson, the boatswain, a big Norwegian, turned back impatiently from a look at the submarine. "Ar! Hell won't have 'em!" he said.

"Way enough!" said Mr. Paley. The lifeboat drifted. Bearing hard aport on his oar he hailed the undersea boat.

"Who's master of that ship?"

"I am, Mister Mate!" A big man in dungarees, with a uniform cap on top of his broad, closely clipped head, raised his hand, carefully avoiding the appearance of a salute. "Lieutenant Erlich."

"One at a time!" said Rob Paley. He had heard of Lieutenant Erlich. The Germans reported he had sunk fifty-four thousand tons on one cruise. "One at a time," he repeated. "No guns! No tools! Fend off, forra'd!"

The lieutenant spoke swiftly in German to his men. On the heels of his words he switched to English: "But the ship iss sinking fast!"

The men on the submarine's deck moved together, laying hold of the gunwales.

They came pouring aboard in a rush that made the big lifeboat heel dangerously. The men in the bow floundered aft and joined the others. Lieutenant Erlich clambered in close beside Paley. He smiled brightly at the second mate. "Your pardon for my lack of discipline, Mr. Mate!" he said. "They felt her settling under them—and it wass too much."

He cursed the men in instantaneous rage. Thirty men, a pallid lot compared to the brown crew of the boat.

The face of the only German-speaking man in the Ernestine's crew, Knupple, the oiler, betrayed an urgent intent to blurt out something to Mr. Paley. The second mate, shielded by the confusion in the overcrowded boat, managed to kick him on the leg and flicker an eyelid.

"Give way together!" said Mr. Paley, as if that were possible in the midst of that jam.

LIEUTENANT ERLICH blandly ignored the unwillingness of his rescuers at the oars. He introduced to Paley his two subordinates, Muhlen and Reichert. He explained at length how his ship, shelled during an attack on a convoy, had escaped into the night with a bad leak aft.

They had blown all tanks and kept the pumps going but the water steadily got the upper hand.

"We are lucky to haf a neutral ship pick us up," he said, with a wave at the American flag painted on the Ernestine's side.

"Luckier'n the men you've sunk without warning!" Olafson, the big boatswain, yelled at him with sudden fury.

Lieutenant Erlich gave Mr. Paley's thin arm a confidential squeeze and laughed aloud. "Your discipline, mister, seems no better than mine, nicht wahr?"

Mr. Paley grunted. His reticence had no effect on Erlich. The sub commander made it plain that Paley was his friend, whether Paley liked it or not. Paley's feelings did not count. He, Lieutenant Erlich, was pleased with the second mate.

All hands free of other duty were standing by on deck when Paley brought the lifeboat alongside. Mr. Lott had rigged one pilot ladder. As the mate waited his flat face wore a hard-boiled expression and his lower jaw stuck out underneath. He had seen what had happened alongside the submarine.

"One at a time!" he commanded, leaning over at the head of the ladder. He had a steel marlinespike in his hand and an automatic strapped to his waist. "One! Nobody else on the ladder till I give the word."

"Good!" said Lieutenant Erlich in a hearty voice. "I co-operate with you!"

Mr. Lott and a quartermaster frisked every man and every bundle that came over the rail. Lott did a job on it.

Before Mr. Lott had finished searching the men, the submarine slid under. None of the men Paley had under his eyes showed any sorrow over losing their ship.

Clear of his passengers, Mr. Paley hoisted and secured the lifeboat. Knupple edged up. His broad face was creased.

"Sir," he said rapidly, "that wass no panic. Erlich ordered his men to pile into the lifeboat like a mob."

"Ordered?" said Mr. Paley. "What was Erlich's reason?"

"I don't know," said the oiler. "Mr. Lott didn't find a gun on one of 'em." His scratching fingers shoved his cap nearly off his head. "You got to watch Nazis all the time."

He studied Paley's face. "Us Germans know that better'n anybody, sir," he said earnestly. "It was our country the Nazis stole first of all."

He made his way off the fiddley deck alone.

MR. PALEY'S regular afternoon watch was ending by the time he reached the bridge. Captain Gilmore and Mr. Lott were overseeing the moving of the deck force aft into the black gang's quarters in the poop.

"The whole length of the ship between our men and these Nazis is little enough to avoid trouble," the old man said. "Lieutenant Erlich gets that empty stateroom in the bridgehouse. His two officers share the third's room. Mr. Paley, Mr. Coburn will be moving in with you."

He lowered his reedy voice and raised a wrinkled finger in admonition. His eyes were on Mr. Lott:

"I wish no controversy, gentlemen. These men are our guests. We must maintain neutrality. They must be treated with the strictest politeness. I have received from Lieutenant Erlich and the other two officers in exchange for their liberty of movement on board a pledge of good conduct."

Mr. Lott laughed.

Captain Gilmore's thin face reddened. "I am not a fool, Mr. Lott," he said. "I am not unaware of Hitler's attitude toward pledges. We must, of course, keep an eye on them."

*(Continued on page 48)*

# Gateway to War

## By Frank Gervasi

BY RADIO FROM MANILA

**Thailand (Siam) is more than the home of the sacred elephant and the famous twins. For months now it has been teeming with Japanese "tourists," the advance guard of an impending invasion that may touch off the Asiatic bomb**

A KLM airliner, Batavia-bound from Rangoon, dropped me out of war into peace at Bangkok. The effect was startling. It was like flying out of a black cloud and torment of winds into sunlight and smooth air. I was surprised to see a Chinese National Airways plane there loading mail and gasoline. Bangkok is the southern terminal of the CNAC line that flies mail, money and vitamins into China. The plane was smeared with camouflage paint and beside the silvery Douglas of the Dutch line, with its bold red, white and blue flag painted on the fuselage and its clear markings the CNAC machine looked tired, military, misplaced. I felt a kinship to that plane. It had just arrived from Chungking and I had just come from war too.

The heat was wet and thick. It induced drowsiness and accentuated a sense of relief. A cigarette tasted good. War in Egypt, the desert, the wreckage in Alexandria where bombs fall every moonlighted night, the black-out in Cairo, the raucous voices of sullen resentful Arabs in the dark streets, the geometry of searchlights in the skies over Egypt's capital, the restaurants and cafés noisy with leathery men on leave, that noise and excitement of war that buzzes in your brain even when there aren't any bombs and when you can't see the dead, the wounded nor the revolting litter of smashed tanks, trucks, guns, planes and men—all that dropped away like a dry husk.

It was good to feel the spring of turf underfoot. The Siamese are very neat about everything and they keep the grass of the big, modern Dom Muang airport clipped and rolled as carefully as though it were one huge tennis court. The modern, low-lying white building of the airport offices, waiting rooms and restaurant would have looked perfectly at home anywhere in the United States and, except perhaps for Singapore, Bangkok is the best air station from Cairo to Manila on either British or Dutch empire routes. For one fleeting moment you think maybe you have landed somewhere in Florida when you've landed at Dom Muang, but a tidy Siamese in a white uniform that smelled of soap and hot iron was saying: "Have you anything to declare?"

I said I didn't and prepared to open my bags for his inspection but he said not to bother and I must have looked incredulous for he smiled with two rows of white teeth and said:

"Well, you say you have nothing to declare—no firearms, tobacco, opium, ammunition, cameras or radios and it is not necessary to look, therefore."

He made cabalistic scrawls on my bags with white chalk and directed me to the police and I said to myself, "Here's where the spell breaks. Here's where I go back to that damned war." When you've crossed some twenty or thirty wartime frontiers you hate frontier policemen—tough, suspicious, unfriendly as barbed wire. You look into a frontier cop's eyes and you know you're a spy. But this cop had black, unprejudiced eyes. He wore a Dutch laundered khaki uniform which also smelled of soap and hot iron and he was small and compact, and might have been the twin brother of the customs inspector. Later you discover all Siamese, a pleasant unbelligerent people, might be twins. Few are taller than five feet, three inches.

All look like well-trained speed swimmers but the characteristic which most distinguishes them from Chinese or Japanese is their eyes. There is none of the Chinese sleepy bleariness and none of the nearsightedness of the Japs. It is rare that you see Siamese wearing glasses, which means they're potentially good fliers.

I offered Mister Cop an American cigarette. That's always a good gambit. I got into a highly reluctant Spain once on three packages of cigarettes and two chocolate bars. The Siamese—or Thai as he would prefer to be called in his new-found nationalism—accepted, and, using the data in my passport, filled out a long red blank, a long white blank and made duplicates. Usually you do this yourself. He asked me how long I wished to stay in Thailand and before I could answer he suggested I stay a month or two. "You can't see much of Thailand in less than a month," he said. I just nodded my head stupidly and thought what a cinch for the Japs. When I left Thailand some ten days later that same policeman looked at me reproachfully. They're the world's most hospitable people.

### The "Land of the Free Men"

Most of Thailand is about one hand high above sea level. From the bus windows you can see miles of rice paddies wetly green, yellow and brown and Thailand makes you think of freshly laid decalcomania. Bamboo huts with thatched roofs stand on stilts. You glimpse gleaming floors and bare-breasted women playing with naked children with fat bellies. Sampans float in canals and huge oxen which further dwarf tiny Thais stand in the mud of paddies and pull crude plows. Sway-backed pigs with long snouts wallow in muck under stilted houses. The peasants' yards are reasonably clean and their muddy ugliness is camouflaged by a profusion of flowers and lilies that grow wherever there's a puddle. Thailand isn't dirty, only muddy.

The passing of the bus is an intrusion. Chickens and geese raise a rumpus and pigs squeal and women come to doors holding babies and men poling sampans break the rhythm of their work to stand and stare. Coolies set down burdens by the roadside and grimace at you. Their teeth are stained with betel juice but the Thai in the seat next to you says betel chewing is being discouraged. School children are being taught how to clean their teeth as Westerners do.

As the bus nears the city, coolie traffic thickens. Tricycles crowd the road. There are no rickshas in Thailand. Their place in transports is taken by tricycles, which carry one European but are built for two Thais. You ride behind a coolie who pedals and on level roads can keep up a twenty-mile-an-hour pace. You see Buddhist priests with shaved heads and bright yellow robes. There are Thai women with straight black hair, clear cocoa skins, wearing tight, short, white vests and black panungs.

The panung is a bloomerlike skirt which drapes about the waist and once around each leg and ties in a loose knot over the stomach. It's going out. Nine years ago Siam discovered the principle that people shall have a voice in government. They had a revolution which converted an absolute into a constitutional monarchy and they banned the panung.

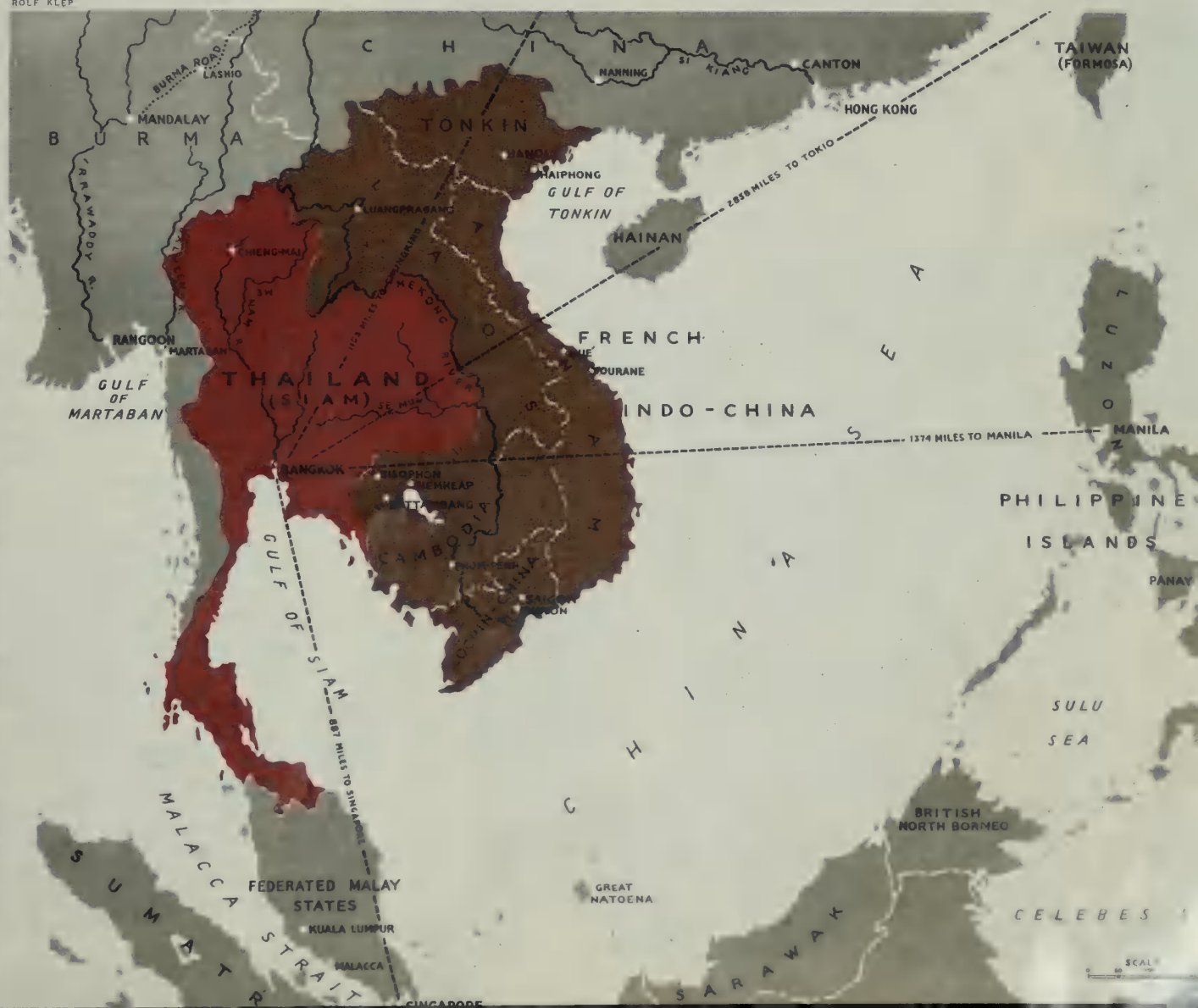
The revolution, like all things Thai, was a mild affair. The only casualty was an obstreperous colonel who was shot in the shin. But quiet as it was, Thais found themselves in 1932 when they bade benevolent King Prajadhipok, remembered by Americans principally for his much-publicized cataracts, quit and invited him to continue as a democratic king instead of a totalitarian ruler.

To Thais their absurd little revolution is as important as the one that began in Boston and ended at Yorktown is to Americans. With it began an acceleration of the process of Westernization and hence the ban on panungs. Also, women must wear hats with their Western skirts and dresses but there is as yet no law about wearing shoes, so you see cute Thai women in bargain-basement dresses, dollar hats and no shoes.

What is more important, however, is that Siam became Muang Tai, or Thailand, which means "Land of Free Men."

*(Continued on page 56)*

ROLF KLEP




**Thailand, wedged in between British Burma and Japanese-controlled French Indo-China, is the fulcrum whereon the peace of the Far East seesaws If the Japs move into Thailand, they will be in a good position to threaten Burma and the Burma Road, Singapore and the Dutch East Indies**



# BOOTED OFF THE LOT

## By Kyle Crichton

**Marsha Hunt sailed into Hollywood as a New York model who didn't want a job in pictures. It worked. Now she's all set**

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

HOLLYWOOD has as many native rites as an African tribe. When ecstatic cries of "*dah*-ling" greet an actress entering Ciro's, she knows that her last picture has been a success. By the same token when she finds that every diner in the place has his eye glued to his plate, apparently frantic at the thought of starvation, she knows that the end has come.

After four years of comparative success in the town, Marsha Hunt went through the mastication ritual. The minute she came into Ciro's everybody began eating furiously and nobody seemed to see her. Old friends suddenly bent their heads reverently over their victuals and began to work their jaws. The headwaiter was polite but regretful; the ringside tables were reserved but he might squeeze them in somewhere at the rear. Miss Hunt sat at the rear with her husband, Jerry Hopper, and enjoyed full solitude.

"Who are those charming people with their faces full of soup?" asked Mr. Hopper savagely.

"Those are our dear, dead past," answered Miss Hunt, grimly.

"We will note them carefully in this little black book," replied Mr. Hopper bitterly, taking out the little black book and a stub pencil and going to work. "There are certain individuals here I should like to remember in case a change in your fortunes ever comes."

The change came soon after when Miss Hunt was signed by M-G-M, making one of the most remarkable comebacks in film history. There are directors like Mervyn LeRoy who swear that Marsha Hunt will be the next Bette Davis of the screen. At the period of the Ciro episode, however, her cinema career had been going downhill with all the velocity of a carpenter falling off a roof. She had come out originally for Paramount, had been the pretty girl in dozens of pictures and had ended by being booted off the lot. The best she could get after that was a picture at Republic and another at Grand National. When even that source of income dried up, she started doing "quickies."

"It's track work," reports Miss Hunt. "You just run in and out in front of cameras."

At this juncture she had an apologetic phone call from her agent. He didn't think she would be interested but he could get her one day's work at M-G-M in The Hardys Ride Hard. He didn't want her to think he was insulting her but . . . While he still sat there, jiggling the phone foolishly and trying to get some word out of her, she was half-way to Culver City. She did the role of a spendthrift wife and later learned that the inspiration for giving her a character part after years of being a sappy pretty girl came from Lou Ostrow.

"I asked Mr. Ostrow how he came to think of me," reports Miss Hunt, "and he just looked wise and tapped his head. He didn't have to prove to *me* he was a wise man. I know he was a genius."

As will be seen by gazing at Miss Hunt, she resembles every dainty little ingénue that ever simpered through a Hollywood double feature. She is tall and thin and doesn't simper, but she looks like the girl who is eventually going to be kissed by the guy with the wavy hair.

M-G-M forgot about her almost immediately but she did the part of a professor's wife in Walter Wanger's Winter Carnival and felt that she was getting somewhere. Where she was getting was home. She sat around there for three months waiting for the phone to ring. When it finally rang it was the C. B. DeMille office and they didn't want to hire her. They merely wanted her to go along to Omaha and help shoot up the town on behalf of the Union Pacific opening. They admitted frankly that they needed names, even ex-names, and the ride was free.

"Omaha is a nice town," says Miss Hunt, "and it is also halfway to New York."

Back on Broadway she was trying to line up some summer stock work when her agent called again and went into his apology routine. There was a bit in Those Glamour Girls at M-G-M but they couldn't promise her anything. If she wanted to pay her own way (*Continued on page* 39)

# Say It Isn't So

## By Holmes Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

**It took a lot of strenuous pitching for Dipsey Buford to learn that he wasn't any better than the man who was catching him**

THE big man walked from the door of the office building and paused on the sidewalk to fill his lungs. The crisp October air went into him and seemed in a measure to cleanse him of the filth that clogged his soul. He moved to the gutter and spat. Then with a loathing glance at the office building he walked hurriedly on.

About this office building there was nothing to give the impression that it might dirty a man's soul. It was façaded of chaste marble on the outside. Up on the twentieth story was a suite of rooms filled with handsome stenographers and fine maple-wood furnishings. This big man, named Buford, had been sitting in the largest and fanciest of the rooms. Across the desk from him reposed Mr. Martin Flack, a portly and well-jowled financier. It is necessary to insist that Mr. Flack was a "financier." He was president, it is true, of the Eagles Baseball and Exhibition Company, Inc., but this was owing to a business merger lately consummated. In no sense was Martin Flack a baseball man, else he would not have brought about the conversation of which Dipsey Buford was party of the second part, and which ran as follows:

"I'm told," said Mr. Flack in his friendly way, "that Manager Burnham intends starting you in the first game tomorrow and back again in the fourth."

"Yep," said Buford.

"And there is more than a chance," said Mr. Flack, "that there will be only four games to this world series. From the players' point of view that's all very well. You men only get your split on the first four games."

"So what?" asked Buford.

"Look at it from my angle," Mr. Flack continued. "The first two games are played in our stadium which seats upward of eighty thousand. The series then moves west to Panther Park—a mere hatbox with a capacity of thirty."

"It'll make tough pitchin' that fourth game," Buford observed. "It'll be Sunday with ground rules, and all."

Then Martin Flack had said, "A pitcher could lose that game and not be sorry, Buford. It'll be a tightwad series for us all unless we get another chance to fill the stadium."

SHORTLY afterward Buford issued into the street feeling about as unclean as a man could who'd had a bath and shave not two hours before. He walked rapidly to his hotel where he undressed to the skin and bathed again.

"I should've let him have one," Buford was thinking while he soaped and sponged.

He hadn't, though, and this sin of omission still irked him next afternoon when he put his right foot in the pitching stirrup and upped his left foot nearly to the level of his eyebrows and roared one through there like the fast express. It made strike one on the Panther, and the big show was on.

"'At's makin' 'em like it, Dipsey . . . Hey, Dipsey, this is where we came in."

The last remark, which emanated from Montague Bates at shortstop, had to do with the big show of the year before. The Eagles had won that series in four straight with Buford taking the first and final contest. The papers, in fact, were making considerable play of the Buford string. He had never lost a world-series game and he had won seven during his twelve-year stretch with the Eagles.

"John (Dipsey) Buford," one sports columnist wrote, "is half of the greatest battery in operation today. One may as well mention Lee without Jackson or Ike without Mike as to divide the name and fame of these super-inseparables —Dipsey Buford and Beany Magee."

Buford caught the hard-flung ball from the man behind the plate. The force of the throw stung his gloved palm. Magee always pegged the returns as if he meant to knock the pitcher down. This annoyed Buford, but not as much as remembering that squib in the sports column. Buford snorted as he set himself to pitch.

"Hokum," he muttered. "Where do they get that inseparables stuff? Like I couldn't get along without Magee. If I never saw him again, I'd miss him like the measles."

HE WENT into his windup and took the signal. Somewhere between the time his hands came up and his arm went down, Buford adjusted his fingers on the stitches. A batter had no chance to see this done. There was a sharp, downward arc as the ball flicked in and the batter lashed at it. The curve had fooled him. Magee smothered the easy pop-up.

"One away, Dipsey . . . Round the horn."

While the infielders crisscrossed the diamond with their throws, Magee walked out to the pitching box. He was a small man as catchers go. He had quick brown hands and sharp eyes in a high-cheeked, leathery face. He was known as a man of brains—hence his nickname. All but one of his teammates affectionately called him Beany.

"Well, Magee," said Buford. "What d' you want now?"

"This next guy," said Magee. "Don't feed him nuthin' high. Curve him low."

Buford curved the fellow low and struck him out. . . .

It was not until late in the game, and coasting to a 3 to 0 shutout, that Buford got around to thinking about Mr. Flack. It did seem when you stopped to add it up that the club owners had a raw deal in the world series. With half the games played at Panther Park there wouldn't be much of a melon to slice anyhow, and Flack had the stockholders to think about. "A pitcher could lose that fourth game and not be sorry." What did that mean if not what it seemed?

"He'd have to gimme what I asked for," thought Buford. "I could get doubles on my winner's share. Maybe five, six grand—the heel!"

He tried to forget all this while he worked. Sweat oiled the big, flat-lying muscles through his shoulders and back. His fast one skipped and his curve ball was like coming round the mountain. He worked methodically, pacing himself, following Magee's signals, keeping ahead of the batters and sometimes sloughing off a third strike with his change of pace. But in the ninth inning he thought again of Martin Flack: "Five, six grand. Who's it goin' to hurt? The fans see more baseball. We still win the championship and—"

His thoughts went skyward with a batted ball, and suddenly he was running to back up the outfield relay into

*(Continued on page 52)*




**"Beany," said Dipsey Buford. He knelt, supporting the fellow's head. "It's nothin'— just an ankle. You'll be back"**




A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

**Karen took the needles. She tried to remember how her mother had held them. "You're not eating with them," Bitsy said. "They ain't chopsticks"**

# Knit One, Purl Two

**By Pat Frank**

"WHAT makes it so good," said Bitsy Biggers, "is it's simple, see. My best flashes are always simple. Like calling you 'America's Midnight Date.' Where'd you be without that?"

"I don't know," said Karen March, examining a runner in the eighty-nine-cent stockings that sheathed one of her hundred-thousand-dollar legs, "where would I be?"

Bitsy Biggers tossed his tiny, elegant hands at where the ceiling would have been, if the set had had a ceiling. "You'd be in the B's, that's where you'd be! Now this is the way it goes—a sort of slow build-up keyed on National Defense and Aid to England. All you've got to do—"

"Bitsy," said Karen, "I was tied up with National Defense last week. Remember—Karen March buys bonds." This was as much as she dared protest, because Bitsy was chief of public relations, and a power on the lot.

The Blimp, who shot the studio stills, began to unlimber his tripod. The Blimp was her shadow. Wherever she was—at the Troc or in her own kitchen, in a box at Santa Anita, or riding a circus carrousel—the Blimp trailed in her wake like a loaded barge behind a trim yacht. She said, "All right, what is it?" It was like arguing with a freight train going downgrade.

"All you've got to do," said Bitsy, "is knit a sweater and send it to an R.A.F. pilot through the British War Relief. You do it anonymously, sort of. You don't use your screen name. If you used your screen name the British might catch wise that it was a gag, and not go for it. The British have got no sense of publicity."

"What name do I use?"

"What was that name you had when you came here?"

"Mertz—Katherine Mertz."

"Use that one. Well, you put a note in the sweater and, of course, the flier writes to you, and you write back, and a romance springs up."

"I knit?" asked Karen.

"Yeah, you knit. A romance springs up, and he asks you to send your picture. So you send one of your pictures—and, of course, he recognizes you. The story will break out of England."

"What story?"

"Oh!" Bitsy groaned, and put his face into his hands. "Don't you get it? Screen star, British ace knit together by sweater romance! It'll be Page One everywhere!"

"I'm all set up," said the Blimp. "Just take this chair over here, will you, Miss March? It looks kind of homey. And cross your legs so that runner won't show."

"Got the props?" Bitsy asked. The Blimp found a ball of yarn and two knitting needles in his camera bag and put them on Karen's lap. "All right, Miss March," said the Blimp. "Knit."

Karen took the needles in her hands. She tried to remember how her mother had held them, back in Oakwood, Iowa.

"You're not eating with them," Bitsy said. "They ain't chopsticks."

THE wardrobe mistress came, finally, and showed Karen how to hold the wool, and the needles, and she even showed her how to knit a few needle lengths. The Blimp made his pictures, and Karen asked, "Well, what do I do now."

"You quit knitting," said Bitsy. He turned to the Blimp and said, "You run up to town and buy a pull-over sweater. Better get a pretty big one. I guess these pilots are pretty big, like Cooper or Gable. Better get a Gable size."

Karen didn't feel very good about the letter. She was only twenty-one, but she had been in Hollywood three years and she felt much older than that. "They're just kids," she told herself. "They're just kids, and maybe he'll only be twenty or so and I'll be darned if I'm going to hurt him."

The reply came more quickly than she had expected, because it came by air, via Lisbon. He was very grateful for the sweater. It was by far the finest sweater that had come to his squadron from America. It was, however, a bit large, but that was really his fault. "I'm only five-eight," he explained. She must have a fascinating time, living in Hollywood with all the cinema stars. He hoped their correspondence could continue. His name was Pilot Officer Jeffrey Glendenning.

So she wrote, and he wrote, and she came to know a good deal more of him. He was twenty-four, and a Cambridge man, and he might have been a barrister had not the war come along, and he flew a Spitfire.

In the third letter he mentioned, casually, that he had been credited with his fifth Jerry. Then for a long time no letter came, and Bitsy Biggers was worried, and Karen found herself crying in her dressing room.

THE fourth letter came from a hospital. A Messerschmitt's shell had exploded against his back armor, and he had splinters in both arms. "They got all the stuff out of me," he said, "and I'll be back with the squadron in a week." As a postscript he said the only thing which had really been ruined was her sweater. Would it be too much trouble for her to knit another? There was a second postscript. He'd been thinking of Katherine Mertz a good deal in the hospital. He didn't have any other girls. Would she send her picture?

"We've got him!" said Bitsy Biggers as if he'd hooked a tuna off Catalina. "You, Blimp, go buy him another sweater."

"No," said Karen. "I'll knit this one myself."

Bitsy took a look at the funny shade of green in her eyes, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "All right with me, but hurry it up."

She bought the heaviest, softest wool and each day held a conference with the wardrobe mistress, so there would be no uneven rows or dropped stitches, and when it was finished she found a pro boy who was five-eight, and made him stand in for her so she could see that it would surely fit. Then she took the picture, the one anyone would recognize as Karen March, "America's Midnight Date," and Bitsy mailed them off together. Then they waited.

"Dear Katherine," his letter began. "If you had to send me the photograph of an actress, why not Dietrich or Lamarr instead of that empty Karen March? You know we don't like her very much over here, and I'm the job of the mess."

Bitsy began to swear. "If this ever gets out," he warned, "this'll ruin you. What're you laughing about?"

When he had gone she went to the Blimp's darkroom. "Blimp," she said, "do you remember what I looked like when I first came here?"

"Yes," he reflected. "You were pretty awful. Freckles—hair sort of half blond and done wrong—well, pretty awful, except sort of cute."

"Blimp, let me have one of the stills you made of me then."

"Nope. Studio has ordered they're never to go out."

"Please, Blimp, one."

"Who's it for?" he asked suspiciously.

"It's for myself," she said. "Blimp, how long's the war going to last?"

# THE FIGHT GOES ON

## By Franklin Delano Roosevelt

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### WAR . . . AND NEUTRALITY

**In this introduction to the 1939 volume of his "Public Papers and Addresses" the President tells about the part that Congress' refusal to repeal the arms embargo played in the coming of war when it did**

IN 1939 there started another general war, for which Germany had been preparing since 1933, and for which Italy and Japan had been preparing for years before. It is a war which had been definitely and unmistakably foreseeable since 1936, when the Nazis marched into the Rhineland.

I think that historians will record the fact that, ever since 1933, the United States and its government had persistently and actively sought to prevent this conflict, and to preserve peace in the world. This search for peace was the very keystone of our entire foreign policy. It was dictated not only by a natural humanitarian desire to prevent the bloodshed and horrors of war, but also by a realistic appreciation that any European war would be a definite danger to our own peace and security, and to the welfare of the entire Western Hemisphere and the rest of the world.

In the Western Hemisphere we have been committed to and have consistently and conscientiously practiced the role of the good neighbor. We entered into Pan-American conventions embodying the principles of nonintervention. We abandoned the Platt amendment which gave us the right to intervene in the internal affairs of the Republic of Cuba. We withdrew the American Marines who had been stationed for many years in Haiti. We signed a new treaty with Panama upon a mutually satisfactory basis. We engaged in several inter-American conferences productive of many agreements of mutual advantage. We entered into many trade agreements with other American countries to our mutual commercial profit. At the request of neighboring republics, we helped to settle various boundary disputes between American nations. As a result of these and many other instances of similar nature, each member of the American family of nations has come to look upon the United States as its good neighbor.

It was our aim that this policy should establish the solidarity of the Western Hemisphere on a permanently peaceful basis. That aim is being realized. It was also our hope that this example of these twenty-one republics, of different size and strength and resources, living together in peaceful co-operation, would have its influence upon the rest of the world. Unfortunately, that hope has proved to be in vain.

In other ways, too, the government of the United States actively sought to preserve the peace of the world. The two great obstacles to world peace in modern times have always been: first, the piling up of armaments, particularly weapons of offense; and, second, the erection of tariff barriers to prevent reciprocal trade and commerce between nations.

Both of these obstacles to peace had been growing in effectiveness during the last ten years. Time and again, the United States tried to break them down and clear the way toward peace.

With respect to disarmament, this administration took the lead as early as May 16, 1933. On that date I addressed an appeal to all the nations of the world in an endeavor to obtain some definite result from the disarmament conference which had been meeting rather ineffectively in Geneva since 1932. Armaments in nondemocratic governments had been persistently increasing. International trade had been continually falling off because of newly imposed quotas and other trade barriers. In my message to the nations of the world, I pointed out that only a very small minority of governments and of peoples have any desire for aggression or for enlargement of their own territories at the expense of others. I pointed out that if armaments of offensive warfare were eliminated, the fear of invasion then held by so many other nations would necessarily disappear. I appealed, therefore, for drastic reduction in offensive weapons. I also asked that "all the nations of the world should enter into a solemn and definite pact of nonaggression."

In this same message there was also discussed the necessity of breaking down international trade barriers, which always go hand in hand with increase of armaments as a cause for war.

#### The Unwilling Ten Per Cent

The difficulty with this appeal and with subsequent appeals was this: although ninety per cent of all the people of the earth were content with the territorial limits of their respective countries, and would have been willing to reduce their own armed forces if every other nation in the world would agree to do the same thing, the possibility that the remaining ten per cent would seek, by force of arms, territorial expansion into the lands of their neighbors provided an ever-present danger which could not be disregarded by anyone. That small ten per cent, under various pleas and pretexts, remained unwilling to reduce their own armament or to stop their vast programs of rearmament, even though the other ninety per cent were more than willing.

Obviously, unless every nation were willing to eliminate weapons of aggression and offensive warfare and to bind itself not to invade any foreign territory, it was useless to expect any other nation to disarm.

I am convinced that if the particular nations which are now generally

*(Continued on page 40)*

**"Each member of the American family of nations has come to look on the United States as its good neighbor." The President is cheered in Rio de Janeiro on his way to attend the 1936 good-will conference**



ACME

**The late Senator Borah, whose "private information" statement that there would be no war in 1939 helped delay repeal of the arms embargo until after war was declared**



PRESS ASSOCIATION

**"By 1939 three nations had already had their independent existence terminated by aggression from more powerful neighbors." Above, Hitler takes over Czechoslovakia**



PRESS ASSOCIATION

# Murder in Retrospect

By Agatha Christie

*The Story Thus Far:*

CONVICTED of the murder of her husband—Amyas Crale, an English artist—Caroline Crale dies in prison. She leaves a letter, addressed to her young daughter, Caroline; in the letter (to be read by Caroline when she is twenty-one) she asserts that she is innocent.

Sixteen years after the trial, Caroline (known as Carla Lemarchant) reads the letter. She calls on Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian detective, in London. She implores him to investigate the case and, if possible, *learn the truth.*

Poirot promises to do what he can. Then, in a series of interviews with various persons—including Sir Montague Depleach, who had been in charge of the defense; George Mayhew, son of the solicitor who had "briefed" Sir Montague; and Ex-Superintendent of Police Hale—he learns these facts:

The Crales had lived in Alderbury. On the afternoon of the day preceding the day of the murder, they had had tea with a neighbor: Meredith Blake, an amateur chemist. The other guests had been: Angela Warren, Mrs. Crale's young sister; Philip Blake, Meredith Blake's brother; and Elsa Greer, a beautiful girl who had been a house guest of the Crales. Everyone had inspected Blake's laboratory; and *someone* had stolen a bottle of poison: coniine.

The following day, Crale—madly infatuated with Elsa Greer—had been painting the girl's portrait in the garden, when his wife had given him a glass of beer. Crale had drunk the beer. A few hours later, when he had been alone, he had died in the garden. Analysis had revealed *that the beer had contained coniine!* And an almost empty bottle, which had once held coniine, *had been found in Mrs. Crale's bedroom!* . . .

It is Ex-Superintendent Hale who gives Poirot the most detailed account of the murder. Like everyone else who had figured in the case, Hale feels sure that Mrs. Crale had been guilty. After reviewing the evidence with the Belgian, he pauses. Then: "In a way," he says slowly, "it was a premeditated crime, and in a way it wasn't. I don't believe she really thought it out, you know. She just went on with it blindly."

Poirot stares at him deep in speculation. "I wonder," he murmurs.



Miss Warren turned out to be a very distinguished woman. A traveler to weird places

## III

HALE looked at Poirot curiously. "Have I convinced you that it was a straightforward case?" he said.

"Almost. Not quite. There are one or two peculiar points. . . ."

"Can you suggest an alternative solution that will hold water?"

Poirot said, "What were the movements of the other people on that morning?"

"We went into them, I can assure you. We checked up on everybody. Nobody had what you could call an alibi—you can't have with poisoning. Why, there's nothing to prevent a would-be murderer from handing his victim some poison in a capsule the day before, telling him it's a specific cure for indigestion and he must take it just before lunch—and then going away to the other end of England."

"But you don't think that happened in this case?"

"Mr. Crale didn't suffer from indigestion. And in any case I can't see that kind of thing happening. It's true that Mr. Meredith Blake was given to recommending quack nostrums of his own concocting, but I don't see Mr. Crale trying any of them. And if he did he'd probably talk and joke about it. Besides, why *should* Mr. Meredith Blake want to kill Mr. Crale? Everything goes to show that he was on very good terms with him. They all were.

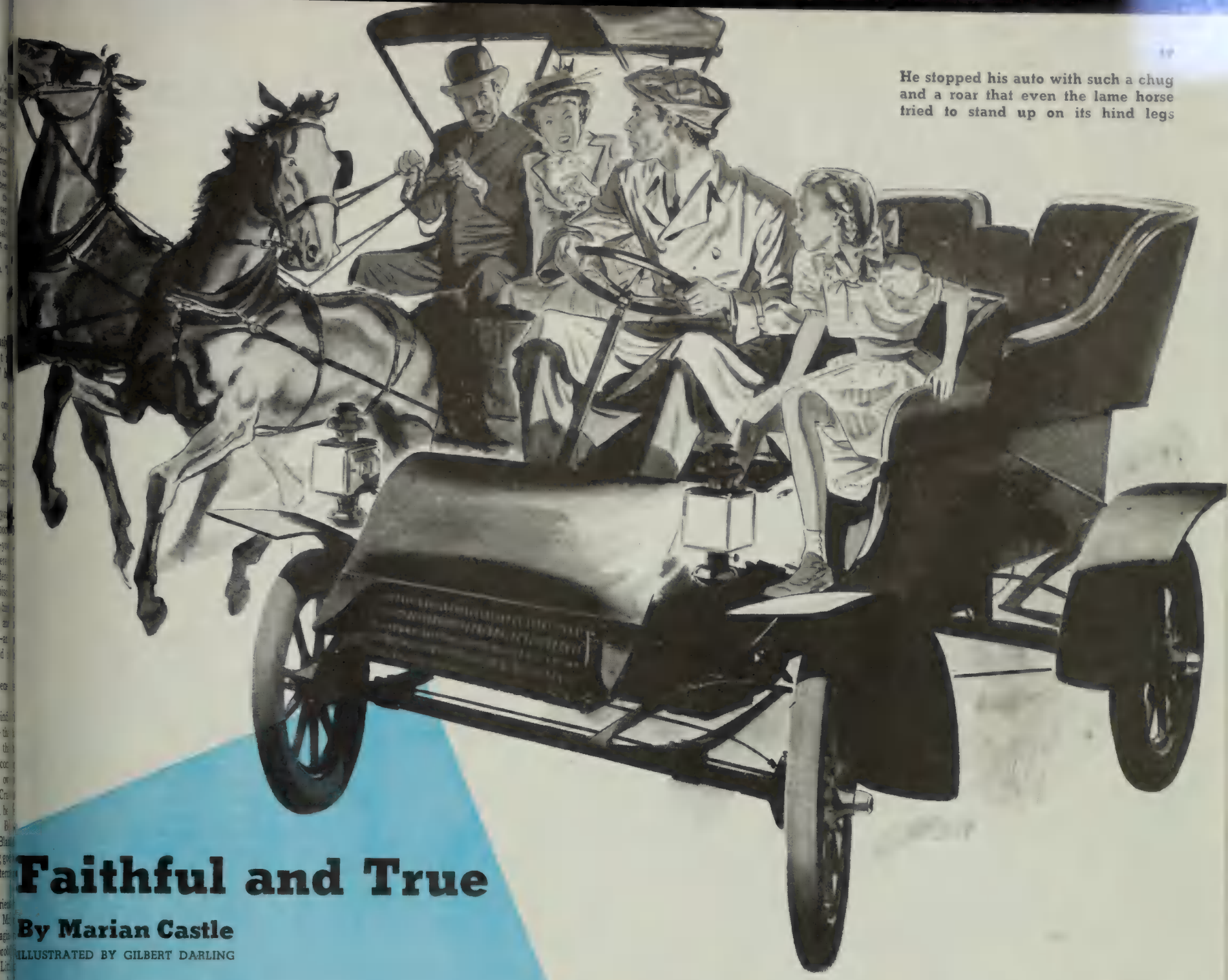
"Mr. Philip Blake was his best friend. Miss Greer was in love with him. Miss Williams disapproved of him, I imagine very strongly—but moral disapprobation doesn't lead to poisoning. Little Miss Warren scrapped with him a lot—she was at a tiresome age—just off to school, I believe—but he was quite fond of her and she of him. She was treated, you know, with particular tenderness and consideration in that house. You may have heard why. She was badly injured when she was a child—injured by Mrs. Crale in a kind of maniacal fit of rage. That rather shows—doesn't it—that she was a pretty uncontrolled sort of person. To go for a child—and maim her for life!"

"It might show," said Poirot, "that Angela Warren had good reason to bear a grudge against Caroline Crale."

"Perhaps, but not against Amyas Crale. And, anyway, Mrs. Crale was devoted to her young sister—gave her a home when her parents died and, as I say, treated her with special affection—spoiled her badly, so they say. The girl was obviously very fond of Mrs. Crale. She was kept away from the trial and sheltered from it all as far as possible. Mrs. Crale was very insistent about that, I believe. But the child was terribly upset and longed to be taken to see her sister in prison. Caroline Crale wouldn't agree. She said that sort of thing might injure a girl's mentality for life. She arranged for her to go to school abroad."

He added, "Miss Warren turned out to be a very distinguished woman. Traveler to weird places. Lectures at the Royal Geographical—all that sort of thing."

*(Continued on page 24)*



He stopped his auto with such a chug and a roar that even the lame horse tried to stand up on its hind legs

# Faithful and True

## By Marian Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

**Papa said she ought to marry a good, reliable fellow like Fred Tait. Papa just didn't know what it was like to have a sensitive nature that nobody but Mama could understand. Not but what Mama had told him all about it, often enough**

PAPA always used to say that only fast girls went down to meet the trains, and no daughters of his were going to get talked about for lallygagging around the depot with drummers. So it was a special dispensation that sent my older sister Alta hurrying down Main Street to the depot that hot July noon, looking proud and important. To this day I can remember her big Merry Widow sailor and the butterfly hatpin that jiggled up and down when she walked. Her cheeks were pink from excitement and the stuff I called red salve that she kept hidden in the back of the bureau we used together.

I was hurrying to the depot too. But I was keeping to the alley so Alta wouldn't see me and send me home. No matter what I did, she and Mama were sure to say, "Lois honey, you're too young," though I was twelve and felt very grown up since I was wearing Ferris waists; and Papa would call me Miss Lipscomb, who did our sewing and poked her nose into everybody's business. Nevertheless, I *had* to see the noon train come in that day. So when I reached the depot I scrooged down behind a pile of boxes to wait.

The chautauqua was coming to town! For weeks and weeks everybody in Jeffersonville had been selling tickets to everybody else. Red and yellow pennants, like those my sister Alta brought back from Pemberton College, flapped on a string across Main Street, spelling out the words Five Days of Fun and Uplift. The store windows were full of cards with pictures on them of the performers showing their teeth. And that morning the crew boys had put up the big brown tent. Oh, was there ever a thrill like seeing the chautauqua tent go up?

From behind my pile of boxes I saw Fred Tait. I knew he was waiting for a shipment of bicycles for his shop. I liked Fred. He had promised me one of the packing boxes for my lemonade stand. He and Alta had been going together for a long time. The winter before, he came over to see Alta almost every night, while she embroidered lazy daisies on things for her hope chest.

But lately, ever since Alta had begun taking lessons in drama and expression, she had seemed to lose interest in her embroidery and Fred. Sometimes she even looked at him the same way Mama looked at Papa when she talked about women that threw their lives away on men that didn't appreciate their artistic temperaments. Alta had even stopped blushing. Once, she would turn red clear down to her lavaliere when you mentioned Fred's name. But this day it was Fred who got red when he looked at Alta, while Alta was busy watching the tracks where the train would come around the bend. Alta could hardly wait to meet the chautauqua people because they were very cultured and rode in Pullmans and were an Inspiration to the Community.

Papa said they took a lot of money out of town that might have been spent in his hardware store for foot scrapers and coal hods. But he went right on being chairman of the ticket committee every year because Mama said it was his civic duty. But he always made her meet the train that brought in the first day's talent—the performers—and the superintendent—the man who stayed in town the whole five days and introduced the talent on the platform, and then came over to our house for supper near the end of the chautauqua and got Papa to sign up for the next year even though Papa was always very upset and muttery over something called a deficit.

Mama would have been meeting the train this time except for Grandma's broken hip. A letter had come from Grandma that morning asking if Nettie, who was Mama, couldn't please come over and stay till she got used to her crutches and the new girl broken in.

Alta had spoken right up and said that of course it was Mama's duty to go; and that she, Alta, could manage just fine if Mama would tell our hired girl Della to take orders from her. I knew what that meant. Della couldn't put the pie on with the meat and potatoes, and

*(Continued on page 32)*



# Mercator Island

## By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

*The Story Thus Far:*

"PASSED over" for promotion, Bob Bolles, a young American naval flier, resigns his commission, purchases a sixty-foot cruiser (the Thistlewood), and, with a one-man crew—Tom, a colored boy—starts on a long, aimless cruise.

Out of funds in Kingston, Jamaica, he meets a wealthy couple from New York City—Malcolm Kingman and his wife, Helen—who engage him to take them to out-of-the-way Mercator Island. Then, while he is preparing to sail, he hears an interesting story; it is told to him by Captain Burke, an American naval officer; and, summarized, it goes somewhat like this:

Carrying a crated airplane, a French ship had left an American port, a few weeks before. It had left the plane at some Caribbean port; then, sailing on, it had gone down off France. Nazi agents are searching for that airplane; so are various Americans. And the reason? Attached to the plane is an apparatus—a small but extremely potent bit of war mechanism, the only thing of its kind in existence.

The Thistlewood—with a passenger list of three: the Kingmans and Oscar, Mr. Kingman's valet—sails. Before it weighs anchor, Bob has a surprise: Mrs. Kingman tells him that she is not happy; she implores him to run away with her. Once they are on their way, Mrs. Kingman continues her advances; *and she warns Bob that he is in peril! . . .*

As the Thistlewood speeds along, a big cabin cruiser approaches. Seeing it, Mr. Kingman says to Oscar, "Go down and fetch the Bren gun."

But there is no trouble. The cruiser speeds past the Thistlewood; and there is no shooting. Convinced, however, that Mr. Kingman is not just a tired New Yorker out for a long vacation, Bob goes to his quarters. There he looks for a shotgun, a rifle and an automatic pistol that he had hidden under a blanket. The weapons have been removed!

Realizing that Bob is becoming suspicious, Mr. Kingman takes him into his confidence. He tells the young American that, representing a shipping company, he is looking for some freight left on Mercator or one of the near-by islands. . . . As they approach Mercator, Tom (obedient to Bob's orders) leaps overboard and swims to land. . . . They land on a beach, find a fire burning. But no one, no human being, is to be seen. Not far away, there are some huts. Mr. Kingman stands staring at one of the huts. "By Jove, Helen," he exclaims, "look at that, will you! *Look!*"

### V

MRS. KINGMAN looked and Bob Bolles looked too. The front wall of the hut was thatched with the leaves of the coconut palm, but the side wall and the rear wall were constructed from the wood still fresh of a packing case—heavy plywood, roughly sawed and nailed to the framework. Bob could even see the remains of stenciling and the word "France" had been painted on the wood with a black brush.

**"I don't know whether I've ever known a spy," Bob told her. She laughed up at him as though he had said something amusing**

"Oh," said Mrs. Kingman, "why—"

Mr. Kingman gave a low, excit laugh. "I think it's here, my dear," said. "Yes, I think our troubles a nearly over. By jove, look! There's t name Aquitane on it!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Kingman, "it's t packing case."

"You see what it means," Mr. Kin man said. "They broke it out right h on the beach. They carried it fartl ashore. It's here. You've led us to my dear!"

Bob Bolles could see what he mea There was no doubt about the plywc and the writing that now formed side of that native hut, and eve thing that he had thought was com closer together. That plywood had o formed the side of a packing case, s as was used for shipping an airpla He had seen natives use those pack cases in other parts of the world. A one could read its story. The Aquita the French ship which had interes Captain Burke, had anchored off reef of Mercator Island. A plane been taken from her and had b placed on shore. The plane had eit been uncrated on deck and a part the crate had drifted in, or it had b uncrated on the beach.

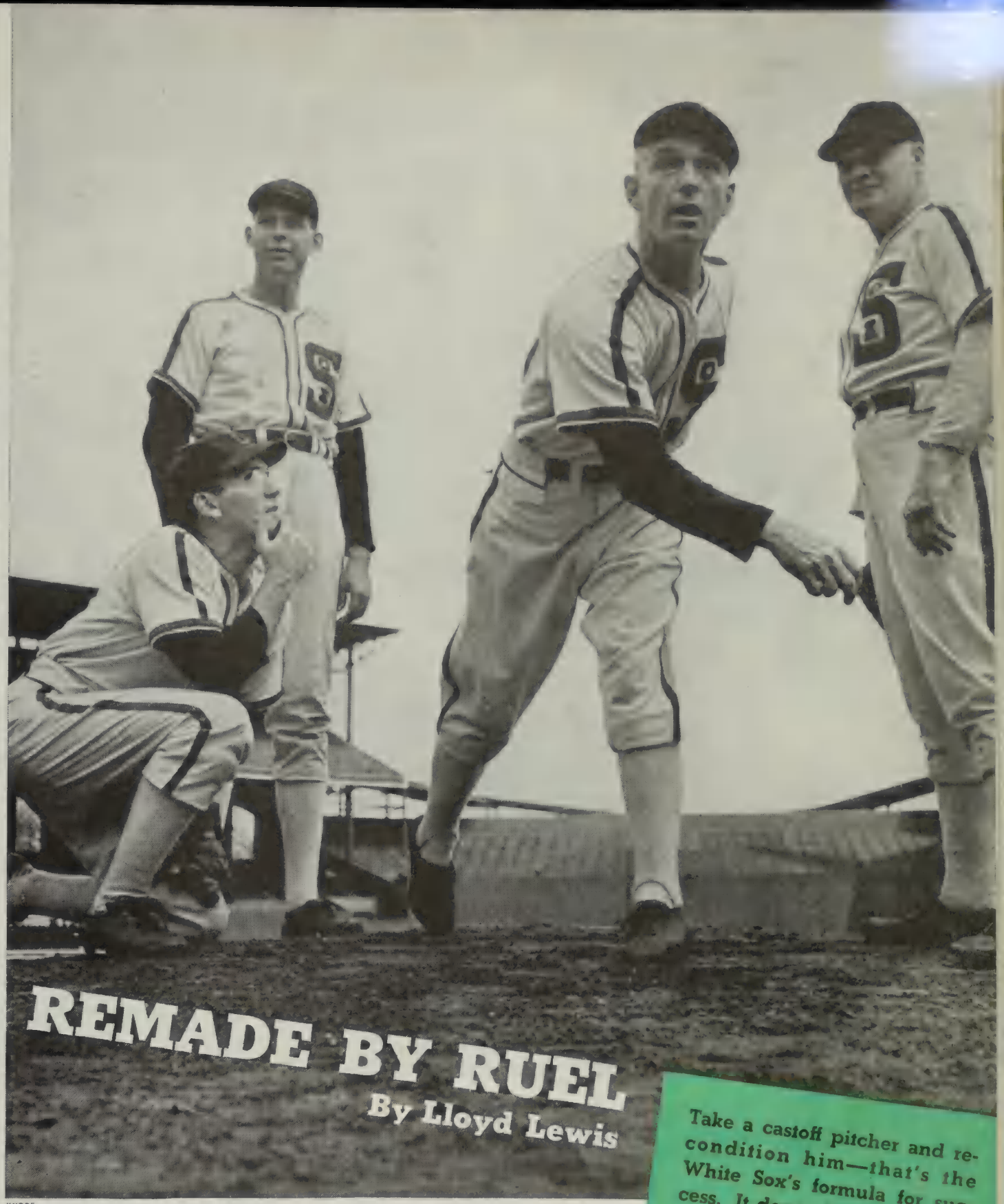
"Well, this fixes it," Mr. Kingr said. "It's stowed away somewhe and he laughed again, a happy laug complete relief.

"Now," he said, "this is certainly luck. If it's here, naturally we'll fin The main thing is to—to keep our sh on, isn't it?" He turned to Mrs. K man, still smiling: "We've beaten Japs, my dear. It will simply be a pl ant walk and a picnic in the cour Oscar can go back and get us a few visions." He looked up at the p trees and up toward the house on hill. "Oscar, you might go back to boat and get the food and the o rifle, although I can see no trouble.

Except for Mr. Kingman's rifle—for the familiar way he handled it—for that occasional hardly notice hesitation over words and phrases, Kingman might still have been an telligent, good-natured tourist, anx to get the most out of an unusual expensive vacation. He was genial ease while they waited for Osca come back from the Thistlewoo ease and in very high spirits. He c Mrs. Kingman's attention to a fligl parrots and he asked Bob Bolles c and intelligent questions.

"And now," he said presently, "

*(Continued on page 61)*



**Harold "Muddy" Ruel demonstrates a point to a pair of his protégés—left, Bill Dietrich; right, Edgar Smith. In back, Monty Stratton, the pitcher who became a coach after losing a leg in a hunting mishap**

# REMADE BY RUEL

## By Lloyd Lewis

**Take a castoff pitcher and recondition him—that's the White Sox's formula for success. It depends on one man, Harold Ruel, who can take almost anyone who has one arm left and make him win games**

IF YOU ever wonder why the Chicago White Sox get such good pitching from men cast off by other clubs, all you need to know is that back there in the Sox dugout somewhere squats a coach, a teacher, a psychologist named Harold "Muddy" Ruel.

When you have that firmly fixed in your mind, take a look at this picture: the scene is Briggs Stadium, Detroit, and Bill Dietrich, the Sox pitcher, has the out in the ninth with a no-hitter in his grasp. At bat is Hank Greenberg, angry for home-run honors, the batting championship and maybe Babe Ruth's record. Down at the end of the Sox bench sits Jimmy Dykes, White Sox manager, taunting and jeering not only the Tigers but all Detroit, its mayor, its council, its people, even Henry Ford. Back in the shadows of the dugout is Muddy Ruel, just a middle-aged, gray-haired counselor, thin and wispy, and now looking out on the diamond, his face pale with intensity. He has been preparing Dietrich for this game for days.

"When you face Greenberg," he had been telling Dietrich, "don't let him take that toe hold. He digs both feet in and he can hammer you off the mound. That mound is yours. Stay on it! Throw that first one in under his chin. Make him loosen up. Who's he to make light of you?"

Dietrich's eyes would wince behind his spectacles when Ruel would say that and he'd answer:

"I might hit him."

"No, you won't," insisted Ruel. "You've got control. Don't be afraid. Just drive him back; that's all. All good batters expect it when they take that toe hold."

### So Hank Took a Toe Hold

Dietrich was really Ruel's creation. He had been a flop at Philadelphia and not good enough for Washington, although both teams were desperate for pitchers. Ruel had brought him back and made a winner of him. But what Dietrich didn't know was that when Ruel spoke of "loosening up" a hitter, he always had in mind the terrible day when Carl Mays had tried that with Ray Chapman at the plate. The pitch had been wild, Chapman dropped like a tree mauled by an ax. Ruel had been behind the plate that day and Chapman had practically died in his arms. But it was still the way baseball had to be played, and Ruel had stuffed Dietrich with it.

From the dugout Ruel sees Big Hank get his feet, dig in, take a toe hold and brandish his war club. Only two more hitters to go and Dietrich has his no-hitter. Now is the time for the fast one. The time for the loosening-up has gone.

Ruel sees Dietrich face the issue, shrink from it and, pulling away, pitch pathetically over the plate. Greenberg swings and the poor ball, screaming and tumpering, flies into center for a hit—and Dietrich's chance for glory is gone. Ruel's face, already lined with patience, creases into new lines. Tomorrow he must start teaching all over again.

And that's really all you have to know about the man who is rated by his manager, as well as plenty of other baseball men, as the greatest of today's baseball coaches. Dykes has missed few chances to make public Ruel's unique position.

KNOPF

He says over and over, "Muddy runs my pitchers. He handles them, trains them, and I ask him before a game, 'Who is it today?' and he tells me. He has more responsibility than any other coach in baseball history, and he gets more money for it. Yep, more money than Art Fletcher, coach of the Yankees, and Muddy's cheap at the price."

Incidentally, it is this quality of generosity, even more than his dynamic leadership and his humor, that makes Dykes one of the very top executives in the game. Without a bank roll with which to build a farm system or buy stars, Dykes has had to assemble a team by picking up discards from other clubs and by outsmarting rival managers in trades. Daily throughout the season he and his coach study opposing teams for "sleepers"—players who are going badly, yet who, with different advice and inspiration, could become far more effective. Behind Dykes' picturesque generalship on the field, and behind that boisterous personality which makes men like to play for him, is the cool, calculating mind of a surgeon, diagnosing problems and turning constantly to his consultant, Ruel.

It was Dykes' capacity for stirring men that kept Ruel from being a banker today.

In 1934 when Dykes, the White Sox third baseman, was named manager of the club, Ruel was second-string catcher. Muddy had tried to quit baseball in 1933 when the chance had come to cash in on his law degree and his license to practice before the U. S. Supreme Court. A new bank, starting in St. Louis, had offered Ruel the post of assistant trust officer with the prospect of speedy advancement. The bankers figured that if a man could inspire trust in umpires, they had a place for him. The salary was attractive, and Ruel knew that his playing days were nearly done. He had seen about all there was to see in baseball; he had, in his span, caught for the Boston Red Sox twice, the St. Louis Browns twice, and for the Yankees, the Washington Senators and the Detroit Tigers. So he had obtained his release from the league and had started preparing for the bank job. But the wily general manager of the White Sox, Harry Grabiner, had enticed him, in the spring of '34, into putting on a uniform for one more season. The bank had told Ruel they would hold the job for him and so he had gone.

But when the '34 season was over Muddy told the bank he was ready and the Sox that he was through. Dykes faced the task of rebuilding the White Sox and needed new men, not veterans. This time the decision was to be final. But before Ruel could get the trust-officer cushion under him, there came a Sox contract in the mail, with a note reading, "Sign this and get it back. What do you want to do, grow old with whiskers

*(Continued on page 46)*



**HORSE TROOPS. Well publicized but not yet fully appreciated are the Army's horse and horse-mechanized units, which are to infantry and artillery what cruisers and destroyers are to battleships. Partially, their functions are to pursue and exploit break-throughs, harass and delay action, seize and hold terrain, cover the withdrawal of other forces, provide liaison and reconnaissance service and act as reserves**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

**Picked men go to Fort Riley, Kansas, home of the nation's only, an largest, cavalry school. Officers shown above are in Horsemanship D**

**A cavalry division is self-sufficient with 11,676 men, 1,430 moto and a complete range of weapons and all services to back up its 6,5**



# OUR NEW ARMY

## FLORIDA

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. Just a year and one week ago Blanding was typical high pineland, with thick underbrush, swamps and knee-deep sand. Today it's a whale of a place, boasting statistics that would take two men and a boy three days to digest. A few months ago the cantonment was the target for repeated threats of Congressional investigation. "Waste" was the battle cry. Snoopers—official and otherwise—visited the site and gave out with blasting broadsides that delighted the penny-pinching fraternity. Then, suddenly, the unbridled row died down. Everybody has been wondering how come. Here is how come:

While the uproar was going on, somebody took time out to do some figuring and came up with the hitherto ignored fact that Blanding's construction cost was only $505 per-man-to-be-accommodated as against a high of $1,200 elsewhere. As construction progressed the cost actually decreased until it hit a low of $380 per man, in February. These facts dusted off, a comparison of the per-man cost of all other camps showed that only six were built more economically than Blanding and that these six were designed for only one division. Since Blanding was built to house 55,000 men without bulging there was nothing for the critics to do but pipe down, sit tight and hope the public wouldn't catch wise. There it is.

MACDILL FIELD, Tampa. Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Ann Sheridan and Ann Sothern have been parachute jumpers here ever since Sgt. R. Hygh, the gent in charge of parachute rigging, hit a snag in testing chutes. Wooden dummies shattered when they hit the firm terra, and blocks of lead didn't work out because they didn't prove whether or not a jumper would get tangled up in the shroud lines being tested. The sergeant finally rigged up four dummies of rope, canvas and lead weights and decorated them to resemble the movie stars, heaven help him.

HE bombing and gunnery range detachment here, composed largely of lectees from Camp Shelby, Miss., sn't a buck private in its roster. Every an has some kind of rating. Are there y other such outfits in the Army?

TORRISON FIELD. Members of the 49th Pursuit Group here have answer for possible forced landings the Everglades west of West Palm ach over which they fire at aerial gets. What they've contrived is a t-bottomed "swamp sled," powered h a World War I type Curtiss OX-5 ter-cooled motor, equipped with a oden propeller mounted high in the r. The apparatus hits forty-five p.h. on water and on slick mud really s to town. Master Sgt. Martin mmings, heading the crew, says it's te a gadget.

## SOUTH CAROLINA

AMP CROFT, Spartanburg. It pains us to report that the motto of the h (heavy weapons) Infantry Training Btn. is The Quick and the Dead, doubtless adopted following an estimate, supposedly made by authorities, that the life of an antitank gunner in actual warfare is something under five minutes. This estimate isn't official; if it is, nobody'll admit it. Anyway, the Quick and Dead boys have been given plenty of room in which to use their newly delivered weapons. A good thing too; the guns toss a one-pound projectile with enough behind it to plow through one-inch steel ■ mile away.

## MASSACHUSETTS

26TH DIV

FORT DEVENS, Ayer. When the Yankee Division moved into ■ hastily erected tent camp on the impact area of the Sheridan Artillery range, officers warned the men to be careful about duds. "Don't," the orders were, "kick, handle or molest any unexploded shells you may find." The boys immediately began scouting around for duds. Men of the 101st Infantry had no luck with duds but found a shell case, which they promptly buried so that only one part of its side was visible. The captain, notified of the "discovery," hurried to the scene, ordered a tripod of sticks and ■ warning flag placed over it, then lectured the assemblage on the precautions to be taken. The gag rolled along in fine shape until the C.O., proud of his outfit's acquisition, posted a twenty-four-hour guard over it and then hit the hay. Forced to mount guard, the 101st sentries carried on until 11:30 P. M., finally decided to dig up the "dud" and tell the captain it had "disappeared." The skipper didn't react the way the lads hoped he would. He roused the whole company into formation and quizzed the personnel until a corporal confessed and was promptly busted.

## MINNESOTA

FORT SNELLING. The Reception Center's Sgt. J. G. Fair is stiffened by the names of Indian selectees. The one that got him the most is John Shot-To-Pieces, a full-blood Sioux from Wounded Knee, S. D. Runners-up are Willie One-Skunk and Albert On-The-Tree, Chippewa tribesmen from upstate.

## CALIFORNIA

7TH DIV

FORT ORD. Soldiers who didn't go up to western Washington for the maneuvers swallowed all the yarns brought back by the fellows who made the trip. "Until," reports one of the swallowees, "a 17th Infantry corporal named Jud Brady goes too far. Uh-huh. Everything sounds on the up and up until this Brady, dead pan, says he saw two genuine tanks up there."

FORT MACARTHUR, San Pedro. The admonition of Pvt. Harry N. Press is that any soldier reporting to the Reception Center here from San Bernardino had better keep his face buttoned when he's around HQ. Co., Corps Area Service Command 1959. A dozen company members, Pvt. Press complains, were stopped, while on leave in Los Angeles, by ■ bashful kid who handed

*(Continued on page 58)*



**ley course lasts three months, includes six departments, two being ialists like those shown above, who are learning to work with leather**



**Well-conditioned divisions can cover thirty miles a day. In emergencies they can march seventy-five miles in twenty-four hours, or 125 miles in forty-eight hours**

**y regiment is equipped with portees (pictured below) which hold eight ight men and equipment; can travel 300 miles in twenty- four hours**

**On the cavalry's vehicle list is the bantam jeep which, wrapped in canvas like a canoe, has been floated across rivers by Ft. Riley's Major Charles H. Valentine**





# Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 18

"And no one remembers the trial?"

"Well, it's a different name for one thing. They hadn't even the same maiden name. They had the same mother but different fathers. Mrs. Crale's name was Spalding."

"This Miss Williams, was she the child's governess or Angela Warren's?"

"Angela's. There was a nurse for the child, but she used to do a few little lessons with Miss Williams every day, I believe."

"Where was the child at the time?"

"She'd gone with the nurse to pay a visit to her godmother. A Lady Tressillian. A widow lady who'd lost her own two little girls and who was devoted to this kid."

Poirot nodded. "I see."

Hale continued: "As to the movements of the other people on the day of the murder, I can give them to you. Miss Greer sat on the terrace near the library window after breakfast. There, as I say, she overheard the quarrel between Crale and his wife. After that she accompanied Crale down to the battery and sat for him until lunchtime, with a couple of breaks to ease her muscles.

"Philip Blake was in the house after breakfast and overheard part of the quarrel. After Crale and Miss Greer went off, he read the paper until his brother telephoned him. Thereupon, he went down to the shore to meet his brother. They walked together up the path again past the battery garden. Miss Greer had just gone up to the house to fetch a pull-over, as she felt chilly, and Mrs. Crale was with her husband discussing arrangements for Angela's departure to school."

"AH, AN amicable interview," said Poirot.

"Well, no, not amicable. Crale was fairly shouting at her, I understand. Annoyed at being bothered with domestic details. I suppose she wanted to get things straightened up if there *was* going to be a break."

Poirot nodded.

Hale went on:

"The two brothers exchanged a few words with Amyas Crale. Then Miss Greer reappeared and took up her position, and Crale picked up his brush again, obviously wanting to get rid of them. They took the hint and went up to the house. It was when they were at the battery, by the way, that Amyas Crale complained that all the beer down there was hot, and his wife promised to send him down some iced beer."

"Aha!"

"Exactly—aha! Sweet as sugar she was about it. They went up to the house and sat on the terrace outside. Mrs. Crale and Angela Warren brought them beer out there.

"Later, Angela Warren went down to bathe and Philip Blake went with her.

"Meredith Blake went down to a clearing with a seat just above the battery garden. He could just see Miss Greer as she posed on the battlements, and could hear her voice and Crale's as they talked. He sat there and thought over the coniine business. He was still very worried about it and didn't know quite what to do. Elsa Greer saw him and waved her hand to him. When the bell went for lunch he came down to the battery, and Elsa Greer and he went back to the house together. He noticed then that Crale was looking, as he put it, very queer, but he didn't really think anything of it at the time. Crale was the kind of man who is never ill—and so one didn't imagine he would be. On the other hand, he *did* have moods of fury and despondency according as to whether his painting was not going as he liked it. On those occasions one left him alone and said as little as possible to him. That's what these two did on this occasion.

"As to the others, the servants were busy with housework and cooking lunch. Miss Williams was in the schoolroom part of the morning, correcting some exercise books. Afterward, she took some household mending to the terrace. Angela Warren spent most of the morning wandering about the garden, climbing trees and eating things—you know what a girl of fifteen is—plums, sour apples, hard pears, etc. After that she came back to the house and, as I say, went down with Philip Blake to the beach and had a swim before lunch."

Superintendent Hale paused. "Now, then," he said belligerently, "do you find anything phony about that?"

"Nothing at all," Poirot said.

"Well, then!"

The two words expressed volumes.

"But all the same," said Hercule Poirot, "I am going to satisfy myself. I—"

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to visit these five people—and from each one I am going to get his or her own story."

Superintendent Hale sighed with a deep melancholy. He said, "Man, you're nuts! None of their stories are going to agree. Don't you grasp that elementary fact? No two people remember a thing in the same order anyway. And after all this time! Why, you'll hear five accounts of five separate murders!"

"That," said Poirot, "is what I am counting upon. It will be very instructive."

PHILIP BLAKE was recognizably like the description given of him by Depleach—a prosperous, shrewd, jovial-looking man—slightly running to fat.

Hercule Poirot had timed his appointment for half past six on a Saturday afternoon. Philip Blake had just finished his eighteen holes, and he had been on his game—winning a fiver from his opponent. He was in the mood to be friendly and expansive.

Hercule Poirot explained himself and his errand. On this occasion at least, he showed no undue passion for unsullied truth. It was a question, Blake gathered, of a series of books dealing with famous crimes.

PHILIP BLAKE frowned. He said, "Why rake up these things?"

Hercule Poirot shrugged his shoulders. He was at his most foreign today. He was out to be despised but patronized. "It is the public," he murmured. "They eat it up—yes, eat it up."

"Ghouls," said Philip Blake. But he said it good-humoredly—not with the fastidiousness and the distaste that a more sensitive man might have displayed.



**"That's another thing I like about this electric blanket—Kennesaw can have a nice, hot snack at midnight without gettin' up!"**

REAMER KELLER

Hercule Poirot said with a shrug of the shoulders, "It is human nature. You and I, Mr. Blake, who know the world, have no illusions about our fellow human beings. Not bad people, most of them, but certainly not to be idealized."

Blake said heartily, "I've parted with my illusions long ago."

"Instead, you tell a very good story, so I have been told."

"Ah!" Blake's eyes twinkled. "Heard this one?"

Poirot's laugh came at the right place. It was not an edifying story, but it was funny.

Philip Blake lay back in his chair, his muscles relaxed, his eyes creased with good humor. Hercule Poirot thought suddenly that he looked rather like a contented pig. A pig. *This little pig went to market . . .*

What was he like, this man, this Philip Blake? A man, it would seem, without cares. Prosperous, contented. No remorseful thoughts, no uneasy twinges of conscience from the past, haunting memories here. No, a we fed pig who had gone to market—a fetched the full market price. . . .

But once, perhaps, there had be more to Philip Blake. He must ha been, when young, a handsome m Eyes always a shade too small, a fr tion too near together, perhaps—b otherwise a well-made, well-set- young man. How old was he now? A guess between fifty and sixty. Near forty, then, at the time of Crale's dea Less stultified, then, less sunk in gratifications of the minute. Ask more of life, perhaps, and receiv less. . . .

Poirot murmured as a mere ca phrase, "You comprehend my positio

"No, really, you know, I'm hanged do." The stockbroker sat upright aga his glance was once more shrewd. "W *you?* You're not a writer."

"Not precisely—no. Actually I ar detective."

The modesty of this remark had pr ably not been equaled before in Poir conversation.

"Of course you are. We all know t The famous Hercule Poirot!"

But his tone held a subtly moc note. Intrinsically, Philip Blake too much of an Englishman to take pretensions of a foreigner seriously. his cronies he would have said, "Qu little mountebank. Oh, well, I ex his stuff goes down with the womer right."

And although that derisive, patro ing attitude was exactly the one w Hercule Poirot had aimed at induc nevertheless he found himself anno by it.

This man, this successful man o fairs, was unimpressed by Hercule rot! It was a scandal.

"I AM gratified," said Poirot unt "that I am so well known to you. success, let me tell you, has founded on the psychology—the nal *why* of human behavior. That Blake, is what interests the worl crime today. It used to be rom Famous crimes were retold from angle only—the love story conn with them. Nowadays it is very d ent. People read with interest tha Crippen murdered his wife becaus was a big, bouncing woman and he little and insignificant and therefor made him feel inferior. They re some famous woman criminal tha killed because she'd been snubbe her father when she was three year It is, as I say, the *why* of crime th terests nowadays."

Philip Blake said, with a slight "The why of most crimes is ob enough, I should say. Usually mo

"Ah, but my dear sir," Poirot "the why must never be obvious. is the whole point!"

"And that's where *you* come in

"And that, as you say, is wh come in! It is proposed to rewri stories of certain bygone crimes– the psychological angle. Psychol crime, it is my specialty. I hav cepted the commission."

Philip Blake grinned. "Pretty tive, I suppose?"

"I hope so; I certainly hope so

"Congratulations. Now, pe you'll tell me where *I* come in?"

"Most certainly. The Crale monsieur."

Philip Blake did not look st But he looked thoughtful. He "Yes, of course, the Crale case .

Hercule Poirot said anxiously,

# "Correct again, Noah Webster!"



THE DICTIONARY says that a "profession" is a "calling in which one professes to have acquired some special knowledge used by way either of instructing, guiding, or advising others . . ."

Under that definition, the proper sale and service of life insurance is a profession, for the trained life insurance agent is a man who has acquired special knowledge which he uses in guiding and advising others.

Because his calling is highly specialized, the agent has become more and more a career underwriter who works constantly to increase his knowledge and thus improve his ability to serve policyholders properly.

The Metropolitan agent, for example, is trained how to judge a family's life insurance needs and how to help each family buy the type of insurance best fitted to its needs. He learns to help distribute the protection properly among the members of the family.

The agent strives to keep the insurance protection fitted to the family's situation. He also learns to arrange modes of settlement so as to achieve most effectively the hopes and ambitions of the policyholder. On some policies, he collects premiums and sees that dividends are credited.

The agent often acts as trusted friend and advisor in problems connected with the family's policies. When a policyholder dies, the agent frequently helps the bereaved family by preparing the necessary papers and by getting the claim check promptly to the beneficiary.

The Metropolitan agent is interested in the health of policyholders and of the community in which they live. Because of this interest, he plays his part in Metropolitan's welfare service. During 1940, Metropolitan agents helped to distribute more than 52,600,000 booklets on health and safety problems. In addition, agents are instrumental in bringing Metropolitan's Nursing Service to policyholders eligible for this service. Last year, more than 3,100,000 nursing calls were made in over 7,500 American communities.

In short, the life insurance agent is more than a man who sells life insurance. More often than not, he is a career man, devoting his life to providing policyholders with the kind and amount of insurance protection they should have at the lowest cost consistent with safety.

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**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

*(A MUTUAL COMPANY)*

*Frederick H. Ecker,*
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

*Leroy A. Lincoln,*
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.





not displeasing to you, Mr. Blake?"

"Oh, as to that." Philip Blake shrugged his shoulders. "It's no use resenting a thing that you've no power to stop. The trial of Caroline Crale is public property. Anyone can go ahead and write it up. It's no use *my* objecting. In a way—I don't mind telling you—I do dislike it a good deal. Amyas Crale was one of my best friends. I'm sorry the whole unsavory business has to be raked up again. But these things happen."

"You are a philosopher, Mr. Blake."

"No, no. I just know enough not to start kicking against the pricks. I daresay you'll do it less offensively than many others."

"I hope, at least, to write with delicacy and good taste," said Poirot.

Philip Blake gave a loud guffaw but without any real amusement. "Makes me chuckle to hear you say that."

"I assure you, Mr. Blake, I am really interested. It is not just a matter of money with me. I genuinely want to recreate the past—to feel and see the events that took place, to see behind the obvious and to visualize the thoughts and feelings of the actors in the drama."

"I don't know that there was much subtlety about it," Philip Blake said. "It was a pretty obvious business. Crude female jealousy, that was all there was to it."

"It would interest me enormously, Mr. Blake, if I could have your own reactions to the affair."

Philip Blake said with sudden heat, his face deepening in color, "Reactions! Reactions! Don't speak so pedantically. I didn't just stand there and react! You don't seem to understand that my friend—*my friend,* I tell you—had been killed—poisoned! And that if I'd acted quicker I could have saved him."

"How do you make that out, Mr. Blake?"

"Like this. I take it that you've already read up the facts of the case?" Poirot nodded. "Very well. Now on that morning my brother Meredith called me up. He was in a pretty good stew. One of his hell brews was missing, and it was a fairly deadly hell brew. What did I do? I told him to come along and we'd talk it over. Decide what was best to be done. 'Decide what was best.' It beats me now how I could have been such a hesitating fool! I ought to have realized that there was no time to lose. I ought to have gone to Amyas straight away and warned him. I ought to have said, 'Caroline's pinched one of Meredith's patent poisons, and you and Elsa had better look out for yourselves.' "

BLAKE got up. He strode up and down in his excitement.

"Do you suppose I haven't gone over it in my mind again and again? I *knew.* I had the chance to save him and I dallied about—waiting for Meredith! Why hadn't I the sense to realize that Caroline wasn't going to have any qualms or hesitancies? She'd taken that stuff to use—and she'd use it at the very first opportunity. She wouldn't wait till Meredith discovered his loss. I knew—of course I knew—that Amyas was in deadly danger and I did nothing!"

"I think you reproach yourself unduly, monsieur. You had not much time—"

The other interrupted him:

"Time? I had plenty of time. Any amount of courses were open to me. I could have gone to Amyas, as I say; but there was the chance, of course, that he wouldn't believe me. Amyas wasn't the sort of man who'd believe easily in his own danger. He'd have scoffed at the notion. And he never thoroughly understood the sort of devil Caroline was. But I could have gone to her. I could have said, 'I know what you're up to. I know what you're planning to do. if Amyas or Elsa dies of coniine poi ing, you'll be hanged by your ne That would have stopped her. C might have rung up the police. there were things that could have b done—and, instead, I let myself be fluenced by Meredith's slow, caut methods! 'We must be sure—tal over—make quite certain who c have taken it. . . .' Old fool—n made a quick decision in his life good thing for him he was the el son and has an estate to live on. If ever tried to *make* money he'd lost every penny he had."

"You had no doubt yourself who taken the poison?" Poirot asked.

"Of course not. I knew at on must be Caroline. You see, I Caroline very well."

"THAT is very interesting," Poirot "I want to know, Mr. Blake, kind of a woman Caroline Crale

Philip Blake said sharply, "She w the injured that innocent people th she was at the time of the trial!"

"What was she, then?"

Blake sat down again. He said ously, "Would you really like to kn

"I would like to know very muc deed."

"Caroline was a rotter. She v rotter through and through. Mind she had charm. She had that ki sweetness of manner that deceives ple utterly. She had a frail, he look about her that appealed to pe chivalry. Sometimes, when I've r bit of history, I think Mary Que Scots must have been a bit like Always sweet and unfortunate and netic—and actually a cold, calcu woman, a scheming woman who pl the murder of Darnley and got with it. Caroline was like that—a calculating planner. And she h wicked temper.

"I don't know whether they'v you—it isn't a vital point of the but it shows her up—what she her baby sister? She was jealou know. Her mother had married and all the notice and affection w little Angela. Caroline couldn't that. She tried to kill the baby— its head in. Luckily the blow fatal. But it was a pretty ghastl to do."

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, that was the real Caroli had to be first. That was the thi simply could not stand—not beir And there was a cold, egotistical c her that was capable of being sti murderous lengths."

He paused.

"You'll say that I'm bitter—t unduly prejudiced against Caroli *had* charm—I've felt it. But I k always knew—the real woman And that woman, M. Poirot, w She was cruel and malignant grabber!"

"And yet it has been told r Mrs. Crale put up with many har in her married life."

"Yes, and didn't she let eve know about it? Always the Poor old Amyas. His married one long hell—or rather it wou been if it hadn't been for his exc quality. His art, you see—he had that. It was an escape. W was painting he didn't care; h off Caroline and her nagging the ceaseless rows and quarrel were endless, you know. Not passed without a thundering r one thing or another.

"*She* enjoyed it. Having row lated her, I believe. It was a She could say all the hard, bitte ing things she wanted to say. Sh tively purr after one of those set off looking as sleek and well-

cat. But it took it out of *him*. *He* wanted peace, rest, a quiet life. Of course, a man like that ought never to marry; he isn't cut out for domesticity. A man like Crale should have affairs but no binding ties. They're bound to chafe him."

"He confided in you?"

"Well—he knew that I was a pretty devoted pal. He let me see things. He didn't complain. He wasn't that kind of man. Sometimes he'd say, 'Damn all women.' Or he'd say, 'Never get married, old boy. Wait for hell till after this life.' "

"You knew about his attachment to Miss Greer?"

"Oh, yes—at least I saw it coming on. He told me he'd met a marvelous girl. She was different, he said, from anything or anyone he'd ever met before. Not that I paid much attention to that. Amyas was always meeting one woman or other who was 'different.' Usually, a month later, he'd stare at you if you mentioned them, and wonder who you were talking about! But this Elsa Greer really was different. I realized that when I came down to Alderbury to stay. She'd got him, you know—hooked him good and proper. The poor mutt fairly ate out of her hand."

"You did not like Elsa Greer either?"

"No, I didn't like her. She was definitely a predatory creature. She, too, wanted to own Crale body and soul. But I think, all the same, that she'd have been better for him than Caroline. She might conceivably have let him alone once she was sure of him. Or she might have got tired of him and moved on to someone else. The best thing for Amyas would have been to be quite free of female entanglements."

"But that, it would seem, was not to his taste."

Philip Blake said with a sigh, "The fool was always getting himself involved with some woman or other. And yet, in a way, women really meant very little to him. The only two women who really made any impression on him at all in his life were Caroline and Elsa."

"Was he fond of the child?" Poirot asked.

"Angela? Oh, we all liked Angela. She was such a sport. She was always game for anything. What a life she led that wretched governess of hers! Yes, Amyas liked Angela all right; but sometimes she went too far, and then he used to get really mad with her, and then Caroline would step in—Caro was always on Angela's side and that would finish Amyas altogether. He hated it when Caro sided with Angela against him. There was a bit of jealousy all round, you know.

"Amyas was jealous of the way Caro always put Angela first and would do anything for her. And Angela was jealous of Amyas and rebelled against his overbearing ways."

He paused.

"IN THE interests of truth, Mr. Blake," Poirot said, "I am going to ask you to do something."

"What is it?"

"I am going to beg that you will write me out an exact account of what happened on those days at Alderbury. That is to say, I am going to ask you to write me out a full account of the murder and its attendant circumstances."

"But, my dear fellow, after all this time? I should be hopelessly inaccurate."

"Not necessarily."

"Surely."

"No, Mr. Blake; for one thing, with the passage of time, the mind retains a hold on essentials and rejects superficial matters."

"Oh, you mean a mere broad outline?"

"Not at all. I mean a detailed, conscientious account of each event as it occurred and every conversation you can remember."

"And supposing I remember them wrong?"

"You can give the wording at least to the best of your recollection. There may be gaps, but that cannot be helped."

Blake looked at him curiously. "But what's the idea? The police files will give you the whole thing far more accurately."

"No, Mr. Blake. We are speaking now from the psychological point of view. I do not want bare *facts*. *I want your own selection of facts*. Time and your memory are responsible for that selection. There may have been things done, words spoken, that I should seek for in vain in the police files. Things and words that you never mentioned because, maybe, you judged them irrelevant, or because you preferred not to repeat them."

Blake said sharply, "Is this account of mine for publication?"

"Certainly not. It is for my eye only. To assist me to draw my own deductions."

"And you won't quote from it without my consent?"

"Certainly not."

"H'm," said Philip Blake. "I'm a very busy man, M. Poirot."

"I appreciate that there will be time and trouble involved. I should be happy to agree to a—reasonable fee."

There was a moment's pause. Then Philip Blake said suddenly, "No, if I do it I'll do it for nothing."

"And you will do it?"

Philip Blake said warningly, "Remember, I can't vouch for the accuracy of my memory."

"That is perfectly understood."

"Then I think," said Philip Blake, "that I should *like* to do it. I feel I owe it—in a way—to Amyas Crale."

HERCULE POIROT was not a man to neglect details.

His advance toward Meredith Blake was carefully thought out. Meredith Blake was, he already felt sure, a very different proposition from Philip Blake. Rush tactics would not succeed here. The assault must be leisurely.

Hercule Poirot knew that there was only one way to penetrate the stronghold. He must approach Meredith Blake with the proper credentials. Those credentials must be social, not professional. Fortunately, in the course of his career, Hercule Poirot had made friends in many counties. Devonshire was no exception. He sat down to review what resources he had in Devonshire. As a result he discovered two people who were acquaintances or friends of Mr. Meredith Blake. He descended upon him, therefore, armed with two letters—one from Lady Mary Lytton-Gore, a gentle widow lady of restricted means, the most retiring of creatures; and the other from a retired admiral, whose family had been settled in the county for four generations.

Meredith Blake received Poirot in a state of some perplexity.

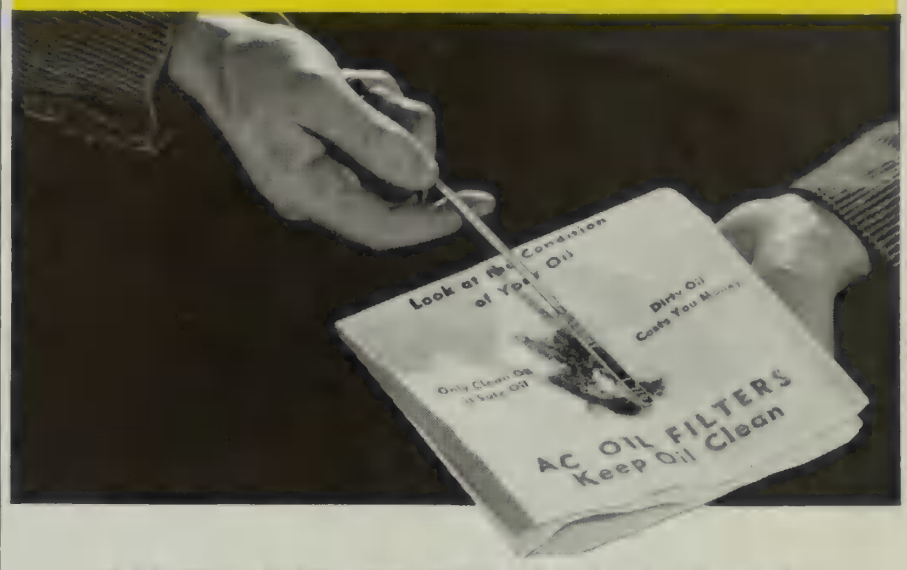
As he had often felt lately, things were not what they used to be. Dash it all, private detectives used to be private detectives—fellows you got to guard wedding presents at country receptions, fellows you went to, rather shamefacedly, when there was some dirty business afoot and you had to get the hang of it.

But here was Lady Mary Lytton-Gore writing: "Hercule Poirot is a very old and valued friend of mine. Please do all you can to help him, won't you?" And Mary Lytton-Gore wasn't—no, decidedly she wasn't—the sort of woman you associate with private detectives and all that they stand for. And Ad-


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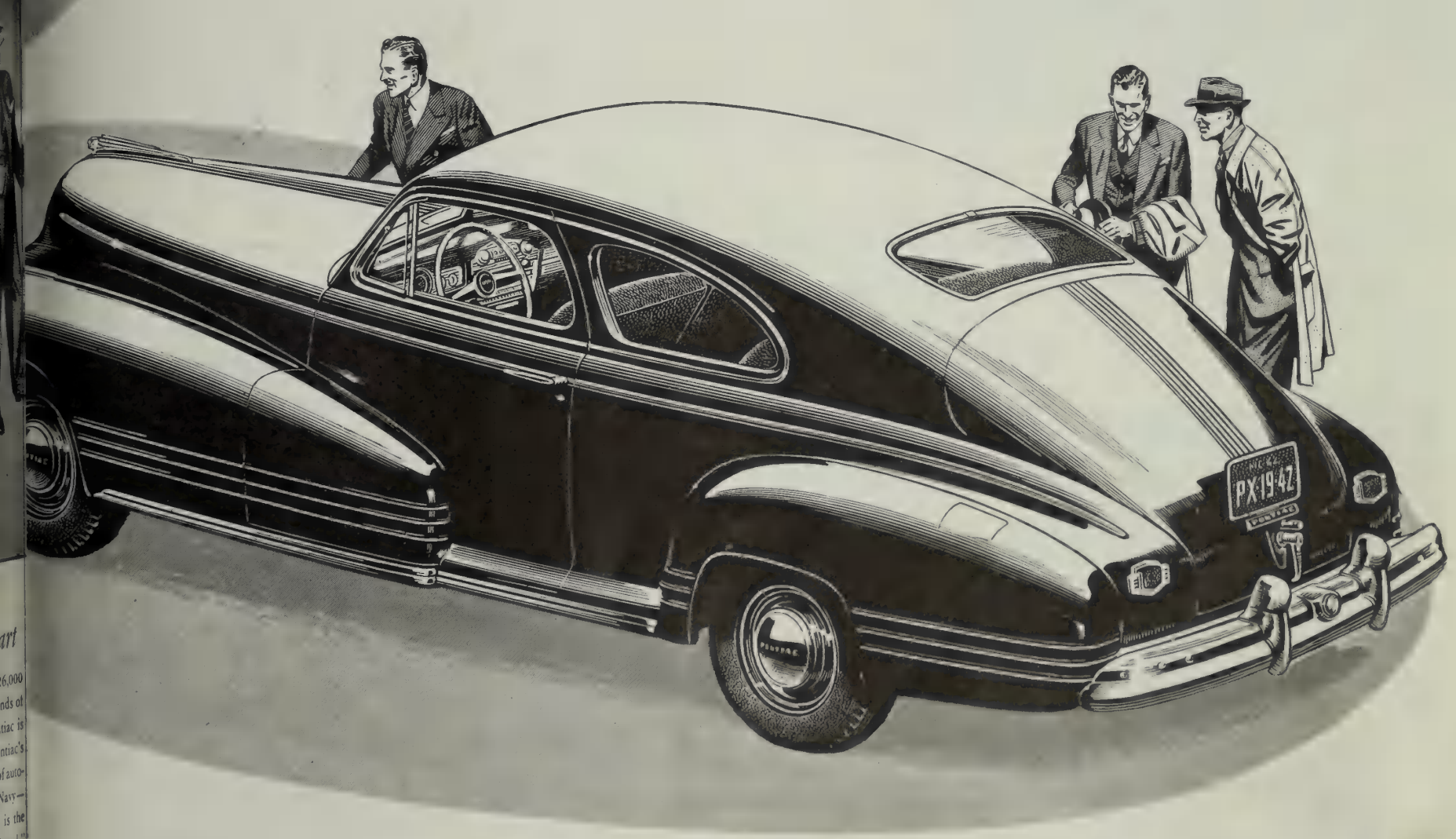
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miral Cronshaw wrote: "Very good chap—absolutely sound. Grateful if you will do what you can for him. Most entertaining fellow—can tell you lots of good stories."

And now here was the man himself. Really a most impossible person—the wrong clothes, button boots, an incredible mustache! Not his, Meredith Blake's, kind of fellow at all. Didn't look as though he'd ever hunted or shot—or even played a decent game. A foreigner.

Slightly amused, Hercule Poirot read accurately these thoughts passing through the other's head. He had felt his own interest rising considerably as the train brought him into the west country. He would see now, with his own eyes, the actual place where these long-past events happened.

It was here, at Handcross Manor, that two young brothers had lived and gone over to Alderbury and joked and played tennis and fraternized with a young Amyas Crale and a girl called Caroline. It was from here that Meredith had started out to Alderbury on that fatal morning. That had been sixteen years ago. Hercule Poirot looked with interest at the man who was confronting him with somewhat uneasy politeness.

Very much what he had expected. Meredith Blake resembled superficially every other English country gentleman of straitened means and outdoor tastes.

A shabby old coat of tweed, a weather-beaten, pleasant, middle-aged face with somewhat faded blue eyes, rather a weak mouth, half hidden by a rather straggly mustache. Poirot found Meredith Blake a great contrast to his brother. He had a hesitating manner; his mental processes were obviously leisurely. It was as though his tempo had slowed down with the years just as his brother Philip's had been accelerated.

As Poirot had already guessed, he was a man whom you could not hurry. The leisurely life of the English countryside was in his bones.

He looked, the detective thought, a good deal older than his brother, though, from what Mr. Johnathan had said, it would seem that only a couple of years separated them.

HERCULE POIROT prided himself on knowing how to handle an "old-school tie." It was no moment for trying to seem English. No, one must be a foreigner—frankly a foreigner—and be magnanimously forgiven for the fact. "Of course these foreigners don't quite know the ropes. *Will* shake hands at breakfast. Still, a decent fellow really. . . ."

Poirot set about creating this impression of himself. The two men talked, cautiously, of Lady Mary Lytton-Gore and of Admiral Cronshaw. Other names were mentioned. Fortunately, Poirot knew someone's cousin and had met somebody else's sister-in-law. He could see a kind of warmth dawning in the squire's eye. The fellow seemed to know the right people.

Gracefully, insidiously, Poirot slid into the purpose of his visit. He was quick to counteract the inevitable recoil. This book was, alas, going to be written. Miss Crale—Miss Lemarchant, as she was now called—was anxious for him to exercise a judicious editorship. The facts, unfortunately, were public property. But much could be done in their presentation to avoid wounding susceptibilities. Poirot murmured that before now he had been able to use discreet influence to avoid certain sensational passages in a book of memoirs.

Meredith Blake flushed angrily. His hand shook a little as he filled a pipe. He said, a slight stammer in his voice, "It's—it's g-ghoulish the way they dig these things up. S-sixteen years ago. Why can't they let it be?"

Poirot shrugged his shoulders. "I agree with you," he said. "But what will you? There is a demand for such things. And anyone is at liberty to reconstruct a proved crime and to comment on it."

"Seems disgraceful to me."

Poirot murmured, "Alas, we do not live in a delicate age. . . . You would be surprised, Mr. Blake, if you knew the unpleasant publications I have succeeded in—shall we say—softening? I am anxious to do all I can to save Miss Crale's feeling in the matter."

BLAKE murmured, "Little Carla! That child! A grown-up woman. One can hardly believe it."

"I know. Time flies swiftly, does it not?"

Meredith Blake sighed. He said, "Too quickly."

Poirot said, "As you will have seen in the letter I handed you from Miss Crale, she is very anxious to know everything possible about the sad events of the past."

"Why?" Meredith Blake said with a touch of irritation. "Why rake up everything again? How much better to let it all be forgotten."

"You say that, Mr. Blake, because you know all the past two well. Miss Crale, remember, knows nothing. That is to say, she knows only the story as she has learned it from the official accounts."

Meredith Blake winced. He said, "Yes, I forgot. Poor child! What a detestable position for her. The shock of learning the truth. And then—those soulless, callous reports of the trial."

"The truth," said Hercule Poirot, "can never be done justice to in a mere legal recital. It is the things that are left out that are the things that matter. The emotions, the feelings, the characters of the actors in the drama, the extenuating circumstances—"

He paused and the other man spoke eagerly, like an actor who had received his cue:

"Extenuating circumstances! That's just it. If ever there were extenuating circumstances, there were in this case. Amyas Crale was an old friend—his family and mine had been friends for generations, but one has to admit that his conduct was, frankly, outrageous. He was an artist, of course, and presumably that explains it. But there it is—he allowed a most extraordinary set of affairs to arise. The position was one that no ordinary decent man could have contemplated for a moment."

Hercule Poirot said, "I am interested that you should say that. It had puzzled me—that situation. Not so does a well-bred man, a man of the world, go about his affairs."

Blake's thin, hesitating face had lit up with animation. He said:

"Yes, but the whole point is that Amyas never was an ordinary man! He was a painter, you see, and with him painting came first—really, sometimes, in the most extraordinary way! I don't understand these so-called artistic people myself—never have. I understood Crale a little because, of course, I'd known him all my life. His people were the same sort as my people. And in many ways Crale ran true to type—it was only where art came in that he didn't conform to the usual standards. He wasn't, you see, an amateur in any way. He was first class—really first class.

"Some people say he was a genius. They may be right. But, as a result, he was always what I should describe as unbalanced. When he was painting a picture, nothing else mattered, nothing could be allowed to get in the way. He was like a man in a dream—completely obsessed by what he was doing. Not till the canvas was finished did he come out of this absorption and start to pick up the threads of ordinary life again."

He looked questioningly at Poirot and the latter nodded.

"You understand, I see. Well, that explains, I think, why this particular situation arose. He was in love with this girl. He wanted to marry her. He was prepared to leave his wife and child for her. But he'd started painting her down here, and he wanted to finish that picture. Nothing else mattered to him. He didn't *see* anything else. And the fact that the situation was a perfectly impossible one for the two women concerned didn't seem to have occurred to him."

"Did either of them understand his point of view?"

"Oh, yes—in a way. Elsa did, I suppose. She was terrifically enthusiastic about his painting. But it was a difficult position for her—naturally. And as for Caroline—"

He stopped. Poirot said, "For Caroline—*yes?*"

*(To be continued next week)*



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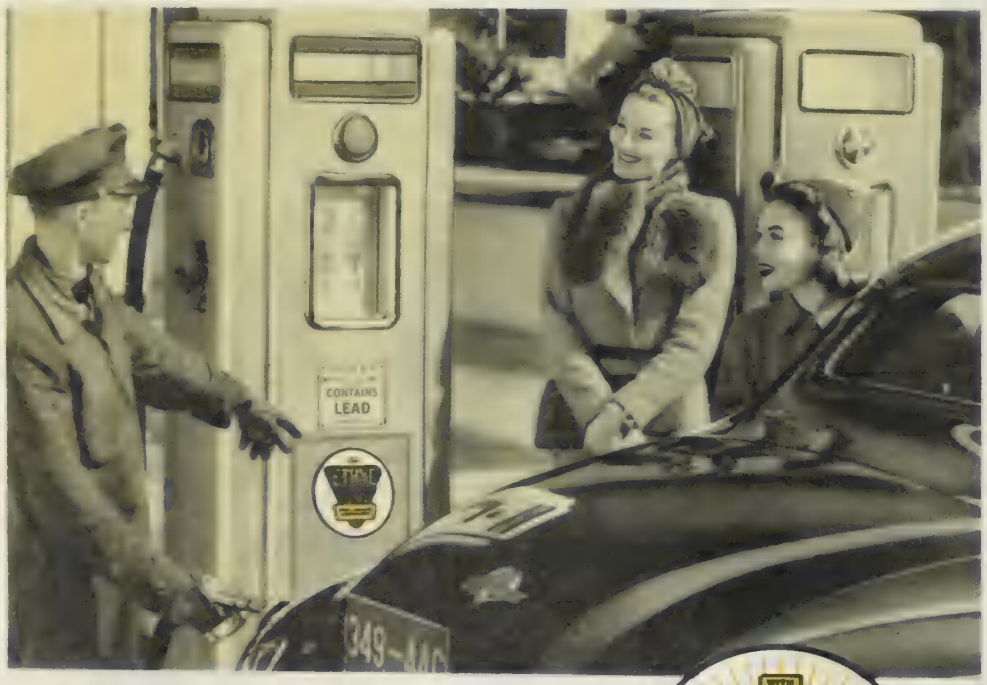

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# Faithful and True

Continued from page 19

she'd have to say "the Cornwall residence" when she answered the phone.

So Mama was packing to leave for Grandma's, and I thought what a shame it was that she would have to miss the chautauqua and seeing me in the children's pageant on the last day, put on by the Story Lady.

And that's how Alta got to meet the train.

All of a sudden the train came in so loud that I had to cover up my ears. There was that exciting, gassy smell; and a lot of people got off. Alta went right up to them and held out her hand and showed the dimple she'd been practicing in front of our hat-rack mirror.

I RECOGNIZED the chautauqua folks, though they didn't look as young as their pictures. The Hawaiians had on regular suits instead of those paper boas I had been expecting. The lecturer looked tired and mussed up. There was another man who was evidently the superintendent. And the Story Lady was young and smily.

I hurried right over to her and asked if I couldn't be the Magic Princess this year. I explained that my hair made very nice crimps when it was unbraided, and my freckles hardly showed at night. But she said she had a much more important part she thought I could fill. It was that of the Wicked Crone, which took a face with lots of character.

Then she went on to the hotel, and I looked around for Alta. She was talking to the superintendent now. I moved up close, for Alta was so taken up with him I could have tramped on her best lace stockings and it wouldn't have made any difference.

He was smiling down at her, holding his straw hat under one arm, and saying his name was Gordon Strickland and that he wasn't used to such a beautiful reception committee.

Alta blushed the way she used to when she talked to Fred. She said she was only a substitute for her mother, and that she did hope the accommodations at the hotel would prove satisfactory.

I saw that Fred was piling his boxes of bicycles on his handcart now. Alta seemed to have forgotten all about him. So I went with Fred as far as his bicycle shop.

I remember that he walked the whole way without saying anything, and that he leaned against the handles of the cart as though the load was too much for him.

I said, "Don't you feel well, Fred?"

He didn't answer at first. But his mouth pressed together the way it does when you're having a splinter dug out. He said, "Well, Lois, I'll feel a darn' sight better when the chautauqua gets out of town!" Which didn't make sense to me, because hadn't Fred sold more tickets than anybody else?

Before I left him I reminded him to bring up the box for my lemonade stand when he came to take Alta to the chautauqua that night. He said he would and that he'd fix a canopy over it to keep off the sun. Fred always acted as though my problems were important.

The whole family took Mama to the afternoon train for Grandma's. She kept telling Papa he must take an interest in the Finer Things of Life and go to the chautauqua meetings every night and be polite to the talent.

Papa grunted and kissed her and said, "By Tophet, Nettie, stop your stewing—everything will be hunky-dory!"

Which turned out to be anything but the case. If Mama had ever dreamed of all that was going to happen while she was away, she'd never have stepped foot out of Jeffersonville, broken hip or no broken hip.

That night, when the evening program started, I sat with the other children on the hard board benches down in front. Mr. Strickland came out on the platform wearing lovely white pants and when he told how his heart had been gladdened by the welcome the chautauqua had received, he looked right at Alta.

Then he introduced the Hawaiians and they had on their colored paper boas this time. They sang to their guitars that sounded like telephone wires humming in the wind, and the loveliest chills went up and down my spine. After that the lecturer lectured. But he mostly told funny stories, and it wasn't tiresome at all like a sermon. When it was over, everybody said wasn't it inspirational?

I found Papa in the ticket booth afterward helping count the money. Alta and Fred came up, bringing Mr. Strickland whom Alta had invited over to our house to have lemonade. We all walked home together under the dark summer trees.

I wondered if there'd be enough lemons, on account of my lemonade stand. But there was a big pitcher of lemonade on the ice, so Alta must have thought of it ahead of time. We sat around on the leaf-patterned porch, and nobody remembered to send me to bed.

Mr. Strickland talked and talked—you could tell he enjoyed it. Papa cleared his throat. Fred broke matches into little pieces. And Alta moved over nearer to Mr. Strickland on the top step and asked him a lot of questions about the talent, like what would they do after next week when the chautauqua season closed for the summer, and wasn't it wonderful to feel you were a Great Cultural Influence?

PRETTY soon she went into the house. When she came back she switched on the porch light to show Mr. Strickland those photos of her when she was Cicely, Mr. Brambleton's daughter, in the high-school senior-class play.

Mr. Strickland said, "Nice make-up, Miss Cornwall."

But Fred said with a grin in his voice, "Will you ever forget that last act, Alta, when you went to rest your arm on the mantel, and the whole thing broke down and fell smack dab on your foot?"

Fred and Papa and I laughed and laughed. But Alta didn't laugh. She just grabbed up the photos and rushed into the house with them.

When she came back, Fred said he guessed he'd have to hit the hay. He stood up to go, but Alta didn't get up to say goodby. She acted as if she didn't know he'd been there, and didn't know now that he was leaving. Papa called loudly for him to come again, the latch-string was always out.

Pretty soon Mr. Strickland said he'd better be going too. Alta got right up this time and said, "Oh, but first you must see our view from Water Tank Hill."

They started off together. Papa said to me, "Scoot to bed, young'un, and don't tell your mother how late you stayed up. By Tophet, my feet are killing me!" But he gave a big sigh and started down the street after them.

I remember waking up later, startled by the sound of quarreling. Papa was saying, "—won't play fast and loose with

a good man like Fred Tait—not if I know it! Traipsing off with the first fly-by-nighter that comes along—I don't care if he is the chautauqua superintendent!"

He was standing in the doorway of our bedroom, and Alta was taking down her hair. She threw her barrette and side combs down on the bureau so hard they bounced. She was crying and talking back to him, all at once. And you could tell she was crying because she was so mad, and she was mad because she couldn't stop crying.

Papa said that he positively put his foot down on her seeing this Strickland alone again. Then he went on and on about what a good steady fellow Fred Tait was, and how any girl with a lick of sense ought to be glad to get him.

ALTA was brushing her hair that she was proud of because it was long enough to sit on. I can see her yet, in her flowered-challis combing jacket with the baby-ribbon edging. Her soft, light hair flew every which way, and her eyes were a deep blue, like the pictures of Billie Burke. She said, "I wish Mama was here. She understands me!" Brush—brush. "She knows what it means to have a sensitive nature that—" brush—brush—"nobody understands!"

Papa didn't answer. He just looked at her, kind of tired and old, the way he always looked at Mama when she said that she never had had any encouragement to keep up her music and china painting.

So Papa went off to bed, and Alta stayed up and tried her hair in the new psyche knot. But her fingers were all thumbs that night, because her hair kept falling down and she kept putting it up. And all the while she was talking to herself about how only A Man of the World could really understand. And, young as I was, I knew she *didn't* mean Fred. And how she was never cut out for a humdrum round—and then I knew she *did* mean Fred.

The rest of the chautauqua was one long underneath battle between Papa and Alta. But Papa was licked from the start because, while he could see that Mr. Strickland didn't drink any more lemonade on our front porch, he couldn't watch Alta every minute without shutting up his store. Yet even though Alta knew she had him licked, she didn't look exactly happy. She'd jump if you spoke to her suddenly, she got dark circles under her eyes, and she'd toss and mumble in her sleep as though she were having nightmares.

Several times I saw her coming out of the dressing room at the back of the tent. I knew that in the mornings when I was practicing with the other children for the pageant, she was off taking long walks. And she had something locked up in the tin box where she kept her diary. I couldn't find out what, because she took to carrying the key around her neck instead of hiding it in her jewel box.

The chautauqua grew better every day. I couldn't decide which I liked most—the chalk-talk artist who turned the picture of the old tramp into a church with a steeple, or the man who imitated emptying a jug of applejack and then told how strong drink just *ate out* the lining of your stomach.

But Alta, who was artistic like Mama, was crazy about the lady reader with the pink willow plume and the white kid gloves that came up to her shoulders. And she could scarcely wait for the final night when there was to be a real play called The Winning of Millicent Lane.

Papa grew watchfuller and watchfuller. That last night he didn't let Alta out of his sight. And when the midnight train whistled as it pulled out, carrying the last day's talent and Mr. Strickland, too, I remember that Papa put his head in our bedroom door for a last make-sure look. Alta pretended not to see him.

But after he had gone to bed, her eyes shone like the sets in Mama's brooch, and she whispered something about such sweet thirst filling her veins. I couldn't tell whether she was talking to herself or practicing for her drama and expression class.

In the morning when we three sat down to breakfast, Papa was his old self again. And every day he relaxed more and more. But what he didn't know was about the locked tin box, or those long walks Alta took by herself to read something she carried in the front of her corset that rattled like letters, or how she hung around the post office waiting for the mail. This was the last week of the chautauqua season, and I knew Mr. Strickland couldn't be very far away.

And then—I'll never forget—it was the Thursday morning after the chautauqua was over that I woke up and put out my hand to touch the warm lump that was Alta—and she wasn't there! I can still recall my scared feeling. I ran in and told Papa. It took him a while to understand. He had to come in and look at the one pillow that wasn't even dented; he had to see for himself that her matting suitcase and her white serge suit and her pink celluloid comb-and-brush set were gone.

"Maybe she and Fred have eloped," he said, as though he wished it were true.

I was shivery with excitement. Nobody in our family had ever eloped before. And yet I doubted that it was Fred she'd eloped with. But I thought of a way to find out. I hunted in the back of her bureau drawer and, sure enough, the jar of red salve was gone, so I knew it wasn't Fred. "Because Fred disapproves of face paint," I told Papa. "She must have eloped with Mr. Strickland who is A Man of the World and understands her."

Papa's hands shook, but he managed to get dressed and go down to the depot. When he got back he said that Mr. Whipple the agent had told him Alta had taken the midnight train, but she hadn't bought a ticket. She knew she could pay her fare on the train.

THEN I found the note propped up on our mission library table. There was a little ring box beside it. I remember how different the ring looked in the box, instead of on her finger—sort of final and impressive. I hurried to read the note before Papa could tell me I wasn't old enough. It said:

"Dear Papa: You'll never understand why I'm doing this—though Mama will. But I must live a larger life and mingle among cultured people and express my true self. At last I have found someone who understands! Please give my ring back to Fred and ask him to forgive and forget. Lois can have my fish net. Your loving daughter, Alta."

I could have her fish net! Ever since she had brought it home from college and tacked it up on our bedroom wall and filled it full of dance programs and souvenirs and snapshots of her and Fred, I had been crazy to have a fish net of my own. But now, all of a sudden, I couldn't swallow past a lump—I wanted Alta back more than I wanted any old fish net. And Papa, who had been standing there reading the note, sat down heavily as though his knees wouldn't hold him up any longer. And I knew that Papa wanted Alta back, too, more than he wanted anything else in the world.

"Maybe—maybe you better telephone Mama and tell her to come right home," I said.

He looked at me, surprised and also


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**"CALL THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!"** is, figuratively speaking, the way my family and I used to treat constipation. We'd rush to the medicine cabinet for *emergency relief*. It never occurred to us to look for the *cause*, or to try ALL-BRAN's better way.



**STRAIGHT TO THE MARK!** Then I discovered that KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN goes straight to the *cause* of common constipation, the kind that's due to lack of proper "bulk" in the diet—and wholesomely, naturally prevents it.



**EXCUSE MY BACK,** but I'd rather not illustrate the way those laxative doses used to taste. And to think I never knew what crisp, delicious, toasted ALL-BRAN could do.




**HAPPY DAYS!** And, if your trouble is this common kind of constipation, may you discover the same enjoyable way to "Join the Regulars"! Crunchy, toasted KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN is not only very effective, it's a lot more pleasant than the "hurry-up" remedies we used to take. Eat it with cream and sugar every morning, drink plenty of water, and get yourself in tune again.

## Join the "Regulars" with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

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**Here's the Car of the Hour . . . with traditional Nash Dependability and Long-Life . . . with the New Motoring Economy America needs . . . with New Steering Ease and Riding Luxury that will Thrill you as No Car has ever done before!**

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No "split" body and frame here! Nash *alone* among low-price cars uses this latest airplane construction — frame and body are *one* welded unit of continuous girders, 57% more resistant to twisting. Protection is *around*, and not just *under* you.



Coil springs on the rear w ee
A special Nash type — s er
tion, yet proved safe in 3 00
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# "Million Dollar Beauty"

## It's the 1942 Nash . . . and it Goes 25 to 30 Miles on a Gallon of Gasoline *at Highway Speed*

TODAY, a "Million Dollar Beauty" arrives in the lowest-price field — the 1942 Nash. A car so big, bold and dazzling, so massive in front, so clean and swift of line, that not even this picture can tell you what it's like.

But what this beauty *does* is even more thrilling. Right in line with America's need for lower motoring costs, it offers even greater savings than the record-breaking economy of last year's Nash.

• It goes *25 to 30 miles on a gallon* at highway speed . . . more than 500 miles on a tankful of gasoline.

So economical, you could drive all the way from New York to California with only *five* stops for gas! And save money on oil, tires and repair costs, every single mile you go!

And there's still more news! Steering is even *easier* than last year's Nash that owners claimed was the easiest car in the world to drive. In merely a short trip, the ease of Nash's new Two-way Roller Steering actually saves you tons of effort.

• Fleet as was last year's Nash, this new "Million Dollar Beauty" has even better pickup.

Never have you felt a car ride like it! Around sharp curves, it fairly grips the road. On a rutted country lane the bumps are smoothed away. Nash is the first low-price car to have soft coil springs on *all four wheels*.

From the very way it's built — body and frame *one* welded unit — it's a *new kind* of car. No other is like it, or offers so much.

You can have a "Sedan Sleeper" Bed for summertime trips . . . a Weather Eye Conditioned Air System to forever banish chills and dust and stuffy air.

• In design, in engineering, in features, this is the finest car ever to carry the Nash name. The car it will *pay you* to drive. The car that offers everything you want — and still costs you the *very least to own and run!*

See it today — the most beautiful car ever built for the *lowest-price* field. Then take a "million dollar" ride in this "Million Dollar Beauty". Better place your order *quick*—there may not be enough to go around!

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Companion cars to the Nash "600", the 1942 Nash Ambassador "6" and "8" are greater than ever. See and test the amazing new engine principle that increases economy, pickup and speed as much as 11%.



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thankful. "You're right, young'un, I will. But first I'll telegraph that chautauqua company and find out what town Strickland is in today."

The minute he got Mama on the telephone, he looked different. He told her—being careful of our Central, who was worse than Miss Lipscomb—that he needed her. Could she come home on the noon train? No, nobody was sick. Just a little—problem

Mama knew it wasn't any *little* problem, because I could hear fast squeaks coming over the phone. Papa nodded and said, "I'll meet your train, Nettie."

It was almost time for her train when the telegram came from the chautauqua company saying that Gordon Strickland would be in Omar till after the night program, when he was through for the season. So if the matter was urgent, it would be best to communicate with his wife in Peoria.

Wife! All at once, everything stopped being exciting and started being awful. I remembered Effie Treadwell who had run away the winter before with a drummer, and he had turned out to be A Married Man. And when she got back, nobody but the minister's wife would speak to her. . . .

Papa wouldn't let me go to the train. So I waited until I saw him and Mama coming along the street.

I ran up and hugged Mama around the waist. But she unloosed my arms and hurried into the house. Papa had his watch case open. He said, "We couldn't reach Omar before morning by train, Nettie. But with a good two-horse livery rig we might do the forty miles across country before the evening performance is over. You be ready when I get back."

I had on my leghorn hat when Papa drove up. But Mama said no, I must stay home.

I watched them drive off, the horses kicking up the dust in soft little puffs. I felt lonely and sad and forgotten.

AFTER supper, when Della had gone to her room, I sat out on the front porch because it was empty and scary inside the house. My, but I was glad when I heard a chugging noise down the street and I knew it was Fred Tait's auto. Of course I realized he was on his way to see Alta; but I hoped that when he found she wasn't home, he'd take me for a ride.

There were only two other autos in Jeffersonville then—the banker's and the doctor's; though the doctor kept a horse, too, for bad roads and baby calls. Fred had practically made his auto himself out of bicycle parts and things. He said he expected to sell and repair autos as a business some day. Papa said he'd better stick to his last, that autos were only a passing fad, and couldn't Fred see that the only men in town rich enough to own autos already had them?

I went out to meet Fred. "Alta home?" he asked.

"No, she's—she's away," I told him.

"You mean she's gone out of town?"

"Well, kind of—"

"What do you mean by kind of?" He grabbed my shoulder until it hurt.

The way he looked at me scared me so that I forgot about illness in the family. The first thing I knew, I was telling him about Alta's note and how Papa and Mama had rented a livery rig at a dollar and a half an hour and gone to Omar, and did Fred think Alta would be like Effie Treadwell that nobody spoke to?

Fred was already cranking up the auto, and I climbed into the front seat. We went lickety-split out of town and Fred said if nothing happened, we'd do the forty miles to Omar in three hours and get there before the chautauqua program was over.

But twice something did happen, and Fred had to lie on his back under the auto and pound. Then we went all the faster, and the wind blew so hard my braids unraveled and I could hardly see. Fred slowed down when the lights showed a buggy just ahead.

"Looks like the livery-stable rig," he said.

"It looks like Mama's hat with the three bluebirds on it and the veil tied over them," I said.

"Their off horse is lame. They'll have to come with us."

He stopped his auto with such a chug and a roar that even the lame horse tried to stand up on its hind legs. I'd expected Mama to be surprised, or even mad, when she saw me. But she just passed me over and said, "Oh, Fred, I'm so glad you came! Maybe now—we can make it!"

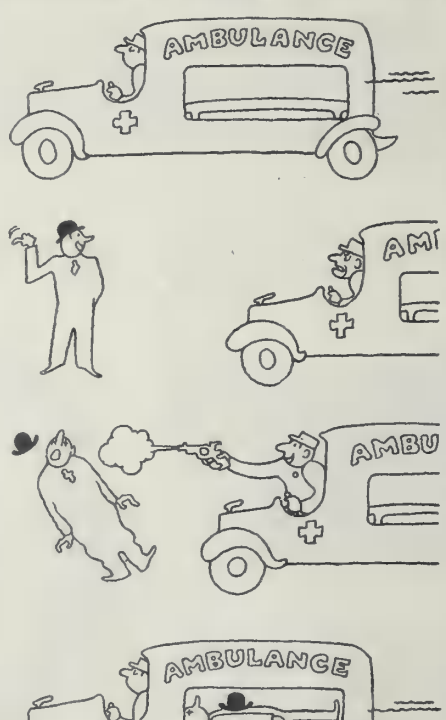
PAPA left the team at the next farm. When he got in with Mama he leaned forward and said solemnly, "So help me, Fred, I'll never again yell 'get a horse' when I pass an auto stuck in the mud!"

I climbed over into the back seat with Mama and Papa. Papa had his arm around Mama and she was crying against him. There was the sound of wind rushing and the feeling of the auto jouncing along. I went to sleep with my head on Mama's lap. But once in a while words came through my sleepiness . . . Mama's words: "Oh, Ira, this is a judgment on me! For making out you didn't understand me—that I threw myself away—" . . . And Papa's words: "But I never was good enough for you, Nettie. You deserved the best. I'm only a clumsy old—" . . . And Mama's words: "Hush—don't talk that way. I've always been happy, Ira. I just didn't have sense enough to make Alta realize it—and that being married to a good man is the sweetest thing on earth!"

Next thing I knew, we were stopping beside the chautauqua grounds in Omar, where the men were rolling up the tent.

Fred asked where the chautauqua folks were, and a man said, "They're taking the eleven-fifteen. You'll have to hurry. There goes her whistle now."

Everybody sat up straight and stiff. I was goose flesh all over as Fred raced the auto around the corner. We could hear the train. The depot was down at the far end of the street. Fred drove so fast over the bumps that I nearly bounced out. But we were too late. The train was already pulling out.




By the time we stopped beside the depot, the light on the back of the train was growing littler and littler until finally, it went out like a firefly.

I remember how we sat there in the awful stillness. My teeth were chattering, and I could tell that Mama was shaking inside too. The light from the depot shone out the open door onto the platform. I could hear the telegraph ticking like a cricket on a lonesome night.

Then I heard something else. I heard crying. I looked at the rest! They were listening too. I said, "It's Alta!"

We all jumped out and ran up the bank toward the crying. Alta was sitting on the side of her suitcase, all hunched over. The depot light shone on her, and her hat was over one ear and her face was streaked from crying.

Mama and Papa reached her first. Fred hung back in the shadow, and I stayed with him. I felt around for his hand, and he held mine tight in his.

"My baby!" said Mama, which seemed strange to me then, as I was her baby. She put her arms around Alta. The new hat fell off and rolled a little way toward us, and Alta cried on Mama's best lace jabot, and Papa patted her shoulder.

"Oh, I was terrible—simply terrible—when I got up against real professionals—"

"Real professionals—" said Papa in a weak voice.

"Yes, I forgot my lines—and muffed my cues—and they couldn't hear me beyond the front rows. Mr. Strickland took me out of the play, and it went on without me. If only I hadn't been such a conceited fool! But I begged for the part when he happened to mention that there'd be an opening in the cast here in Omar—"

I remembered how Alta had looked up at Mr. Strickland that night on the porch and asked him question after question.

Papa was remembering too. "Play the part—Omar—? Why in tunket didn't you tell us?"

"Because—I was afraid you'd put your foot down and say it was all foolishness. I wanted to show you! I studied my part so hard—all that week I studied it. Then tonight after I made such a mess of it, Mr. Strickland tried to comfort me by saying that, after all, I had a very nice parlor knack that would be an asset in the young married set. He said I ought to be thankful I'd gotten it out of my system so early—and that my—my husband ought to be thankful too—"

Papa drew a long sigh and said "Amen," and I guess he was thinking that Alta's husband would never have to hear about women who threw their lives away—

BUT Alta didn't sound thankful. She said, "And all the time I was sitting here waiting for the train, I kept thinking about Fred and—and wishing I never stopped working on my hope chest. And now I've lost Fred—and everything—" She choked up and couldn't go on.

"I'm here, Alta," said Fred in a voice that sounded as if he were coming down with a cold. He went over to her. And even if he did sign his letters "As ever yours, Fred," there was something in his face. . . .

Alta lifted her head and looked up at him as if she couldn't believe it. Then Fred put his arms around her, not caring who saw them. . . . And Alta was crying and Fred was crying and Mama was crying and even Papa was crying. And I said to myself, "By tophet, what a lot of crying!" Then I remember feeling something splash down on my hand, and if I wasn't crying too!




# FROM ROAD TO RAILS...a natural step!

## Why General Motors became the biggest builder of locomotives in the world

HOW much does this streamliner of the rails owe to the modern motor vehicle?

Each of them provides, of course, faster and more economical transportation—which is in itself a logical reason why General Motors should build them both.

But railroad management quickly saw still other reasons of greater import.

They considered the soundness of General Motors research—responsible for the development of this modern locomotive—a soundness proved by its impressive achievements in every other field of transportation on land and sea and in the air.

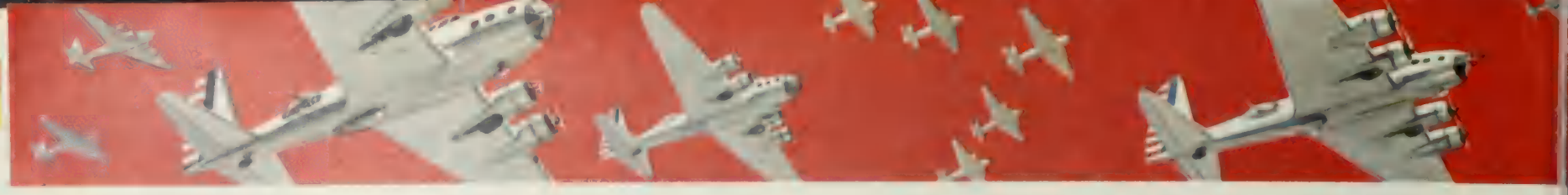
They considered, too, our practical experience in manufacturing motors, generators, frames, bodies and hundreds of other parts—all of which are now made and assembled into complete locomotives in our La Grange plant, the only self-contained locomotive factory of its kind.

And railroad management has lost no time in putting the advantages of this new equipment to work.

The fact is that today General Motors locomotives for switching and passenger service are taking to the rails at a faster rate than any other kind—and the newest of them all, the GM freight locomotive, is already proving a record-breaker, on the railroads' biggest job.

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# STUDEBAKERS FOR 1942

*The President 8 • The Commander • The Champion*

ORIGINATOR of the thrilling new Skyway Styling that has been the talk of motoring America for months, Studebaker now strides still farther forward in design.

And thanks to the resourcefulness and research of Studebaker's engineering and production staffs, materials critical to national defense have been released for that purpose—without any impairment of Studebaker's traditional standards of quality.

Brand-new Studebaker models for 1942 are now on view at Studebaker showrooms all over the nation—the finest motor cars Studebaker has ever offered the public.

Raymond Loewy, star stylist, has given these colorful new Studebaker creations the flight-streamed contours of pursuit planes—and Studebaker's master craftsmen have built them with the rugged staying power of battleships.

See your local Studebaker dealer now and go for a trial drive. You may use your present car as part payment—C. I. T. terms.

World's first cars with Studebaker's new, perfe d

*Turbo-matic Driv e*



**NO CLUTCH-PEDAL NO CREEP NO C ASH**

Fluid coupling—with controlled gear sele ion —and automatic overdrive—available n President and Commander models at ext co



# Booted Off the Lot

Continued from page 14

it and could be there next morning, ney'd let her test for it. She took the st money she had, grabbed the night lane and was on the lot next morning efore the make-up man could get the gs out of his beard. The part was of neurotic, psychopathic, losing-her-ip, prom-trotting post-deb who even-ially commits suicide.

"The hell with the test," said the ameraman. "She *looks* like suicide."

She got that part and then went into e and Ethel Turp Call on the Presi-ent, where she played a dame who arts at sixteen and ends bedraggled at xty. That was tough going because e had to age gradually but the techni-al men again bolstered up her morale. "What a bag!" they cried admiringly.

There was a slight interlude in which e played another pretty girl in Irene t RKO but that was the clincher for er. She raised her right hand piously ith the two front fingers pointing aloft, nd cried: "May I spend the rest of my ays working at a drive-in if I ever lay another ingénue!"

M-G-M brought her back for twelve nes in Pride and Prejudice, in which e wore spectacles and sang an off-ey version of Sweet Afton, but she got ig notices for the performance.

### A Job She Couldn't Refuse

She then did a crime short in which he played a pregnant woman, had the mall role of a little dumb Southern girl n Flight Command, and refused a part n a Maizie picture because she wanted o play another eighteen-to-fifty woman n Cheers for Miss Bishop. That was hen M-G-M woke up. When they ouldn't get her, they started to holler. he'd either sign with them and stop his free-lancing nonsense or she'd ever get a role on that lot again.

"What do you do," she asks, "when a nan holds a pistol at your head and ays, 'Take this pocketbook or I'll shoot ou?' "

In the Trial of Mary Dugan she layed a blond chorus girl from the re-orm school who testifies for Mary. That equired a New York accent and that is where we get back to the beginning of the Hunt story. She was born in New York, acted all over town as a kid—in Sunday schools, summer camps, Elks lodges and neighbors' front parlors—and never had any doubt that she was to be an actress.

After high school she took a lofty attitude toward formal education and was placed in Theodora Irvine's school to study for the theater. On the side she did dress modeling for Bob and Sarah Mack, photographers, because she was tall and skinny and just right for the clothes of ten years ago. She got five bucks a session for that work and found that fashions never are photographed at the right season. Sports clothes are invariably done during the winter to be ready for the summer and among her worst memories is a February day on a Bermuda ship on the North River when it was so cold that she got carbuncles on her knees wearing shorts and froze so tight to a tennis racket that they feared that she might come away from the venture with catgut where her knuckles should have been.

Gabriel Pascal, who has been lately doing the Bernard Shaw motion pictures, met her at this period and cried to the heavens that this was the girl of all time for the movies.

He also entered her at the Royal Academy in London and then went off to Hollywood himself. She was too late for the current educational season and, while she was waiting, the Macks, who had also gone out to Hollywood, wired her to come on and take up her modeling again. She jumped at that.

"When I got off the train at Los Angeles, Bob and Sarah were there waiting for me, waving their arms frantically and rushing me off the platform before they bothered to say 'hello.' "

The Macks had an idea, a great idea. She was to go back to San Bernardino and wait for a signal. Then she was to sail in again in style. In the meantime they hired a press agent and he had reporters down to meet her. The idea in the Marsha Hunt case was simple: she was to be the New York model who *didn't* want a job in Hollywood.



"Haven't you something I can't afford even more?"

It wasn't much of an idea but Hollywood doesn't require great ideas. She was met, she expressed the proper disdain, she was taken to a hotel and hidden. Matters were complicated by the fact that Marsha was the guest of an uncle who had lived in southern California for years and cordially detested all motion-picture people. When the newspapers carried the story and the phone began to ring, he handled the calls. To all approaches from such as Mr. Jack Warner and Mr. L. B. Mayer, he merely bellowed into the phone:

"By the laws of the Continental Congress, I warn you . . . Touch not a hair on the head of this fair young thing!"

When it reached a point where Marsha saw that matters were going too far, she managed to elude the protection of her genuinely devoted relative. By some effort she allowed the anxious talent scouts at Paramount to understand that she *might* listen to a real screen offer, none of this petty contract-player stuff. It was finally arranged and she started on a career that has probably had no parallel for ineptitude.

From the dozens of pictures she made with that company, she remembers only one with pleasure: College Holiday, in which she sang a song and was finally won by Lief Ericson. In this gluey masterpiece she was the sweet thing; in every picture she was the same.

### Then She Was Washed-Up

At the end of her second year, she was signed for a third year—and never allowed to make a picture. She had obviously made the wrong answer to somebody. The pay arrived every week promptly but nobody spoke to her and she didn't work. This may seem like fun but when it plainly means that you are through, washed-up, a dead pigeon, the laughs come haltingly.

And, as if that weren't enough, there was the Melanie episode in Gone with the Wind, the real crusher. The whole story is too long to repeat but it can be said that the part was hers until the exact moment when Warner Brothers finally permitted Olivia de Havilland to do it. Miss Hunt made tests, she read for David O. Selznick in a way that brought tears to the eyes of everybody within hearing.

The contract was to be signed next morning and they were to send a car to bring her over to make final costume tests. She was up at seven o'clock waiting. She sat by the phone until noon but nobody called. Finally a friend phoned to ask if she had seen the morning papers: Olivia de Havilland had been signed for Melanie.

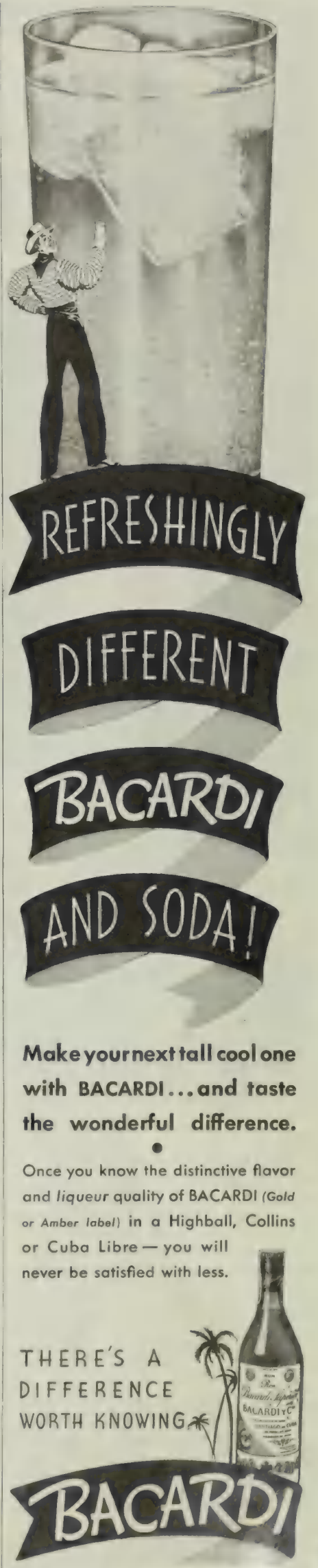
"To this day I've never had a call from the Selznick Studio," she says. "They never said I didn't have the part, they never explained—they simply never called."

Anyhow things are all right now. Her role in Blossoms in the Dust was small but it won critical acclaim and brought her featured billing in Unholy Partners with Edward G. Robinson. She shudders a bit at the thought that she is doing another ingénue role but listens with attention when the M-G-M big shots tell her she's a wonder with a great future.

She hasn't been back in Ciro's since her bad days but she is looking forward to it. Will she snub the individuals of the little black book?

"Don't be foolish," she cries. "If they dah-ling me, I'll dah-ling them right back. I know *something* about Hollywood after being here four years."






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Once you know the distinctive flavor and *liqueur* quality of BACARDI *(Gold or Amber label)* in a Highball, Collins or Cuba Libre — you will never be satisfied with less.



THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING

BACARDI

Rum 89 Proof—Schenley Import Corp., N Y Copr. 1941




*America's defense program demands greater fuel economy and greater dependability from its motor cars, trucks and buses—and you'll get them with Champion Spark Plugs*

Today Champions provide advantages, not found in other spark plugs, which are not only present in the plugs themselves but are transmitted to the engines they equip in real, tangible results in operating economy and better engine performance.

In the forefront of Champion's many exclusive and patented features is the revolutionary *Sillment seal which banishes troublesome gas or compression leakage *common to ordinary spark plugs.* Since leakage in even one spark plug in a set will cause rough, uneven and wasteful engine operation, you can see how vital this development is in securing the best performance with greatest economy from your engine.

If your car is not performing as it should, have the spark plugs tested by a Champion dealer. Remember, it's sound practice to change all spark plugs, Champions included, at least every 10,000 miles. Remember, too, Champions are the choice of racing champions and most motorists everywhere.



Champion's exclusive *Sillment seal is your safeguard against a widespread outbreak of engine troubles due to spark plugs. This patented seal prevents troublesome gas or compression leakage at these two vital points. When such leakage occurs it causes overheating, preignition, rough, sluggish and wasteful engine operation. Remember only Champions are Sillment sealed.

*You're always ahead with Champion!*
SPARK PLUGS

# The Fight Goes On

Continued from page 17

conceded to be the aggressor nations in the world had been willing to co-operate in this armament and nonaggression in 1933, the present conflict could have been avoided; and any just grievances and fair demands which they might have had could have been worked out by international conference and negotiation.

It is now a matter of history that pleas for disarmament were disregarded; and that the race for further armament became accelerated year by year.

With respect, also, to breaking down the barriers of trade between nations, the government of the United States has, since 1933, taken the lead in the promotion of reciprocal trade agreements between the nations of the world. Year after year, the President, under congressional authority, has been entering into reciprocal trade agreements with other countries on behalf of the United States. By these agreements, the United States and other countries have permitted the importation of the products of each other on a fair and equitable basis. They have had far-reaching results in the stimulation of world trade, the reduction of unemployment and the establishment of international peaceful relations.

Unfortunately, however, the aggressor nations are never interested in a fair exchange of international trade on a just basis. They have shown that they much prefer to conquer weaker nations by force of mechanized warfare, and then compel their victims to trade with them on terms imposed by them unilaterally as victors of war.

The efforts of the United States to prevent war were continued year in and year out. It became evident, however, as the years went by, that although these efforts were having their effect in the Western Hemisphere, they were unable to overcome the insistence of dictators upon increasing their own mechanized armaments on land, on sea, and in the air. This small handful of ruthless men, it became more and more apparent, were determined to use force instead of the normal processes of trade and conference to attain their own ambitions of territorial and commercial expansion and domination.

### The Mounting Threat to Peace

This trend of affairs, which became worse and worse after the Italian conquest of Ethiopia and the Japanese aggression against China, called forth repeated official warnings throughout the world. Here in the United States, it was clear to this administration and to a great many of our citizens in public and private life that events in Europe and Asia were heading quickly and almost inevitably toward war. There were, unfortunately, many Americans, however, as there were many citizens in other democratic nations throughout the world, who refused to believe that war was probable, or even that it was possible. Nevertheless, I deemed it my duty constantly to keep before the people of the United States the ever-growing menace of a general European war. Time and again, I called attention to this mounting threat, not only to the peace of Europe but to the peace and security of the Western Hemisphere as well.

For example, in my annual message to the Congress in 1935 I said, "I cannot with candor tell you that general international relationships outside the borders of the United States are improved. On the surface of things many old jealousies are resurrected, old pa sions aroused; new strivings for arm ment and power, in more than one lan rear their ugly heads." In my annu message to the Congress for the follov ing year, 1936, I called attention to th "growing ill will . . . marked tren toward aggression . . . increasing arm ments . . . shortening tempers—a situ tion which has in it many of the elemen that lead to the tragedy of general war I pointed out also that some natio "seeking expansion, seeking the recti cation of injustices springing fro former wars, or seeking outlets for trad for population" instead of peaceful n gotiations to attain legitimate obje tives, had "impatiently reverted to t old belief in the law of the sword, or the fantastic conception that they, a they alone, are chosen to fulfill a m sion, and that all the others among t billion and a half of human beings the world must and shall learn fro and be subject to them."

### An Epidemic of Lawlessness

The peace of the world was bei jeopardized by a handful of relentle men who sought selfish power for the selves. American efforts to limit wo armaments, to bring about peaceful s tlement of disputes among nations, a to exert the moral influence of t United States against autocracy, int erance and repression, in favor of t freedoms of the average citizen—th efforts were quite apparently not go to prevail in the world.

Although this conclusion was beco ing almost irresistible, our governm continued steadfastly to seek to assist international movements to prev war, and our work in this direction c tinued until the very time when armed catastrophe broke upon world.

In October, 1937, I suggested, in speech at Chicago, that something done about the then existing "reign terror" and "international lawlessne which had begun a few years before I pointed out that the recent systema violation of treaties, the indiscrimin bombing of civilians, the waging of declared warfare, were wiping away very landmarks of law, order, and j tice which had characterized our c lization. I warned that "if those thi come to pass in other parts of the wo let no one imagine that America escape, that America may expect me that this Western Hemisphere will be attacked." I called upon the pea loving nations to "make a concer effort in opposition to those violat of treaties and those ignorings of mane instincts which today are crea a state of international anarchy and stability from which there is no esc through mere isolation or neutrali For the acts abroad were not only vi tions of specific provisions of treaties international law. They involved whole question of world security, w humanity—the whole question of w war and world peace. To meet "epidemic of world lawlessness" I posed that the community of nat throughout the world act the sam communities do when "an epidemi physical disease starts to spre namely, join in a quarantine "in o er to protect the health of the commu ty against the spread of the disease."

Unfortunately, this suggestion ell upon deaf ears—even hostile and esentful ears. The pronouncement came the subject of bitter attac at home and abroad. It was hailed as ar

ongering; it was condemned as at-mpted intervention in foreign affairs; was even ridiculed as a nervous search nder the bed" for dangers of war hich did not exist.

In spite of these attacks, however—cluding some bitter personal abuse -the government of the United States ntinued to call attention to the ap-roaching danger, and to do what it uld by example, by trade treaties, and y informal as well as formal discus-ons with representatives of foreign na-ons to ward off this growing threat to vilization. At the same time, however, e United States proceeded realistically d cautiously to embark on a program increasing its own national defense. or it was becoming clear that the nited States would itself have to re-m against this increasing threat of gression.

In my annual message of 1938 to the ongress, I again warned of the menace general war in Europe.

### Peace That Couldn't Endure

During 1938 there came the Czecho-ovakian crisis. On September 26 and eptember 27, 1938, I sent messages to itler and to the heads of the Czecho-ovakian, British and French govern-ents, seeking a peaceful solution of at threat of war. The crisis was verted, not by the round-table discus-on I suggested, but by a yielding to reats and superior armaments. That why I stated at the time, "it was [is] ecoming increasingly clear that peace y fear had [has] no higher or more en-uring quality than peace by the word."

Three months later, at Lima, Peru, e twenty-one American republics, in-uding our own, agreed to stand to-ether to defend the independence of ach one of us in the Western Hemi-phere. That declaration at Lima was a rther step toward continued peace and ommon defense in this hemisphere, ut it did not have any effect on matters Europe. In 1939 international affairs Europe grew steadily worse.

In my annual message to the Congress n January 4, 1939, I pointed out that ll about us undeclared wars were rag-ng, deadly armaments were growing, nd now aggression was being threat-ned. Although we in the United States anted peace, it was obvious that "no ation can be safe in its will to peace so long as any other powerful nation refuses to settle its grievances at the council table." I therefore urged again upon the Congress the necessity of increased national defense to protect ourselves against attack.

During 1939, on April 14th, on behalf of the American people, I again sent messages to Hitler and Mussolini, suggesting another approach to the solution of the problem of avoiding war and preserving the peace of the world. By this time three nations in Europe, and one in Africa, had already had their independent existence terminated by aggression from more powerful neighbors. Besides, vast territory in Cnina had been occupied by aggression from a neighboring state. Further acts of aggression were obviously being contemplated against other independent nations. My suggestion was that the many existing international problems all be submitted at the council table for solution. As the head of a nation far removed from Europe, I offered to serve as a "friendly intermediary." I asked for assurances from Hitler and Mussolini, however, that their armed forces would not attack or invade any of the independent nations of Europe or the Near East for a period of ten years. I stated that I was reasonably sure that if such assurances were given, each of the other nations would give similar reciprocal assurances. I suggested that a peaceful discussion follow this exchange of guarantees, in which the government of the United States would be willing to take part—with two essential objectives in mind: first, reduction of armaments; second, opening up avenues of international trade. At the same time all governments—other than the United States—directly interested in territorial and political problems, could undertake to discuss those problems in this peaceful atmosphere.

In other words, to use a colloquial expression, what I was suggesting was a peace conference with everybody's guns "parked outside."

I received no direct answer to this suggestion for world peace from either Hitler or Mussolini.

A few days before, on leaving Warm Springs, Georgia, after a short vacation, I said: "I have had a fine holiday here with you all. I'll be back in the fall if we do not have a war." This remark by me was again attacked by many newspapers and politicians as war monger-



"She does that whenever she's not sure" OTTO SOGLOW

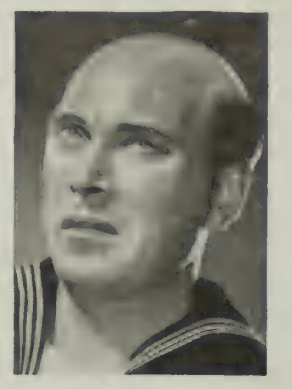

# THE FLEET'S IN
## but only one "gob" made the grade



**He Douses His Hair:** So she dropped him. The fleet's No. 1 Gunner, but the lady said, "No". Because he soaks his hair with water. Leaves it looking like a mop. Should have used Kreml.



**He Greases It:** So she left him. Bosun's mate and best-liked by the men...but his hair—ugh! Sticky and gooey. A refreshing rub with Kreml and he'd have gone "full speed ahead."



**He Shines It:** So she spurned him. Simple seaman. He looks so old with his waning hair. Can't get a girl in *any* port. Too bad. Should have tried Kreml. It checks excessive falling hair.



**He Uses Kreml:** So She Hooked Him. She runs loving fingers through his handsome hair. Daily use of Kreml, the trusted tonic-dressing, keeps his hair looking naturally well groomed—without being greasy. Removes dandruff scales, too.

*DON'T USE WATER USE*

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CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

FOR everyday hair protection—use Kreml. Kreml checks excessive falling hair. Removes ugly dandruff scales. Kreml keeps your hair neat and *natural-looking*. Gives it a silky, soft sheen.

Women like Kreml, too. Find it wonderful before and after permanents.

Ask for Kreml at any drug or department store. Insist on it at your barber shop.

A fine follow-up for the daily use of Kreml is the once-a-week wash with Kreml Shampoo. It's made from an 80% olive oil base. Cleanses your scalp tingling clean. Leaves your hair soft and lustrous—easy to comb. Try Kreml Shampoo this weekend . . . try Kreml Hair Tonic *today!*




*Nature gives a clue to your enjoyment*

The beautiful graining of these pipes has been called Super-Grain, and the name is appropriate. It comes from briar that has been cut from the "prime cut" of selected, old imported briar burls.* Your enjoyment in smoking one will be whole-hearted, because the sweet smoking quality of the pipe is in direct proportion to the beauty of the grain: nature decided that. The Apple, shown above, is a chubby, agreeable shape that pipe smokers have long shown a predilection for.

*Kaywoodie briar is dug out of the ground years in advance; so the war has not interfered with our supply.


SUPER-GRAIN


REGULAR GRAIN

Observe the distinctive grain markings of the specimen briar from which Super-Grain pipes are made. Only the "prime cut" from fine old briar burls yields briar of this exceptional beauty. This is the clue to the sweet-smoking quality of Super-Grain pipes.

Yours for the asking: *The Kaywoodie Pipe Almanac*, which tells how to get the fullest pleasure from pipe-smoking.

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ing and unjustifiable apprehension. But it had become clear beyond question that war was on the way.

I mention this refusal on the part of many people, many newspapers and many public officials to believe that war was coming, and their ridicule of these warnings of war sounded by me, not in order to vindicate the position of the President and the State Department of the United States, based on the official information which they had received. On the contrary, I repeat these facts rather to explain the refusal of the Congress to adopt certain legislation, which this administration urged in 1939, to discourage and perhaps prevent the outbreak of the war or to place the United States in a more advantageous position if war should come that year. I refer to legislation repealing the embargo provisions of our so-called "neutrality" law.

I recommended the repeal of these arms embargo provisions in a special message to the Congress dated July 14, 1939. This recommendation was one of the last formal efforts made by the administration to prevent the war in Europe—which came only a month and a half later. I cannot say that the repeal of these arms embargo provisions would by itself have stopped the war. I do believe, however, that, at least, it would have been a strong factor in preventing the outbreak from occurring as quickly as it did. The refusal on the part of the Congress to repeal the arms embargo was based in part upon the belief by practically all of the Republican membership in the Congress and about 25 per cent of the Democratic membership that there would be no war in 1939. That is the reason why I mention the fact that the repeated warnings of war during 1938 and early 1939 went unheeded.

### A Law of Doubtful Value

To discuss this question of repeal of the arms embargo legislation it is necessary to go back to 1935, when it was first adopted.

It was embodied in Senate Joint Resolution No. 173 (49 Stat. 1081), which was approved by me on August 31, 1935. It provided that, upon proclamation by the President that a state of war existed between two or more foreign countries, it should thereafter be unlawful for Americans to sell arms, munitions and implements of war to any of the belligerent countries. The Resolution provided also that it should thereafter be unlawful for American vessels to carry arms to belligerents; and that, if the President so proclaimed, American citizens could travel on the vessels of belligerent nations only at their own risk. It set up a system of national supervision and control of the manufacture and traffic in arms and munitions, in the form of an Office of Arms and Munitions Control in the State Department. It was later amended so as to prohibit, with certain exceptions, loans and credits to belligerent governments.

Although I approved this legislation when it was passed originally and when it was extended from time to time, I have regretted my action. I have particularly in mind that portion of the resolution which deals with the embargo on the export of arms and munitions and implements of war to belligerent nations. When I signed it on August 31, 1935, I pointed out that this portion of it would require further and more complete consideration; particularly since situations might arise requiring more flexibility of action than it would permit, and that its inflexible provisions might conceivably "drag us into war instead of keeping us out."

As time went on and as the provisions of the Act were studied further in connection with the Italian invasion of Ethiopia, the civil strife in Spain, and the Japanese aggression in China, and as the possibilities of a European conflict developed into probabilities, the executive branch of our Government became convinced that the arms embargo did not promote the cause of world peace, that it would not serve to guarantee the neutrality of the United States, and that it could be made to encourage the very intentions and objectives of the dictators and the aggressor nations. I had indicated my growing belief in these conclusions from time to time, as had the State Department.

The arms embargo was at complete variance with the old principles of international law governing the rights and conduct of neutrals in times of war. Under international law, neutrals had always been permitted to trade with belligerents, and belligerents with neutrals. The arms embargo arbitrarily prevented any such trade in any event; and its operation could easily result in a lack of neutrality. For instance, two belligerents, by reason of their relative geographic location, or their relative superiority on land or sea, or through other circumstances, might have certain relative positions of strength with respect to each other. By applying an arms embargo on both, the United States might very well create an overwhelming advantage for one rather than for the other. To take an example, if Great Britain has the superior sea power which enables it to carry war supplies to a greater extent than Germany, and if that sea power has been built up over the years with that end in view, the application of an arms embargo might destroy a major part of that relative advantage by refusing to sell Great Britain the necessary war supplies to be carried. In other words, far from being neutral, the practical operation of the statute would bring about a decided lack of neutrality by taking away from Great Britain the one great advantage which it had built up for itse to offset other advantages which t land and air power of Germany had cr ated against Great Britain.

We had come to the conclusion al that the arms embargo provision wou not be instrumental in keeping us o of war. In fact, the arms embargo d permit us to sell all kinds of raw m terials which went into the manufactu of ammunition—such as cotton for e plosives, and steel and coppe.. or cann and for shells, and gasoline for airplan —although we could not sell the expl sives or cannon or shells or airplar themselves. As further examples, could sell aluminum, but not the a plane wings made out of aluminum; could sell brass tubing in pipe for but not in shell form; we could sell m tor trucks, but no armored motor truc Therefore, if selling raw materi were not going to get us into war, c tainly selling the manufactured pr ucts would not get us into war.

### An Advantage for Aggressors

Above all, our arms embargo play right into the hands of the aggres nations. The aggressor nations kn that under our arms embargo the pea loving nations of the world, which h not piled up as much armament as aggressors had, were prevented fr buying any war materials from us. T aggressors knew that as soon as t would declare war upon their victi their victims would be shut off fr obtaining implements of war from n tral nations. Of course, the aggress had spent many years and a la portion of their wealth in piling armaments, and did not have to l materials outside. The victims of t aggression, however, who had not b up armament to the same extent, wc have to look to neutral nations to the implements of war to them. It clear, therefore, that so long as our a embargo statute prevented the Un States from helping all belligerents,




**"Dear Sir—That's D-e-a-r, space, Sir—colon—That's those two little dots—Now push the lever on your left as far as it will go and start this with a capital—!"**

ERNIE G

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Now he's 180 pounds of husky halfback, respected by classmates and faculty alike, as a man, an athlete, and a student.

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He's thankful for his foresight years ago when he promised himself his boy would have the opportunities of college . . . the day when, with his Prudential agent's help, he made sure that promise would come true—even if he were not here to take care of the expense.



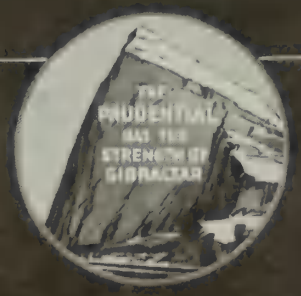
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aggressor nations were given a tremendous advantage by it, and, to that extent, were actually encouraged by our laws to make war upon their neighbors.

Germany and Italy, both of which had spent so many years, and had sacrificed so much food and leisure and decent living and so many individual liberties to the task of building up vast stores of tanks and guns and planes, counted very heavily upon the fact that under our arms embargo law we could not sell a single plane or tank or gun to Great Britain or France once war was declared.

That is why I was so anxious in July, 1939, for the Congress to repeal the arms embargo provisions of the neutrality law. For such a repeal would, in effect, say to the aggressor nations that if they did declare war they would find that their enemies would be able to obtain the needed war supplies here in America. I knew that the sale of arms by the United States could and would help the weaker nations resist attack from those nations which had built up these vast offensive striking forces.

Accordingly, on July 14, 1939, I recommended to the Congress that it repeal the arms embargo.

At the same time that I recommended the repeal of the arms embargo, the Administration was endeavoring to have other amendments to the neutrality legislation passed which would go far to avert the occurrence of incidents likely to lead to war. For example, our proposals were that, if the arms embargo provision should be repealed, a statute should be enacted to provide: that title to any materials sold by us to belligerents should pass on delivery of the merchandise on this side of the ocean; that no American ships should be permitted to enter the danger zone; that the travel of American citizens in combat areas should be restricted; that the solicitation and collection in this country of funds for belligerents should be regulated; that existing prohibitions on credits to belligerent nations should be continued; and that the licensing system under the National Munitions Control Board should be continued.

### Safeguards for America

The incidents likely to lead to war would not generally come from the sale of war supplies in this country, but would be the loss of American ships or American lives or American property while they were in neutral or combat areas of war. That is why the purpose of our proposals in 1939 was to make it impossible, or at least less likely, that American lives or property be lost. As long as title to the merchandise passed before it started across the ocean, and as long as American citizens and property were kept out of danger zones, and as long as loans of money to belligerents were prevented, the danger of being drawn into war was diminished. That was the attitude of the administration in 1939; and that was the attitude of the majority of the American people in 1939. Of course many things have happened in the two years which have elapsed since those days—and the American people's attitude toward strict neutrality has also greatly changed.

Congress was ready to adjourn in July, 1939, without passing the repeal of the arms embargo. We were convinced that the arms embargo was actually having the effect of hastening the war in Europe by the encouragement which it gave to the aggressor nations. I therefore called a conference at the White House of the Republican and Democratic leaders of the Congress to urge upon them further the necessity of the legislation, and to canvass the situation so as to learn whether such congressional action were possible. At that conference I pointed out how the arms embargo was encouraging to the outbreak of a general war, how it operated in favor of the aggressor nations of Germany and Italy, and how thoroughly it weakened the position and prestige of the United States as a motivating factor for peace. For we were hardly in a position to urge the aggressor nations to desist from attack, if we could not, under any circumstances, supply armaments to the threatened democracies of Europe.

It appeared clear at this conference, however, and was so stated by the Congressional leaders, that practically all of the Republican members of the Congress would vote against repeal, and that about twenty-five per cent of the Democratic members would. This opposition was based upon the belief that there would be no war in Europe before the following January, when the Congress would again assemble in regular session, and that, therefore, there was no need for immediate legislation. It was at this conference that Senator Borah of Idaho made the now famous statement that his own "private information" was more reliable than that collected by the State Department of the United States, and that his own "private information" was to the effect that there would not be any war in 1939.

### Cause—and Effect

Of course, it was useless to insist upon the legislation under those circumstances. It should be borne in mind, however, that the responsibility for this action properly lies with those who refused to repeal the arms embargo in July of 1939. I made it clear to them at the conference that the opponents would have to take the sole responsibility for the results of their opposition.

The Congress adjourned without acting on the arms embargo. I am convinced that this fact had much to do with the coming of war when it did—less than two months later.

As our information indicated that the prospects of war were becoming more imminent, on August 24, 1939, I sent another message to the European powers in the interest of peace—this time to Hitler, King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and President Moszicki of Poland. On the following day I sent a second letter to Hitler. These were, of course, all unavailing; and war was begun on September first.

In order again to try to repeal the unneutral arms embargo provisions of the "neutrality" law, I called the Congress into extraordinary session. On September 21, 1939, I sent a message to the extraordinary session recommending again the repeal of this legislation. In this message I detailed again the efforts which the United States had made to avoid war in the world, and the efforts which it intended to make in the future to avoid being drawn into the conflict. I expressed regret that I had ever signed the arms embargo legislation. I referred to my attempts to have it repealed a month and a half before, convinced that it had operated against peace and against real neutrality, and in favor of aggression by the dictators. I recommended that, as steps toward real neutrality and toward prevention of American participation in the war, legislation should be adopted carrying out the "cash-and-carry" principle, that is, providing that title to the merchandise should pass on delivery on this side of the ocean, that it should be paid for in cash by the belligerent purchasing it, and that it should be carried away in the ships of the belligerent at its own risk. I also recommended legislation restricting the entry of American merchant vessels into war zones, preventing American citizens

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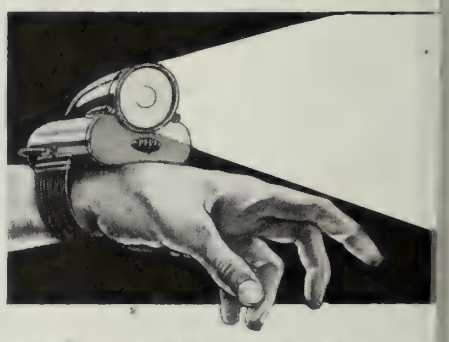
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om traveling on belligerent vessels or danger areas, forbidding war credits belligerent nations, regulating the llection of funds in this country for lligerents, and continuing the license stem governing imports and exports arms and ammunition.

This time, after a protracted debate, e recommendations were adopted, and new neutrality law was passed on No-mber 3, 1939—a month and a half ter my appeal.

The adoption of these recommenda-ons offered greater safeguards than e had before, to protect American lives id property from destruction and in at way tended to avoid the incidents id controversies likely to draw us into e conflict, as they had done in the last 'orld War.

Pursuant to the new law, we were able sell implements of war to the democ-cies of the world resisting aggressors, l during the year 1940, up to the time hen the Lend-Lease Act of 1941 be-me effective and changed the method transferring such war materials.

On the following day, November 4, issued proclamations of neutrality un-er the new Neutrality Act of 1939, re-uiring compliance with its provisions hich had to do with American vessels id American citizens traveling in dan-er zones, with the extension of war edits, the definition of combat areas, ie collection of funds, etc.

This so-called "neutrality" legislation ould not be confused with the general rinciples of neutrality under well-es-ablished international law. For ex-mple, on September 5, 1939, which was few days after the war was declared, issued a general proclamation of neu-ality under international law. This roclamation was directed toward en-orcing the rights and limiting the con-uct of the nationals of a country which neutral in war; that is, which takes no ctive part on either side in the war, irect or indirect. There is a long list f such rights and limitations included the proclamation, and they are all a art of well-established international aw.

### The War as an American Concern

There can be no question that the eople of the United States in 1939 ere determined to remain neutral in act and in deed, although they had very efinite convictions as to where the guilt nd responsibility for the war lay. I elieve that the American people, how-ver, during 1939 and 1940 became ncreasingly aware of the fact that al-hough they did not want to become a art of the war, the war was, neverthe-ess, very strictly and emphatically be-oming more and more a part of their usiness and concern. They became radually conscious that the war, as it leveloped in its true colors, was not nerely a European conflict which meant othing to them. The acts of the Nazis in attacking and invading neutral countries, their violation of all principles of international law, the subjection of occupied countries to the persecution and brutality of their secret police, their ruthless domination of small and defenseless nations—all showed clearly that the Nazis had embarked on a definite program of world domination which was an immediate and serious threat to the United States and to the Western Hemisphere. This domination, it became clear, was not to be merely a domination of military might but a domination of ideas, in which the whole world was to be bent to the Nazi philosophy of force, of slavery, of antireligion.

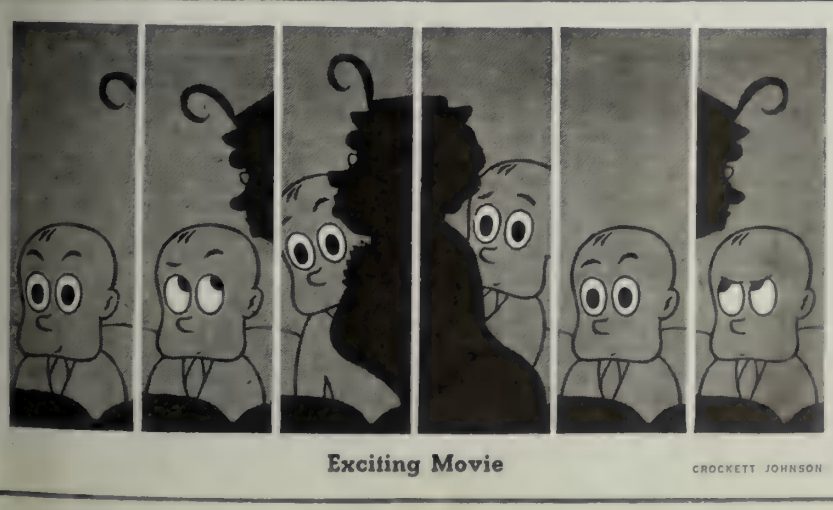
The American people have gradually come to the realization that this is not exclusively other peoples' war, but that it is approaching dangerously close to their own shores. The modern type of lightning attack on land and in the air has brought the area of conflict physically so close to us that we now realize that we are the subject of potential armed attack as soon as the Axis powers come within striking distance. In other words, it is now clearly seen that it is no longer safe to wait until the enemy planes are overhead to start physically repelling the attack upon us. The attack has really been made as soon as any base is occupied from which the swift bombers can be let loose upon us. It is with that realization and with full appreciation of the true nature of the Nazi design upon the world that the feeling of strict neutrality and aloofness which influenced the American people in September of 1939 and during the beginning of 1940 has completely disappeared as of July of 1941, as this is being written.

International events have happened so quickly within the last year, within the last few months, within the last few days, that it is impossible to tell exactly what the relationship of the United States and its people to this world conflict will be next week, or tomorrow, or, indeed, even before the ink on this page will have dried.

With full appreciation, however, of the grave danger to the United States, to the Western Hemisphere, and to civilization itself, our people have resolutely determined to arm themselves to the teeth, and, at the same time, to help to the limit those nations which are still resisting the aggressors and which still stand between us and a Nazi attack. To that end, the people of the United States, clearly thinking their way through, have dedicated themselves—with all their resources, their industry, and their man power.

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**In next week's article, War—and Aid to the Democracies, the President discusses America's foreign policy after the outbreak of the war and the events leading up to the Lend-Lease Bill**



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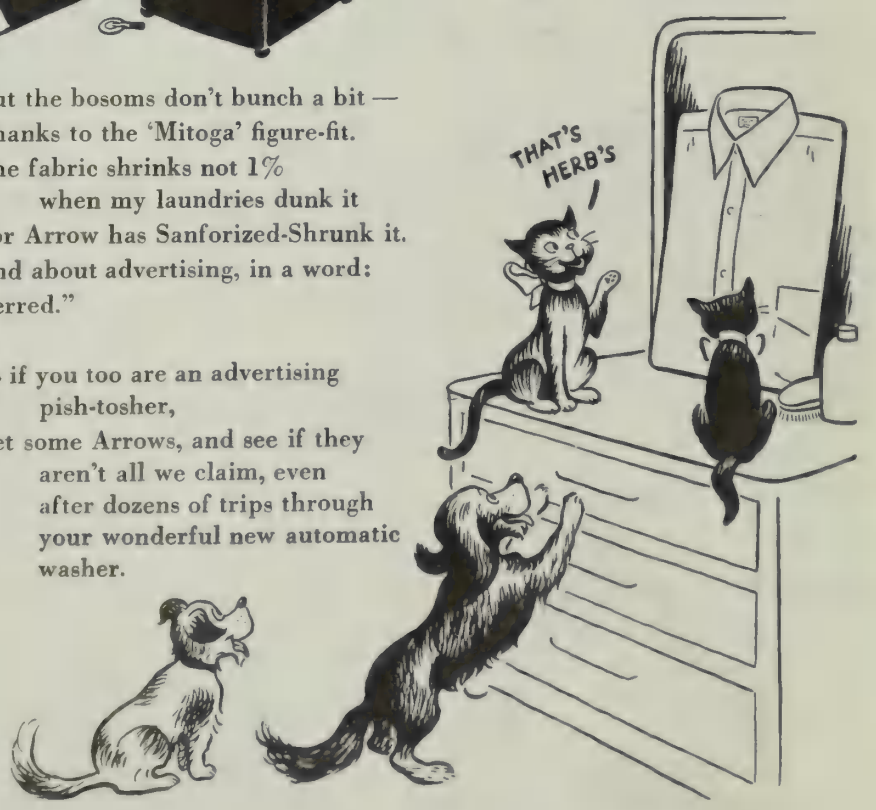

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Well, we sent up a man with a couple of barrows
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Months pass. We get a letter from Herb,
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Not only are those Arrows the best-looking shirts I ever wore,




But the bosoms don't bunch a bit —
Thanks to the 'Mitoga' figure-fit.
The fabric shrinks not 1%
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# Remade By Ruel

Continued from page 21

in a bank? Get out in the sunshine and live, Dykes."

Ruel couldn't resist; he stayed on and on, and by the end of the '39 season he knew, once and for all, that he would never take that bank job. By that time he knew that the teaching of baseball was his life. He must play out the string to the end. And so he thanked the bank and told them to take away that vacant chair for good.

It was Grabiner who first wanted the aging Ruel around to steady the team, but it was Dykes who first saw Muddy's unrivaled talent for making old lamps burn like new.

There was the case of Clint Brown who, after years with Cleveland, had sunk to the point where he was allowing opponents to earn around 6 runs per game. Ruel and Dykes, however, saw in him just what they needed, a veteran who could go in and save games which were being lost by the wabbly Sox pitching staff. So Dykes picked up Clint for a song, and he and Ruel explained to him just what he was to do—never start a game, and nearly always finish them. He must be the doctor, the fireman. Ruel handled him like a baby, never letting him work too much but seeing to it that he worked a little every day. Each noon he sent Clint out to pitch to four men in batting practice, then brought him back to the bench to stay until the sixth inning when, with a catcher (often Muddy, himself) Old Doctor Brown repaired to the bull pen, unlimbered his operating arm, and waited until Dykes, back on the dugout's edge, waved him to come in.

The result was that Brown became the most effective and celebrated of modern relief pitchers, appearing one season in the astounding total of 61 games.

Last year Dykes traded Brown for Johnny Humphries of Cleveland. Ruel had seen Humphries toiling in the Indian bull pen and noticed that he had a great fast ball when it was controlled. He thought he saw what made Johnny lose control: Humphries was trying to imitate Bob Feller and was copying Feller's big rear-back and high-kick delivery. When Humphries came with the Sox, Ruel worked him in the bull pen and in practice.

"We eliminated the peculiar sway he had been using at Cleveland," explains Ruel. "He was using it because the Cleveland squad kept telling him he wasn't a big-leaguer, wasn't fast enough and would never make the grade. His delivery was therefore desperation stuff. We talked him out of that, got his confidence back and when he went out as a starting pitcher he was a different man."

In the middle of the season, when the Sox made a temporary climb to second place, Humphries turned in sensational work. He pitched three straight shutouts, an amazing performance for the greatest pitchers and a fabulous deed when the former Humphries record is taken into consideration.

Then there is the case of Edgar Smith, who was merely a chunky thrower whom Connie Mack was apparently about to discard when Ruel whispered to Dykes that something might be made of him. Dykes got him for next to nothing and Ruel began working with him. Asking questions and planting suggestions without issuing orders is Ruel's technique with all his pitchers, but especially did he use this method with Smith, who had fire in him, even if Ruel was the only man who had detected it. Ruel had seen Smith, in the Athletics uniform, flash a great curve upon occasion, but never use it effectively, so, when he got Edgar into white sox, he began asking him, "Aren't you afraid the batters expect too many curves from you? Wouldn't they be more surprised if they saw it only now and then, always after you'd made them look at a fast ball and change of pace for quite a bit? And aren't you turning the ball loose when your hand is too far away from your body? I don't know, but let's try and hold it a little longer so it will sneak up on the batter with your body as a moving background for it."

Smith listened, snatched at everything Ruel hinted, and is now one of the best southpaws in the league.

And there is the case of Thornton Lee, who was merely a second-string, wild, awkward and undeceptive pitcher on the Cleveland staff when Ruel told Dykes, "That Lee's a victim of hard luck. Nobody's ever told him to put his body behind his pitches. He gets licked right along but he's got a heart in him. He could be quite a pitcher if . . ."

### It's a Confidence Game

Dykes maneuvered to get Lee in an inconspicuous little trade and Ruel began his reconditioning program. He stood behind big Lee in batting practice saying, "Try that pitch over again with the left foot an inch farther around as it hits the dirt, don't you think?" or "Hold that curve a little lower down in your hand as you let go, and see if that helps any."

Endlessly Ruel suggested to Lee things worth trying and Lee, in his turn, noting how firmly Ruel believed in him, got to thinking of himself as a pitcher who could go anywhere he wanted.

Today Thornton Lee stands second only to Bob Feller in the American League.

"We work it out together," Ruel explains when asked how he brings old pitchers back and young pitchers up. "If they merely obey orders, they'll never get to believing it in their hearts. They've got to convince themselves of the rightness of each pitch and fix it in their minds so they will instinctively use it when the time comes. The main thing is to encourage them to trust themselves when they're out there on the mound. Almost anybody of the right physical stature can be taught to throw a curve. The body is the least of the problems in baseball. What makes stars is application—application of the mind to the body.

"Two pitchers in my time have been conspicuous for ownership of the one most important trait of all—pride in every ball that is thrown. Walter Johnson and Dizzy Dean both had absolute confidence that anything they might throw up there was better than anything any batter could do to it. Both applied their minds to their bodies till they developed perfect pitching motions. They threw with such command of their muscles that the ball was on top of the batter before he knew it. Johnson never depended upon mental deception at all. He always threw two fast falls, then a curve, then two more fast balls and another curve if the batter lasted that long, which wasn't often. Every hitter knew what was coming, but Walter didn't care.

"I caught him for years and used to argue that if he'd vary this routine nobody would ever get so much as a foul. He'd listen, think and then conclude, 'Oh, I guess we'll go along like we have been.'"

Incidentally, it was Johnson's conclusion at the end of his career that Ruel was the best catcher he had ever had.

"This Dizzy Dean," continues Ruel, "added deception to his speed. He never quite reached Johnson's effectiveness, as I look at it, but he could at times become the perfect pitcher. Once—it was in the 1934 World Series—I saw him do a thing that shook me clear to my toes—made me open my mouth in admiration. He was young then, just a cotton-picking kid from the Southwest, and he was on the mound when Charley Gehringer came up to face him. Now this Gehringer had been hitting like mad all season, and it was a byword in the whole American League, 'Don't throw him a slow ball. He'll murder it.'

"Well, I knew the St. Louis Cardinals had scouted the Tigers ahead of the



**"George spends all his spare time notifying the draft board of his changes of address"**

KIRK STILES

World Series, and that Dizzy Dea knew all about Gehringer's strengt They met in a pinch when Gehring could bat in the deciding run, and Diz knew that too. But I saw him lo Gehringer right in the eye, and then d liberately throw him a slow ball, rig over the plate—right where Charl liked it. Gehringer bounced out weakl

"And then in another tight place th same game I saw Dean do it all ov again. He reared back and gave it Charley just the same. And again Ge ringer dribbled out.

"Dizzy had defied the old rule abo always pitching to a batter's weakne He challenged Gehringer's strength, a beat him."

Monty Stratton, whom Ruel w ripening into one of the greats of t game when a hunting accident cut sh the boy's career, was what Ruel ca "a theoretical pitcher" when he ca under Muddy's instruction.

"Monty knew that the low outs pitch is the hardest of all to hit," R explains, "so he took great pains

hrow it hard and true. The trouble as the hitters could see him take aim nd get set for it.

"One day in batting practice. I saw a hance to open his eyes. He was throwng this pitch free and easy, and it was oing right past the hitters. He turned o me, standing behind him, tossing him alls, and asked, 'Why can't I do that n a game?'

"I said, 'I wonder if it's because you're onchalant in batting practice. Maybe ou're too perfect in a game.' The next ay in a game he fired in that low outide hard one with a don't-care swing nd nobody ticked it.

"Monty's theorizing, too, told him that he pitch that cut the corners was ideal, nd he clung to it in spite of the fact hat umpires missed a lot of them. He ut it too fine, but he knew it was the ght theory just the same. My chance n that came one spring in California uring training. I said to him, 'Monty, I were you I wouldn't shave the corers so close this early. Those umpires re still slow; they haven't got their yes opened yet after their winter's leep. Get more of that plate under ach pitch till the umpires get in conition.' By summer Stratton was so ccustomed to making the corners good hat he never went back to the closehaving again."

Jack Knott, whom Dykes obtained rom St. Louis in a cheap trade, had ine deliveries when he came to the White Sox, and a plentiful lack of conrol for each of them. After a few weeks vith Ruel, Knott had cut him down to hree and a new effectiveness. The Browns, staring at him, said to Ruel, Why, he used to walk 70 to 90 men a eason. Now he's going at a 40-per-eason clip. What'd you and Dykes do o him?"

In Bucky Ross, that newest piece of nediocrity whom Dykes has obtained, Muddy detected a thing that Ross' nanager, Connie Mack, had either not een or been unable to correct—a habit of pulling back just at the moment of lelivering the ball. Today Ruel is drilling into Ross a "follow-through" motion hat will, he feels, give the Sox another tarting pitcher soon.

One of the many things that Ruel has lone to make John Rigney the pitcher he is has been to make him pitch in batting practice. Now, no other club risks its regular pitchers so often in these pre-game bombardments, and Dykes bellows loudly against it. But Ruel answers him, "The danger is there, Jim, but it's slight compared to the benefits. You aren't fair to a pitcher when you let him see the plate, the batter and the catcher's mask only once in every five days. He needs to feel the rubber under him every day. He needs to keep the feel of the distance to the plate in his mind all the time. A pitcher must get out and throw a little the day after he's gone nine innings. He's got to break up the adhesions that come after a long, hard workout."

### The Perennial Sand Lotter

At this Dykes throws up his hands, says, "What can I do?" and grins that wide, ironical, mischievous grin at whoever is standing near.

"Ruel can talk you out of anything," Dykes will say, gesturing toward the coach who, so serious, so devout, so gray, looks anything but a "con man."

"Good heavens, you should have heard him talk back when he caught for the Senators and I was with the Athletics. I'd be batting and hear him, the big lawyer, pleading his case with the umpires. And, boy, how he'd work on 'em!

"Say it was Tom Connolly who was there behind him in the mask and protector. It would be, 'Now, Tom, that wasn't a ball. That was a strike. He caught the corner. Give one, once in a while, to that kid out there. Tom, that pitcher out there on the mound is eating his heart out every time you won't give him his share of the corners. His whole future is at your mercy!' "

What Dykes fears is that some club will eventually persuade Ruel to become a manager and cost the White Sox their "reconditioner of pitchers." So far Muddy has turned down such offers. It makes small difference to him what title he holds so long as he can teach younger men to play the game he worships.

"Really, I'm still the sand-lot kid in St. Louis, thirty years ago," says Muddy, summing it all up. "It's true I caught over 100 games a season for eight straight years—149 with Washington in 1924—but I never got over the wonder that I was in the big leagues. I never quite believed it. There never was a time in all my playing days that I wouldn't look at stars and wonder how I got up there among them. You know when both teams crowd through the runways after a game on their way to the showers? Well, I'd find myself marching between big-shouldered fellows like Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, or Tris Speaker and Walter Johnson, and I'd say to myself, 'What are *you* doing here?' "

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

from which they are coming. When the navigator of the clipper wants to check his course, he tells the radio operator aboard to get a bearing. The operator calls the island station, then sends a steady dash for one minute. A few seconds later the island sends a code message meaning "Your direction from the island is 235 degrees." As a double check, the clipper has a direction finder of its own, a loop antenna that it can swing on any transmitter the receiver can tune in.

ONE night one of the clippers was flying from San Francisco to Honolulu and the radio operator heard the Pan American station in Manila, about 7,000 miles away. Being positive of his position, as he had just taken a shot on the stars, the navigator asked Manila for a radio bearing. Manila took a reading, flashed back the bearing, and when the navigator plotted it on the chart it was exactly right. That's a long-distance record that isn't made every day but it is a satisfying demonstration of the capabilities of direction finders under ideal conditions.

THE American-made four-engined bomber was ferrying back a load of British and Canadian pilots when it encountered a terrific storm in mid-Atlantic and in the middle of the night. The going was so tough at one point that the pilots were confident the ship would break up. It could not be expected to hold together under such a beating. But it did and when the landing was made on this side the pilots asked the navigator, an earnest little Canadian, how he liked the trip.

"Well, sir," he replied, "this is my second round trip. The first was very pleasant, but after this I don't think it's wise to keep more than ten dollars in the bank."

F. R. N.

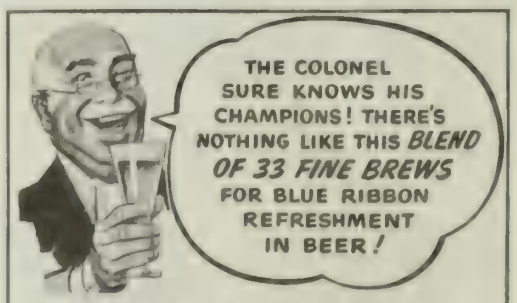




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# Sub Conscious

Continued from page 12

He added slowly, "I have never understood how a man can reconcile his conscience to discharging a torpedo at an unwarned passenger ship. It violates the rules of war. Watch 'em, gentlemen, but remember: we are not their judges."

"An' we ain't goin' to be their victims," said Mr. Lott. "They're headin' for a Portuguese internment camp pretty peaceful, it seems to me." He looked intently at the old man. "We're tellin' the world at once we got 'em on board, aren't we, sir?"

"I have already advised the line and the American consul at Lisbon," said Captain Gilmore.

Mr. Lott repeated brusquely the course Mr. Paley gave him and indicated the second mate was relieved of the bridge watch by ■ jerk of the thumb.

Mr. Paley retreated. Mr. Lott's hostile and plainly suspicious eyes followed him as he encountered and was heartily greeted in passing by Lieutenant Erlich. The Nazi officer was coming from the neighborhood of the starboard lifeboat.

Mr. Paley moved along slowly in the direction of the radio shack.

Alf Renick, the radio man, eagerly awaited the coming of his friend in the door of his room, at the nearest distance permitted by the connection of his headset. He started talking now as soon as Mr. Paley got within reasonable hailing distance.

"Y'know those Nazis?" he said. "Well, the last guy out o' that sub must ha' been the operator, because I heard him talking till your boat was near alongside."

Renick lowered his voice and backed into the shack as Rob Paley reached the door: "He was hooked up with another Nazi—prob'ly another sub—an' they were talkin' some code—fast. The other fella sounded close but I don't mean just over the hill." He lifted a hand to indicate the horizon. Rob Paley involuntarily paused to sweep the blue sea with his eyes. He saw nothing. "That was fast sendin'," said the operator. "What I mean, those guys were jerkin' lightning. But this bunch would never ha' abandoned if there was a chance o' being picked up by another sub."

Mr. Paley nodded. "A man came out of the conning-tower hatch as we pulled alongside," he said. "Probably the radio operator."

THE conversation was interrupted by Mr. Lott's arrival from the bridge whereon he was supposed to be standing the watch. "Are the British onto this, Sparks?" he asked, ignoring Paley.

"The limeys are no slouches on their job," Alf Renick said. He glanced at his log. "It wasn't seven minutes after I'd sent the old man's first message that I had a destroyer—H.M.S. Snapdragon—askin' our position an' course."

Mr. Lott nodded in great satisfaction. "Seven minutes," he said. "That's fast—for a navy. Well?"

"The old man give 'em the dope," Sparks said. "I'd say, guessin' on signal strength, that the Britisher was as close as the Nazi. I figure the skipper wouldn't mind havin' a destroyer around in case this other Nazi sub stuck up ahead an' got tough with us."

Alf Renick looked at a long, low swell as if he expected a conning tower to thrust up into view. "We got a day an' a half to go for Lisbon, ain't we, Mr. Lott?"

The mate nodded. He was frowning in the intensity of his thought.

"If a British destroyer stopped us and took off these Nazis over the protest the old man would be sure to make, it wouldn't be too good," Rob Paley said. "The roar from some people at home would do more damage to the British cause than Erlich could do to British ships and American cargoes."

Mr. Lott turned his frown Paley's way. "You think the British ought to let Erlich and his talented crew trickle out of a Portuguese internment camp and get back to Germany to drown more seamen, hey?" he said. "Sort of pally with Erlich, ain't you? Also with that Nazi oiler—Knupple."

"Knupple's no Nazi," said Rob Paley.

"An' neither are you," said Mr. Lott, turning on his heel. "You just like 'em—that's all."

Alf Renick stared at Rob Paley with narrowing eyes.

Mr. Paley retreated to the afterwell. There he busied himself with an examination of the sheaves of the cargo gear under his care. While he was at it Lieutenant Erlich came strolling out onto the deck.

"You vork all the time, my friend," he said to the second mate. "There should be a law."

Of ■ sudden Mr. Paley raised his eyes from the wire around the barrel of a winch. To his ears had come the familiar, distant thunder of a plane. He glanced at Erlich. Already Erlich had spotted the plane above the barrier of the poop, flying many thousands of feet high.

The throb of the motor quickened. The plane was coming down—diving. The thing grew big and detailed. Paley watched tensely.

When the plane was only a few hundred feet above and astern it pulled out of the dive. It roared past on the starboard hand. It circled the ship several times. Paley caught a glimpse of the crooked crosses on the under side of the wing. A Nazi plane—a single-motored seaplane of moderate power.

Erlich jumped up on Number 4 hatch, snatched off his hat and waved it vehemently. "My friends," he said to Pale "They want to know I am safe. Se they are reading your name from t counter."

The plane circled far astern and th approached again, throttled down what was probably bare flying spee It was flying exactly the same cour that the Ernestine was on.

In lining up the Ernestine Hobar course the plane made four or five ru and reverses over the ship. Then, qu distinctly, the pilot revved up his mo and waggled his wings.

Lieutenant Erlich grinned broadly a waved again as the plane headed off the northwest. "See!" he said. "All t way from Germany my friends fly see that I am well."

He watched Mr. Paley's face a laughed suddenly. "You think that pla is a spotter from a surface raider," said, and squeezed the second mat scrawny arm. "Your face tells me."

"Does it tell you I know the raid too far away to start anything?" Pa asked. "That plane took a long time get here. And I'm betting you have got a sub much nearer."

"You are smart!" said Erlich. But was not to be tempted to talk.

MR. PALEY, too, was content w silence. He shook off Erlich's gers and glanced upward.

At the break of the bridge house Lott was standing looking blackly d at Mr. Paley. His scowl was as p ishing as a blow. Erlich laughed so deliberately patted Mr. Paley on shoulder and strolled away.

Mr. Paley continued work on cargo gear. Of a sudden the piece waste on which Mr. Paley was clean off his greasy hands dropped to the d unregarded. With a rush, Mr. Pa started for the fiddley deck. He m for the starboard lifeboat, resting i chocks but still uncovered. He clim into the boat, dropped to the floor bo and searched, not neglecting the loc

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ıe water breakers, the big canvas cone ıat was the sea anchor, the sail and ther equipment.

"Lott searched the men and the bun-les they brought aboard," he said oftly. "But nobody searched the life-oat. That mob could have bunked guns nder this stuff while they were milling round in the boat."

His efforts brought nothing to light. ut as he was climbing out of the boat gleam of brass caught his eye. He bent nd picked up a heavy-caliber pistol artridge.

"Well?" said somebody.

Mr. Lott, with Captain Gilmore a few aces behind him, was beside the boat. he mate again carried his automatic rapped to his belt.

"First I catch a glimpse of a Nazi ıeakin' out o' this boat," said Mr. Lott. Then I find you in it. What you got ıere?"

Rob Paley showed him the cartridge. ott grabbed it. "German—or I'm Hit-r's double," he said, and passed it on the old man.

"I should have searched the boat as on as it was back on the davits," said ob Paley sadly. Mr. Lott snorted.

Captain Gilmore nodded and dropped ıe cartridge into his pocket. His face as bleak and grayer than usual. "Mr. aley, you will relieve Mr. Lott on the ridge," he said. "Mr. Lott, you will uietly assemble a search party, arming ıem with such guns as we have. There re two revolvers in my room. Then ather all these U-boat men on the well eck under guard. Keep them there hile our party looks for weapons. Do a ob, Mr. Lott. The safety of the ship de-ends on it."

"Right!" said the mate. He jerked a nger at Rob Paley. "An' keep that—eep him on the bridge out o' harm's ay, sir. I've heard o' Quislings."

"Never mind that, Mr. Lott," said the ld man, but his voice was not emphatic. Get your search party together."

At the first sign of a search Lieuten-nt Erlich assembled his men on the ell deck. He lined them up in double anks and then politely requested Cap-ain Gilmore to receive him.

"Come up," said Gilmore.

Ostentatiously Lieutenant Erlich pro-uced an automatic pistol from a pocket f his dungarees and handed it to Muh-en, his engineer officer. Muhlen romptly put it away in his pocket. hen Erlich ascended to the bridge. The ld man, the hard-eyed Mr. Lott and Mr. Paley, very unobtrusive, awaited im in the chartroom.

THE submarine commander started talking at the very door. His manner as most confident. "You see the situa-ion, Captain," he said. "We are now ell armed and we are well trained to ight. But," he smiled broadly, "we ompromise. You leaf us alone and we eaf you alone. You do not use the adio. We go peacefully to Lisbon. Is t—a—a deal?"

"A deal!" shouted the red-faced mate. It's a blasted—"

"One moment, Mr. Lott," said the old nan. "Please wait outside, Lieutenant Erlich."

The mate hardly waited until Erlich ad gone. "We've got thirty-eight men, ir," he said. "All but a couple"—he lowered at Paley—"are spoiling to take hese Nazis apart. You ain't going to let em take you over without a fight, sir?"

The old man's eyes were troubled. He looked at Rob Paley. "What is your pinion of this situation, Mr. Paley?"

"We're on our course and making nots," said Mr. Paley. "No good get-ing trimmed till we have to be. They've ot more than an edge on us. I sug-est—"

Mr. Lott turned a thick shoulder to Rob Paley and addressed the master. "I'd like to speak t'you privately, sir, concerning the safety of the ship," he said, coldly official.

"I have an idea of how we could get rid of these Nazis, sir, without violence—" Rob Paley began again.

"I've been watching this man, sir!" Mr. Lott said, stabbing his finger at Paley. His anger was bursting out from under his momentary coolness. "I tell you he's been—"

"Mr. Paley, please take the bridge," Captain Gilmore said without expression.

Mr. Paley left the chartroom. Lieutenant Erlich joined him promptly and walked with him toward the bridge. Eyes in the chartroom followed them.

Lieutenant Erlich did not mount the bridge. Feet apart and hands clasped behind his back, he surveyed his close-ranked men down on the well deck. Then he glanced aft and Mr. Paley, looking, too, saw that Lieutenant Reichert was standing outside the radio shack with both his hands out of sight.

Lieutenant Erlich laughed softly. "I don't believe your captain will try to disarm us, Mister Second Mate."

"There's no need to disarm you," said Paley. "Our job is simply to land you at Lisbon."

Erlich nodded and turned away a little too late to hide the smile broadening on his face.

CAPTAIN GILMORE, walking with a heavy, wooden stride, came from the chartroom and faced Lieutenant Erlich. "It is not my intention to permit any British force to take you off this ship," he said. "That would be illegal."

Erlich smiled again with a derisive twist of the lips. He said nothing.

"You and your men will not be required to surrender your arms, Lieutenant Erlich," the old shipmaster said. "If, however, you attempt any aggression against the ship I promise you a bloody fight."

Lieutenant Erlich bowed and clicked his heels, a facile gesture strange on that merchant ship.

"The radio will not be used and the ship's course will not be changed and her speed will be the same, Captain," he said quickly. "Also, we are permitted to make sure that these things are so? It is agreed."

Captain Gilmore hesitated. That added condition made him a mere prisoner on his own ship.

"No reasonable alternative exists, Captain," the submarine commander said. He smiled.

Gilmore did not reply. He looked like a very tired old man as he turned away.

Lieutenant Erlich ascended the steps to the bridge. Ignoring Paley, he took a turn from wing to wing on that high platform of command. Then he leaned over and hailed his lieutenant, Muhlen, on the well deck, in German. Muhlen relayed his words to the men in sharp command.

Half the men broke ranks immediately. The others grouped themselves in small units, each with a leader. Three men moved toward the radio shack, another group headed by Muhlen himself disappeared into the working alleyway from which entrance to the engine room could be had. Four men came up and stood by on the lower bridge. Erlich remained on the bridge.

The third officer relieved Mr. Paley for supper. Captain Gilmore, the chief engineer and Mr. Lott stood in the messroom. Lott, red-faced and breathing hard, swung around on the second mate.

"How about you, Paley?" he said. "Will you fight?"

"No," said Paley. "I won't."

The rumble of the engines, the vibration of clinking glasses, became steadily more unbearable.

Paley looked at Captain Gilmore and




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spoke rapidly, as if fearful of being silenced. "Sir," he said, "Erlich's insistence on course and speed confirms what we know—that there's a submarine intercepting us to take off these men. We also know that the British destroyer Snapdragon is about as close to us, and probably faster. Now—"

"What is all this chatter?" Mr. Lott cut in. "A cover for not bein' willin' to fight?"

Somebody knocked on the door with something harder than knuckles. The door opened almost at once and Lieutenant Erlich stepped in. He had his automatic on his belt now. He stood to one side of the door, revealing three of his men, all similarly armed. All three had their hands on the butts of their pistols. Two focused their eyes on Mr. Lott, the third on Captain Gilmore.

Lieutenant Erlich bowed to the master. "I haf come to suggest, Captain, that during the night you, Mr. Lott and the chief engineer remain in this room," he said curtly. "We rely on the junior deck and engineer officers to work the ship. In that way there is less danger of a misunderstanding arising. Also, Mr. Lott will surrender his pistol for the same reason."

Lott was no fool. He looked from one to the other of the men watching him and licked his lips.

"May I?" said Erlich. He stepped toward Lott, avoiding the line of fire, and drew Lott's gun swiftly from its holster. Without another word he and his men left the room.

SILENCE hung over the messroom like an impending explosion.

When Captain Gilmore moved to the opposite door he was confronted by a cold-eyed guard who motioned him back.

At midnight Muhlen escorted the third mate into the room and beckoned to Mr. Paley.

"Your vatch," he said, and walked with Paley through the mild, black night past a motionless guard to the bridge. There Erlich, buttoning on a watch coat and waking himself up with draughts of coffee, repeated the same words and added, "No change of course."

Mr. Paley took over for the middle watch. Stars, no moon, no lights, little wind and an easy swell. In the wheelhouse the regular quartermaster of the watch was standing behind the binnacle. His sullen face showed vaguely in the light reflected upward from the compass card.

"They got Knupple, that heinie oiler," the helmsman said without moving his lips perceptibly. "Clubbed hell out o' him when he cussed them out in German. Nobody else has been touched."

Rob Paley nodded and lifted his eyes from the compass. Outside, Lieutenant Erlich had recovered from his nap. He had taken the night glasses from the box and was sweeping the sea slowly.

On this black night the illumined American flags painted on the sides of the ship cut down fine vision somewhat except ahead. There the sable curtain hung over the sea unrelieved save by star glints on the swell.

An hour of the bridge watch passed. Lieutenant Erlich continued his search. Of a sudden Mr. Paley stopped beside him and chuckled softly. Erlich jerked his head around. Paley was staring past him at the sea.

"You ought to eat more carrots," said Rob Paley. "There's nothing where you're looking, Lieutenant, nothing but the sea."

"No?" said Erlich. "You have good eyes?"

"At night I can see like a cat," said Paley. He nodded toward the western sky. "Can you pick out the beehive in Cancer even with those lousy glasses?" He stabbed upward almost at the zenith. "How many stars in Hercules can you see?"

"We will dismiss the stars," said Erlich. "You understand you are to report to me every"—he hesitated—"everything you see during your watch."

Mr. Paley grunted and turned away. Erlich's head followed him. Again they resumed their separate watch keeping.

The moment came when Paley's eyes, probing the blackness to starboard, focused on something more solid than the night sky close above the water—a distant and blacked-out ship. A ship—not a submarine. Then, quickly, as Erlich looked toward him, Paley pivoted and faced ahead. He stared past the staff at the Ernestine's bow into empty seas.

"Let me use the glasses, Lieutenant," he said in a thin voice. "I think I see something ahead."

Erlich handed him the night glasses. The submarine commander was tense and wary.

Rob Paley took the glasses, raised them to his eyes and let them fall. They hit the rail and bounced off. They crashed loudly on the steel plates of the well deck.

"Sorry," said Rob Paley.

"You did that with a reason," said Lieutenant Erlich.

HE TOOK a step toward Paley and his hand dropped threateningly toward his automatic pistol.

"You sighted—something—with those sharp eyes of yours, Mister Second Mate," he said. "But it was not ahead. No! It wass on the port quarter that you saw something. Yes!"

He stopped. He turned his head and stared with the utmost effort out over the black night to port. Mr. Paley stood still, facing woodenly forward.

Lieutenant Erlich turned toward him again. "What wass it you saw?"

"Forget it!" said Mr. Paley in an abruptly loud voice. "I've got good eyes at night. But my imagination's better'n my eyes. It didn't even look like a running light."

"No!" said Lieutenant Erlich. He drew close and towered over the short figure of the mate. "It didn't look like a running light. It was not the right color to be a running light, wass it? And it was not a fixed light. No! What did you think you saw?"

Mr. Paley was sullenly silent.

Erlich laid hands on him, big hands that knew their strength and used it momentarily on Paley's throat.

"I give you ten seconds," said Erlich. "What color?"

AS ERLICH'S grip relaxed to allow Rob Paley to speak, Rob suddenly thrust up his fist in an uppercut that landed solidly on Erlich's heavy chin. Even as his fist jolted against the bone he wrenched his neck out of chancery.

Ducking, he tried to lunge past Erlich toward the ladder.

But Erlich was not out. His hand darted at the fleeing officer and his fingers closed on Paley's coat collar. His grip jerked Paley off his feet. He sprawled on his back.

Erlich dropped on him with one knee on his chest. His fingers gripped Paley's scrawny throat.

"Now tell me!" Erlich panted. "Tell me! What color light?"

"Blue light," croaked Paley. "Blue. Don't choke—me! Blue! Don't—"

"Ha—blue!" cried Erlich. His voice was triumphant: "Blue!" He leaped to his feet and called sharply to the guard below. The man came bounding up the steps.

Erlich stopped him with a burst of guttural words and waved him away. The man ejected two quick syllables of assent and ran.

"Come with me," said Erlich. "No noise, now." He shoved the limp Paley ahead of him down the ladder. With impatient speed he forced Paley aft to the starboard lifeboat.

Some of his men were already there. They were swinging the davits and preparing to lower.

Of a sudden the shudder of the engines stopped. Then the Ernestine shook violently as the screw began going hard astern. Her way was checked.



DANIEL ALAIN

The voice of Muhlen, quickly calling the roll of the submarine's crew, came through the subdued noises of the launching. Men answered. More men, panting from the long climb from the engine room, joined the party. Muhlen spoke to Erlich.

"We leave you," Erlich said jubilantly to Paley. His voice flowed like a brook. "We leave you, smart American, and you haf from us no excuse for war. A little impoliteness perhaps—what is that? We go now not to Lisbon but under the sea to Germany where another submarine awaits me. Perhaps some day, Paley, I see you again—through a periscope when your ship shows against the cross wires. Who knows?"

"You'll remember me—if you do," said Paley. He fondled his fist.

"Your ship even now is under German guns and torpedoes," said Erlich. "So—as you say—be good!"

He climbed into the boat and gave the word to lower away.

Mr. Paley pelted toward the wheelhouse. He got to the engine-room telegraph and slapped it over to full ahead.

Feet came thudding up outside. Mr. Lott burst in and, a few paces behind, Captain Gilmore.

"What's— They've gone?" the mate gasped.

Mr. Paley nodded. "Yes," he said. "With a little persuasion they left to be picked up by a British destroyer." He nodded again. "Instead of by a Nazi submarine that isn't there."

"A sub that isn't there!" said Mr. Lott.

"We'll need the searchlight to spot the lifeboat for the Snapdragon," Rob Paley added. "Maybe we'd better keep out o' pistol range while we're doing it. I have an idea that Lieutenant Erlich is going to be mad at me when he does not find that submarine or any blue lights in port."

IT WASN'T until after the men of the Ernestine had watched H.M.S. Snapdragon cool Lieutenant Erlich's martial ardor with a couple of careful near misses that Mr. Paley got around to talking.

"Why get your skull shot at unless he won't think you out of the hole?" said Rob Paley, looking at Mr. Lott.

"Erlich would have had to arrange by radio for the rescuing submarine to make some surreptitious signal," said Captain Gilmore slowly. "I see that. Erlich couldn't tell whether he'd be able to smuggle arms aboard to take command of us or would have to make a surprise rush for the boat."

"But how did you know it was a blue light Erlich was watchin' for?" Mr. Lott pressed Paley with lingering suspicion.

"It wouldn't be the color of a running light because Erlich might mistake some other boat for the sub," said Rob Paley. "That eliminated yellow, white and green. What other color have we got to pick but blue? That's what Erlich wasn't bright enough to realize."

"If Erlich had found out how you were working him he'd—" Mr. Lott stopped suddenly to visualize that picture. "Paley, I guess I got you all wrong."

Mr. Paley looked across the vivid illumined water to where a lifeboat, waving a strip of white cloth from an oar, was pulling sullenly toward a destroyer. International complications were over. He sucked the cut knuckles of his right hand contentedly. "You got me even more wrong than Erlich did," he said. "You thought I wouldn't fight; Erlich thought I couldn't fight much. It took real will power not to knock him down and ruin the whole works."




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# Say It Isn't So

Continued from page 15

third. He hadn't meant to lay that one in there, but some rift in his concentration had done the damage. You couldn't expect control when you went woolgathering.

"Three-bagger with nobody down," Magee was growling at him. "What to hell, you lunkhead? I told you not to give that big bum nothin' across the letters. What happened?"

"Just I laid it in there," Buford confessed unwillingly. Your catcher was like your doctor or your priest. You didn't lie to him.

"All right," Magee said not unsympathetically. "It can happen. Bear down now."

Buford brooded as he went back to pitch. Again his thoughts were shattered. A Panther had hit deep to shortstop and the run went over. Buford waved back Beany Magee, who had started to the box. "Beany—nuts! I don't go for that good-guy stuff. It makes me sick the way those writers build us up together. Who throws this thing past the hitters—me or him? I could pitch to any catcher—sure I could."

He took the signal from Magee and settled down. In ten more minutes the game was over; and later, riding downtown in a taxi, Buford read the headlines: "Buford Baffles Panthers." That, he thought, was all right too. He'd rather have a shutout but 3 to 1 was plenty good. His eighth straight win in series competition. Hell, you got lots more than money out of the game. You got plenty.

A crowd of autograph hounds mobbed him in the hotel lobby. In the dining room he joined his teammates over beefsteak and baked potatoes. On each napkin lay a telegram reading: "Congratulations on a notable victory. Three more in a row. Martin Flack."

A PITCHER named Joe won the second game and Lefty Thorne took a ten-inning thriller on the opening day at Panther Park. That evening Buford went to an early movie with Monte Bates, his roommate, and the manager Luke Burnham. They came out and walked together, three abreast, through the dark, murmuring streets of this strange city. They were in hostile territory, a long way from their separate homes.

"Be tough tomorrow," offered Monte Bates.

"Yeah," said Buford.

The manager said, "You feel okay, Dipsey."

"I feel good."

"That's good," said Monte Bates.

They reached the hotel where the Eagles stopped. Earlier at dinner there had been the telegrams again. "Congratulations . . . Martin Flack." This seemed a little odd since Mr. Flack was stopping at the same hotel. Not with the players, of course; but up in the penthouse suite. Martin Flack did things grandly.

The three men went to the elevator well. The indicating arrow of one car pointed at the penthouse digit. The other car was at the tenth floor, but the penthouse lift descended quickly, picking up no passengers. The iron door opened and Beany Magee emerged. He was alone.

"Goin' to bed soon?" asked the manager. "Better had."

"Soon as I get some air," said Beany Magee.

Buford would have thought nothing of this except for remembering his own need of air that time he talked to Martin Flack in the office building. Next morning he stayed late in bed. He always did so on a pitching day, eating a late breakfast and no lunch. When Monte Bates had left, Buford put on a bathrobe and dealt a hand of solitaire on the table by the window. A lot of hokum, he thought, got said and written about ballplayers. The club owners only paid as big a salary as you shook them for. The way things were you had to get it while you could; the rest of your life you couldn't be sure.

He played the jack of diamonds on the queen and dealt himself a ten-spot. You had these chances, now and then, to be your own dealer—in baseball. Not very often—but now and again; and mostly it wasn't worth it.

"But five, six grand," Buford murmured. "Cripes, I might have a family one o' these days! Now what would Magee be doin' up in Flack's room last night?"

Magee did have a family. He had five dependents.

A knock sounded on the door. Buford got up and admitted Martin Flack. The door was closed, and Mr. Flack moved stiffly to the table. He shook his head as Buford motioned to a chair.

"I heard you were still in bed," said Mr. Flack. "I got worried. You're not ill?"

"No."

"I'm glad of that," said Mr. Flack. "I've been looking forward to seeing you go today. There'll be a great crowd—all of thirty-two thousand with the outfield roped off for standing room. It'll make tough pitching as you said before."

"Yeah," said Buford.

He reached for the doorknob and turned it quickly. That pitcher named Joe could maybe win the fifth game. Or Lefty Thorne could take the sixth. Just to stretch the series out a little wasn't the same as what had been done by Joe Jackson and them. But the time to say it wasn't so was now, and that was what Buford meant by jerking the door open the way he did. He stood there scowling while Martin Flack, very red about the jowls, went past him into the corridor. Buford repressed a strong desire to plant a swift kick where it could be felt but would not show. He thought he'd have done so, only he didn't have his shoes on.

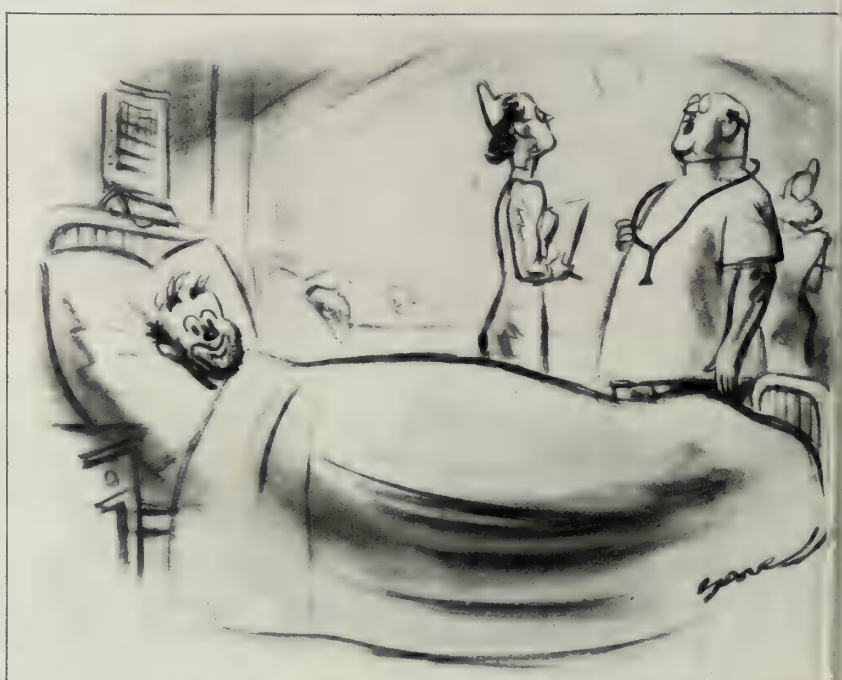
"Hi, there," someone said; and Buford turned to see Magee coming down the hall. Buford nodded a greeting a retired into his room. He took a shower but it wasn't any good. With a tow around his middle he threw the windo open and let the cool morning air into his lungs. Downstairs in the di ing room, he found he wasn't hungr He drank three cups of coffee, but the beefsteak grow cold on his plate. was the wrong way to begin the day, knew; so he was standing wet and nak by an open window. When he reach the park at one o'clock, his shoulc hurt him.

"You don't have to work today," t manager said as Buford warmed "It's only that the boys got their hea set on making it four straight. You our ace, Dipsey, but I could shoot w a southpaw if you need more rest."

"I feel good," said Buford. "Son thin' tells me I'll be hot today."

HE PITCHED to ten men in the f three innings. It would have b nine if Monte Bates hadn't stuck finger in an easy grounder. Luke Bu ham had said a lot of things in th few words before the game. The b "had their hearts set." They wanted grand sweep, and Buford underst about that. The feeling he'd had night while walking with Bates Burnham was a good deal sharpened belonging to a club like the Eag They'd won the pennant by eight games. The Eagles hadn't lost a w series since the Cardinals took the back there when Old Pete did that mous relief job. It meant somethin wear this uniform, and four straight in the tradition of great champion teams. He ran his hitless inn through the fifth. The Eagles led 4 to 0. His arm ached only a little

The Panthers hit him in the six two scratch singles. All the same it enough to arouse the bitter cr These people liked their home-t boys. The Panthers hadn't won t pennant by any eighteen games as the Eagles, but by an inspired driv the September stretch. It had g them delusions of grandeur. Now crowded park reverberated with ch and stompings. Two men on base nobody down. Buford took a stretch and a moment later the up reached crescendo when the base ners pulled a double steal. That d



"Just keep him on liquids for the first few days" LEONARD I

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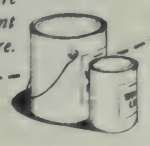


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often happen against Beany Magee. The catcher walked out to the mound.

"They could have stolen Brooklyn Bridge while you took that stretch," he said to Buford. "Cut it down some. Want to walk this guy or pitch to him?"

"I'll pitch," said Buford. "What's he like, bonehead?"

"High and hard," the catcher said. "Don't tighten up, showboat."

They talked this way to each other—these famous battery mates. The papers might call them Inseparables, but it wasn't any secret around the dugouts that Buford and Magee didn't get on. Professional jealousy, maybe. You take a pair of prima donnas, and they aren't apt to like a double billing. But in this case, as Buford always remembered, there was a special grudge. He'd come up to the Eagles twelve years ago when Beany Magee was already a three-year man. And there was that grapefruit game against the A's when the rookie was sent in for relief with the bases loaded. Magee had met him as he reached the box.

"Now, kid, this Foxx—"

"Cut the gab," young Buford said. "I'll break it past that broadsides."

"Listen, busher—"

"Yah!" jeered Buford. "Ain't you never learned to read? I had a strike-out record with the Orioles last season—and it's a hitters' league. I got a dipsey-do ball this Foxx will never see."

BUFORD didn't like remembering. It wasn't a thing you could easily forget. Foxx homered on him—a grand slammer. Simmons homered. So did Cochrane. So did Haas. Luckily it was an exhibition game and didn't go into the records, but—four straight homers off the same pitcher! Buford knew why the manager had left him in there— a fresh kid to get his lumps. Thereafter, he'd always let Magee call signals, but the nickname stuck—Dipsey Buford. He didn't mind it any more, but its use helped him to remember.

"Come on, Dipsey," yapped Monte Bates. "Pour it down the line."

He poured it down there and the Panther hit. Out in right field the Eagle picket man dove over the ropes into the crowd. He came up with the ball in his gloved hand, but the umpire waved the base runners on. A ground-rule double—! The infield gathered to console their pitcher.

"Never mind, Dipsey. It's stilla two-run lead. Mike would've camped under that pop-up at Eagle Stadium. Yeah, this damn' hatbox."

But there it was just the same, thought Buford. His shutout gone. He walked around to let his nerves settle and spied Martin Flack in the box just over the dugout. He was standing up staring at Beany Magee. Magee was staring back.

Buford took a new ball from the umpire. Funny! The infield had come to the box to talk and soothe him. . . . Magee hadn't. Buford rubbed the ball between his palms, trying to remember. What pitch had Magee called for? "High and hard"—and the batter lammed it. Of course, a thing like that could happen. Still—that double steal! Magee riding down from the penthouse last night!

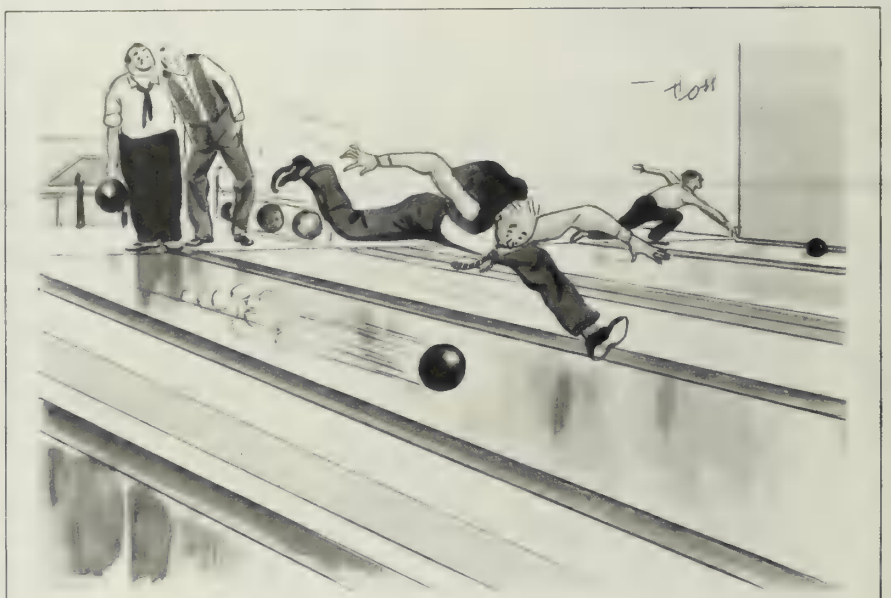
"Nuts," thought Buford. "A fellow who's worn this uniform for fifteen years—it ain't possible. He might think it over like I did, but when it comes to a showdown—"

He stretched and took his signal. The habit of the years set his fingers on the stitches. His fist shot down; his wrist revolved. He stepped in line with the throw as he released it. Magee had taught him this way of supplying a white background for the ball. It was spinning as it left the bat. The Panther hadn't hit it squarely but there was "top" on his grounder. You couldn't blame Monte Bates when the ball hopped over his shoulder for a blooper hit. The crowd went lunatic as the runner from second slid home. The game stood 4 to 3.

That was all that inning—it was plenty. Buford sank down on the bench and swabbed a wet towel on his face. Luke Burnham said something about relief, but Buford shook his head. He was going to finish—had to finish! He didn't believe that thing about Magee, but the firing line was the place to see what went on. His arm still ached as he trudged back to the mound, but not as much as his throbbing head. The thoughts there were knocking at his temples.

"It ain't possible," he kept telling himself. "I don't like the guy, but he's all sorts of a ballplayer. Gosh—so was Joe Jackson and them!"

Suddenly the air was split apart. Sirens, catcalls, tinpans, whistles—it was the seventh inning! He tried to work calmly on the Panther batsman. Seventh inning—and delusions of grandeur. You couldn't tell what a gang like this would do to you. He tried his downer on the 3-and-2 count. It was outside and the batter walked. The tumult grew



"Mike's trying to see what's the matter with his hook" AL ROSS

deafening as the man was sacrificed to second—to scoring position. Buford hesitated as he caught the signal for a fast one across the letters. Hadn't Magee told him in the first game: "Don't throw him nothin' letter-high?" Was this the same hitter? Buford wasn't sure. He thought so. But he threw the fast one.

WELL, you couldn't be sure. You really couldn't. He stood and watched the ball drop among the standees in left field — another double — another run. Magee had walked out. The catcher's face was pale beneath its coat of sweat.

"You ain't right today," he said to Buford. "I'm askin' Luke to take you out."

"Like hell you are," Buford answered in a cracking voice. "You called for that pitch and you got it. A fast one letter-high—"

"Fast? Jeepers, Buford, that's the trouble—there wasn't steam enough on that one to blow a whistle. You got arm trouble?"

"No, I ain't. And if you ask Luke to yank me, I'll tell him why. Get back where you belong, little man. From now on I call my own pitches—see?"

The catcher's mouth came open, and there was more than surprise in his glance. He seemed about to speak, but Monte Bates came trotting in and the conference ended. Buford set himself to throw and Magee had laid a signal in the mitt—a pitchout. Yes, it was sound strategy. With first base open you might as well walk the man and set up a double play. But Buford remembered that double steal just an inning ago—the beginning of all his trouble. He wouldn't give Magee another chance. He had lied to the catcher about his arm, but maybe Magee had something there. The hop goes off your fast ones when you favor an aching shoulder. You couldn't always tell when you were doing so. Buford stretched to get plenty of height and came down with everything he had. He saw it go through—inside and wicked—and he was down on his knees with a pulsing agony down his right arm from collarbone to fingers.

He struggled up and laughed aloud as Monte Bates ran in.

"Fell over my feet," Buford chortled. "I got my stuff back, Monte. Just relax."

LATER, when it was possible to think it over, Buford guessed this seventh inning was the greatest stretch he'd ever pitched. Out here on his own—with a sore flipper and a ground-rule outfield. There wasn't much you could do about it except strike them out. He fanned three men and strutted to the bench. He'd never in his life found it so hard to strut.

It was like that again in the eighth—only worse. He fanned the first batter and hit the next one in the ribs. The sweat, supposed to lubricate his muscles, wasn't hot and greasy anymore. On this warm afternoon his teeth were chattering and he had to puff on his pitching fingers to give them feeling. He wild-pitched the base runner all the way to third. Luke Burnham came out to the box.

"I better lift you, Dipsey."

"No, Luke. Please."

Maybe all the moisture on his cheeks wasn't sweat just then. Burnham stared at him and cussed and walked away.

"What am I doin' this for?" Buford wondered. "I'll rook my arm, and then what? Why don't I just tell Luke what's up, and get both of us out of the game?"

But he knew all the answers, and they weren't a bit complicated. Walking last night with Bates and Burnham . . . the feeling you had for men you'd been through the wars with. Sure, a guy could make a mistake, and that's what this feeling was all about. You'd crawl out on a limb for a fellow who wore your uniform. Buford glanced toward the box where Martin Flack was still standing up and watching intently. A high hopper went past a swinging bat and Buford gasped. What was the cro clapping about?

"Hear that?" yelled Monte Bates they walked to the dugout. "Even wolves had to give you a hand, Dips Say, bo, you've fanned six men in innings."

And that would be all right, too there wasn't another inning coming Just one? More maybe. This tie ga could stretch on and on. He had to this time. Taking his stick, he went to stand on deck behind Magee. B men glanced toward Martin Flack. fellow was still standing—for good Buford guessed; showing off, like se ing those telegrams. Suddenly Buf had to say it. He grabbed Magee by sleeve.

"Look," he said. "I lied about arm. It'll drop off if the game goes e innings. And look—a guy might himself a crooked hand, but it ain't late to kick the table over. Say it so, Beany! Say it with a loud knock."

The nickname had slipped out of He had never used it before. Mag mouth seemed trying to swallow it Salt water stood out on the leathery

"Yeah," he said; and then he ad "Gosh, Dipsey."

It was next to impossible to h triple in this park, but Magee's banged against the scoreboard in ce field, and the way he went into base was a caution. He stood up flapped the dust out of his pants, then lifted both fists toward a field over the Eagle dugout.

ONE could only guess what Mr. F thought of this gesture, and Di Buford hadn't time to think. He w bat and the squeeze play was on. B didn't miss the signal—he missed ball. He just couldn't get his arms time, and Beany Magee was cha down the base line. You couldn' which catcher was hurt the wor they came together. Something lik had happened before in a world s The Panther hindsnatcher was eve as big as Lombardi. He rolled o back—lost the ball, and Beany M lay across the plate with his face i dirt.

"Beany," said Dipsey Buford. knelt supporting the fellow's head. nothin'—just an ankle. You'll be next season. A guy might make a take—but if he changes his mi time—"

"Aw, hell," the catcher panted seen him comin' out of your roo mornin', but I knew you'd never. when it came to a showdown. Dipsey."

Buford gulped. So that was it thought that Beany—and Beany th that he!

"Him with his busted ankle. M this arm. Ain't we a pair of inse bles, though?"

He didn't fan three men in the but he fanned two with the bases l He'd never have got into the ja thought, with Beany behind th And he mightn't have got out either, but looking toward the be saw Beany Magee squatting ther the injured foot in a bucket of and his fingers flicking signs agai skin of a catcher's mitt. After was easy.

"Here's all I don't understand, Buford in the hospital room tha ning. "That heel propositioned u and there ain't a mark on him should've kicked him in the teeth

To which remark Beany grinn answered, "Did you take notice? stood up the whole game. He ne sit down in that box seat of his."

"Then you—?"

"Yeah, I kicked him, Dipsey. wasn't exactly in the teeth."

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# Gateway to War

Continued from page 13

Until a few days ago Thailand was still the land of free men. It was one of the handful of truly independent nations in all Asia but its future as a sovereign state was dubious. As I cable this I don't know whether I'm writing a timely biographical sketch of an amazing country of fantastic porcelain pagodas that seem to have been designed by some distant Disney, of peace, prosperity and "happiness," or an obituary. I don't know, but when I think back to the day I registered at the Oriental Hotel in Bangkok and saw what names were written there above mine and looked into the bar and saw smug yellow men with eyeglasses and fatuous smiles and cameras slung around their necks, I think that perhaps this is an obit. Those buckos were the Mikado's tourists. In show-business they precede circuses and carnivals and they "case the pitch" and put up posters and wherever necessary they put in the "fix." In show business they're called advance agents. In diplomacy they're called tourists.

The tourist technique is German. It was employed effectively in Europe and the Balkans. German tourists in the Middle East and Arab countries were so numerous you were struck by the stimulus war seemed to have given to travel and to the intellectual curiosity of the German people. They had an enormous advantage over the Japanese. Germans could travel with Hungarian, Czech, Rumanian or Bulgarian passports. The Japs can't disguise themselves. Anywhere in Asia a Jap's a Jap and he can't pose as an Arab, Indian, Chinese or Malay. He stands out among his fellow Orientals like a Texas cowboy at a ladies' club tea party.

### So Japan's Broke?

You spotted them easily in Bangkok. They filled the shops where they bought Niello ware trinkets, old lace and jade jewelry. They paid asking prices, which shopkeepers upped a hundred per cent. Honorable relatives back in Kobe and Yokohama ought to see their honorable sons and cousins throwing yen about in shops and night clubs.

After all you've heard about how Japan is going broke it's amazing to see the amount of money Jap tourists have to spend in Thailand. I saw one large, burly Jap hand a hotel desk clerk a packet of Thai *ticals* large enough to choke a sacred elephant. "Here," he said. "Put these in the safe." Tourists always spoke English in the presence of Americans or Englishmen. The manager later told me there was the equivalent of $2,000 in the packet the Jap handed him and that he received such a wad every two or three days. He said he didn't know what his guest did with the money but he added, "Well, he entertains a lot."

The Japanese population of Thailand has increased steadily since 1935, when statistics listed 67 Japs residing in Bangkok, none elsewhere. Bangkok's Japanese census by the end of last August ranged between 300 and 3,000. Concerning the exact number there were many rumors, some completely false such as the one which insisted that Japs were buying or renting houses on streets and corners so they could dominate the streets with machine guns when *Der Tag* arrived. But it was true that Europeans had difficulty renting houses. The Japs would pay double the normal rents to obtain living quarters. They had also taken over the old Hotel Royal, comprising sixty rooms, where Japs lived two and three to each room. A partial reason for the increased influx of Japs into Thailand is the fact that with world markets and credits closed to Japan, Tokyo has had to turn increasingly to Thailand for money and raw materials and food. This has meant the expansion of the staffs of Japanese trading firms operating in Thailand. These include Mitsui & Co., Toko Mining Co., and the powerful firm of Mitsubishi. A number of new agencies selling machinery and manufactured goods of all kinds have sprung up and along Bangkok's business streets can be seen Japanese signs freshly painted with the invariable English translation underneath the Japanese legend and often a reminder that the above company was previously a Swiss, French or some other foreign firm.

Among the new employees, however, there is undoubtedly a large proportion of strong-arm boys, fixers and propagandists. At least six of Thailand's seventeen newspapers have come under the direct "Axis influence." They receive German Transocean news and Domei Japanese wire services and try as it might the British Reuter's News Agency can't compete with the enormous volume of pro-Axis propaganda which the Axis pours into newspaper offices free of charge. On the reading-room table of the swank Bangkok sports club you will always find the latest Axis literature. There was the July 9th Italian *Illustrazione Italiana* there. A glance through it indicated very strongly that Italy was winning the war. The newest British magazine was dated early in April and consisted largely of pictures of military weddings in London.

To meet the Japs in Bangkok is to receive an object lesson in how Japanese have spread themselves in the Far East since democracy walked Nippon to an imperial first base in Manchukuo in 1931. In Bangkok, Japs are 3,000 miles from home as the Japanese air service flies. The Japs, by the way, maintain a daily passenger-plane service into Bangkok from Tokyo and daily it dumps from twelve to twenty-four new arrivals. Always the passengers are Japanese. Rarely a Tokyo plane brings in a German or an Italian diplomat or a businessman. An American can't get passage on the plane. It's always "full up, velly solly." The best the British and Dutch can do is two services weekly.

From Thailand the Japanese obt rice, rubber, tin and teak. They obtain money in cash and credits. Th land produces an exportable supply 1,600,000 tons of rice yearly. Adde a 1,200,000-ton supply insured by occupation of neighboring Indo-Ch Japan will have all the rice it need feed its far-flung armies and its pe at home. Thailand's 40,000 tons of r ber will at least help to keep Jap armies shod, while there is ample t in Thailand's hills to cover the deck whatever warships Nippon intend build for the rest of time.

### Tin's the Thing

Whether Japan will be able to ob all Thailand's tin is another ma Most of the country's tin mines owned by British capital. Only mine is owned and operated by J nese. Thailand's tin output is w about fifteen per cent of the coun total exports which are valued at a $80,000,000, more than fifty per ce which is accounted for by rice. T Thailand's second most important port but while the country controls production and export the tin th dredged up from river beds is Br property. The rice industry is nati ized and the tin industry is not. J can be deprived of Thailand tin b simple process of the British ref to sell to Japs.

So far that's the way it has wo out. But in precisely such situa advance agents demonstrate their ity. By "influencing" the right p in Thailand's government it is pos that decrees will be forthcoming na alizing the tin industry. In that the Thai government would seiz tin output and pay the British owners what it pleases for ore, s to the Japs at a huge profit as it now with rice and rubber, which is chased by the Japs at from twen forty per cent above normal m prices. Thai rubber, for instance, is of inferior quality, is so high-p on Thailand's rigged market American buyers won't even look

Should Thailand nationalize th industry it is probable the Japanes be receiving what is technically B tin. British officials in Bangkok saw precisely that probability o



"It takes the monotony out of the work!"

eeks ago. It won't be the first time happened. There is plenty of etically British oil from Rumania's which goes to Germany. So far he Russians have had the decency mb those wells, except for a few were sabotaged by American en- rs. The British waited too long in reluctance to protect invested capi-

t the importance of this distant ittle-known country in southeast- sia called Thailand goes beyond conomic significance of its rice- ogs, its teak-timbered hills and its h in rubber and tin. All its com- ties could disappear from the l's markets and they wouldn't be d. Not even the rice would be d by anybody except the Japanese. uld work a little hardship on some 0,000 people who live there, but could lift Thailand out of the map oss it away like a piece out of a jig- uzzle and the lives and the way of f the people of the rest of the world dn't be changed at all.

other ways, too, Thailand is a can- e for the world's least important n. Its contribution to art, literature science equals zero. Measured by yardsticks as power, wealth and ige, Thailand fails to come up to imensions of a bush-league Balkan n, although in area it is as large lorida, Mississippi, Alabama and gia combined. Its army is puny, avy a marine absurdity and its air wouldn't cause a potential enemy Japan any great concern. What ern planes (fifty souped-up 1936 iss seventy-fives) Thailand pos- s are Japanese built. Thailand's th is gauged by the total of its citi- deposits in the country's savings s, equals about $9,000,000, and s out at roughly sixty cents cash person.

to the prestige Thailand enjoys in national councils—well, it's doubt- whether any other power would ever Thailand's permission before under- g an alliance, trade pact or war. gkok was traditionally in a diplo- c tank-town league and for the dip- ats of such nations as the United es, France or England an assign- t to Bangkok meant an assignment blivion.

### Poland of the Far East

evertheless, the country that was Siam and remembered by our dparents almost exclusively as the hplace of the famous Midway freaks be known to us as the birthplace of in the Far East. Economically Thai- l is important only to Japan. Geo- hically Thailand is vitally important he entire world, for geography has gned to this "distant and little- wn country" a potential heroic role. Prince of Appeasement, Neville mberlain, once referred to Czecho- akia as "that distant and little- wn country." In the Far East nchukuo was worthy of that designa- nine years ago. Thailand might be Poland of the Far East.

hailand lies wedged between indis- able British Burma and theoretically nch Indo-China. On the map it is ped roughly like a crudely drawn, py-eared elephant with a long trunk gling southward between the Bay of ngal and the Gulf of Siam toward the th China Sea. The trunk dips into Malay Peninsula below which is tain's fleetless fortress—the Singa- e base. So long as Indo-China re- ined indubitably French, Thailand a spring between the jaws of the nco-British pincer of Western im- ialism in southeastern Asia. But one of that pincer broke when France and Vichy capitulated to Berlin and Berlin's partners in Tokyo. The Japanese replaced the French in Indo-China. They poured up to 150,000 troops into Indo-China, acquired air bases deep in Cambodia from which they can strike at the Burma Road at Bangkok and at Singapore and the Dutch East Indies.

Thailand overnight became the Western civilization's frontier with the Eastern imperialist. It became the fulcrum whereon the balance of peace in the Far East seesaws precariously. British diplomats such as astute Sir Josiah Crosby, his Brittanic Majesty's minister to Thailand, at the end of August counted "in weeks" the period of peace remaining to Thailand and the Far East. American observers were less hurried. They put it in months. "Three months, maybe, maybe six months."

Thais themselves—I talked with undersecretaries of the ministries of foreign affairs and propaganda and with businessmen who were growing richer daily by trading with the Japs—felt insecure. They resented the inroads of the Japanese but felt powerless to prevent their country's economic absorption by Tokyo. A few were interested only in profits. These traded actively with their potential enemy and deplored that they had to.

### The Kiss of Death

The common people didn't seem to have the foggiest notion that they lived under the shadow of death's wings. Meanwhile, in Thailand, as in those countries now dead, advance agents burrowed and bribed and browbeat and flattered their way into positions of power over their victims. The Japanese legation was raised to the status of an embassy. Pro-Japanese Thais suddenly were injected into the cabinet. Japan demanded and obtained a loan of ten million *ticals* and a few weeks later prepared to ask more credit from what was until then one of the few if not the only nation in the world with a balanced budget and no external debts.

"We've got to give in at least economically," an undersecretary of foreign affairs told me. "What else can we do? We need machinery, oil, certain foodstuff and jute sacking. We need spare parts for such American and British machinery as we own. We cannot obtain these items from Britain, which hasn't ships to spare for such cargo and we cannot obtain them from the United States which forbids American exporters to ship merchandise without export permits. These export permits are granted under your priorities system only for such goods or materials as are vital to Anglo-American defense.

"We have had to buy new machinery from Japan for our industries and our railroads so as to be certain of obtaining spares for repairs. They're willing to take our rice, rubber, tin and teak in exchange and pay us an advantageous profit above the market prices. Tell me what would you do if you were in our shoes?"

Japan's grip on Thailand closed when the Thais embarked on their "war" to regain from Indo-China territories taken by France by force in the late nineteenth century. Altogether Thailand lost 467,500 square kilometers of land to the French, which compares to Thailand's total area of 513,447 square kilometers.

Thailand needed arms and munitions. They ordered ten patrol bombers from the United States. The order was accepted and Thailand paid the United States government $1,500,0000 on account, but the bombers got only as far as Manila and Thailand was informed the bombers couldn't be sent any farther because they were needed elsewhere. This of course, together with brass-knuckle demands that Thailand refrain from upsetting the "status quo in the Far East" washed out what prestige




America enjoyed in Thailand. Thais are very logical people. They couldn't see why they couldn't grab theirs while the grabbing was good in view of the fact that the territorial readjustments they desired had been promised them anyway by France and that Uncle Sam hadn't done anything effective to maintain the "status quo" in the Far East anyhow, and had been selling oil and scrap to Japan and assisted in making Japan the potential ruler of the Orient.

Moreover, one of our former ministers to Thailand, whose principal qualification for his diplomatic post was the fact that he had once been associated with a person now holding high office, offended Thai by arriving late for formal functions and directing the Thai foreign office never to invite legation subordinates to social functions, no matter how private they might be, unless he had also been invited or they had obtained his approval. The Thai government strongly suspects that if its point of view had been differently presented at Washington, those bombers would have reached Bangkok and Thailand would have been spared the necessity of purchasing Japanese weapons. Injudicious handling of the legation's affairs wiped out, in a short while, twenty years of good will built up by sound diplomatic policies and by American businessmen whose advice was frequently sought by members of the Thai government on everything from building railroads to what might be the best kind of refrigerator to buy for the prime minister's house. Such loss of good will is a wonderful footnote on what happens to American prestige abroad when political appointees are assigned to delicate tasks.

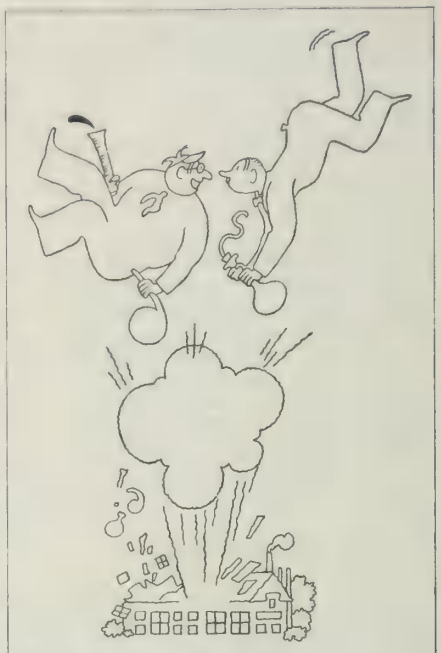
Economically Thailand is a small market for American goods. The country buys about six million dollars' worth of stuff from us yearly. But right now its strategic importance surpasses whatever profit value a country might have. Every admiral, general, politician and diplomat I've talked to who knows anything about Thailand agrees that if the Japs move into Thailand, Burma and the Burma Road, Singapore and the Dutch East Indies are threatened. One look at the map and the air distances between Bangkok and Rangoon and Mandalay and Singapore proves they're right. The least the Japs could do from Thailand is so to harass the road that runs from Rangoon into China—and which is the main intake for the supplies that keep China fighting Japan—that it would become useless.

British diplomats assured me that Britain is ready to fight for Thailand, whose occupation by Japan would bring the Japs right up to India's flank as well as in a position to threaten Malaya. American authorities demonstrated instead an inclination to regard Thailand as too little and unimportant to fight about. The Britishers almost unanimously felt that Thailand is "America's show, old boy" and that if war comes we ought to take on somehow the task of defending Thailand. The least the British ask is a joint American declaration with British government saying something to the effect that "England and the United States stand together for defense of the rights of small nations in Asia" or otherwise indicating Anglo-American naval military unity in the Far East. They figure this will scare the Japs stiffer than when they've had three whiskers—which is very quick, for Japs can't drink.

Whether Thailand will fight if invaded neither the British nor anybody else seemed to know. Within that small privileged clique that rules Thailand—most cabinet members are also directors or large shareholders in Thai business firms—pro-Jap Thais said, "W should we fight?" and pro-British T said "Yes, we will fight."

To oppose Japan's formidable machine Thailand has thirty or f thousand troops who have never maneuvers and who believe that t red undershirts will make them pervious to bullets. Its navy consis three submarines which have n submerged because its crew aren't tain they will return to the surface a number of small, poorly armed sloops and gunboats. Thailand's weapons are its new Bofors anti guns. These are better than their sonnel. Thais have never perm foreign instructors in their country though they have sent a few me West Point and several to Berlin, and Tokyo for military instruction, are woefully weak in officers.

Their tanks are old British three-seven-tonners. Their artillery m on wooden wheels. They have few equipped with high-speed axles. own several old Vickers Armstron mored cars and their air force consi those fifty Jap-built Curtisses a hodgepodge of machines of other n —British, American and French—w won't cause Japan much damage. I may seem a hasty underestima Thailand's military strength I am s But shortly before I arrived in Ban two Thais were executed for givin formation to foreigners concernin nation's army and I didn't want t any Thais executed. They're such people living in a little dream where the cereus blooms nightly, that world with an amazing fragi



**"Now, if you can only remember just what you did, Mr. Hoskins, we might be able to sell it to the Army"**

GARDNER REA

# Our New Army

**Continued from page 23**

them a slip of paper bearing a San Bernardino girl's address. "It's my sister," the kid gulped. "She wants some soldier to write to her." Nine of the guys have already received identical answers. Each starts: "My name is Bonnie Mae. I am six years old. I—"

SANTA MARIA. This prosperous and attractive agricultural and oil town, about midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, is enjoying a boom and preparing for a lot of clanking. The first armored division in the West will be stationed within a few months at the new $24,250,000 Santa Maria-Lompoc cantonment, one of four recently authorized. (The others will be at Fort Smith, Ark., Neosho, Mo., and Augusta, Ga.) At the peak of construction, 6,000 workers will be employed on the camp, which also will have an antitank battalion and ordnance, quartermaster and other personnel. On its 90,000-acre site the cantonment will be able to handle 16,200 officers and men upon completion, but will be built to allow for expansion to house 35,000. Santa Maria's 10,000 citizens, making plans for playing hosts to members of the new division, are experienced along the recreation line, for Santa Maria isn't far from Camp San Luis Obispo (40th Division), Fort Ord (Seventh Division) and rambling Camp Roberts (Replacement Center). Civilians visiting the layout get an idea of what a job it represents when Construction Quartermaster Lieut. Col. Harry D. Stetson informs them that a complete set of plans and specifications weighs 160 pounds.

CAMP SEELEY, Imperial Valley. "We're the lowest cavalry outfit in the Army," says Pvt. Arthur Redelsheimer, Troop B, 11th Cavalry, "but our efficiency is the highest." By lowest he refers to camp's altitude, which isn't, because the place is below sea level. Has it been hot there? "Well," says Pvt. Redelsheimer, "Cooks Carl E. Johnson and Walter C. Miller whipped up a cake a while ago, then set it out in the sun to bake while they crawled into the ovens for a siesta."

CAMP HAAN. There's only one way to do anything in the Army, so Corp. Wallace Guido, former professional gardener, was in quite a fix. Ordered to create a smart, sharp lawn for camp headquarters, Corp. Guido requested seed and was told that the Army buys seed only for Army cemeteries. The corporal might have buried a few mascots in the plot and transformed it into a cemetery but the purchasing officer helped him out by ordering the seed anyway. So now the Army has one more cemetery than it knows about. Corporal Guido is proud of his handiwork but squirms a little every time somebody calls him the Italian Gravedigger.

THE fastest hockey on the West Coast has been played in an open-air rink about fifteen miles from Haan, by members from three antiaircraft regiments here from Minnesota, the home of tough hockey players. Local teams are still wondering what up and hit them.

## TEXAS

SAN ANTONIO. To take care of the increasing personnel at Brooks and Kelly fields and at Fort Sam Houston, the government got busy with defense-housing projects in San Antonio. Five hundred units went up; 100 near Brooks, 200 near each of the other two posts. With rental tags of $1.15 a day—the exact amount of the quarters allowance for master, technical and staff sergeants—the new four-room homes were offered to married enlisted men of the top three grades. A month later Landlord Uncle Sam found most of his For Rent signs still out and only eighty tenants on his hands. Reason was that inexpensively built and cut-to-pattern defense homes are without such gimmicks as garages, front porches and adequate landscaping. Though some rents in San Antonio have been hiked slightly, no acute housing shortage has yet developed, and many Army sergeants found they could rent better-looking quarters from private landlords for the same money. The defense-housing men went into a huddle and the houses are now being offered to civilians under a graduated rental charge, based on the income of the renters. For those drawing $800 or less per year the rent will be $13. For higher pay brackets the rental charges are increased until a charge of $50 per month is set for civilian employees earning $3,000 per year. Civilian renters must pay for their own gas, water and electricity. Third priority in renting the houses will go to enlisted men below the three higher grades—to sergeants and men of lower rank. In case all the houses are not rented to men of the first two groups, soldiers in the third group will be permitted to rent them on the same rental scale as that set for civilian defense workers.

## GENERAL

MORE slang. Snow Whites are nurses, Attic Cleaners are aspirin tablets. The Iron Inn is the hoosegow, a G. I. Mickey Finn is castor oil and the Zombie Meat Wagon is a military police truck.

SERGEANT GEORGE RUSSEL the Panama Canal Zone's F Field, started something when h pealed through this department f ters from girls in the States. Mor two thousand letters fluttered do way for distribution among his b in the 6th Headquarters and Hea ters Squadron, and all those cont names and addresses (many didn't promptly acknowledged. Two groups in Panama seem to be all a similar enterprise. Raymond writes: "As badly as Sgt. Russell a gang need help, we need it even Rio Hato is a flying field about e five miles in the interior of the j The only real break in the mo and heat of the day is the soul-in Mail Call. There are 4,000 me who would be in the heights of if they had the opportunity to spond with the girls back in the S His address is Headquarters and quarters Squadron, 9th Bomb care of Albrook Field, Rio Hat public of Panama. Corporal Eug Peterson, Battery G, 4th C.A. Coast Artillery Construction Rio Hato, and his pals are read And the only thing we can say lads at Fort Knox, at the U. S. Academy and at other posts from we've had pleas for letters from that this column can't hope t with the correspondence probl soldiers who, although they n hundreds of miles from home, a within the continental limits a around the corner from som sister.

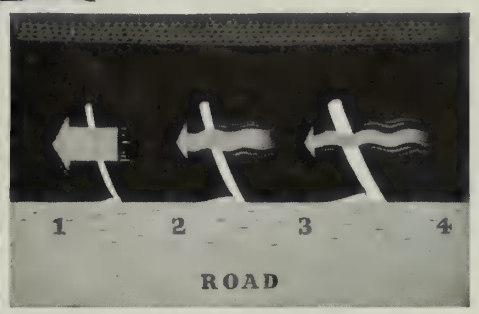
NOW that we've instigated a p riot we're clearing out for th parative peace and quiet of the ana maneuvers—and chiggers.



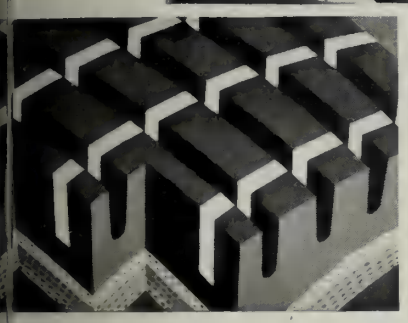
# Striped for Action

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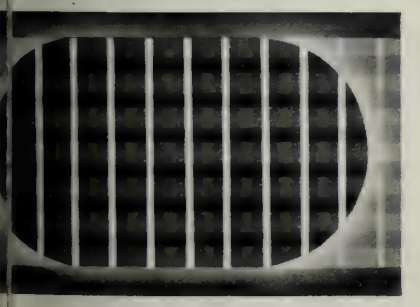
**SUREFOOTED** and husky as a star ball-carrier is the new *Fisk Safti-Flight Tire*. Hundreds of tread blocks in the *Safety Stripe Tread* are always ready to go into action to help you stop, start, and hug the turns—while the smooth, silent ride of its continuous 7-rib design gives you many more miles of safe driving.




**MORE GRIP.** The instant brakes are applied, block #1 grips pavement; block #2 piles up against block #1 and grips; block #3 jams against block #2 and so on, in a continuous wedging, squeezing, gripping action that stops you quicker! (Note how strips of soft white cushion rubber, inlaid the full depth of non-skid tread, link the blocks together firmly, yet permit extreme flexibility of movement!)



**STRENGTH.** The independent spring action tread block, absorbs small road bumps, protects against outside bruises. Inside the tire, anti- cotton cords, safety-sealed in pure latex, re- th temperatures generated by constant flex- e greater protection against blowouts! (The light Rayon, at extra cost, runs even cooler, less vulnerable to blowouts at high speed!)



**MILEAGE.** Smooth-rolling, silent Fisk light Tread puts more rubber on the road, ot print above), distributes weight over a area to give you a big gain in mileage. thicker under-tread makes possible effec- grooving after the original tread has worn —important when you are looking for tires ill last safely for a long, long, time.




t 1941, United States Rubber Company

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THERE IS NO SENSATION ON EARTH quite like that when your tired body sinks gently into a Beautyrest. Your aches and weariness seem to float away . . . you become instantly, completely, *blissfully* relaxed. No wonder the buoyant support a Beautyrest gives you has been called the "supreme thrill of *luxury* comfort."

# *Things you probably never knew about a mattress*



**1. Springs are joined in the ordinary mattress.**

Mattresses may look alike—but there's a vast difference in the *comfort* they give. That's because comfort depends on the kind of "*insides*" it has. And there are two main types of mattress insides.

This is the "ordinary" type. As you see, the springs are joined together. When you push one down, others around it must go down, too. Thus, the mattress must *slope* toward the spot where your greatest weight lies—give you "sag" support.



**2. But Beautyrest's 837 coils act separately.**

Each one of Beautyrest's 837 coils is like a tiny mattress in itself. Set in its own cloth pocket, each coil yields separately and independently to every whim of your body. That's because it's *not* joined to its neighbor.

And that's why Beautyrest gives you *buoyant* support. However you may lie or turn, your body is *cradled*—evenly, completely, naturally. That's the secret of Beautyrest's *luxury* comfort!



**3. Sit on a Beautyrest all you want!**

Thanks to a patented "sag-proof" border, the edges of the Beautyrest can never break down. Sit on them all you want. Those deep, deep sides stay firm and even and resilient.

Lumps and hollows just won't form on a Beautyrest, either. So, the whole mattress stays smooth and neat-looking throughout its long, long life. That's why you have to turn your Beautyrest only 2 or 3 times a year!



**4. This 10-year guarantee is conservative!**

If any structural defect occurs within *ten f* your Beautyrest will be rebuilt free of Which is a promise you'll probably nev hold us to. For these are the findings of a independent laboratory:

The United States Testing Company the 17 leading popular-priced makes on th tress Endurance Machines (Cert. Test No *No other make lasted one-third as long as Be*



**5. Why Beautyrest stays "fresh" inside.**

Some mattresses will get stale and musty in time. Not the Beautyrest. The ve around its deep sides are not just ornamer really *ventilate*.

Prove this to yourself. Put your hand of these openings as you sit down on a Be You'll feel the air come breathing out. As you'll feel fresh air being drawn back in the mattress fresh and clean and sanitary




*This is the Beautyrest label.*

**6. Beautyrest costs only a penny a night!**

Different from other mattresses, the Bea always the same price *wherever* you g (within the United States).

The Beautyrest is a *real* bargain at t Figure it out for yourself. On our con 10-year guarantee alone, it comes dow *a penny a night* . . . for the most luxuriou comfort known to man! Is that a bargain

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spr

# Mercator Island

Continued from page 20

es good old Oscar. Help him with picnic hamper, will you, Bob?"

scar was coming up the path from beach, grunting and puffing beneath avy load. He carried a canvas pack- on his back, filled with canned ls and bottles. There was a rifle g over his shoulder, in one hand he a heavy suitcase and in the other a ic hamper.

Why," Mrs. Kingman said, "Oscar s like Santa Claus."

Good old Oscar," said Mr. Kingman, t like Santa Claus. Not that bag, , the other—the picnic hamper. ll try the house first." Mr. Kingman ed at Oscar's canvas packsack. "Ah, e bottles of Ruedesheimer. We can them in some spring. They may e us sleepy after lunch, but then at is so rare as a day in June'?"

EY were all in a little group in that earing near the pier, and Bob Bolles embered later, when he tried to re- struct the scene, that Mr. Kingman's had been fixed on the tangled vines bushes in front of him, until he had nined the wine that Oscar was car- g. When he had turned to look at wine bottle his head had moved ways away from the beginning of old road which led from the dock. road was nothing but a grassy trail wound beneath a gigantic candle- d whose heavy roots ran through the s like enormous hands. Suddenly Bolles saw Oscar's body stiffen.

Achtung," Oscar said sharply, —" and Bob remembered later Oscar had never spoken a German d before. Suddenly Oscar was not wede but a German. Mr. Kingman whirled about before Oscar could finish and Bob Bolles turned too, moved by that sudden urgency in Oscar's voice. A moment before there had been nothing on the path but now beneath the cool black shadow of the candlewood, not twenty feet away, a small man in a grass-stained white suit was standing, holding a short, blunt automatic pistol.

"Please," he said sharply, "Mr. Kingman, please." His last word ended in a gentle persuasive hiss, and before he spoke Bob Bolles recognized him. It was the Japanese from Kingston—Mr. Moto.

There was a silence—a strange, shocked, stony silence. Bob Bolles was standing just a pace behind Mr. Kingman, so that Mr. Kingman's silk coat, his pith helmet and his shoulders were like the foreground in a picture beyond which were the glade and the candlewood and Mr. Moto. He could see Mr. Kingman's muscles beneath the coat taut and absolutely motionless. Mr. Kingman was holding his rifle ready at his hip, but the line of its slender, dark barrel was a little off the mark, although an instantaneous flick of Mr. Kingman's wrist would bring it bearing straight on Mr. Moto's body. An almost imperceptible motion, a pressure on the trigger—and there you were.

Yet Mr. Kingman waited and Bob Bolles knew what he was thinking, as he watched the back of Mr. Kingman's head. He saw a little bead of perspiration roll down Mr. Kingman's neck. He could not see Mr. Kingman's eyes, but he knew that they were boring into Mr. Moto's eyes and Bob knew that any moment something might break that perfect equilibrium of time. Mr. Kingman was standing there, figuring it to a hairbreadth. He was estimating his chances if he moved and fired and Bob Bolles was completely sure that no consideration was disturbing Mr. Kingman, except the possibility of success. Then Mr. Moto spoke again.

"Please," Mr. Moto said, "no reason for this now. Later perhaps, but not now, please," and suddenly he smiled. "If we start it will be so very, very difficult. So few of us will be left."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, "do you think so?" His voice was unshaken, almost unchanged.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Moto said, "I think so. It is so nice when number one people meet on missions. You and I we are first class. We are thinking of the end. I was so relieved when I knew it was you, Mr. Kingman. Please, it is better to wait, for now so few of us might be left that nothing could succeed for any of us."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman asked, "what makes you so sure?"

The gold in Mr. Moto's teeth glittered again. "There was a combination so very like this in Singapore," he said, "an associate of mine was so impetuous. He shot before he thought, so much better to think."

Mr. Moto paused, but he had not moved his dark, narrow eyes from Mr. Kingman's face. "I have been waiting for some minutes for this chance to talk. I could so very, very easily have shot you from cover, Mr. Kingman, but I think this way is better."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, "why is it?"

"I am not an airplane mechanic, Mr. Kingman, and you are," Mr. Moto said. "So much better that we work together."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, "so that's it, is it?" But neither of them moved.

"Yes, please," Mr. Moto said. "I should be so sorry. If you move now I think that I should kill you before you have your rifle pointed. In the meanwhile the other man with the bags, he would have a shot at me of course. It is so very dangerous. Do you see? We might be so very much hurt that there might be no result for any of us. So too bad, Mr. Kingman, after so much trouble."

THE tension about Mr. Kingman's shoulders relaxed. "I can see your reasoning," he said. "What do you suggest?"

"That is so nice," Mr. Moto said. "I was so sure it would all be so happy. It would be so much nicer if we could make some arrangement for a little while. I should be so honored to take your word—to do nothing for ten minutes."

"Well," Mr. Kingman said, "all right. There isn't any hurry."

"So nice to be working with nice people," Mr. Moto said.

Mr. Moto put his pistol in his pocket and Mr. Kingman put his rifle in the crook of his arm.

"It was careless of me," Mr. Kingman said. "I should have seen you. I thought I was better in the bush. All right, Oscar. So that was you on the boat last night? She wasn't anchored here."

Mr. Moto took a purple handkerchief from his breast pocket, took off his Panama hat and wiped the band. "Excuse, please," he said. "So very hot, I think."

Mr. Kingman also took off his sun helmet and mopped his forehead. His eyes were coldly blue, but his voice was unruffled and agreeable.

"I was looking for that confounded motorboat," he said. "You did it very



"Please put your necktie in. You'll give the school a bad reputation!"

FRITZ WILKINSON




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well. I'm not generally so easy to—to get a drop on. I knew you were on the job, of course. You Japs get nearly everywhere these days, don't you? You almost picked Mrs. Kingman off in Kingston, too, didn't you? I wasn't quite ready for that either."

Mr. Moto gave the crown of his hat a gentle pat.

"It was an effort, please," he said. "You were recognized when you got off the boat. The English police were quite stupid, I think. But, please, it was not to pick Mrs. Kingman off. Simply to extract the location. We knew she had it, please."

"I see," Mr. Kingman said. "I wonder if you tried the factory in the States."

Mr. Moto nodded. "Just as you did, Mr. Kingman. It was too well guarded, was it not?" He walked toward them, fanning himself with his Panama. May I introduce myself, please?" he asked. "So much nicer," but Mr. Kingman looked puzzled.

"Have I ever seen you anywhere before?" he asked.

"So sorry," Mr. Moto said, "only for so little time. Ha-ha, the Japanese they look so much alike—Vladivostok, in 1934, and then in '38 in Berlin."

Then Mrs. Kingman spoke. "Why, Mac," she said, "that year—what were you doing in Berlin?"

"My dear," Mr. Kingman said gently, "never mind it now," and Mr. Moto bobbed his head.

"I am Mr. Moto," he said. "So very honored to represent the interests of my government, so glad to be acquainted, Mr. Kingman, and the lady—she is German? So sorry she is here."

"German?" said Mrs. Kingman sharply. "We're French from the Vichy government."

"Oh," Mr. Moto said, "I understand. I had always heard that Mr. Kingman worked for himself—not for any government—and then sold. So very businesslike—" and he bowed again, and Bob Bolles found himself wishing that he would not keep bowing. "I am sorry, very, very sorry you are here, Miss—" Mr. Moto paused and waited. "So much better if you had stopped in the silk shop." Mr. Kingman shrugged his shoulders.

"She is Mrs. Kingman—just at present," he said, "and that's my man Oscar working with me, and this is the skipper from my boat," he jerked his head sideways toward Bob Bolles. "Now you've got us straight, if you hadn't before."

MR. MOTO was still smiling, but there was no humor in his eyes when he looked at Bob Bolles. "An American," he said. "Yes, we've met. So very sorry he is here. We are searching for the same thing, of course."

Mr. Kingman's voice was suddenly sharp: "You haven't found it yet?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Moto gently, "but I am very sure it is here."

"Look here," said Mr. Kingman, "would you mind telling me how you found this island? I thought our information was exclusive."

"Yes," said Mr. Moto, "no reason why I should not tell you. I was sent to watch for you in Kingston after we tried the factory—so unpleasant at the factory. When I saw you take your boat I took a plane and watched your course. When I saw where you were pointed, I was so sure, please, where you were going. There was no plane to charter for the distance, without disturbing the police. I hired a motor cruiser in Kingston. It took me two days. The English are so very suspicious. We landed here early this morning."

Mr. Kingman drummed his fingers softly on his rifle stock. "Where is the crew now?" he asked.

The smile died out of Mr. Moto's face. "So sorry," he said. "It was better to send the boat back. I wanted no inside interference please. I am a scientist searching for butterflies."

"All right," said Mr. Kingman. "How are you planning to get back?"

"I shall arrange it later," Mr. Moto said.

Mr. Kingman laughed. "You don't think I'm going to take you, do you?"

Mr. Moto sighed and shook his head. "It is what I say," he answered, "this is so very serious. My trouble is that I am not a mechanic, Mr. Kingman. I am hoping so very much that we can work together to find an airplane which the French vessel the Aquitane left here. Mrs. Kingman, I think, brought you the information it is here. I hope to take from it the important new appliance and to find from you or Mrs. Kingman exactly what it is."

Bob Bolles rubbed the palms of his hands carefully on the sides of his duck trousers and he felt his heart beating in his throat.

"I see," Mr. Kingman said, "there is only one trouble Mr.—Mr. Moto."

"Yes," said Mr. Moto, "what is that?"

"I want it myself. I'm on a specialist job—you see."

Mr. Moto shook his head sadly. "So sorry," he said. "But one of us will have them, Mr. Kingman, in the end."

"And you're here all alone?" Mr. Kingman said. "You—you think you can tackle the whole lot of us?"

"So nice," said Mr. Moto softly, "so nice you understand."

"Well, thanks for telling me," said Mr. Kingman heartily. "You're a damned—damned cool customer." Mr. Moto looked slowly at the four of them, and then his eyes rested on Bob Bolles again.

"I can see," he said to Mr. Kingman. "why you brought the lady, for she no doubt has special information, but for this man who sailed the boat—I do not think it was wise of you. I am surprised to see him here, very much surprised."

They were all looking at him and never in his life had Bob felt so entirely alone. Mr. Kingman was half smiling, half frowning as though the remark annoyed him. Oscar licked his lips as though they were dry, but what alarmed him most was Mrs. Kingman. For the first time that morning Mrs. Kingman looked afraid.

"Mac," she said quickly, "you promised me. There isn't any need."

"Of course there isn't," Mr. Kingman said heartily. "Bob here is as right as —as rain, and Bob will back me up. It's four against one, Moto."

MR. MOTO'S face was wooden and expressionless. His voice was monotonously precise.

"So sorry," he said. "I think the lady might walk away for a moment. It would be nicer, I think."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Kingman asked. "No need to go, Helen."

"I say again, so sorry," Mr. Moto said. "Do you not know this man is formerly a lieutenant in the Navy of the United States?"

"Of course he was," Mr. Kingman said. "I know that, Mr. Moto. And he was—was busted out of it. He's a—harmless drunk, excuse me, Bob. He's being paid enough so he'll be happy for two years. It's all hunky—hunky-dory."

"What is that word, please?" Mr. Moto asked.

"Hunky-dory," Mr. Kingman said. "American slang. It means everything all right."

"Thank you," said Mr. Moto. "Your English is so very good, Mr. Kingman. I have studied at an American university and I do not speak so well. I am sorry."

"For Pete's sake," said Mr. Kingman, "don't keep on saying you're sorry. You're sorry for what?"

"So sorry for Mr. Bolles," Mr. Moto said. "Excuse me, you were not ve



**"They hired a detective to guard their wedding presents, and then all they got was doilies"**

WILLIAM VON RIEGEL

ful. Do you know where Mr. Bolles
t after you saw him, Mr. Kingman?
why I am sure it will be so much
r for us to work together."
No," Mr. Kingman said. "Where did
o?"
r. Moto rubbed his hands together
y.
He went," Mr. Moto said, "straight
he hotel. So sorry for you, Mr.
es. And there he called on the of-
of the United States destroyer the
dley, and that is not all, please.
Smedley is inquiring for the French
el the Aquitane. So sorry."

E wrinkles on Mr. Kingman's face
eepened. He did not speak for a
nent, and Bob had never been so
cious of every personality.
Mac," he heard Mrs. Kingman say,
Mr. Kingman shook his head at
and Bob saw Mr. Kingman's fin-
move toward the lock of his rifle.
Please," Mrs. Kingman said, "*please,*
:"
Helen"—Mr. Kingman's voice was
genial and pleasant—"you know me
enough not to say 'please.' You are
e right, Mr. Moto. You're a nice
Bob, but it's the—the game, isn't
You today, Mr. Moto or me tomor-
Helen, go down to the beach. We
call you in a few minutes. Who
l it be, Mr. Moto, you or me?"
Ir. Moto pulled out his purple hand-
chief again. "Since it was your over-
t, please," he said, "it would be so
h nicer for you, Mr. Kingman, un-
of course you are too friendly."
Oh, well," said Mr. Kingman, "I was
ned stupid. Go down to the beach,
en. You wanted to pick up shells."
ut Mrs. Kingman still waited. When
spoke again Bob had a feeling of
itude that shook him, but it made
for the first time really believe in
t was happening.
But both of you were wrong," she
l. "Look at him. He isn't one of us."
Oh," Mr. Kingman asked, "what
es you say that, Helen?"
ven then, when all sorts of thoughts
e running through his mind, Bob
les was impressed by a discordant
lity in her voice.
How can one explain a matter like
t?" she said, and even her accent
different. "One can tell if one has
n in the profession. Why, one can
t out the others like us in a crowded
et. I saw it in your face even before
et you. Why, anyone can read it on
Japanese."
Madame has so very much intui-
n," Mr. Moto said.
It's the everlasting lying," she went
as though she had not heard, "the
rlasting trying to laugh and to smile
en you're afraid, the watching and
danger. I have talked to Mr. Bolles
l he hasn't it in him, not the per-
ality nor the capacity."
Then Bob Bolles spoke for the first
e. He must have been afraid—he
s certainly afraid—but he still could
get it through his mind that he was
person who was standing there.
That's right about my personality.
e experts say there's something
ng with it."
Mr. Kingman smiled sympathetically.
seemed politely, mildly interested.
So very nice to talk so," Mr. Moto
d. "It shows your personality is very
e."
No," said Mrs. Kingman, "it isn't
t. Can't you see he's too honest?"
My dear," Mr. Kingman said, "this
't like you, Helen, to give away to
otion. Or are you emotionally in-
ested in Mr. Bolles?"
Her face became a dull red. "No,"
answered, "of course not."
Then you had better go down to the
ch," Mr. Kingman said, "—unless,
course, you want to stay."

"No," she said, "I don't want to stay," and she turned quickly, as though she did not want to look at any of them, particularly at Bob Bolles, and walked past the palm-leaf huts toward the beach. They stood there waiting until she was out of sight.

"Too much emotion," Mr. Kingman said. "She is very good, but it is the difficulty with women. You are to be congratulated, Bob. You seem to have got further with her than I have."

It was only when he saw her walking away from them that Bob Bolles felt his first wave of panic. He had a sudden choking desire to run, to take the chance and to plunge into the bushes, and perhaps they hoped he would. He always thought that he would have run for it if Mr. Moto had not spoken.

"If you have any messages, please," Mr. Moto said, "we should be so very glad. So customary with all of us."

Mr. Moto's voice steadied him. He put his hands in his pockets so that no one could see that they were shaking and he cleared his throat. He had the most absurd desire that no matter what happened he wanted Mr. Kingman and Mr. Moto to think that he had done it well.

"There's just one thing," he began.

Mr. Kingman looked sympathetic and kindly. "Yes," he said, "go ahead, Bob. We don't want to hurry you."

It might not work, but if he could make them understand that they needed him, he might get out of it. He tried to keep his mind on that single point, although it was very hard to do, because his thoughts seemed to dart in all directions.

"This is all rather new to me," he said. "I guess everyone's been doing a lot of thinking. But have you thought who's going to sail that boat? You and Oscar can't do it, Mr. Kingman. You'll need a navigator to get out of here."

Bob Bolles felt his heart beating in his throat. There was no way of telling from watching them whether the idea was new or not. Mr. Kingman glanced at Mr. Moto. Mr. Moto's eyes grew narrow.

"So fortunate that I know navigation," Mr. Moto said.

"Perhaps you do," said Mr. Kingman. "That changes it a little. Perhaps you won't be going with us, Mr. Moto."

SUDDENLY Mr. Moto began to laugh. "It is funny," he said, and Mr. Moto laughed again. It was the perfunctory laughter or his race, which did not have much humor in it. It appeared to annoy Mr. Kingman.

"What in—in hell is funny?" Mr. Kingman asked.

"So amusing," Mr. Moto said, "how all life hangs on little threads, so very, very delicate. Let us put it this way, please," Mr. Moto raised one finger. "I did not kill you, Mr. Kingman, because you understand the airplane. You did not eliminate me, because there is as yet no chance. Besides if the Americans are coming we must all work together."

"If they were coming," Mr. Kingman said, "they would have been here before now. How about it, Bob?"

Bob Bolles shook his head. He had not the least idea where the Smedley was, but he could tell that things were looking better.

"I'm not telling, of course," he said, "even if I knew."

Mr. Moto raised another finger. "So serious," he said, "so very serious."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, "damn—damnation! I'm trying to think!"

"Yes," Mr. Moto said, "it is time to think. I am so sorry that I do not need him."

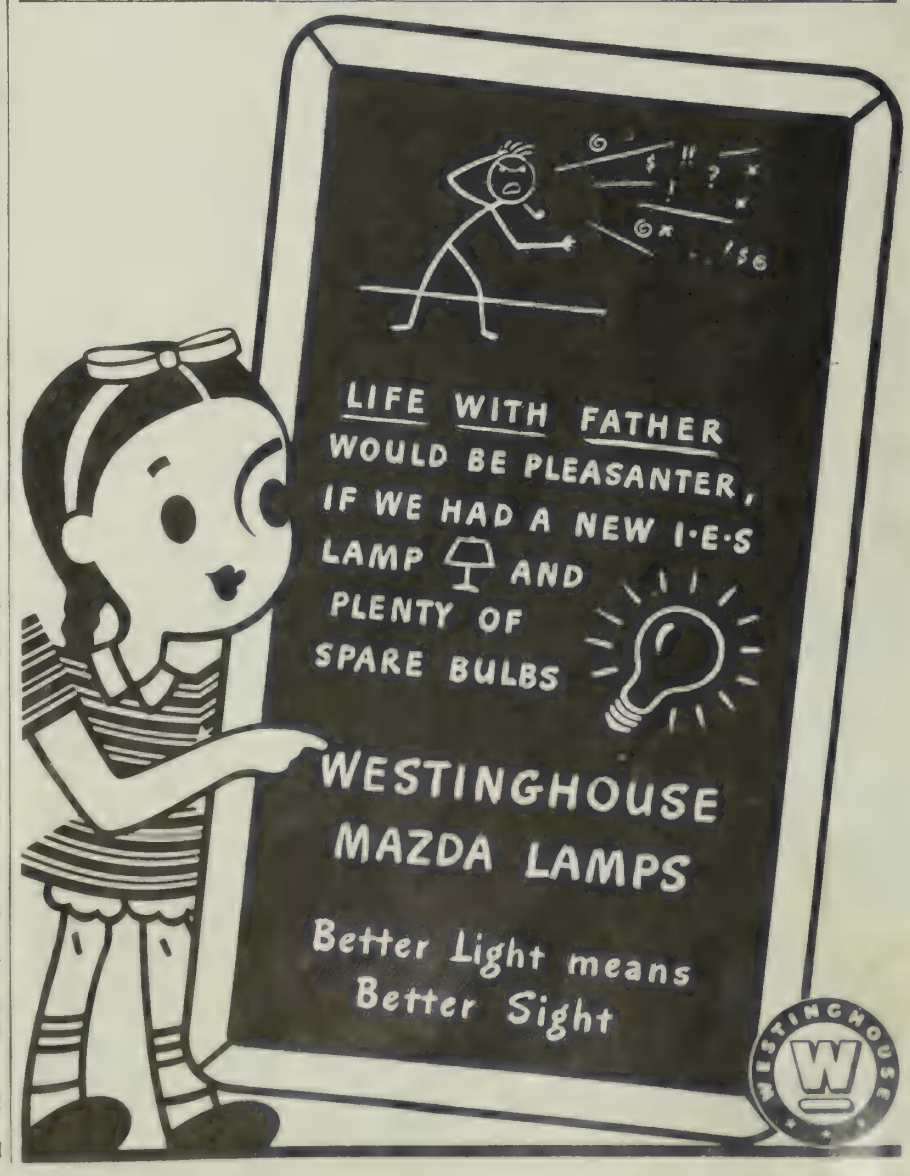
"Wait a minute," Bob Bolles said.

"Yes," said Mr. Moto, "yes?" And Bob Bolles grinned at him.

"Do you know the Caribbean well







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enough to get away if you're chased? I know nearly every harbor, Mr. Moto, in these waters. I know where to hide."

Mr. Moto expelled his breath softly between his teeth. "No," he said. "I had not thought of that—if the destroyer is on its way—"

Mr. Kingman moved impatiently. "Moto," he said, "maybe you and I'd better talk for a few minutes in private."

"Oh, yes," Mr. Moto said, "yes, I think it would be very nice."

Mr. Kingman beckoned to Oscar. "Take Mr. Bolles down to the beach with Mrs. Kingman, Oscar, and keep an eye on him," and then he smiled. "Goodby, I'll see you later, Bob."

"Please," Mr. Moto said, "just a moment, Mr. Bolles. If this man with you should try to leave you, perhaps to shoot at me, will you call me, please?"

"With pleasure," Bob Bolles said, and Mr. Kingman began to laugh.

"By—by jingo, Mr. Moto!" Mr. Kingman said. "You really do think of everything."

Once, several years before, Bob Bolles had been piloting a training plane when the motor inexplicably had gone dead. He was losing altitude fast when, equally inexplicably, the motor had picked up again and he had been able to level off, but those few moments never wholly left him. His half-mechanical, half-pathetic efforts at the controls always came back to him, while the certainty had grown on him that it was all over. When he heard the roar of the motor again, there had been a sort of nauseous, giddy weakness which in its way had been worse than that sense that he was through, and now the same feeling was with him. When he walked across the clearing toward the beach with Oscar a pace or two behind him, Bob Bolles thought for a moment that he might be physically ill. The trees and the little bay, everything was blurred. He felt a sharp prod in the small of his back. It was Oscar poking him with the muzzle of his rifle.

"Get on, you," Oscar said, and Bob Bolles realized that he had stopped walking without knowing it. His vision cleared and Mercator Island and the bay were back, lonely, warm and beautiful. He heard the faint breeze in the palms again and the humming of insects and the chattering of birds.

"ALL right," he said, "all right, Oscar," and he began to walk again, and the sea and the air, everything had a new beauty. The Thistlewood was still anchored in the harbor. He had never thought until then of human life as a factor in an intellectual problem which could be eliminated as easily as you crossed out a mathematical symbol with a pencil. He had never associated before with individuals who considered life in just those terms.

"You today," Mr. Kingman had said, "and Mr. Moto or me tomorrow." They were spies, the secret agents he had read about, but he had never seen a spy before. He had never considered before that he had led an immature, protected life, and now life was like walking on a tight rope across a chasm. Mr. Kingman and Mr. Moto had been so trained to it that they could move as easily as gymnasts in a circus, but he had not been trained to it, and now he was out on a wire balanced somewhere over the gap of infinity. Halfway across the clearing he stopped again and faced Oscar.

"Say, Oscar," he said, "how about rowing out to the boat and getting a drink? I need a drink."

"We go out to no boat," Oscar said, "and we get no drink."

"Oh, all right," Bob said, "but don't be so gloomy, Oscar."

He would not have lasted for a single minute if he had not known how to sail the Thistlewood. If Tom took the Thistlewood away there would be no reason for him at all.

"Go on," Oscar said. "Keep walking."

"All right," Bob said. "I was just thinking about something, Oscar."

He was thinking that Tom was within earshot, watching them from somewhere. He had only to shout for Tom and Tom would come. He only had to tell Tom to forget what he had told him to do, and there was no reason why he shouldn't, for none of this business was his funeral. Yet he knew he would do no such thing. He would have to go ahead and take what was coming to him.

Mrs. Kingman was sitting on a log with her back toward them, looking at the sea. She did not move when she heard their footsteps. She did not move until he spoke.

"Hello," Bob Bolles said. Then she jumped up very quickly. She made a queer sort of picture in her gaily colored beach attire, because the color only emphasized the deadly whiteness of her face.

"It's all right," Bob said. "They haven't got me yet."

"Why—" she began, "why—"

"Because someone had to sail the Thistlewood," Bob said. "Oscar's down here to watch me so I won't get away, and Mr. Moto's having me watch Oscar so he won't get away."

She reached out her hand to him and he took it and her fingers gripped his very tight.

"Oh," she said, "I've been so—so sick! I'd have done anything, but there wasn't anything to do." When he thought of Mr. Kingman's eyes, he knew that she was right.

"Why, you did everything you could," he said. "I guess I'm in a bad way, but I'm glad you're not married to him."

"You behaved so well," she said. "I knew you would. Of course I'm n married to a man like that—or to an one else. Are you still glad?"

"Yes," Bob said, "I am."

"If I'd been armed—" she bega "Where are they now?"

"Talking," he told her.

"Oh," she said, and she dropped l hand and turned to Oscar.

"Go and sit over by the bank," s said. "It's all right, Oscar."

"Yes, ma'am," Oscar answered, a he walked to the edge of the beach a sat down with his rifle across his kne

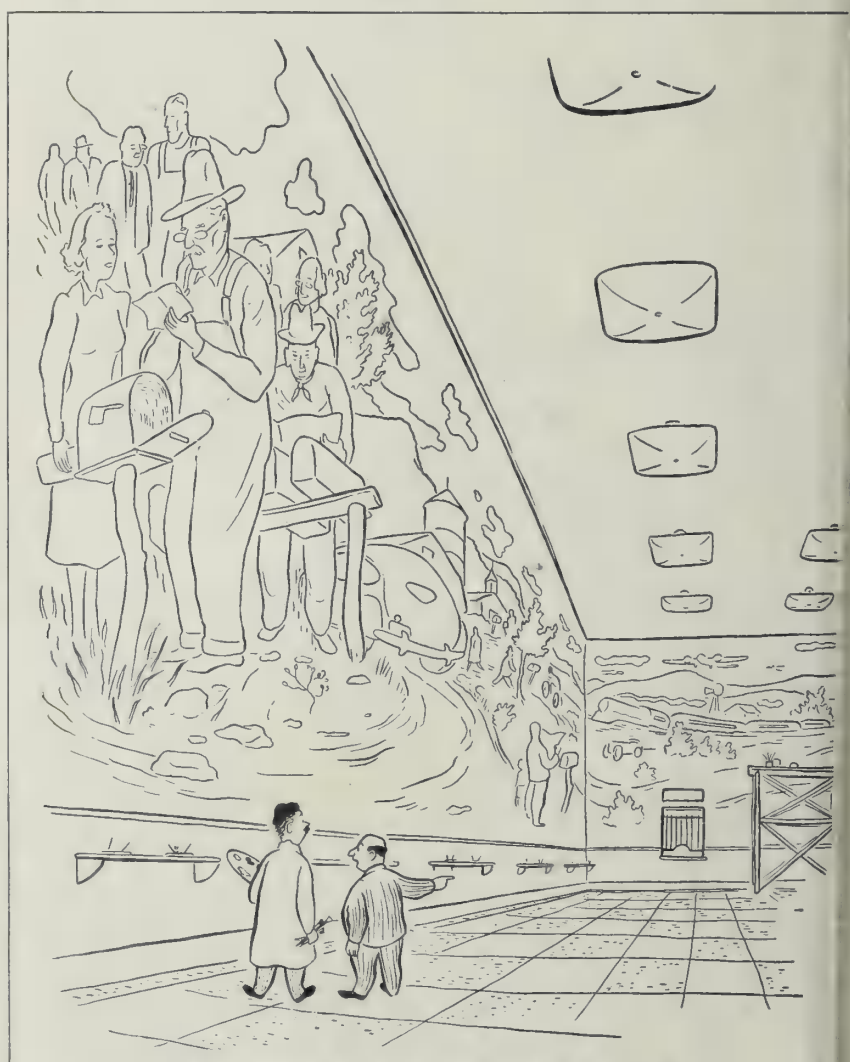
"We can talk," she said. "His Engli is very bad. I don't know where M picked him up. He's faithful and tha about all."

SHE had been shaken when he fi appeared but now she was entir different. It was as though she had herself away from any sentiment. S was beautiful, tranquilly beautiful, l now she had a new intensity, some p pose which he was sure had nothing do with him. She was looking tow the ruined pier, where he had left l Moto and Mr. Kingman, and her l were twisted into an enigmatic sm

"He'd better take care," she said. S was not speaking to him—she speaking to herself. Bob Bolles put thumbs in his belt. He had not yet l that sudden sense of gratitude that was still alive and his new appreciat of everything around him included l Somehow her disregard of him m him more completely conscious of than he had ever been before.

"Who are you?" he asked. His qu tion appeared to interrupt her train thought and first she looked almost patient at his interruption. Then looked straight at him, as though wanted him to have the truth whe he liked it or not.

"That's rather stupid of you," answered. "You must know who I



**"It's very nice, but what about that little sign you were to paint reading 'Stamps'?"** DAVID B. HUF

...rse, and it doesn't hurt for you to ... now. I'm a French national agent, ... a special government bureau in ... Now you don't like me any ... do you? Well, it doesn't make ... difference."

"...don't know whether I like you or ... Bob said. "I don't know whether ...ver known a spy."

...e laughed as though he had said ...thing amusing, but her voice was ...r. "You know one now," she said. ...not a nice girl for you to play with. ...se, you see—" she stopped and ...oice grew harder, "you might as well ... I'm the same as the rest of them."

..."ow do you mean?" Bob asked her. ...mean," she answered, "I'd kill you, ...s surely as Mac would, if it would ... In case you don't, I think you ... to know."

..."don't mind that," Bob said.

..."y dear," she said, "I just wanted ...to understand it. It seems fairer. ...said you loved your country. I ...mine. My mother was American, ...ny father was French."

..."nd Mr. Kingman?" Bob asked her. ...e French?"

..."don't know what he is. Partly Eng- ...partly Austrian, I think. He's a ...lance, but he's been employed for ...by our bureau. He's working with ...ow. At least," she hesitated, "as ...s I can tell."

...b Bolles did not answer and she ... right on, confidentially, as though ...were glad to speak to someone:

..."here's a part of this plane which ...gs to us, you know. There isn't ...reason not to tell you. We need ...ything we can get for bargaining ...oses now. We had definite word ...e the plane was left three weeks ... I was sent to New York to meet ...one," she hesitated, "a great friend ...ine, and then word came that Mr. ...man was to go here with me in- ...d." She stopped and dug her toe in ...white sand. She was watching him, ...her dark sunglasses concealed her ... "I was surprised. I did not like ...ry much, but it was orders. I didn't ... it then and I don't like it now."

..."You mean, you don't trust him?" ... asked. "You're afraid he may take ...r himself?"

..."Yes," she said slowly, "that's just ...t I mean."

..."That's why you wanted me to take ... here alone?" Bob asked.

..."Yes," she said. "And now I'm going ...sk you something." She paused and ...voice had become insistent.

..."Go ahead," Bob told her.

..."Will you help me? Quickly. They'll ...coming back."

...ER words were slow, but they were ...perfectly distinct. Oscar was watch- ...them, but he was nearly out of ...shot.

..."I guess you're right not to trust him," ...o said slowly.

..."I shall get it anyway," she said. "But ...ould be easier if you helped."

...Bob Bolles drew a deep breath. "I ...ss you're quite a girl," he said, "if ... want to tackle Kingman. I'd like to ...p you, but I can't."

..."Why not?" she asked.

..."It isn't anything personal," Bob said. ...guess I used to be pretty selfish once, ... I've learned a lot on this cruise."

..."Hurry!" she said sharply. "I hear ...m," but he did not hurry. He was ...king up his own mind as much as ...aking to her.

..."You've been fair to me and I'll be ... to you. I don't know what this thing ... but my people want it—America ...nts it—and I'm going to try to get it ...hat's all." It was not all. It seemed ...nge for his mind to go back to it. ... was thinking of Captain Burke on ... Smedley and of his fitness report.

..."I thought you'd say that," she said.

"All right," he answered. "I'm glad you thought so."

"But you can't," she said. "You mustn't. You don't know—"

"You're right there," he answered. "There's a lot I don't know." But he was learning more and more. He had learned a lot in the last hour.

"Be quiet," she said. "Here they come."

Her whole attention was centered on the path near the pier and she seemed to have forgotten him entirely. Mr. Moto and Mr. Kingman were walking across the sand toward them, side by side, like old friends. Then he heard her speaking to him again:

"Don't do anything. Don't try. People like us are only alive because we think of everything. Don't try, my dear. There's no chance for you at all." Then she called to them and waved her hand and Bob Bolles could almost believe that it was a pleasant party and that everyone was having a lovely time. Mr. Kingman and Mr. Moto were both smiling.

"WELL, well," Mr. Kingman said, "here we all are again and everything is—is jake. Mr. Moto and I have been having a most constructive talk." Mr. Kingman paused and looked beyond the Thistlewood to the reef where the waves were beating and farther on out to the blank horizon. "There is this problem, my dear," he went on, "of—of possible outside intervention. Under the circumstances Mr. Moto and I have agreed to pool our resources temporarily."

"Oh," Mrs. Kingman said.

"I hope you'll rely on our judgment, my dear," Mr. Kingman went on. "We have agreed to join in accomplishing the first part of our mission here. Mr. Moto makes only one reservation."

Mr. Moto smiled, placed his hand before his mouth and drew in his breath. "Yes," he said, "yes, please."

Mrs. Kingman pursed her lips. "I don't like it, Mac," she said.

Mr. Kingman looked hurt. "My dear," he began, "there is really no reason for this personal pique, but let us—let us skip it. Now, you, Bob, it's a little different for you. You're here with us only because you have to be. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Bob said slowly, "I understand," but Mr. Kingman still seemed anxious to be plain.

"I hate to hurt people when it's unnecessary," he said. "No trying to leave us. No—no monkey business, old man. You must count yourself as lucky."

"Yes," Bob Bolles said slowly, "I know I'm lucky, Mac."

Mr. Kingman gave him a friendly pat on the shoulder. "Then we're all—all okey-dokey?" he said.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Moto, "yes."

"And there's no reason why we can't be agreeable. Now, what we are going to do is this, my dear. The plane cannot have been carried far from this landing. Mr. Moto has not been able to look far. We have decided to try the house on the hill first. If it is not there we shall have a bite of lunch and then Mr. Moto and I can prowl about the grounds. It should all be in—in the bag in a very few hours. Don't you agree, my dear?"

Mrs. Kingman looked happy again. "Why, yes," she said. "Let's not keep standing in the sun."

"No," said Mr. Kingman, "we must—must speed it up. Heigh-ho, off to work we go!"

The suitcases and the hamper and the packsack were where they had left them. Oscar shouldered the pack and Bob picked up the hamper.

"Lead the way, Bob," Mr. Kingman said. "Heigh-ho!"

*(To be continued next week)*


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IF the strain of these strenuous times is tiring you out—if you wake up listless or logy—feel fatigued long before night—here is important news.

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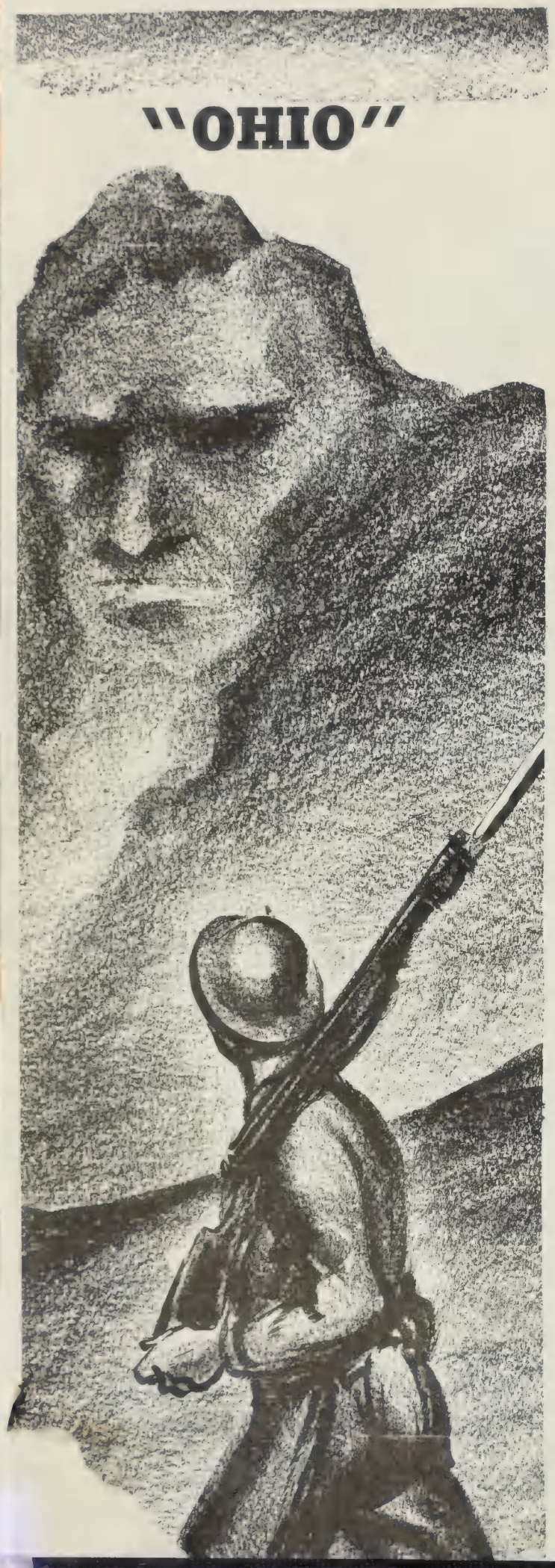
Ovaltine
THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

# Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY — Editor

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## "OHIO"

SOME people are much worried about the "OHIO" (Over the Hill In October) clubs springing up in the Draft Army camps, but our best guess is that it won't come to much. We have a notion that patriotism will get the better of most of the OHIOans when their year-long hitches are up, and that fear will keep the bulk of the rest from seriously considering desertion.

Any soldiers who do desert rather than stick around to serve the extra time decreed by Congress should be collared and handed the customary penalties for desertion in peacetime, without fear, favor or attention to the squawks of their congressmen. An army can be built only on discipline; and we've got to have an army, and a big one and a good one.

Having said which, we'd like to say a word for a little more public patience with the way the new United States Army is coming along. A year ago we were getting set to better Hitler's army-building achievement practically overnight. Now, with our American love of going from one extreme to another, a lot of us have taken to believing the worst of the gossip about morale in the camps, with trimmings of their own.

There is no doubt that the morale is bad in spots. But what is to blame for that, and who?

Well, for one thing, there were long y following the previous war when the gov ment pinched pennies on the Army and taxpayers approved. For another, a big a training in a democracy without a war to g bound to have holes in its morale. For a t the British are getting a lot of stuff whic Army would be getting but for the urgent ish need of it. That's okay; but real men like to go on indefinitely playing at war stovepipe guns and imaginary tanks. An a fourth factor, we started shipping the bo camp before we had a sufficient number o notch officers to train them. As a result, of the officers are pip-squeaks who don't as much as the noncoms—and all the under such an officer invariably and infa have his number.

The point is, though, that all these short ings are on their way to being remedied. impossible to build the world's finest arm year, or anywhere near the world's finest. the Regulars, the National Guards, the dr and most of the reserve officers on active are doing, we believe from considerable mation on hand, a better job than could re ably have been expected a year ago. about holding the faultfinding to a min for at least another year?

## Uncle Sam and the Unions

THIS change in the management of the shipyard has been brought about solely because of the unwillingness of this company to accede to the demand of the union that we should agree to discharge from our employ any worker, a member of the union now or hereafter, who failed to pay his union dues or otherwise failed to maintain his membership in the union in good standing. We could not conscientiously agree to dismiss our old, faithful and tried employes on such a ground.

The above is quoted from an advertisement inserted in various newspapers the day after President Roosevelt ordered the Navy Department to take over the Federal Shipbuilding and Drydock Co.'s Kearny, N. J., shipyard. It was not a popular order; and we believe the reason why it was not popular was that it put the government in the position of endorsing the closed-shop, or checkoff, system.

The checkoff is undeniably efficient from the point of view of any union's officers. It insures payment of union dues at the source of each member's pay check. But that isn't all it can do, and does in some cases. It can put a bad strain on the integrity of the said union of

Instead of keeping the union a thing to the members like to belong and from they feel they get their money's worth, t ficers of a checkoff union may, and som do, take to misusing union funds, cutting benefits, hiking up dues, tossing union to politicians or racketeers or using it t other unions, and so on.

Not every labor leader is a paragon of Some of the boys are rats by birth, so them merely never heard about co honesty—and the checkoff system is ri such boys' alleys.

Persuaded though we are that labor are necessary, we do think it is danger the government to back labor leaders i human efforts to take over industrial m ment bag and baggage. The American are quite capable of reversing this whol ess, and of taking away the legitimate as the illegitimate gains of labor under th Deal. There are numerous signs that th even now is turning in that direction.

## A Piece from Pravda

IN THIS war of liberation we shall not be alone. In this great war we shall have loyal allies in the peoples of Europe and America, including the German people who are enslaved by the Hitlerite despots. Our war for freedom will merge with the struggle of the peoples of Europe and America for their independence, for democratic liberties.

Pravda, government-controlled newspaper of the Soviet Union, made the above remarks in its comment on the historic meeting at sea of President Roosevelt with Prime Minister Churchill.

Not wishing to sour relations with the new ally, or anything like that; but it seems to us it would be well for Americans and Englishmen to paste this remark of Pravda's in their hats, or somewhere, for exhumation when and if the Allies beat the Germans and it comes t talk peace terms.

Will Joe Stalin be as charitable tow mocracy in that great day as he is in t when the two biggest democracies are to the help of his hard-pressed regime? he try to slip his Communist ideas in w in part into the peace treaty or treaties he go on subsidizing subversive Com groups in other countries; or will he su wholeheartedly to the Roosevelt-Cl doctrine that every country has the the form of government its people pref

Let's not forget Joe's kind words for racy in the summer of 1941. Let's remi of them, vigorously, when and if he sho of going back on them.

THE COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN WEEKLY—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

# Collier's

OCTOBER 11, 1941 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA



## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT on WAR . . AND AID TO DEMOCRACIES

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# Do You See Happy-Go-Lucky Bill?
# No! I See a Future Leader of Men.

## Why is he Such a Success?
## Because he wins People so Easily.

## His Smile is so Confident and Bright . . . thanks
## largely to his Long, Faithful use of Ipana and Massage.






*A Product of Bristol-Myers Company*

**Keep your gums firmer . . . your teeth brighter . . . guard against "Pink Tooth Brush" . . . with the help of Ipana and Massage!**

**Q.** *What, exactly, is "Pink Tooth Brush"?*

**A.** "Pink Tooth Brush"—a recurring tinge of "pink" on your brush is a signal of distress from your gums—a sign that they are weak and sensitive.

**Q.** *What have weak gums to do with bright, sparkling teeth?*

**A.** A great deal! In fact, the brightness and sparkle of your teeth...yes, and the charm of your smile...depend largely on the health of your gums. That is why you should give your *gums* as well as your teeth constant, every day care.

**Q.** *How can gums be given this proper care?*

**A.** Dentists everywhere recommend *daily gum massage*. For today's soft foods deny gums the natural work they need for healthy firmness. They must have more exercise—more stimulation—and massage provides that extra work.

**Q.** *What should be done about "Pink Tooth Brush"?*

**A.** See your dentist. It may not mean serious trouble, but only your dentist can decide that. He may recommend more work for your lazy gums. And like thousands of dentists, his advice may be "the daily stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**Q.** *Why Ipana?*

**A.** Because Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed to do more than clean teeth thoroughly, brilliantly. With massage, Ipana aids the gums to better health. That's why Ipana and massage is so effective in helping to keep gums healthier...in guarding against "pink tooth brush"!

**Ipana Tooth Paste**

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OCTOBER 11, 1941


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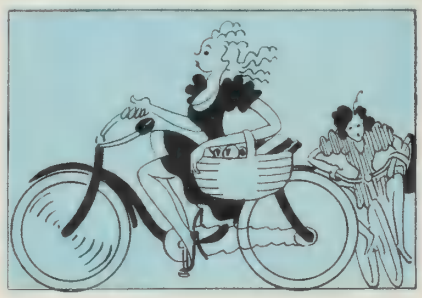
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**COVER** C. C. BEALL




# ANY WEEK

A NUMBER of ladies have written us of their intentions to make spiritual and physical profit of gasoline shortage and rationing. Their plans need a bit of co-ordinating and none has managed thus far to hook up with a national machine which would make the movement general instead of local. Most of them prefer anonymity at this stage, so we shall mention no names. But the general idea seems to be that the women of America should revive the old personal market-basket days and, instead of telephoning their grocers, butchers and other tradesmen to deliver the family's food, do their own shopping. We haven't the space to set it all out here but if all goes well our Main streets will soon be jammed with housewives on bicycles, on busses, on streetcars, lugging provisions for the family larders.



CERTAIN cynics—Mr. Brian Boru Dunne of Santa Fe, New Mexico, for example—will scoff. Mr. Dunne, an old friend of ours, writes that the art of walking is a lost one. He doubts whether the legs of the middle-aged housewife of these soft days would stand the relatively strenuous work of pedaling a bicycle to market and of supporting her from stall to stall after she'd got there. Mr. Dunne says that he can walk ten miles a day, and does so. For relaxation he flits around on a two-horsepower scooter that can do fifty miles an hour.

MOST of the ladies we've heard from admit that the ability of the American housewife to ride a bicycle or even a bus with a market basket on her arm may be quite a problem. Most of them, they admit, are overweight from too much telephoning. They don't know whether the housewife should reduce by doing her own marketing or take up reducing exercises before starting to do her own marketing. As we said at the outset, it's all pretty vague. In New Mexico, however, they have their eyes on Mr. Dunne. He has become so expert on his scooter that he can tie up a whole highway full of trailers, roadscrapers, storage vans, trucks and tractors and has hopes of seeing what he can do with a tank corps. We'll report any further developments.

HOWEVER, there is real reason to fear that our country is not wholly awake to the necessity for redoubled effort and greatly increased speed. Naturally, some error is bound to creep in—speed in an uncharted direction for example and increased energies expended in unexpected ways. We have a friend in the Civil Service Commission in Washington who tells us that the tempo in that hitherto leisurely bureau threatens to get out of hand. Hitherto when a memorandum was supposed to be expedited through the C.S.C. offices such paper bore the customary URGENT in large red letters. As things began to warm up it became VERY URGENT. Extra dash being desired, the words were changed to TODAY-URGENT. And still things failed to develop the desired zip. So now, hoping for the best, important memoranda fly from desk to desk bearing bigger and redder words—FRANTIC-URGENT.

AND two members of Congress, eager for some reason to avoid voting on the draft-extension bill, absented themselves from the House of Representatives that day. They engaged a motorcar and a colored chauffeur and treated themselves to a nice, invigorating ride into Virginia. They paused now and then for refreshment, after which they would get back into the car and discuss the draft law with renewed enthusiasm and increased vocabularies. Presently they stopped for supper, leaving the car and its driver waiting. The driver got into conversation with his mates and when asked about his employers he replied: "I dunno, boy, but fum what I hear them say they is big-shot draft dodgers." The other fellow suggested turning in the big-shot draft dodgers to the nearest authorities for a possible reward. "Boy," was the reply, "I would do it in a minute if it wasn't I aim to do some draft dodgin' myself when the man comes for me, provided I kin do it outside jail. My conscience won't let me squeal on brothers."

JIM MARSHALL and George DeZayas of this magazine's staff have been prowling our Western states in search of interesting nonmilitary items. They report a comforting sign on a café in Santa Maria, California: "Breakfast Twenty-four Hours a Day." Near by, another place had this notice posted on the wall: "You give us your car keys and we'll give you the fourth drink."

A FRIEND of ours who works in the Navy Department in Washington has just won ten dollars. As you know, all employees must wear numbered badges decorated with their photographs. Without these badges they cannot get into the department's offices and thus play hob with national defense. But our friend, who is no beauty, bet a fellow worker that he could insert any man's photograph in his badge and get away with it for at least two weeks. Being, as we have said, no beauty, he substituted for his own business a photograph of the truly beautiful Robert Taylor of Hollywood. He got away with it for three weeks. If he'd have been getting away with it yet had not the betting spread to other offices—even money that the guards would never get wise. Apparently it got as far down as the lobby who, after much scanning, called a friend. "Listen," said the lobby, "I finally caught up with our friend. It ain't a photograph of you. It's Clark Gable."

AND yet, in our opinion, the lobby set forth the true spirit of the thing. We'd offer anyone actually in Washington in that true spirit Mr. Tony La Correzza of Des Moines, Iowa. Mr. La Correzza's draft board had ordered him before it for possible induction into the Army, its members knowing Mr. La Correzza a number of years and concerning his family, his social status, his willingness to lay down his life and so on down the pleasant list. Finally the board had asked its last and most vital question it tried to wave Mr. La Correzza away for his physical exam. But Mr. La Correzza was not to be put off that. "So," said he, "you have asked about me. Now it's my turn to ask a few questions. What's your name?" When they informed Mr. La Correzza that cross-questioning by draftees was highly irregular he became impatient. "So it's irregular," he. "Listen, ain't a guy entitled to know something about the man he's working for?"



AND we see it again in a letter received recently by the Army Department from a young lady in Jacksonville, Florida. Writes she: "I and with a few girl friends I have received word that our boys need silk stockings we can spare. Please write and tell us what our boys do with our silk stockings. We have pairs ready to send if you will only tell us where they are to go. We are sorry that they have to wear cotton and some are mended, but they are for rough work. We are anxious to know what our boys are doing with them although we suppose it is a little late to send more no matter. Our motto is everything for our boys. . . ."


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**NT:** *Now ain't that just* too *bad! Think we ought to give him a hand?*

**AL:** *Naw! That's too strenuous. Let's just give him some good advice.*

**NT:** *Like "Switch to B. F. Goodrich"?*

**AL:** *Yeah . . . like that. But come on. First thing you know he'll be getting* annoyed!

* * *

*e new*
**SILVERTOWNS**

**ILVERTOWN.** Duramin longer wear, and top li-Flex cords make it han ever.

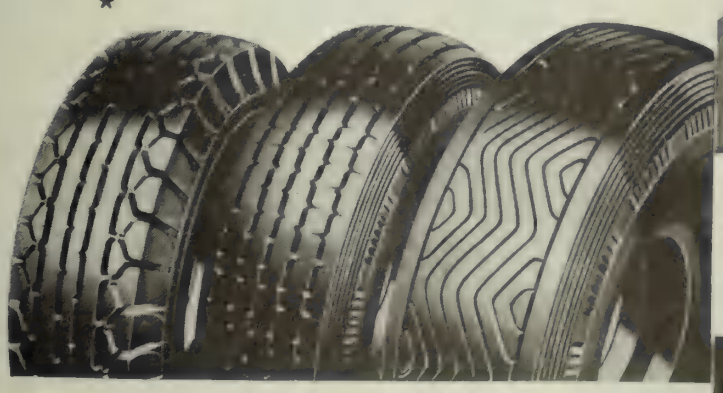
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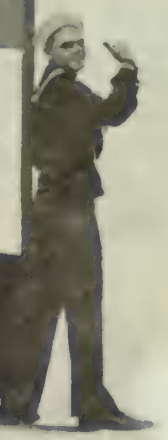
SOME PEOPLE go right out looking for trouble. Others like to avoid it—and *do* avoid it with Silvertowns. When you put these top-quality tires on your car, you do two big things. You give your family the fullest protection any tire can offer. And you help save rubber, too—the rubber our country needs.

A poor tire takes almost as much rubber as a Silvertown. But a Silvertown wears longer, makes the rubber go further. Every Silvertown is made with Duramin—the B. F. Goodrich discovery that gives tires thousands of extra miles.

Riding around on tires that are worn to the danger-point is foolish. Unnecessary, too. For Silvertown prices are still very low. Trade-in allowances are high. And, if you prefer credit, all B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Stores, and many Goodrich dealers, offer the Budget Plan.



Switch to
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FIRST IN RUBBER



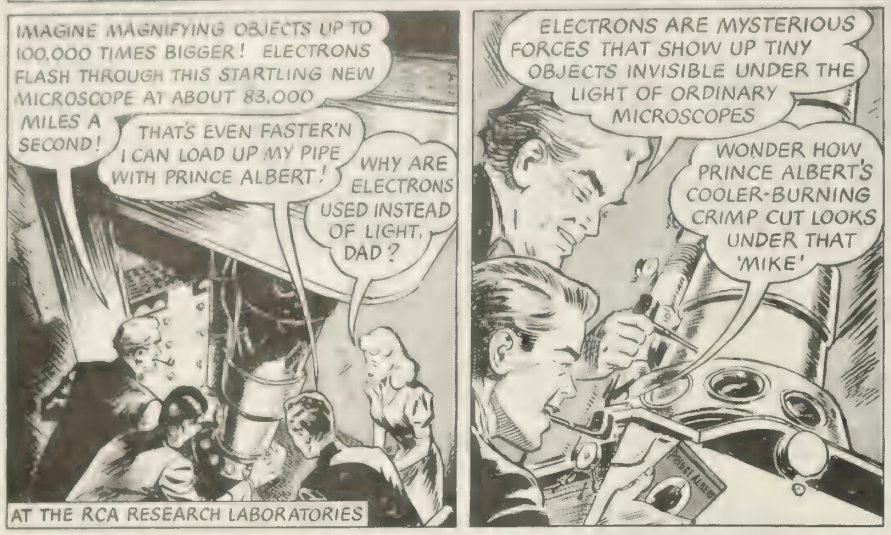
**SEE B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY**

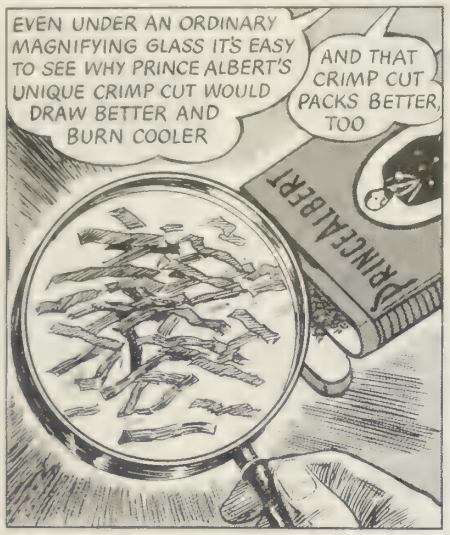
**AMIPOL,** *the first synthetic rubber used in automobile tires sold to the American public.*

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# WONDERS OF AMERICA
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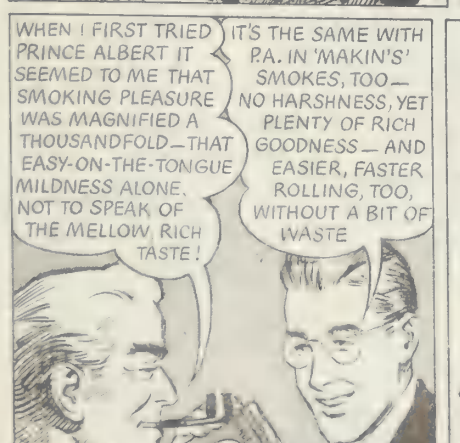


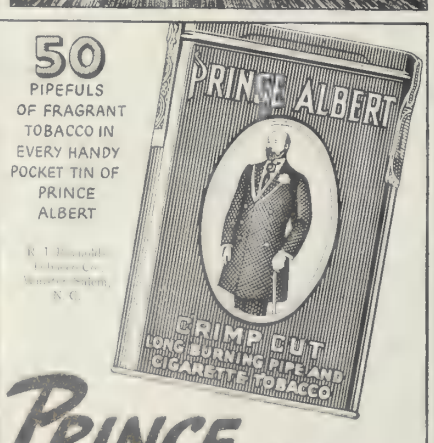




IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

**86 DEGREES COOLER**

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— *COOLEST OF ALL!*







50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT




**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE




# KEEP UP WITH THE WOR.D

## By Freling Foster

*Women* are usually cooler than men not only because of their lighter-weight clothing but also because of their lower metabolic rate and skin temperature. A recent series of scientific experiments reveals that, on the average, women's limbs are three degrees cooler, their arms four degrees cooler and their hands and feet five degrees cooler than those of men.

*A New York* company specializes in delivering checks by messenger in Manhattan at a charge of one and a half cents for local firms and two cents for out-of-town organizations. When checks number thousands at a time, the customers save sizable sums on postage and envelopes.—*By Billy Adler, Weston, West Virginia.*

*If* scientists, engineers and inventors had not made such progress in the past three hundred years in eliminating starvation, epidemics, floods, infant mortality and the other factors that constantly limited population through the ages, about three quarters of the people in the world today would be either unborn or dead.

*In* the days when sheriffs received most of their income from fees for official acts, such as serving summonses, graft was frequently derived from prisoners' food allowances. A few sheriffs, serving in populous counties, made as much as $100,000 a year. In one famous case, a sheriff who was given forty-five cents a day to feed each inmate in his county jail was found to be spending only eight cents of it for this purpose.

*A genus* of fresh-water crustaceans known as *Cypris* is believed to produce fewer males than any other animal whose young are brought forth by natural parthenogenesis, or the development of eggs without fertilization. One colony never produced a single male while under observation in a laboratory aquarium for over 30 years.

*Venice*, with its 118 small [illegible] connected by 378 bridges, [illegible] one of several large cities, [illegible] number of whose "streets" [illegible] terways. Among the oth[illegible] Ghent, built on 26 islan[illegible] nected by 207 bridges, and [illegible] dam, built on 96 islands co[illegible] by 290 bridges.

*The* Perseids, one of the t[illegible] cipal meteoric showers o[illegible] annually, is usually seen [illegible] August 11th and presents th[illegible] est celestial display of its [illegible] the Northern Hemisphere. [illegible] of the oldest meteoric sho[illegible] record, its first recorded app[illegible] having been 1,111 years ag[illegible]

*During* a recent tota[illegible] eclipse, an astronomer in th[illegible] Wilson Observatory, thro[illegible] use of a thermocouple, fo[illegible] the temperature of the m[illegible] 144° below zero Fahrenheit [illegible] lower than its temperatur[illegible] sunlight.—*By James H. D[illegible] Richmond Hill, New York*

*The* New York Steam [illegible] tion not only sells steam [illegible] and power to 2,500 large b[illegible] but also for miscellaneous [illegible] to laundries, Turkish ba[illegible] makers and contractors w[illegible] stone structures. An a[illegible] uses it to depict the vapo[illegible] from a cup of coffee on a F[illegible] sign and Metropolitan o[illegible] see it belch from the mou[illegible] dragon in Siegfried.—*By C[illegible] Siegferth, New York, New [illegible]*

*Despite* the fact that c[illegible] gists concur in the belief [illegible] flogging of a prisoner onl[illegible] his rehabilitation, such pu[illegible] is still permitted in the [illegible] tiaries of several state[illegible] them being Alabama and [illegible]

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# "YOU GET FAR MORE PLEASURE FROM RADIO AND RECORDED MUSIC WITH A PHILCO"




*.... Only Philco has them!*

THERE'S a brand new thrill in store for you when you first hear the 1942 Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph in your own living room. As never before, you find new enjoyment in your favorite radio programs, new beauties in your phonograph records.

For the first time, you hear *all* the music that's in the recording—clearly, brilliantly, unmarred by needle scratch. Philco's amazing "*Music on a Beam of Light*" does away with the nuisance of changing needles. Philco's *Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control* gives you absolute fidelity of pitch. Philco's convenient *Tilt-Front Cabinet* makes it unnecessary to lift lids or move decorations when you want to play records. Only Philco brings you these modern, up-to-date features!

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See the exquisite new cabinet designs at your Philco dealer's today. Ask about his liberal trade-in offer and easy payment terms.

**PHILCO 1013** (ILLUSTRATED ABOVE). An exquisite Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph in a beautiful cabinet of authentic Hepplewhite design. Permanent, floating jewel plays any record on a Beam of Light. Philco Automatic Record Changer with Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control. Gets all Standard and Short-Wave broadcasts plus Frequency Modulation through the exclusive Philco FM System. Philco Home Recording Unit optional. *Yours on easy monthly terms.*

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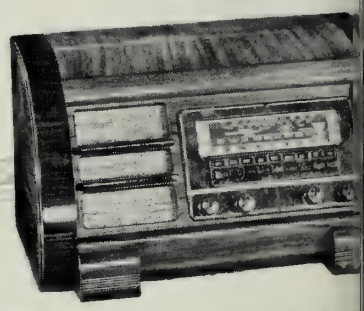
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**PHILCO TRANSITONE PT-94.** Beautifu cabinet in modern design. 5-tube AC-I gives amazing performance and superb t Power Output, Built-in Loop Aerial. Gets broadcasts. *Yours for only $18.50!*



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**PHILCO 380X.** One of the most p radios ever built! New Philco Doub materially reduces noise, increases se in Super Aerial system. 9 Electric Gets all Standard and Short-Wa Handsome, massive cabinet. *Easy*

PHILCO TUBES FIT A OF RADIO AND PO IMPROVE PERFOR

ollier's
E NATIONAL WEEKLY
OR OCTOBER 11, 1941

# MARTINET

## By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

**Cameron chose a profession instead of a woman, a choice that doesn't make a hard man grow any softer**

THE news came through from department headquarters to the regiment in the proper channel of Army paper work, and simply said: "John Joseph Cameron, Captain Seventh Cavalry, will report for duty to his regiment as of June 16th."

In the course of the routine day the adjutant brought the order to the colonel and was considerably surprised to see the old man grin, for the old man was one of those testy frontier veterans impregnated with alkali and saddle soap, magnificent, profane and humorless.

"Lessee," he said, "you don't know him. He's been on detached duty four years and you've only been with us two."

"I have heard of him, naturally," said the adjutant with discreet inflections.

The colonel said, "Ah," and nothing more, but the amusement remained as a dry pucker of mahogany wrinkles around his eyes.

Later the regimental sergeant major dropped the information to Shannon, who was F Troop's top kick, and Shannon carried it to the company clerk. "You'd better get your paper work organized, my boy, and you better have it right."

"A tough old bird?"

"He was a buck in the Civil War and rose through the ranks. A young man for two bars, bein' about thirty-seven. But you'll see—"

At this moment the first lieutenant of the troop came into the orderly room. "We'll check the mess-fund record carefully. Shannon, be sure everything's in good order in barracks. Tell the stable sergeant I want him at once. The captain will pull an inspection as soon as he arrives."

That same afternoon Captain Morton brought the news to his wife Margaret on officers' row. "Cameron's coming back, old girl." Then he gave her a glance which, though affectionate, contained its edge of wonder. "Brings up memories, I suppose."

"Have four years gone by already? I wonder how he'll look."

"Hard to imagine much change in him. Rock doesn't wear away."

"Detached duty must have eaten his heart. Nothing ever meant anything to him except field service."

"Field service and you."

She saw that behind her husband's humorous manner was an old doubt and she touched his arm and smiled. "It was a long time ago. He will revive no painful memories."

**"Everything that used to be between us still torments you?" she asked. "You have the same memories, don't you?" he said**



First call for retreat was then sounding across the bare, dusty length of the parade. Morton changed into his dress coat and plumed hat and moved out to take his company. From the porch Margaret Morton watched the ceremony of retreat but her mind was on Cameron and she was thinking, "How will he look and how will he act, and how will I feel when I see him?" She was a married woman with a three-year-old son, a seasoned Army matron turned dark by the wind and entitled to a serene mind; the turbulence and heartbreak of her courtship was behind her. Yet the thought of Captain Cameron was as a hard wind blowing through her. "He has seen many pretty women in the East," she reflected. "I will look very common to him," and she felt the sharpest regret.

CAPTAIN CAMERON got off the train at Bismarck and scouted the raw frontier village until he found a man willing to drive him to the fort. The wagon was then hitched in front of a saloon and as the captain tossed up his portmanteau he saw a trooper emerge from the saloon. This man's shirt was greasy and his forage cap canted far to one corner of his unkempt red hair. He was an Irishman with a pitted, beet-red face and he looked upon the captain in a way that was respectful and yet was not, and since anything unsoldierly offended the captain he paused at once. According to the insignia on his cap the trooper was of the Seventh, F Troop.

"Straighten up, there," said the captain. "What is your name?"

"Cooney," said the Irishman, and added "sir" with a sly delay.

"You have permission to be here?"

Cooney's eyes were a bloodshot green which, under the captain's inspection, seemed to turn faintly yellow with rebellion. "No, sir."

"Get back to the fort immediately," said the captain. The rig took him to the ferry and to the row of saloons sprung up just outside the military reservation. Here he crossed the Missouri, entered Fort Abraham Lincoln by the old Fort McKean gate and presented himself to the adjutant at headquarters. "Cameron reporting back," he said.

The adjutant said, "I am very glad to meet you, Captain," and extended a hand which was received by Cameron, given a curt shak and dropped. The colonel at that moment came out of his room. "Hello, Cameron. Nice to have you with us again."

"Relief to be here, sir," Cameron answered, and washed away all need of conversation by the single phrase. The adjutant, who prided himself on his military carriage, had his secret envy; for Cameron had the tou easy and plank-straight carria long-seasoned soldier. He was under six feet, with wide, sharp- shoulders and a cavalryman waist. His forage cap sat at rake on black, close-cut hair scar of a saber cut drew its sho track across the left side of h He was the spare-fleshed type blouse fitted flat across a flat b had very long legs and very lo and his clothes clung neatly to h eyes were dull-steel gray lac iron flakes and expressive of what violent spirit held in rest

The adjutant said, "You rank Seavers and therefore are en the house he and his family occ will, of course, push everybo down one house on the row. I s them all notice to move."

"Since I'm single," said C "I'll live in bachelor's hall, and turb officers' row."

"Very generous of you to for right," commented the adjutan relieved. Notifying eight ladies would have been a disagreeab

"As long as a man functi soldier," dryly commented C "what does it matter where A potato cellar would suit me

The colonel said, "Take o company, Cameron."

"VERY well, sir," said Cam left headquarters. The slightly confused the adjutan scarcely knew how to square tain with the previous tales heard of that officer's sense pline; and now he saw the f blance of a grin on the steel-trap mouth. Leaving t the adjutant reflected that men had a certain common bi quality, a kind of realism tha niceties of life out of account Cameron was then halfway a parade, a straight shape in th of dust and the yellow blas light. "The devil not quite thought the adjutant. "Th though, seems to respect hin

Captain Cameron went in derly room and found both h ants, the top sergeant and the clerk, waiting. The first lieute "Happy to see you back, Ca tried to keep the company u

"Very well," said Cameron the obvious pleasantries of th "You're top now, Shannon? Custis?"

"Killed last year, sir."

"I want to see the duty r

*(Continued on page*

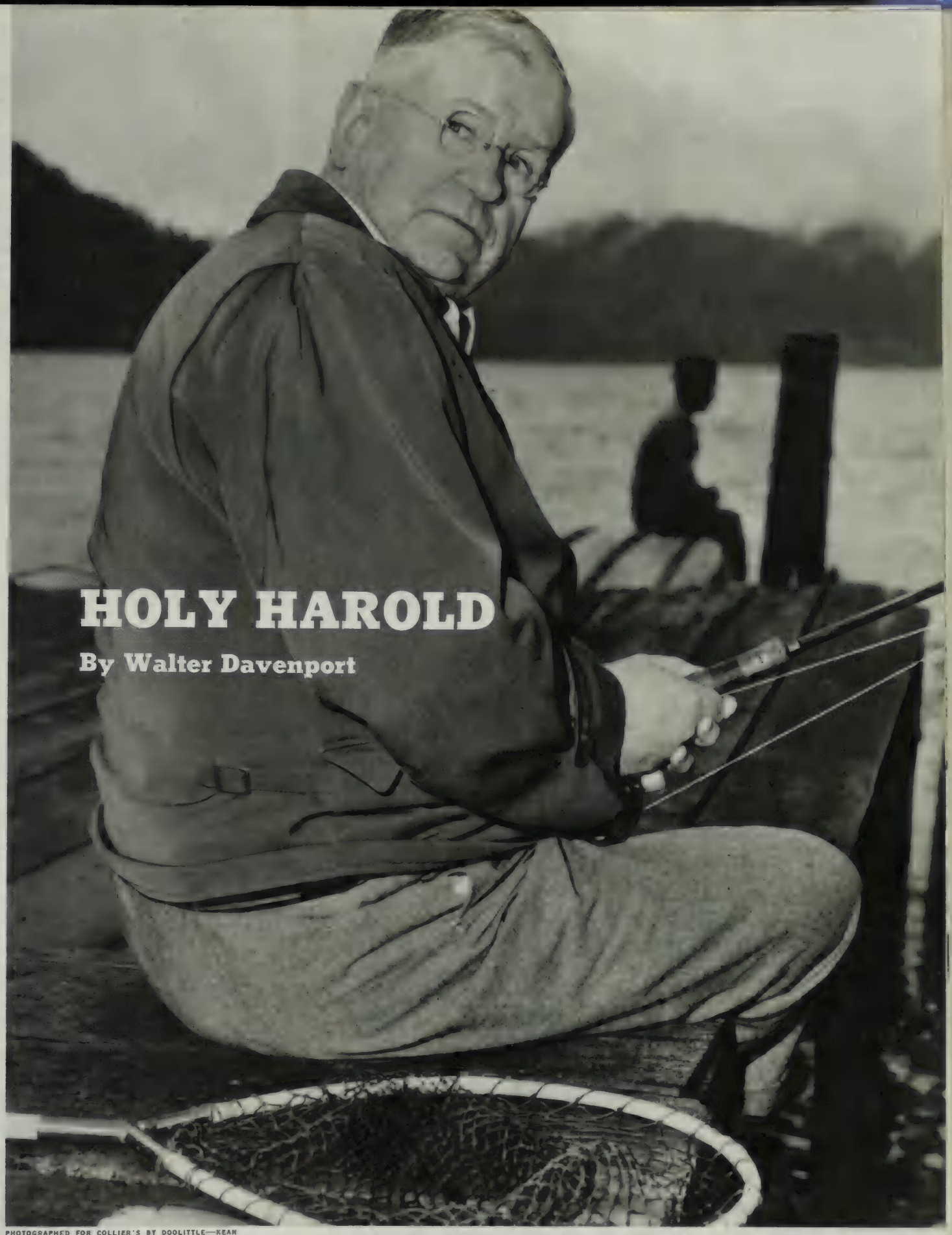


**He ran forward until he r rocks and he stood high a sun while his men lifted from the ground and came**

**arrel-chested badger of a , barb-tongued, aggres-ly honest, bitterly faithful, a passion for displeasing ellow man and an ingrown ed of Big Biz. Meet Mr. Ickes**

# HOLY HAROLD

**By Walter Davenport**



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY DOOLITTLE—KEAN

**The Secretary of the Interior, the Hon. Harold L. Ickes—sometimes referred to as Donald Duck—checks up on the fishing during his vacation trip to one of his National Parks**

FAR as diligent research reveals, the only man in American public life whom Harold LeClair Ickes scalded is Franklin Delano velt. Naturally, this survey has not d into those infrequent moments Mr. Ickes was saying nothing about anybody but was neverthe-oing some solidly sour thinking. so, the statement may be a bit There may be men and women ninence in our public affairs who ot been denounced at least once Ickes, but they are easily classi-Either Mr. Ickes hasn't heard of which is somewhat unlikely, or n't got around to them yet. He is busy man. And by his own ad-n he is only sixty-seven years old. ertheless, Mr. Ickes has done a comprehensive job of smacking he mighty. Understandably fear-t the day may be near at hand ne rolls of public characters may usted, Mr. Ickes has turned his on to the common herd, many n, to his dismay, have been going nple ways equipped with no par-reason for disliking him. To this personally distasteful situa-r. Ickes is now out to punish who start their motorcars too . Jack-rabbit drivers, he calls ut if they think that's the best es can do, they're badly deluded. flipped that off without rancor of yoo-hoo to see what they'd would fine and imprison motor-se cars belch smoke. Mr. Ickes o this to conserve the nation's and he wants it clearly under-at he desires no applause from ers who follow in the wake of ul burpings.

**ger and Better Unpopularity**

dition to many other bitterly nors and jobs, Mr. Ickes is 's petroleum co-ordinator. He ested the Atlantic seaboard's ations to hang up the hose at nd sell no more gas until 7 A. M. esn't conserve enough gas, Mr. oposes to issue gasoline-ration ereby leaving all other entrants icial unpopularity sweepstakes the post. Mr. Ickes would then irst ration-card issuer in the t war Cabinet, an energetically ter honor in Washington. At ent of this writing it had begun that the railroads might defeat in this laudable aim, by the as-y simple expedient of hauling st enough gas to make further hortages futile. Mr. Ickes has nything to say about that—as give him time. And when he it, the situation may or may arified, but you can count on 's feelings getting hurt.

Secretary of the Interior with over public lands and waters, l forests. In this capacity he's balloon barrage plus a couple ns of ack-acks. And nothing ress Mr. Ickes so much as to of that no skulduggery was within his jurisdiction. He is nistrator of the country's soft-uction and more than willing ation's administrator of elec-

**l not squander nine tenths of** our allotted space in lists of the more important persons who carry the Ickes scars, but offer a sample or two. Where it is clear that Mr. Ickes might have done better, one must remember that he is ever pressed for time and usually has to fire from the hip.

Of the late Huey Long, Mr. Ickes said he had halitosis of the intellect. General Hugh Johnson, himself no bum at vilifying, has mental saddle sores, if you believe Mr. Ickes. Being a columnist, an admittedly inferior breed of scavengers whom Mr. Ickes calls calumnists, the general got the other barrel, this time being called a one-ring circus. Mr. Ickes' dislike for columnists does not necessarily extend to columns. It is merely that he intensely hates to see this form of individual expression, public criticism and character assassination in inept hands. That at least one newspaper column might be first-class. Mr. Ickes all but accepted a side job of columning offered by Mrs. Cissy Patterson, publisher of the Washington Times-Herald. But Mr. Roosevelt was in one of his less enjoyable brawls with Congress at the time and requested Mr. Ickes to decline the offer, somewhat fearful that an Ickes column might not make fewer enemies for the New Deal.

According to Mr. Ickes the Honorable Martin Dies of Texas is an outstanding zany. Mr. Dies' comeback to that was comparatively weak, calling Mr. Ickes a crackpot. Mr. Ickes, unable to hear merit in Mr. Dies' wolf cries, called upon Mr. Dies to quit his committeeing. Mr. Dies offered to swap quits, suggesting that Mr. Ickes set the example and thereby demonstrate a hitherto unsuspected will to serve the best public interest. Mr. Ickes' reply was to the effect that Mr. Dies' perception of public welfare was woefully limited. Amid this uproar, the Honorable Al Smith of New York called Mr. Ickes Old Father Hubbard and Mr. Ickes begged the public to be slow in its condemnation of Al because, said he, Mr. Smith's mind was that of an insanely jealous man. Whereat Mr. Smith begged the public to look who was calling somebody a jealous man.

*(Continued on page 44)*

# West Coas
# Japanes

**By Jim Marsh**

**Which way would the th**
**sands of Japanese on our W**
**Coast cast their loyalty if**
**were to have war with Jap**
**That's the problem the Co**
**ers are trying to solve—thou**
**there isn't much to worry ab**



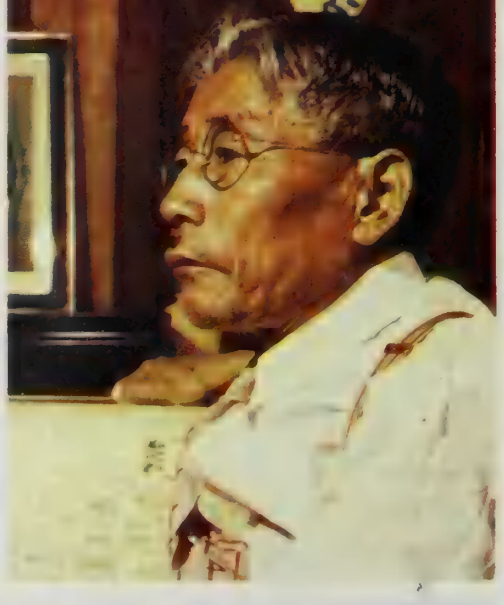
GEORGE DE ZAYAS



**Typical Sansei and Nisei—third and second generations of American-born Japanese—are Yoko Hirowaka and her dancing teacher, Fujima Kansuma. They're preparing for the big Nisei festival**

**American-born Mrs. Yasushi Sakimoto, left, is the wife of the secretary of the Japanese fishermen's association and is a leader in Japanese-American affairs**

**Issei, or Japanese-born, Jiusho Hiraga is editor of the influential South Coast Herald, pro-American Japanese-language paper**





WHEN the perennial quarrel tween ourselves and Japan into the growl-and-mutter a few weeks ago, nervous West C ers from Seattle to San Diego st looking under beds for slant-eyed and all the Japanese busted their dollar cameras and rushed arour the post office to buy defense bond spots there was an intensifying o boycott against Japanese goods; people fired their Japanese garde others stopped buying at Japanese and vegetable stands. The old menace" reappeared here and But no one got very much excitec

Least of all, perhaps, the U States Navy, which was, more anyone else, vitally concerned wit attitude of the Japanese and Japa Americans in Oregon, Washingto California. But before we look in Navy's reasons for comparative chalance let's glance at the situati the Pacific Coast. For years, the has had its Oriental problem, alt for a decade not much has been about it. Its basis was, of course nomic and rested on the fact that tals worked harder for scantier re and lived on a more lowly scale whites; and therefore upset, or t ened to, the West Coast way of l

The Coast idea always has bee Orientals can't be assimilated in life and can't become good ci This idea has resulted in the known fact that as a people we barred more than half the world coming to live with us. We barr the Chinese in 1882; Hindus an layans in 1917; Filipinos, exce fifty a year, in 1934. These barri almost forgotten, but the Japane clusion act of 1924 still is a live West of the Rockies. The Japane their government still resent it, a high opinion of themselves, se natures and bewilderment over o acceptance of our theory that a are created free and equal.

Japanese started coming in West a few years after the Chine excluded. They settled in the ri leys and in coastal spots; start ducing fruit and vegetables; a boats and went fishing. Branche Japanese concerns—Mitsui, Mit Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Yokohan cie Bank—were set up. And soo was hell a-poppin'. White farm cused the invaders of ruining t by overcropping, of overworking

**Fishing is the sole industry the largest Japanese-American ony at Terminal Island. American-born Japanese may fishing boats bigger than 5**

lves and their women, of upsetting the onomic system. But the Japanese pt coming in in increasing thousands d in 1900, by a "gentleman's agree- ent," Japan agreed to stop the influx issuing no more passports. Whether s agreement was kept is a subject argument; the California Joint Com- ttee on Immigration, which watches e situation, says it wasn't.

Anyway, agitation continued and in 13 California passed a law forbidding liens ineligible to citizenship" to own lease land. This merely resulted in id titles being transferred to the chil- en of Japanese who, being born here, re citizens anyway. Other states took ried measures to prevent the Japa- se building up productive estates.

Because Japanese penetration was so great, there was not the bitterness Oregon and Washington that there s in California. There is, for example, y one real Japanese colony in Ore- —at Lake Labish, near Salem, the ital—and it has the respect of the ites. In the Washington valleys there been no trouble to speak of for rs. In California the question al- ys remained more or less pertinent. f you inquire on the Coast how many anese there are here, the anti-Japa- e forces will tell you about 150,000; Japanese themselves say 65,000. s is because the anti-Oriental peo- class American-born Japanese as anese. The Japanese, technically nt, say that the 85,000 born here are erican.

he argument is further clouded by fact that an unknown number of erican-born Japanese have dual zenship. The California Joint Com- tee says that about sixty per cent hem owe allegiance both to America Japan. The Rafu Shimbun—Rafu apanese for Los Angeles, and Shim- is newspaper—says that only five cent retain any ties with the empire, with other Japanese newspapers, ampaigning to abolish dual loyalty gether.

Naturally, West Coasters wonder, in e of trouble, which loyalty would be ermost. The joint committee and ction of the public suspects both the *i*—the original settlers—and the *ei* and *Sansei*—the second and third erations. There is some evidence to port this belief.

### A Declining System

he Japanese government has always ked more or less openly to acquire loyalty of the *Nisei*. For years it sidized, obliquely, the operation of anese schools in which, after Ameri- school hours, the children are taught anese and Japanese ideals. In 1939, e were 248 such schools, teaching ut 18,000 *Nisei* and *Sansei* at a cost he Japanese community of $398,- But the tendency for them is to me fewer. The *Issei,* who support n, are growing older and fewer each r; there will be none left in the s. And the kids who are sent to n rebel at double school work and t to be out playing with the white dren.

ut the school system is a black mark nst the Japanese because it dem- rates an unwillingness to throw in leheartedly with the country of their otion. The system isn't supported to extent by the second generation and the decline.

he Japanese government for years ed young Japanese-Americans "cul- l" trips to Japan at low rates. It uraged the older Japanese to send r children to Japan to be educated; fered *Nisei* loans at low rates and e easy for them entrance into Japa- universities. Just how many *Nisei* part of their education in Japan is unknown; the joint committee says 50,000, which seems high.

Japanese statesmen never could quite agree just what the *Nisei* should do. Some of them exhorted the youngsters to regard Japan as their spiritual home; others told them to be loyal to America. In Nippon the press almost unanimously tried to convince them they still owed allegiance to the emperor. In 1939 more than half the *Nisei* were nominally subjects of Japan, although most of them thought nothing of it, having been registered by their parents at birth.

Then the Japanese-American Citizens' League started a campaign of renunciation of all allegiance to Japan; the result is that dual citizenship is becoming less and less. Those *Nisei* who are having children—the *Sansei*—are not registering their offspring.

### Just an Old Tourist Game

Meanwhile, on the Coast, legends grew up about the Japanese. Anyone taking a picture of a sea gull was suspect as a spy and all Japanese-manned fish-boats were believed to spend most of their time taking soundings of harbors—although detailed charts were and are on sale for chicken feed in every port. In time, these legends became almost gags, and lost force.

It is a fact, though, that bales of information, most of it useless, *were* sent to Japan, most of it landing in the wastebaskets of the foreign office and army and navy ministries. Incidentally, a good many American tourists used to send in scads of "inside stuff" from all over the world to Washington. It's a sort of international game.

At one time there was a great to-do about Japanese fishing boats, especially around southern California ports. Some of these boats, indeed, did seem a trifle big and fast for their prosaic job; some of the big ones might possibly have been capable of conversion into small tenders for hostile warships—supposing our Navy to be sound asleep, which it never is.

For some time, all fishing boats have been under American registry and their crews under surveillance. These crews —some Japanese and some Japanese-American—doubtless know all about California waters, just as Scandinavian fishermen know all about Puget Sound and Finns are well acquainted with the Columbia River estuary. But the instant war was certain, the Navy would clamp down on boats and crews, and their potentiality for creating trouble would be practically nothing.

There are, too, Japanese-owned fishing vessels under foreign registry, operating off Lower California, but these, too, are well watched. There has been a great deal of suspicion, through the years, about the boats and crews on both sides of the border, but very little direct evidence that they were interested in anything except fishing.

Before we look at what the *Nisei* are doing to counteract adverse public opinion, let's digress for a moment: At one time, on the Coast, opinion was

*(Continued on page 71)*

**Too young yet to suffer from discrimination against her race is 12-year-old Mary Sumi Matsumoto, who hopes to be an airline hostess. She's in the seventh grade**



AKIMOTO-CISSNA



**Candidates for the prized honor of being queen of the annual Nisei Festival, young American-Japanese Miss Nasa Fujoka and Miss Mae Noma of Los Angeles**



# Murder in Retrospec

## By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

*The Story Thus Far:*

CAROLINE CRALE is tried on a charge of murdering her husband, an English artist. She is convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. When she dies, one year later, she leaves a letter; in the letter (to be read by her daughter, Caroline, when she reaches the age of twenty-one) she asserts that she is innocent.

Sixteen years after the trial, Caroline (whose name has been changed to Carla Lemarchant) reads the letter. She calls on Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian criminal investigator, in London. She implores him to investigate the case and, if possible, *learn the truth.*

Poirot likes the girl. He promises to do what he can. Then, in a series of interviews with various persons—including Sir Montague Depleach, who had been in charge of the defense; George Mayhew, son of the solicitor who had "briefed" Sir Montague; Ex-Superintendent of Police Hale; Philip Blake and his brother, Meredith, who had figured strongly in the case—he learns these facts:

On the afternoon of the day preceding the murder, the Crales; Angela Warren, Mrs. Crale's young sister; Philip Blake; and Elsa Greer (a beautiful girl who had been a house guest of the Crales) had had tea with Meredith Blake, an amateur chemist. Everyone had inspected Blake's laboratory; and someone had stolen a bottle of poison: coniine.

The following day, Crale—madly infatuated with Elsa Greer—had been painting the girl's portrait in his garden, when his wife had given him a glass of beer. Crale had drunk the beer. Then, alone, he had died in the garden. The beer had been analyzed; it had contained coniine! And traces of the same poison had been found in a bottle that was in Mrs. Crale's bedroom!

Everyone feels sure that the accused had been guilty. Certainly, the evidence—presented to Poirot, after the passage of sixteen years—appears to be damning. Some of those with whom the Belgian talks say that Mrs. Crale had been an attractive woman—that she had poisoned her husband simply because she loved him and was insanely jealous.

But Philip Blake—who had been one of Amyas' closest friends—gives Poirot a very different picture of the woman; he characterizes Caroline Crale as "a rotter, through and through—evil, cruel, malignant and a grabber." Discussing the case, Meredith Blake refers to Amyas' love for Elsa. "It was a difficult position for Elsa," he says. "And as for Caroline—" He pauses, and Poirot says softly: "For Caroline—yes?"

### IV

MEREDITH BLAKE said, speaking with a little difficulty, "Caroline—I had always—well, I had always been very fond of Caroline. There was a time when—when I hoped to marry her. But that was soon nipped in the bud. Still, I remained, if I may say so, devoted to—to her service."

Poirot nodded thoughtfully. That slightly old-fashioned phrase expressed, he felt, the man before him very typically. Meredith Blake was the kind of man who would devote himself readily to a romantic and honorable devotion. He would serve his lady faithfully and without hope of reward. Yes, it was all very much in character.

He said, carefully weighing the words, "You must have resented this—attitude—on *her* behalf?"

"I did. Oh, I did. I—I actually remonstrated with Crale on the subject."

"When was this?"

"Actually the day before—before it all happened. They came over to tea here, you know. I got Crale aside and put it to him. I even said, I remember, that it wasn't fair to either of them."

"Ah, you said that?"

"Yes. I didn't think, you see, that he realized."

**I felt that she didn't really know what she was talking about. She was pathetic, somehow. So young and so self-confident**

"Possibly not."

"I said to him that it was put Caroline in a perfectly unendurable sition. If he meant to marry this he ought not to have her staying in house and—well—more or less fl her in Caroline's face. It was, I an unendurable insult."

"What did he answer?" Poirot a curiously.

Meredith Blake replied with dist "He said, 'Caroline must lump it.'

Hercule Poirot's eyebrows "Not," he said, "a very sympatheti ply."

"I thought it abominable. I los temper. I said that no doubt, not c for his wife, he didn't mind how he made her suffer, but what, I about the girl? Hadn't he realiz was a pretty rotten position for His reply to that was that Elsa lump it too!

"Then he went on: 'You don't to understand, Meredith, that this I'm painting is the best thing I've It's *good,* I tell you. And a coup jealous, quarreling women aren't to upset it—no, by hell, they're n

"IT WAS hopeless talking to h said he seemed to have taken of all ordinary decency. Painting, wasn't everything. He intern there. He said, 'Ah, but it is to

"I was still very angry. I said perfectly disgraceful the way h always treated Caroline. She ha a miserable life with him. He s knew that and he was sorry ab Sorry! He said, 'I know, Merry don't believe that—but it's the I've given Caroline the hell of and she's been a saint about it. B did know, I think, what she mi letting herself in for. I told he didly the sort of damnable, egot loose-living kind of chap I was.'

"I put it to him then very st that he ought not to break up hi ried life. There was the child to b sidered, and everything. I said could understand that a girl lik could bowl a man over, but tha for her sake he ought to break whole thing. She was very youn was going into this bald-headed, might regret it bitterly afterw said couldn't he pull himself to make a clean break and go back wife?"

"And what did he say?"

Blake said: "He just looked— rassed. He patted me on the s and said, 'You're a good chap, But you're too sentimental. Y till the picture's finished and yo mit that I was right.'

"I said, 'Damn your picture.' grinned and said all the neurotic in England couldn't do that. said that it would have been m cent to have kept the whole thi Caroline until after the picture ished. He said that that wa fault. It was Elsa who had insi spilling the beans. I said, 'Wh he said that she had had some i it wasn't straight otherwise. She everything to be clear and abo Well, of course, in a way, one c derstand that and respect the it. However badly she was b she did at least want to be ho

*(Continued on page 60)*

# Little Mastermind

By Philip Cyrus Gunion

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

**nouncing the simultaneous gement of Willie Klein, allplayer, and Barnaby hammer, the big man in clothing, to a girl named lyn, who has become a sensation on Broadway**

**Marilyn spent most of the second day rehearsing with the male model. Never having played tennis, she felt that she needed to get in the mood**

THE rest of the early-morning uway crush it was probably only Monday, but to Willie Klein it was d/ he was to become Barnaby mmer, the theatrical producer. rnaby Toddhammer had been born before, halfway down page 278 elephone directory. It had been ny well spent.

skidded into the back door of Fine Men's Clothing—Every-t One Price—at five minutes ne. He noticed with relieved in-at Al had punched his card for ive minutes of nine. Mr. John-head bookkeeper, looked at him uspiciously as he came away e time clock and he hurried his stride toward the stock room. remembering that he was now Toddhammer, his walk be-bdued, elegant. As he passed mirror, he surveyed himself. the slight stoop in the shoulders, the wrinkled knees, and the ungartered socks, not even Mr. Hirsch, himself, looked better.

"That's one I owe you," he said to Al, after he had reached the privacy of the stock room.

Al rolled his eyes and implored the ceiling: "One, he says! Listen, Bright Boy, the way I punch your card every morning I should be drawing your pay."

The inner-office communications box beside them snapped and crackled. Above the whine of static from the elevators, they heard the rasping voice of Mr. Hirsch: "Al, see that the main-floor racks are filled, on the schedule from last week. That is all! If Willie has reported for work as yet, send him to my office. That is all!"

"That is all!" mimicked Al. "Ever since the old boy got that system, he thinks he's a police call."

Willie felt like telling Al about his being Barnaby now and about his quitting the firm to look for a job in the theater, but remembering some choice remarks Al had made about Marilyn, he decided to remain Willie, for the time being.

He ran a piece of broken comb through his blond hair, which had the early-morning appearance of a field of wheat after a cloudburst.

"You'd better hurry," Al warned. "That is all!"

WILLIE left the stock room, knocking over a rack of blue serge, two-button single-breasted, and a rack of mixed tweeds, in the popular English Drape, and threaded his way through the customers to the stairs.

Mr. Hirsch's door slammed behind him as usual and Mr. Hirsch almost jumped out of his swivel chair.

He addressed the walls with passion. "For three years this boy has been coming into my office! Must he always bang the door? Must my nerves always be shattered?"

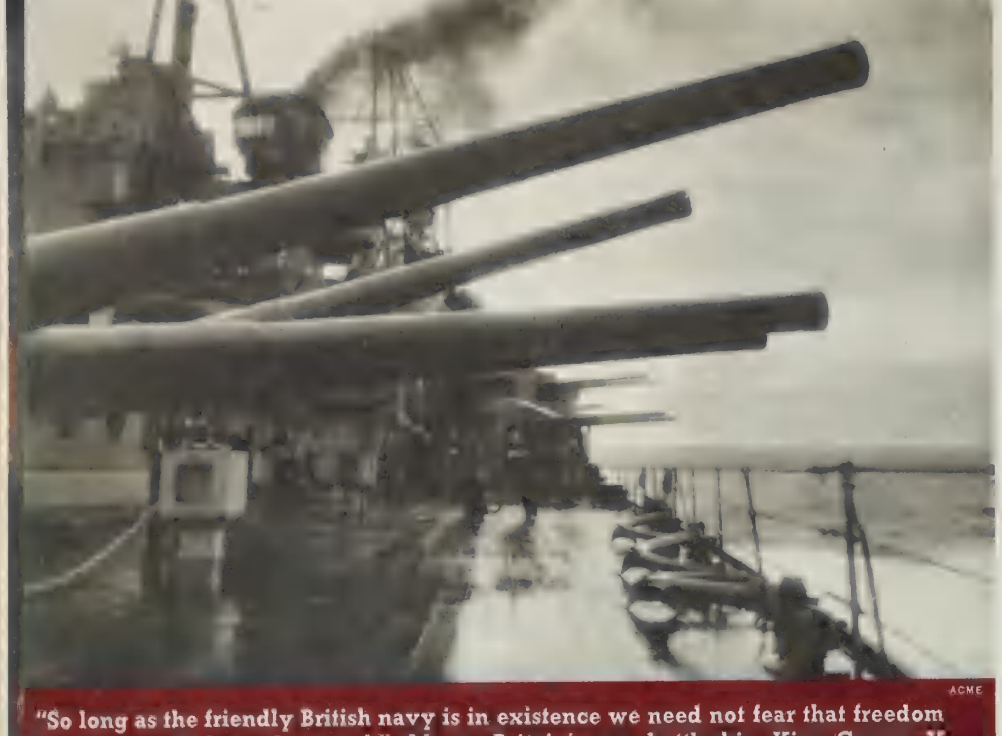
"I'm sorry, Mr. Hirsch," Willie whispered. Then he thought of it. "Mr. Hirsch"—he cleared his throat because his voice was unsteady—"Mr. Hirsch, from today I would like to be known as Barnaby Toddhammer. Also I should like to be dissolved from the firm."

"Barnaby Toddhammer?" Mr. Hirsch rolled each syllable over very slowly, tasting each vowel carefully, savoring the full flavor. Then he spit it out: "Barnaby Toddhammer!"

It didn't sound quite as nice now as it had when Marilyn had suggested it after their long search through the telephone book, including Westchester and the Bronx.

Marilyn herself had changed her name almost as often as she had changed her hair. She was seventeen and, being six months older than Willie, and several years more persuasive, Willie had agreed when she combined the names of two of Westchester's leading citizens. He had also agreed to tell Mr. Hirsch that he was, with regret, leaving the store. Willie was now Barnaby—in spite of Mr. Hirsch.

*(Continued on page 81)*



ACME

"So long as the friendly British navy is in existence we need not fear that freedom of the seas will be endangered." Above, Britain's new battleship, King George V



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

"Increased appropriations for our Navy had by 1940 brought it back efficiency." Above, the June, 1940, launching of the battleship North



EUROPEAN

A German military parade in Oslo, Norway, after the invasion that gave Americans "a clearer realization of the position of the United States in the world of today"



EUROPEAN

Signing of the Tripartite Treaty: "The agreement among Japan, the Nazis . . . emphasized the threat of the dictator powers to all

# THE FIGHT GOES ON

## By Franklin Delano Roosevelt

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### WAR . . . AND AID TO DEMOCRACIES

**Americans, in 1940, revised their opinions about neutrality as they came to realize what a Hitler victory would mean. Hard-headed self-concern led to our determination to give all-out aid to fighting democracies. In this article, the introduction to the 1940 volume of his Public Papers and Addresses, the President discusses the long-range objectives of our new foreign policy**

THE year 1940 witnessed a great change in the attitude of the American people toward the course of the war that was raging in Europe and Asia.

During the summer of 1939, while the threat of war was swiftly coming to a head, and after September, 1939, when the war actually began, and through the following winter, the prevailing sentiment in the United States can be best described as one of sympathetic aloofness. While there was no doubt where their sympathies lay in the conflict, they seemed determined not only to remain out of the war, but also to maintain a strict neutrality in the fullest sense of the word. Their attitude was merely that of a very interested spectator.

In fact, during the winter following the invasion of Poland, when there seemed to be but little fighting between the armies and navies of the Allies and the Nazis, many cynical persons in the United States began to refer to the conflict as a "phony" war.

A swift succession of events, however, commencing in April, 1940, with the invasion of Denmark and Norway, very quickly served to bring home to all of us a clearer realization of the position of the United States in the world of today.

Norway and Denmark had both been strictly neutral nations. They had both been determined, at least in their own minds, upon maintaining their neutrality. Their status of neutrality, however, had been completely violated. Added to this grievous injury upon them was the insult to everybody's intelligence, offered by the Nazis, that the reason the Nazis had invaded these neutral countries by treachery, propaganda, and force of arms, was to "protect" them from Great Britain.

This outrage was followed very shortly by the invasion of the neutral countries of the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg. The mighty force of a war machine which had been seven years in the building quickly o France, and left Great Britain al face the terror.

Then came the almost unbeli defense of the British Isles agai seemingly overwhelming striking of the Nazi air force. The Nazi upon the British Isles during the mer of 1940, with its barbarous of civilians, including women an dren, was met by a gallant d which called forth the admiration entire civilized world. But it di than that. It convinced the wor Hitler's war machine could be It showed also that Great Brita able to hold off disaster until ad help could come to it in the form and planes and tanks and guns fr United States.

The quick tempo of the war o on sea and in the air soon brou conflict very close to home. Th ence of German war raiders

*(Continued on page 51)*

# The Long Chance

## By William Martin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

TAKES would be high, Ace Brandon knew, as he sat down at the open table of draw poker there in back room of the Abilene Hotel. ut of habit he ignored the set faces ınd him. Now was no time to try ppraise these men when they could d themselves against appraisal. The would come later.

randon seemed to center on the ng cards as the young rancher on eft dealt, yet Brandon's interest in cards was slight. Brandon gambled haracter. No man, Brandon had ıed, could conceal his nature when unexpected happened, and in that ıent, he could seldom escape the ern of himself in what he did.

andon watched the play. The young her opened and, after the draw, won hundred dollars on his opening ns from the big, red-faced man op- e Brandon.

ıe big man pushed back his hat and . The young rancher won on a small Brandon watched him hurriedly a cigarette as the half-drunk man Brandon's right fumbled through a Again the young rancher won the

hen Brandon shuffled for his own his sensitive fingers picked up the ible fingernail cuts on the cards. don's thin, white face showed noth- He had come to expect marked .. As he dealt, and a little later as ealt for the draw, his incredibly fingers made another nail mark, X, across each mark on the cards. andon leaned back, after the play, watched the young rancher deal with awkward rope-calloused hands. The young rancher won the pot from Brandon.

Brandon lighted a cigar and looked beyond the burning match at the hands of the big man opposite as he shuffled the cards. When the hands paused for a long second, Brandon looked slowly, coldly up into the big man's eyes. The man's eyelids lowered slightly as he tried to hide his recognition of the new marks.

Brandon felt a sudden contempt for this man hiding in a cattleman's clothes who was neither a cattleman nor a gambler. A man who used marked cards had to be sure of everything or he wouldn't play; he wouldn't take the long chance.

The big man dealt, and when Brandon picked up his cards he held a queen-high straight. He knew the caliber of the man then, for Brandon was thinking in his own way that a man with any kind of courage wasn't willing to compromise with an enemy. The deal had been intentional. The big man was willing to cut him in.

The drunk on Brandon's right opened. Brandon studied his hand briefly, then tossed it into the center of the table and watched the surprise and puzzlement come into the big man's face. Brandon looked at the ash on his cigar.

The young rancher stayed. The big man discarded his hand. This was supposed to have been Brandon's hand and the big man had dealt himself nothing to draw to.

After the draw the drunk bet his last chips and lost the hand to the young rancher. The drunk pushed unsteadily up from the table and made his way to the bar up front.

Brandon dealt a square hand and won seven hundred dollars from the young rancher on three tens. The big man stayed out.

The young rancher dealt. No one could open.

Then the big man took the cards.

Before Brandon picked up his hand he knew that this would be a cold deal, the kill.

The big man passed the open. Brandon held nothing and discarded his hand. The young rancher opened for a thousand dollars. The big man showed indecision, then stayed.

Both men took one card.

Brandon watched the young rancher count his chips, then shove in all his blues. "Five thousand," he said, and sat back.

The big man showed surprise, then he pulled a wallet from his shirt and let it clank on the table. "I'll call you," he said, "and raise it twenty-five thousand."

The young rancher glanced down at his remaining chips. "I haven't got that much," he said slowly, "but I've got land. Wait."

He called the barkeep up front who finally found a quill pen and a piece of paper. He wrote a note and sent it upstairs and then sat back studying his hand and hiding his uneasiness behind indifference.

BRANDON relighted his cigar and idly watched the match burn out at his finger tips. In a few minutes he saw the girl come through the doorway and past the bar—a slender, small, calm-faced girl who came and stood beside the young rancher in a way that told Brandon she had ridden uptrail with her husband, and their cattle.

Brandon saw anxiety come into her face as her quick eyes took in everything: the chips, the wallet, the big man's questioning look, her husband's unnatural, masked face. Slowly she handed the young rancher a long paper. Then she smiled. "You coming up to the room soon, Ed?" she asked.

"Right after this hand, Mary," he said, and unfolded the paper before the big man.

Brandon knew that she would still smile like that, later, up in the room, when the young rancher explained how he had lost their land.

The young rancher said, "This is the deed to my land south of the Brazos. It's good land and we've got grass and water the year round. . . ."

Brandon, watching his face as he talked, knew that the young rancher had lost his land. It was a cold hand. The big man wouldn't bet unless he was sure.

The big man interrupted. "It's good land all right, but I got all the land I need now," he lied. "Get the cash."

It was a long chance, but Brandon was a gambler and he took it. His thin hands unhooked his money belt from around his waist. He folded the belt and shoved it over to the young rancher. "There's cash," he said, "fifty thousand. I'll take a chance with you, son."

The young rancher nodded, and, as Brandon knew he would, he pushed the belt into the pot. "I'll call the twenty-five thousand," he said evenly, "and raise you twenty-five."

Brandon looked slowly across at the big man. The big man's eyes were already on Brandon. He had been sure but now he wasn't sure. Brandon saw puzzlement in the big man's eyes and then the growing uncertainty. He knew what the big man was thinking: that he, Brandon, could have marked all the cards alike; Brandon wasn't giving fifty thousand dollars away.

The big man glanced down at his hand again, then at his wallet. He wet his lips. Then he folded his hand and stuck it into the center of the deck. He got up and quit the game without a word.

The young rancher grinned in quick relief, then pointed to the pot. "Want some of this, stranger?"

"My fifty thousand's all," Brandon said, and reached for the belt.

The young rancher's grin broadened, "*You* knew I had him beat, and *he* knew it." He spread his hand of four jacks face up.

Brandon looked tired. He said coldly, "You took too long a chance with good land, son. He knew he had *you* but he wasn't sure about me. He couldn't get up the nerve to call."

Brandon's expert fingers cut the deck to the big man's hand, and he spread it face up and watched the surprise in the young rancher's open mouth as the young rancher looked down at the four queens.




**"It's good land, all right, but I got all the land I need now," the big man lied. "Get the cash"**




"You're very sweet," he told her. "You'll make somebody a wonderful wife." He was going to kiss her. . . . But, "Ah-uh, mustn't touch," he said

# M—A—N SPELLS WONDERFUL

## By Libbie Block

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

**The legend of male superiority explodes in the beautiful face of Miss Minuette Mintern—a girl who just didn't know her own strength**

SHE walked across the tiled acres of the railroad station in Washington, D. C. She kept thinking of footprints on the sands of time, though tiling, of course, was more solid. Presidents, Cabinet members, ambassadors, they had all walked in this station, just like Miss Minuette Mintern, though on feet larger and more confident.

Ahead of Miss Mintern lay her first glimpse of Washington, which, as she had taught her pupils, was the most important city in the most important country in the most important world of the universe. Ahead of her, too, she now realized, lay a cold, la grippe or a touch of the flu, depending on how serious became the burning skin and aching bones which plagued her. Miss Mintern thought, "I feel awful."

Well, but she had to keep "up," she told herself, regardless of her health. She was in Washington upon important business. An eleven-year-old boy marched at her left: Marshall Bunty, whose head was full of prodigious knowledge and whose new long-pants suit was full of Marshall Bunty.

He could spell any word, whether or not he knew its meaning, and so the Otwanda, Nebraska, Express was paying his expenses and those of Miss Mintern, his teacher, to Washington and the great national spelling bee. It was hoped, by all who read the Otwanda Express, that Marshall Bunty would spell down the other contestants, thus covering himself, his school and his state with glory; winning several hundred dollars to further his education . . . if that were necessary . . . and perhaps having his picture taken shaking hands with the President of the United States.

Further, the Otwanda Express had sent with Miss Mintern and Marshall Bunty a real newspaperman, Lon Waterford, whose duty it would be to cover the great national spelling bee and particularly the activities of Marshall Bunty, therein. Lon Waterford walked at Miss Mintern's right hand—a lean young man of twenty-eight who knew what it was all about.

When the three came out into the mild May afternoon, Miss Mintern stood rock-still and said, "Washington, D. C.! I can't believe I'm here."

"Great town," Lon Waterford said without awe.

Marshall said, "I want to ride in a taxi."

Miss Mintern got into the taxi first, showing an excellent leg in a thin, tight stocking. She was the newest thing in teachers, having studied enough psychology to know that pupils work harder for a pretty woman than for a plain one. Fortunately, even before her psychology course she had had a deep dimple, brown eyes with lights in them, and a torso which was attractive above a desk.

Through the taxi window swelled a glinting, familiar shape. "Look! I see the gold dome!" She pointed, rising slightly as though she had he Star-Spangled Banner.

Marshall looked up casually candy bar. He was as good an he was a speller. Lon W laughed, rather disdainfully. " surprised what goes on under t itol dome."

"I know," she said, shining. " ate and the House . . ."

"Plenty politics go on ther Waterford said.

"Caucuses and filibusters." liked long words.

Miss Mintern sneezed.

THE Corona Hotel was the offi dence of the national spell Miss Mintern looked at the lot ing sure it stewed with import ple. Senators and congressmer even a foreign spy or two. Th several children walking abou ers, no doubt.

"Marshall, put your candy Miss Mintern whispered. "I any of the other girls and bo candy."

Marshall put it away. On t up in the elevator he looked res if well decorated with chocola

Miss Mintern and Marshall joining rooms. Lon Waterfo with them to see them settled, his own room was on the flo There was also, he told her room in the hotel which had aside for the reporters who ca

. To this he would go, to do some-
ıg he called "filing" a story.
he looked at the bed and wished she
ld fold her aching bones into it. But
ı Waterford was there and in the
t room there was a red book in which
ty" was spelled, along with many
er words which Marshall must re-
rse. Minuette Mintern had no time
ɔe sick.

There's a banquet for the kids to-
it," Lon Waterford was telling her.
ıe big show is tomorrow morning."
Will I . . . that is, won't we see you
ɔre?"

You bet. I have to turn up at that
quet, Miss Mintern. Say, what's
r first name?"

Minuette," she said in fear and
ıbling, for she knew what would
ɔen now.

did. "Okay, Minnie," he said. "If
need any help with the prodigy yell
me. I hope you won't though. I'm
g to be pretty busy." He paused
consciously at the door, came back
er.

om the faces of the sixth graders
knew a bursting secret when she
one. He had blue eyes, very pleased
and bright. "Don't let on, Minnie,
I'm going to take care of some of
own business while I'm here."

won't 'let on.' "

know what I was telling you about
night? What I'm going to do with
ife?"

hat you're going to be a foreign
spondent and write books about

his is my first step. Going to get
job as Washington correspondent.
's why I was glad to get the trip.
rwise they'd have had to push me
d plenty before I'd be shipped off
a bunch of kids and schoolteach-

hat's all right," she said, seeing the
ay which preceded his apology. "I
mind being called a schoolteacher.
one." She took off her red straw

or a schoolteacher you're sure a
ty," he said candidly. "Well, any-
this afternoon I'm going to talk to
ow I know here. Told me to come
m if I ever wanted to get on a
ington sheet. And it's just a jump
Washington to a foreign job."

was unreasonable of her to be dis-
nted because he would no longer
ing in Otwanda, Nebraska. Why
d anybody who could be a foreign
spondent live there where there
othing foreign? "I am very happy
ou," she said.

hanks," he accepted the congratu-
s. "Be seeing you, Minnie."

en he had gone she snuffed some
drops and went into Marshall's

coaching was almost over, and it
time to dress for dinner. Minuette
Marshall had been over "*recom-*
" and "*souvenir,*" they had done
undred hardest words, "*euthana-*
and "*dialogue*" with its two ac-
l endings. Not once had he missed.
as a bright boy, a dynamo which
its engine with chocolate candy.
d an impressive I.Q. and it em-
sed Minuette that she should
o act as though she were smarter
he. She gave him the last word,
g the red speller.

Dilemma," he spelled, casually and
tly. "How much money will I
Miss Mintern?"

all depends on how far you get."
mean first prize."

you win first prize," she said
t. "I wouldn't like you to be dis-
nted, Marshall, but, after all, the
girls and boys were all champion
ls where they came from too."

was a large mill of a boy who
ground exceeding fine. "How much money do I win?"

Miss Mintern subsided. "Five hundred dollars."

"That's okay," Marshall consented. "And you know who I want my picture with? J. Edgar Hoover."

FROM all over the country, thirty local champion spellers had come to eat, tonight, this banquet of fruit cup, spring chicken, mashed potatoes, new peas, salad, parfait and milk. Also served the same chaste dishes were forty adults, scattered among the children: teachers, reporters and parents.

All the spellers had scrubbed hands. The boy spellers had voices high, low and undecided. Some of the girls wore curls, some of them wore glasses, and most of them were beginning to be what is politely called developed.

Marshall was the hungriest. Mercifully, Minuette had given him her dessert in addition to his own, and without coaxing he had disposed of the plate of petits fours which had been set out for their section of the table. Lon Waterford, who had come in late, guarded Marshall's other side, but he had eaten his own dessert. Men had wonderful appetites.

Across the white cloth a young and nervous lady from Alabama was not eating much. She had a haircut like Deanna Durbin, a soft voice, and her name was Ruth Eleanor Graham. She had told Marshall that, but he had been busy with his chicken and Minuette had had to announce him as Marshall Bunty of Nebraska. Now that dessert was over, Ruth Eleanor was trying again in a persistent, pliant way to talk to him:

"Oh, I'm just scared to death about tomorrow, aren't you?"

Marshall, prodded by Minuette, lifted his head: "What about?"

"The spelling bee, silly. I'm awfully nervous. I'm so scared I'll miss the easy ones. Aren't you?"

"No," said Marshall.

It was not polite of him not to be scared of the easy ones, so Ruth Eleanor, who could only talk politely, had nothing more to say. Anyway, the speeches started then and she listened. Marshall didn't.

The speeches were all about the contest tomorrow: not to be afraid to ask that the word be pronounced again and again until you were sure you understood, how only one contestant could win first prize and for the others not to be disappointed, and about the interesting trips which had been arranged for the days after the bee, to the White House, the Congressional Library, Mount Vernon, the Mint. . . .

Across Marshall, Lon Waterford looked at Minuette, despair on his face. "Now that this is over I think we ought to put our champion speller to bed, don't you?"

Marshall was up from the table almost as Lon spoke, on his way to the door where he had seen a large plate of after-dinner mints. From the rear he had that look of efficiency which only small fat boys can manage. After him, Ruth Eleanor called: "Nighty-night, Nebraska. Certainly do wish you good luck tomorrow!"

"Wish her good luck, too," Minuette whispered.

He swiveled obediently at the dining-room door and called back, "Good luck"; then, under his breath, "for second place."

They put Marshall to bed, that is, they closed him into his room with a stack of salted nuts to prevent night famine. Minuette wanted to kiss him, but he moved quickly for a heavy boy and she contented herself with saying, "I'll wake you early, Marshall, and I'll have my fingers crossed that you win first prize."

"That's all right," he said, "I guess I'll win it all right."

As she closed the door she heard the rustle of cellophane. The nuts were already in retreat.

Lon was waiting in the hall.

"Come on out and let me show you my town."

"Oh! You got the job!"

He propelled her by the elbow to the elevators. It was a lovely sensation, like being rolled along. She oughtn't to go out with this cold coming on but still . . . she couldn't let him down in his celebration, could she? And besides . . . Washington, on the arm of a Washington correspondent! It would never happen again.

He hadn't quite got the job yet, he told her in the taxi. "The fellow wasn't in. Won't be, till tomorrow morning. I'll run over there before the bee. Try and get it settled early."

Meanwhile, with the air of a hotel proprietor showing his best rooms, he displayed Washington: "The White House . . . the Mint . . . that's the Lincoln Memorial, isn't it, cabby? . . . the new Congressional Library." Minuette recognized them, she had seen plenty of pictures, but she could not get over how well Lon Waterford knew them. In a quiet ecstasy, she rode with him to the Potomac, which he identified as the Potomac, and then back to the building of the Washington Press Club. The moon was shining on the street as he helped her from the cab; he seemed as uplifted as she. "Some stuff, huh?" he asked her, his voice deep and unsteady.

"Oh, it is." She looked up at him, he down at her and even the cab driver could afford to wait a minute to see what was going to happen.

"I'm going to take this town over," Lon Waterford said, and he looked away from Minuette. The cab driver drove off and they went into the Press Club to take that over.

THE café of the Press Club looked singularly like any other restaurant. That is, it had tables and chairs. But the people, oh, the people, Minuette thought, how interesting they looked, how they moved about from group to group dispensing world information. She sat hypnotized while Lon Waterford told her, "That skinny red-haired guy is Hugh Jerome, just back from China. And there's Ed Herbert—he's been in England. You must have heard him on the radio."

"I think it's just wonderful."

"You bet. And tomorrow, I'll be right up there with them."

"You'll be the youngest of all," she said, matching the experienced faces around them with Lon's. Something about the clean under line of his jaw filled Minuette with more emotion than she had ever felt in her life. "It's fine that you're so ambitious."

He was pleased. "Sure," he said. "Aren't you?"

She was, of course, ambitious to have a man and a home of her own. But it seemed very meager compared to his ambitions so she said, "Nothing special."

Funny, he read her thought. "You ought to be ambitious to get you a husband. Shouldn't be hard. You've got speaking eyes and legs that . . . well, why shouldn't I look at your legs?"

She didn't know why he should, why he shouldn't, or why it made her so happy that he had.

*(Continued on page 54)*



**Marshall evacuated his chair, calmly spelled envelope, without hesitating a second, and sat down again, confidently**





Canada's soldier-lumberjacks go to work on a 20-inch fir in Scotland. Left, Pvt. Walter Laughren of Port Arthur, Ontario; right, Pvt. J. F. Muloin of Dorien, Ontario

Pvt. J. L. Doucette does his soldiering with a woodsman's ax



With stacked rifles near by, men cut tree into logs. Below, finished lumber. The 4,500 Forestry Corps men turn out the equivalent of a shipload of lumber daily



# The Sawdust Fusiliers

## By Quentin Reynolds

**You can't win a war without wood, and England needed a shipload a day from Canada. The hazards of the North Atlantic called for a simpler solution. Here's the answer**

THE Duke of Kent announced that he was coming to visit the Sawdust Fusiliers. The Sawdust Fusiliers, 5,000 Canadian lumberjacks (or woodpeckers) were very proud. They were the best woodsmen in the world and they knew it. They were also a fighting unit and in shooting contests they had beaten the Scottish Home Guard—no mean feat, for the latter is composed almost entirely of guides, gillies (deer stalkers) and sportsmen whose very life is spent in the Highlands shooting grouse and pheasant. The woodpeckers had rifles and machine guns but no heavy artillery, and they knew that the custom was to give royalty a 21-gun salute with a fieldpiece. The woodpeckers were equal to the emergency.

As the duke stepped out of his car he saw a puff of white smoke burst from the hills and then he heard a resounding boom. In perfectly spaced cadence twenty more puffs of smoke arose and twenty loud roars echoed in the hills.

"I didn't know that you had artillery here," the duke said, quite pleased about the whole thing, as royal dukes are when they get a royal salute which they know to be technically reserved for their brother the king.

The officers conducting the c smiled deprecatingly but said noth To this day the Duke of Kent does know that the 21 fieldpieces whic graciously welcomed him to the H lands were actually 21 tomato cans f with dynamite and set off by mear four-inch fuses. Once more the wo men of Canada had proved themse equal to an emergency.

Technically, the Sawdust Fusilier the Canadian Forestry Corps, Brig General J. B. White, D.S.O., comm ing. Actually, the Sawdust Fusilier the most interesting military un England and at the moment the useful.

To conduct a war you need aluminum, steel and concrete. none of these would suffice if you h wood. Munitions factories, barr bridges, airplane parts are mad wood. Wood is used to shore u vital mine pits of Wales and woo endow a hastily constructed trench some degree of permanency. The yards of England are constantly scr ing for wood. Nothing in warti more vital than wood. The nee realized early. Newspapers wer down to four pages to save the pre wood from going into newsprint. was not nearly enough lumber in land to satisfy the demand for There was timber but no lumbe tree is timber until it emerges fro saw mill.

### Lumberjacks Instead of Lumb

Canada, however, is the greates ber country in the world. Canada supply the mother country with How much did she need? At least load a day, the authorities said That would be about 230,000 f lumber to be transported across t carious wastes of the North A each day. Convoys do not leav day. Convoys are slow. Someon ceived the idea of shipping lumb to England instead of lumber. S was virtually virgin-timber te Let those Canadian woodpecker on that precious storehouse a sawdust would fly. The idea ca and the result was the Canadia estry Corps.

Only experienced woodsmen w cepted. They came from M Quebec, Port Arthur, the Kooten trict, Fort William, Ottawa V they came from Halifax and Van Every part of Canada gave its q husky men who handled an ax other handled a pencil. They we to Scotland to lumber but the going to fight too if need be. they had to go through the pr military training. This was a b cause woodsmen don't care muc discipline or regimentation. B found that their officers were standing. From General White the newest lieutenant with on pip on his shoulder, every one had lumber experience. The wasn't too arduous. They did to learn to shoot. Most of th spent many winters living by th And one bright day they said g Canada and packed up their ax saws, their mills, their caterpil the impedimenta of their tra headed for Scotland. They arri equipped. They asked nothing land but timber.

Now after several months of ing their hearts are definitel Highlands. For nine hours the sharp bark of the ax, the wh saw, the ancient cry of "Timba then the roar and crash as ano falls is echoed in the hills of Now and then they look hope ward the sky, hoping against h

*(Continued on page 7*

# ow I'm eating Farm-Fresh Asparagus all Winter long!



**'m home from work,** peeling off my topcoat, w at do I spy on the table! ASPARAGUS! Golly, i it just can't *be!* But here it is . . . in *October!* d shapely, *garden-fresh* spears . . . as pert and green s ptuous as if they'd been cut that very morn- I confused, and I *say* so . . .

**2. "Silly," says Jean,** "they're Birds Eye Asparagus Spears . . . just brimming with a haunting flavor you almost *never* taste even in the kind you eat in summer! After all, they're the tastiest, green tips of a pretty special lot . . . grown by Birds Eye with experts keeping check . . . and *Quick-Frozen* on the spot!"



**3. "Hold on," I begin...** But Jean continues: "Quick-Freezing *seals in* this marvelous asparagus-goodness . . . brings it to us in fall and winter! Both Birds Eye Asparagus Spears and Asparagus Cuts are always *clean!* Trimmed, too, ready to cook! My, the *work* they save me!"




**4. "For Asparagus this grand,** you must pay plenty." I say. "You *ought* to, but you *don't*," Jean replied. "Why, one box of Birds Eye Asparagus (Spears or Cuts) equals 2 medium-sized market bunches! There's *no waste*, and besides, they're both good values this week!"



**5. "Furthermore,"** she goes on, "when you figure we *eat* every ounce of Birds Eye Foods we pay for, they save us money in the long run! To say nothing of the drudgery they spare me . . . because they're *all* washed, ready to cook or serve when I buy them!" (P. S. I'm eating myself silly on all the Birds Eye Foods now! They're swell! You ought to try 'em!)



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# Mercator Island

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



## *he Story Thus Far:*

MBITTERED when he is "passed over" for promotion, Bob Bolles, a young American val officer, resigns his commission, buys a ty-foot schooner — the Thistlewood — and th a one-man crew (Tom, a colored boy) rts on a long, aimless cruise.

In Kingston, Jamaica, the Kingmans—Mal- m Kingman and his wife, Helen, who say y are New Yorkers—engage him to take m to out-of-the-way Mercator Island. Be- e he sails, Captain Burke, in command of Smedley, an American naval vessel, tells b a curious story: The Aquitane, a French rchant vessel, had foundered—*after* it had pped a crated airplane at some small Carib- n port. Burke has orders to search for that plane, attached to which, he says, is an ex- mely potent bit of war mechanism, of which re is no duplicate.

When—with a passenger list of three: the gmans and Oscar, Mr. Kingman's valet— Thistlewood reaches Mercator, Bob has t story called vividly to mind: on the side a hut (one of a small group) is the word: *quitane!*"

short time after they land, on a beach, a —a Japanese whom Bob recognizes as r. Moto, owner of a little shop in Kingston ddenly appears. He and Mr. Kingman, h of whom are armed, have a heated discus- , in the course of which Bob learns that, Captain Burke, the Kingmans (agents in employ of the Vichy government) and to are looking for the airplane. . . .

Kingston and, later, on the Thistlewood, Kingman had told Bob again and again she was unhappy. She had told him that loved him. Now, on the island, she stands dly while Kingman and Moto discuss an resting question: Shall they kill Bob es? He may possibly be an American spy ould they not shoot him at once?

he two men finally decide that, inasmuch Bob—with his knowledge of the Caribbean and his ability to navigate—may be of e to them later, they will spare his life, he time being at least. The two men agree o-operate—to work together in their quest the plane. Then Mr. Kingman speaks to "Lead the way," he says.

### VI

MR. MOTO scuttled over to the candlewood tree. "My own bag," he said. "Ha-ha, I so nearly for- about it."

e disappeared behind the tree, but few seconds he was back, carrying all, cheap fiber suitcase and rain-

By jove," said Mr. Kingman, "I for- that it might rain." But there was a cloud in the sky.

ob Bolles lifted the hamper to his lder and began walking slowly g the overgrown road that wound ugh the trees and vine-choked kets. In a few steps the breeze from sea was gone and it was stifling hot. few more his shirt was soaked with piration.

Heigh-ho," he heard Mr. Kingman ming just behind him, "heigh-ho!" uch lovely trees," he heard Mr. o saying. "Have you served before he tropics, Mrs. Kingman?" Then tone of his voice changed: "Ah, 's that?"

Where?" Mr. Kingman asked ply.

No matter, please," said Mr. Moto. hing."

t Bob Bolles had seen and it was Mr. Kingman's fault that he had for no one could look everywhere nce. The road was still a grassy ing, stretching before them through oods, and just as they had rounded ner Bob Bolles had seen copper- ed face staring at him from the et not twenty yards ahead. It was , with his long nose and his ugly For just an instant Tom looked at frightened and inquiring, but even e Mr. Moto had spoken Bob had to shake his head and to jerk his b in the direction of the sea, and Tom's face was gone. Bob Bolles

**e same moment Bob Bolles felt d placed on his arm. "Not now, e," Mr. Moto said. "Careful, olles." It was over in a second**

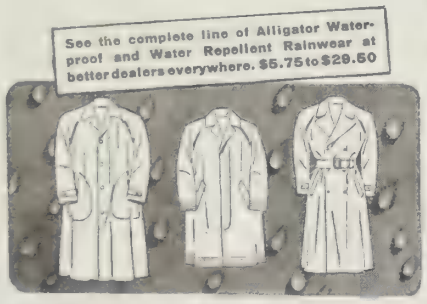
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felt his heart beat sickeningly in his throat.

"You look hot, Bob," he heard Mr. Kingman say.

"Yes," Bob answered. "I'm out of condition, I guess." His heart was beating very fast and the sweat was streaming down his face so that he had to blink his eyes. Tom was a good boy and he would do what he was told. The beach was clear and Tom would be down there in a little while. He would be in the dinghy, rowing to the Thistlewood. He would be out in the bow, slipping the anchor. Bob Bolles could hear his heart pounding.

THE old road had turned to the left and was winding steeply up the hill. You could see that it had been carefully built once, well surfaced with coral and shell, so that the heavy growth of trees and vines on either side had not yet grown across it. The road was open, and yet you could tell that it had not been used for years. Now and then a trail crossed it, made perhaps by wild pigs, but there was no sign of a footpath. Clearly the Negroes on the island did not use the road. He began to make out a border of trees along its edges and he saw that the giant candlewoods which rose above the undergrowth must have been planted to shade the avenue when it was a clean, white ribbon, winding up the hill.

"By jove, this is hot work," Mr. Kingman said. "Let's stop a moment for a —a breather, what?"

There it was again. He was speaking English when he thought he was speaking American. Bob Bolles halted and set the hamper down. The little party which was walking behind him single file looked very hot, all except Mr. Moto.

"You mean 'take the weight off our feet' for a minute?" Bob Bolles said.

Mr. Kingman mopped his face with a fresh white handkerchief and laughed. "Just what I meant to say, exactly!" he answered.

"Please, ah," Mr. Moto said, " 'take the weight off your feet,' does that mean to sit down, please?"

"Of course he means to sit down," Mrs. Kingman said, "and I think it's a very good idea."

"Please, ah," Mr. Moto said, "in the hot countries out of doors, so very careful where you sit down."

"Why not?" Mrs. Kingman asked him. "You mean there are nettles?"

Mr. Moto drew his breath in delicately. "Not vegetation always, please," he said. "In hot countries you sit and rest and many little bugs get in your, ah, garments."

IT WAS hard to take Mr. Moto seriously, or Mr. Kingman either, there on the side of the hill. Mr. Kingman mopped his face again and looked thoughtfully up the glade of the old avenue.

"Are those gateposts there?" he asked.

Mr. Kingman's eyes were very good. He had picked out two masonry pillars, perhaps fifty yards ahead of them, which were so thickly covered with ferns and vines that they were hard to notice. The pillars were the entrance to the main grounds.

"You see," Bob Bolles said, "this was one of the old English plantations. They were usually laid out in the English tradition, with gates at the entrance of the main avenue. The quarters would be somewhere near here and the stables and the tool houses. There must have been cane fields on either side of us."

"Well," Mr. Kingman said, "let us go." And Bob Bolles picked up the hamper again.

The fields had been choked and covered long ago, but the double row of candlewood still marked the old avenue and made the empty, grassy road silent and shady. You could see, once you passed the gate, heaps of rubble and the walls of outbuildings.

"It may take a bit of looking," Bob heard Mr. Kingman say. "They might have stored it anywhere here. Look at that yonder. It is like a factory."

Mr. Kingman pointed through the trees to the right. The bare walls of a large rectangular building were rising up above the brush; and where part of a wall was breached and falling you could distinguish a tangle of rusty metal.

"That would be the old mill," Bob Bolles said.

Mr. Kingman hesitated.

"Yes, it will take a bit of looking. That factory might be the place for it. I should not want to bring the thing any farther than I could help, would you, Moto? Shall we try in there?"

Mr. Moto stared at the ruins through the trees. There was something very lonely about the sight of those walls still rising above the choking vegetation, seemingly struggling silently against the vines and ferns and bushes that were trying to pull them down. There was an echo of old violence about them, a memory of destruction and burning and pillage. Bob Bolles heard Oscar clear his throat.

"Them niggers," Oscar said, "they burned it, what?"

It was more than Oscar had said for a long while. In some way the place must have impressed him and must have somehow shocked some innate sense of thrift and order. "Them dirty niggers!" Oscar said. "By damn, yes, it all was burnt!"

It must have all happened a century before, but there was still a strong impression of old destruction, the same sense of lost endeavor which Bob Bolles had once felt when he had visited the ruins of a great French estate in Haiti. On either side of the road were the crumbling remains of large and small buildings.

"I like it the way it is," Mr. Kingman said. "It is sad. It looks almost like a town."

Mr. Moto coughed and looked up at the sky and then at his wrist watch. "It was all so long ago," he said. "May I make a suggestion, please? If we go to the house first, there will be a view of the sea. I should like so very muc to be sure there is nothing comin Someone, I think, should watch."

Mr. Kingman looked troubled an he nodded. "You're right, Moto," h said. "We had better take a look. We go on to the house."

They began climbing slowly up th hill again and no one spoke for a whil Bob Bolles could feel the urgency their thoughts and he was thinking, to His whole life kept moving through h thoughts.

"Come on, Bob," he heard Mr. Kin man say behind him. "Step—step it!"

"All right, Mac," he answered.

His breath was coming fast from t climb, but his voice was perfec steady. It was his great desire to steady, although it could make no po sible difference. His main hope w that he would behave well. They mig not care, but he wanted Kingman a Moto to know that he could take it well as they could and he wanted M Kingman to know it.

"Ah!" he heard Mr. Kingman say l hind him. "Well, there it is."

THEY had rounded a curve in the a nue and the ruins of Westerly H lay in front of them. Bob never for his first view of the house. Someh its grim solidity conveyed the impr sion of what it must have been o and somehow its past was stronger t its present. It must have been a house once, a square three-story m sion, overlaid with stucco. Now its was down and the stucco was pee in a sickly way, revealing huge pat of the gray coral stone beneath it. kitchen quarters were a mass of we The tall, arched windows and the g front door were black and gaping, all the ground around the house clear, perhaps because the knoll w it stood was exposed to the preva breeze. Thus there was an impres even then, of lawns and terraces.

It was still possible to trace the c of the avenue which ended at mas steps that led to a broad stone ter on which the house stood—a ter with battered stone railings that c looked the sea. On a medallion a the door, you could still see the co arms of the family and, in spite o watchful bleakness, there was a s of vanished hospitality, of servants



"Well, really, dear, you don't have to scream at me!" GEORGE

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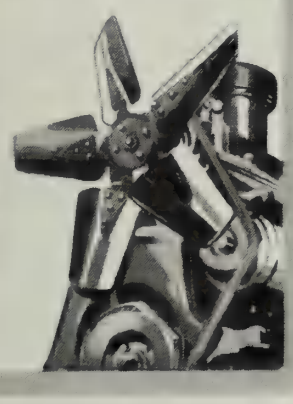
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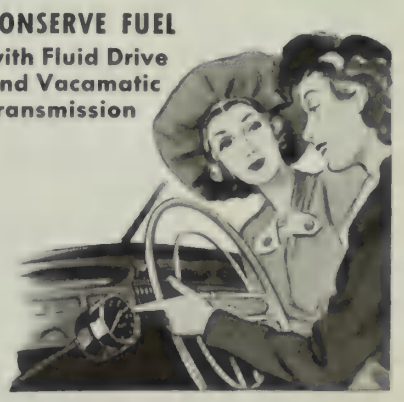
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# "It took me two years to get out of an elevator!"



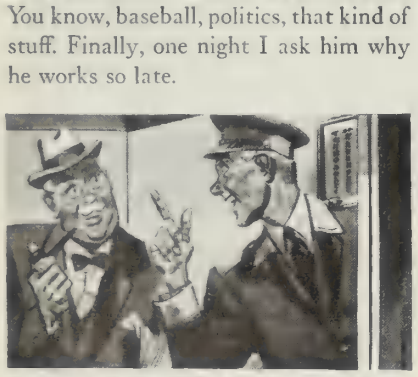
**1. Up and down**...up and down ...all night long I nurse that animated bird-cage from main floor to attic. Pushing little buttons on the wall! Saying: "Watch your step, Madam!" Opening the gate and closing it! You guessed it, it gets tiresome...after two years.



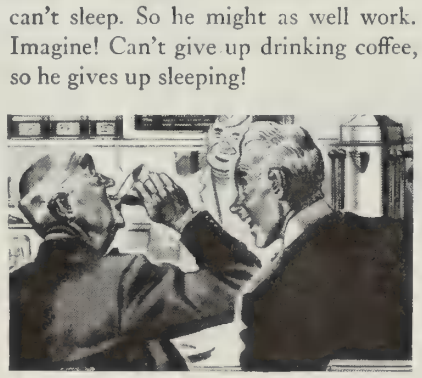
**2. Anyway, I got social life!** Me and the vice-president are just like that. He stays late all the time, so we get talking. You know, baseball, politics, that kind of stuff. Finally, one night I ask him why he works so late.



**3. He says coffee's to blame.** The caffein in it keeps him awake. But he loves the stuff, so drinks it, anyway. Then he can't sleep. So he might as well work. Imagine! Can't give up drinking coffee, so he gives up sleeping!



**4. So I tell him.** We ride up and down while I explain how you can drink Sanka Coffee and still sleep, because it's 97% caffein-free. He looks doubtful. "Meet me at Joe's Diner at quitting time," I says, "and I'll prove it!"



**5. Joe's my pal.** He brings a can of Sanka Coffee, and we find where it reads: "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.' "




**6. This V.P. tries a cup**...*two* cups, in fact. Next night he comes around beaming. Says something about sleeping like a lamb. Then he offers me a job in his office. So—it's good-by bird-cage! Hereafter, I *walk* downstairs...and it's a treat!




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mahogany. The house was there in an utterly forgotten world of its own. Bob would not have been surprised if he had seen the front door open, although no door was there. Instead, a flock of gray birds flew chattering from one of the lower windows and the breeze was on his face again, clear and fresh from the sea.

"Oh," he heard Mrs. Kingman say, "it must have been beautiful once."

"Yes," Mr. Kingman said, "but never mind it now."

He was opening the case that contained his field glasses. To the left, as they stood facing the great front door, down below them, was a wide, blue stretch of ocean. The waves near the horizon glinted in the sunlight and, nearer to the land, the breakers churned in a white ring around the coral reef.

"Well," Mr. Kingman said, "it all looks clear."

"Yes," Mr. Moto answered. "I am so glad to think so. Let us walk up the steps. Up there is a better view."

BOB climbed up quickly. He wanted to see the bay which was still concealed by the tops of trees, but up on the terrace the pier and the beach were all distinct beyond the treetops, not half a mile away. Mr. Kingman was looking through his glasses again.

"What," he said, "what the devil! The boat is moving!"

You did not need glasses to see it. Bob Bolles felt a strange sense of elation, and a grim and inexplicable desire to laugh. The Thistlewood in the distance, like a child's toy boat, was nosing her way through the reef to the open sea. He could see Tom, a small black dot, standing at the wheel. Bob Bolles set down the hamper and turned and faced them. Oscar had dropped his suitcase.

"Why," Mrs. Kingman said, "the anchor rope must have broken!"

Mr. Moto's face was impassive, but his voice was high and reedy. "No," he said, "it is under power. Someone is aboard, I think." And he glanced sideways at Bob Bolles.

"It looks that way, doesn't it?" Bob said.

Mr. Kingman snapped his glasses back into their case. In almost the same instant he had unslung his rifle from his shoulder and for just a second he looked at Bob Bolles thoughtfully.

"So that's it, is it?" he said.

"Yes," Bob Bolles said evenly, "I told him to take her off if he had a chance."

If it was the last speech that he had made on earth, he was glad that he had been able to make it. He had taken a good deal from them that day. He smiled at Mrs. Kingman. He had thought that they would be angry, but the strange thing was, no one was angry. Mr. Moto stood rubbing the back of his head and gazing at the harbor. Mr. Kingman was adjusting the sights on his rifle.

"Give me the telescope sight," he said, "and some extra clips, please, Oscar. It cannot be more than six hundred yards."

"It will do no good," said Mr. Moto. "You kill him and the boat goes on the rocks."

"We'll get her off," said Mr. Kingman briskly. "The telescope sight and the clips, please, Oscar. Damn it, hurry up! What's the matter?"

Oscar had not moved and his face was red. "I have left the sight," he said, "and I took only four clips of shells. I have thought we go back aboard."

"Hell," Mr. Kingman said, "hell's fire!" He knelt down and rested his rifle on the stone railing. Smack! the rifle went. Smack! Smack! Smack! And Mr. Kingman laughed pleasantly.

"Ah, he's running from the wheel!"

Smack! the rifle went. Mr. Kingman, smiling faintly, reached in his poc for another clip.

"Don't you think," Bob Bolles ask "that you're wasting your time?"

"Why?" Mr. Kingman asked, lool up at him from the rifle sights.

"Because he's lashed the wheel gone below," Bob said. "You can sh her full of holes, but you won't stop Mac."

Mr. Moto still rubbed the back his head. He was smiling, but his s was mechanical. "So little use to Mr. Kingman that," he said. "It m have been better for you later if he used more shots."

Mr. Kingman thrust home the clip and got up from his knees. lines of his face were deeper an did not speak for a moment.

"I've got plenty left," he said. "W that was quite a play, Bob." He off his sun helmet and rubbed the of his hand across his forel "There's no use being angry. I like to get angry, but this is a—a of a mess."

Mrs. Kingman spoke sharply. your own fault," she began. "Mac didn't you think?"

"Please be quiet," said Mr. King "I cannot think of everything." he drummed his fingers thoughtful the stock of his rifle.

They must have all been stari the harbor, lining the edge of th race, their backs to the house. Bolles never dreamed, and he di believe anyone else did either, tha were not entirely alone up there, ing at the sea—until he heard a behind him. There was no warn g—only a full, throaty voice.

"'Ere, 'ere," the voice said. "W all this how-do-you-do? The has gone, hasn't it?"

When Bob Bolles thought of terward, he supposed that the i which followed would have been ing, if anyone had possessed th pacity to appreciate it. It seemed to him so incongruous t some ways it was magnificent. in unison, they all stared ove shoulders, like children caught i guilty act.

"Well!" said Mr. Kingman there was no doubt that his nerve very good, for he was the first cover. "Where did you drop my man?"

It seemed to Bob Bolles the on sible question to ask. Standing terrace just behind them was In Jameson of the Kingston police

THE inspector's clothing was what dingy and soiled, but ev had the uncompromising militar ness that Bob Bolles rememb Kingston a few days back. The tor's military mustache was c trimmed. His puffy red cheek clean-shaven. Like Mr. Kingm was wearing a sun helmet and right hand he held a short stick, ger stick. It made him look li he undoubtedly had been o English noncommissioned offic

"It will hardly help to blust spector Jameson said, "and I sh everyone here the usual warnin thing said by him or her," his st eyes moved in the direction Kingman, "will be used against her."

From the way Inspector spoke, he seemed to consider sudden appearance there was routine matter.

"And I might add," Inspecto son said, "it will do no good t those weapons at me."

"Oh," said Mr. Kingman, "w

"You'll only be responsible death of an officer in line of d spector Jameson said, "besid

else is against you. It will 'ardly help you, sir."

Mr. Kingman had a dazed, blank look —and they must have all looked the same. From the corner of his eye Bob Bolles saw that Oscar was watching Mr. Kingman's face. Mr. Kingman moved his hand and Oscar moved a little to the left. Inspector Jameson must have seen the gesture.

"It's too late for monkey tricks for you or that Swede either," Inspector Jameson said.

But Mr. Kingman's voice only had surprise in it. "Never mind that now," he said. "Can't you tell us where the devil you came from?"

THE inspector's official manner relaxed slightly. "No harm in explaining," he answered more genially. "In the motor launch with this Japanese gentleman, of course," and he pointed a heavy finger at Mr. Moto.

"Excuse," Mr. Moto said. "There were two in the crew. I did not see you."

"No more you did," Inspector Jameson answered, "since I was stowed snug up forward. Why, you can thank me that you had the launch at all." The inspector was only human. He looked at Mr. Moto complacently.

"Oh," said Mr. Moto. "Please, why should you want—"

"It isn't always foreigners who know everything, if I may say so," Inspector Jameson answered. "How did you think it was so easy for a foreigner like you to hire a boat? Why, I'll tell you why: because the police have been searching for a Swede under the name of Oscar Lindquist and for a gentleman with an American passport by the name of Kingman."

Mr. Kingman's face was as motionless as marble, but he did not speak.

"But I am not Mr. Kingman, please," Mr. Moto said.

"No more you're not and very lucky for you," Inspector Jameson answered. "You shall explain later why you were looking for Mr. Kingman. When it was known you were asking where he was and looking for a boat, it was a welcome opportunity, if I do say so. I arranged for the boat and I 'opped aboard and when she passed the schooner I knew that I was right and when she got here I opped off and now—"

"I do not understand," Mr. Kingman said.

Inspector Jameson squared his shoulders and gave his stick an expert twirl. "Now that the schooner is gone, the jig is up, Mr. Kingman, for you and for the Swede here named Oscar Lindquist. You are 'ere on an island, one of his majesty's possessions, and no way of getting off, and I'm 'ere representing the law, sir, and that's all there is to it."

A blank, incredulous look crossed Mr. Kingman's face. "But I don't exactly see," he said. "Where is your boat now, man?"

Inspector Jameson spoke respectfully. He obviously considered that Mr. Kingman was a step above all the others.

"Once the schooner was sighted last night," he said. "I knew you were aboard and coming to Mercator. The motorboat has orders to go on and send for a government cutter. I wanted no accident about it, in case you should get to the schooner again, and there are odd doings here which need investigation. But now the schooner's gone you can't get off and I've showed myself. That's all, sir."

Mr. Kingman pursed his lips. He seemed to whistle noiselessly.

"And I take it," the inspector went on, "from what I overheard 'ere, the black boy employed by Mr. Bolles has run off with the schooner for what reason I cannot fancy. And what brings this lady and all the rest of you here is something for further investigation when the authorities appear on the cutter. In the meanwhile, since no one can leave here, I'm taking over. Is that plain to everyone?"

"Yes," said Mr. Moto. "Thank you. The cutter—when is it coming back, please?"

Inspector Jameson looked up at the sun and then glanced at his wrist watch. He was magnificent in his complete faith in himself. He seemed entirely oblivious of any possible danger.

"If she is at Nevis she should be here by noon tomorrow," he said. "It's as I say, the jig is up, Mr. Kingman. You can't get off and you won't be so foolish as to lay a hand on me. Your 'istory's been sent on the cable from Scotland Yard, a sort of international toff, I take it you are, and you won't make matters worse for you by laying an 'and on me.



"Don't wait up, dear, I'll probably be very late" HERB WILLIAMS


## How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy



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**Radio Director:** Now! Now! Don't feel so bad about it. I know you can rock 'em when you're feeling right. And—say!—that reminds me. Why don't we take time out to *try* a little KELLOGG'S PEP?




**Radio Director:** Here in the script it says that none of us can have pep without getting all his vitamins. And right in this crisp toasted cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, $B_1$ and D.

**The Singer:** Hey! Hold on a minute! This is the best doggone cereal I've tasted in a month of Sundays. If getting all my vitamins can be as much fun as eating PEP, just watch me! Before long I'll become the pep girl of the air.

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if nothing can be gained by it. You nor anyone else."

His china-blue eyes moved serenely across the group and Mr. Kingman stood with his mouth half open.

"Do you mean to say that you're here by yourself, my good man?" Mr. Kingman asked. "You mean you haven't got anyone lurking in the bushes?"

"Here by myself is right, sir," the inspector answered. "One man is enough when he has the old empire behind him."

Mr. Kingman looked at Mr. Moto in a stupefied sort of way. "Did you ever hear of anything like this?" he asked.

"Yes," Mr. Moto said, "please, it is like the British."

"By—by jove," Mr. Kingman said, "I never can understand them," and then Bob Bolles spoke up. He could not endure standing there and doing nothing.

"Jameson," he began, "you damned fool—"

"'Ere," said Inspector Jameson. "That's no way to talk, Mr. Bolles. I do not believe you are in any ways implicated, but there must be an explanation."

"Wait, please," Mr. Moto said. "Why do you want Mr. Kingman and the other man, please?"

INSPECTOR JAMESON straightened his shoulders again. "Quite right for you to ask," he said, "I'm sure," and his voice became official and sonorous: "On a very serious charge. On the confession of a keeper of a public house—one Henry Pasquez."

"Oh," said Mr. Kingman, "that's it, is it?"

"There, you have it, sir," said Inspector Jameson, nodding. "On the night of November 12th Henry Pasquez was apprehended endeavoring to conceal a body."

There was a sharp cry from Mrs. Kingman, but the inspector's voice went on: "The body of a tourist, French, described as Charles Durant. The confession describes one Oscar Lindquist as strangling this Charles Durant with a rope in a very 'orrible way, if I may say so."

"Oh," Mrs. Kingman cried, "you—"

Mr. Kingman turned on her. His face was white, but his eyes were burning bright. "You be quiet if you know what's good for you," he said. "What other piece of nonsense is there, Mr. Policeman?"

"And you are accused as accessory," Inspector Jameson said. "I 'ereby place you under arrest and anything you say will be used—"

Mr. Kingman's voice rose in a sharp snarl: "Against me? What? All right, Oscar!"

And Mr. Kingman drove the butt of his rifle with all his force into the pit of Inspector Jameson's stomach. At the same moment Bob Bolles felt a hand on his arm.

"Not now, please," Mr. Moto said. "Careful, Mr. Bolles!"

It was over in a second. Inspector Jameson and Oscar were struggling on the stone terrace. Mr. Kingman was leaning over them, but almost instantly he looked up.

"Be careful, my dear," he said to Mrs. Kingman. "Keep back!" His voice was sharp and harsh above the other sounds. Oscar had raised his fist and had struck with all his force at the base of the inspector's skull, and now the inspector lay still.

"All right," said Mr. Kingman briskly. "No need to finish him, Oscar. Drag that fool into the shade and put a gag in his mouth and tie him up."

Oscar was very strong. He lifted the whole limp weight of the inspector on his shoulders and carried him around a corner of the house and out of sight. Mr. Kingman looked at Mr. Moto as though he expected his sympathy and understanding.

"He'll be all right for the time being I think," Mr. Kingman said. "By—by jove, I never saw a thing like that. He was going to arrest all of us. He really meant it."

But Mr. Moto did not appear to sympathize and he shook his head slowly. "So very bad, please," he said. "This brings more trouble, always more trouble. Why liquidate a man in Kingston, Mr. Kingman?"

Mr. Kingman moved his head impatiently. He seemed to be troubled too. He seemed to be using all his will to keep his nerves under proper control.

"Damn it," he said, and he spoke jerkily. "That man—that Henry—was recommended to me. I told the fool to make it look like suicide. I even fixed the farewell note. How did I know he'd lose his nerve? At any rate, it was necessary."

Mr. Moto moved his left hand softly over the creases of his white coat. "You should never do such a thing in Kingston," he said softly. "There are other ways."

"Damn it," Mr. Kingman said, again. "It's none of your business, and there was a difference of opinion and the man fought. And that's that. It was an accident, and you can't help accidents."

Then Mrs. Kingman spoke—so unexpectedly that even Mr. Moto looked startled.

"You coward!" she said. Her eyes were icy cold and contemptuous and her lips were curved with the same contempt. "You double-dealing coward. You meant to go back on us all the time, didn't you?" Mr. Kingman took a quick step backward. His eyes were on Mr. Moto, but Mr. Moto did not move. Suddenly Mr. Kingman's face looked as ugly as a snake's.

"Perhaps I'd better explain myself," Mr. Kingman said, "right now."

"Yes," said Mr. Moto, "it would be so nice."

"Then, listen," Mr. Kingman said. "It's better to have it in the open. I look out for myself entirely. To hell with the Vichy government and any snivelling Frenchmen! Helen, my dear, you people don't pay enough. It was an accident in Kingston and I'm sorry for it. Mr. Moto and I are working together now, and perhaps we'll continue if Mr. Moto pays enough. That part on the plane should be worth a million dollars if it's delivered to the right party. But as for you, Helen, you're out of it. You've always been out of it. You and your people can't stop me now." Mr. Kingman paused and moistened his lips. No one spoke until he went on again:

"All this happily married business! I'm just as sick of it as you are. If you know what's good for you—and I think you do—you'll play this game with me right to the end. And no further personal remarks from you, my dear. There's nothing you can do—absolutely nothing. You're in a damned tough spot and you know it. Do I make myself clear?"

THERE was something sickeningly certain about Mr. Kingman's speech. It was full of all sorts of unspoken implications, and Mrs. Kingman must have understood it. She was standing still, digging her nails into her palms. Her lower lip was trembling and for a moment Bob Bolles thought she was going to weep.

"Yes," she said, "it's clear."

"And you'll do what I tell you, won't you?" Mr. Kingman said.

"Yes," she answered, "yes, Mac," and she seemed utterly beaten, utterly resigned.

"You've got a great way with women, haven't you?" Bob Bolles asked. "I'd like to take that up with you

" He had to say something. He d not have stopped if he had tried, he suddenly felt himself seething white-hot anger. It was not what Kingman said, but what he had said. And then Oscar came around corner of the house, holding his ready.

: is all right, Oscar," Mr. Kingman and his eyes met Bob Bolles' rely. "Romantic, aren't you, Bob? : pretty. I'll admit it. And if I ed she'd get down on her face now and lick the dust off my shoes, ıse she'd have to, Bob, if she 's what's good for her. Don't in- pt. I'm taking up your case. That pretty smart of you, sending that away, wasn't it? There's just one about it—"

'hat?" Bob asked.

' makes you about as useless as ken-down horse, my friend, unless an think of some way of getting oat back."

'o hell with you," Bob Bolles said. e isn't any way. She's gone. ll pick you up in the morning, nan."

'at's just a little hasty," Mr. King- said, "don't you think? I'm going e you time to think that one over. the breath is being shut out of ou may change your mind—a 'or- death with a rope. You heard didn't you? Oscar can handle

C BOLLES still felt that white ne of anger, but his mind was work- st. "Maybe Mr. Moto wouldn't ," he said.

V Kingman's forehead wrinkled.

'o not see," Mr. Moto said, "why ould I not like it?"

B Bolles answered quickly. He ad a card to play.

'I just occurred to me," he said. wanted a plane mechanic. I know about airplane engines, Moto. I it them together and take them I was an aviator, in case it in- you."

—by jove," Mr. Kingman said, n't know that."

ıst thought Mr. Moto would like w," Bob Bolles answered.

y, yes," said Mr. Moto. "Thank you so much. That is very interesting."

Mr. Kingman's fingers drummed gently on his rifle stock. "You think damned fast, don't you?" he asked. "Well, Moto and I might be able to use you, Bob. And now, Mr. Moto—"

"Yes," Mr. Moto said, "yes, please?"

"You're pretty much in the way too, but we need each other, don't we, in case the American Navy or that British cutter comes? We're two against you, Moto, and we're agreed to do nothing until we find that plane. That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Moto, "that is right."

"And maybe we can talk business afterward."

"Yes," said Mr. Moto, "yes, perhaps."

"Then take your hand out of your pocket," Mr. Kingman said. "It's all right, Moto."

Mr. Moto did not remove his hand from his coat pocket. "Excuse me, please," he said, "if under the circumstances I still do not trust you altogether."

Mr. Kingman shrugged his shoulders. That genial manner of his was back with him again. "Oh," he said, "all right, all right. Let's have a bite of lunch and then we'll start looking," and he glanced toward the house. "Bring in the basket, Oscar. There should be some place to sit inside."

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Kingman. "I'm very hungry now."

It was all surprising to Bob Bolles. That anger of hers and her fear seemed to have gone entirely, just as though that scene with Mr. Kingman had never happened. It was most amazing—that complete control of hers. She seemed completely happy again. Perhaps she was always meant to be happy.

They had all turned by then toward the stone walls of the house with their peeling yellow stucco. The tall windows of the room in front of them opened like doors upon the terrace and showed a large, bare room inside with a flagstone floor. Fire and weather had destroyed the beams and ceilings long ago, so that the room itself was half choked with rubble and you could look up through the three stories of the house to the open sky; but a corner of the room near the windows was clear and, standing in the corner, you were



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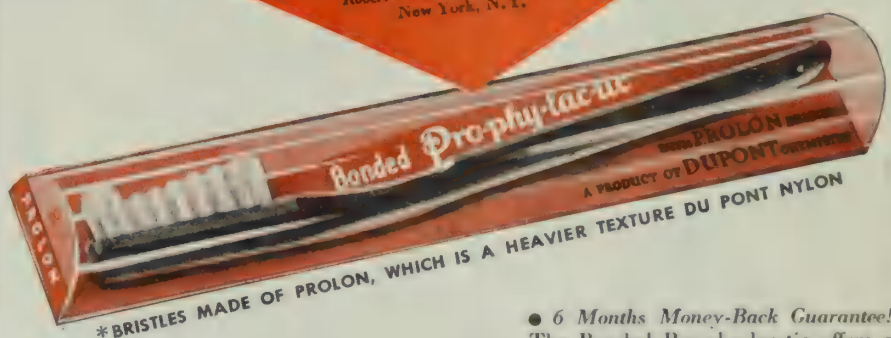


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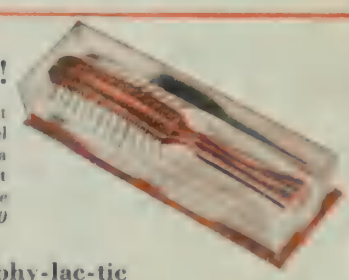
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in the shell of the greater house with all its ground plan bare and bleak in spite of the wreckage.

The room where they stood might have been the dining room or the parlor and it had the only floor that was left. Beyond it was the entrance hall with the remains of a stone staircase which led upward into emptiness. The floor of the hallway and the floors of the other rooms had dropped into the cellars and the floor of the room where they were standing would have been gone long ago had there been a cellar beneath it. As it was, there were the remains of plaster on the wall and a fireplace between two windows that was half filled with rubbish.

"Why," Mrs. Kingman said, "there isn't anything here," and Mr. Kingman and Mr. Moto also seemed surprised, for, with its walls still standing, the building from the outside still gave the appearance of a house.

"The devil," Mr. Kingman said, "there's no place here to store a plane. By jove, there's law and order! There's the British empire."

He was referring to Inspector Jameson, who was standing, trussed and gagged, against a heap of stones. There was nothing to do about Inspector Jameson then.

Oscar said nothing. He pulled four blocks of stone together to make a table and moved some other stones around it for seats. Then he found some tin cups that were in the picnic hamper and pulled out a bottle of wine.

"Isn't Oscar wonderful?" Mrs. Kingman said. "He can make any place look like home." Bob Bolles sighed. He could not make her out at all.

"Yes," said Mr. Kingman. Nothing seemed to disturb him, not even Inspector Jameson. Those people had amazing resilience. There was no doubt of that. "Now, we all feel better for the moment, don't we? The walls protect us from the sun, and here is canned chicken and bread, and Oscar will boil some coffee, I think. Pass the cups around, Helen, my dear. It is Ruedesheimer, if no one objects to a German wine. Sit down, Moto. Sit down, Bob. Your troubles haven't started yet, my boy."

MR. KINGMAN sat down, resting his rifle across his knees. He raised his cup, but Bob noticed that his other hand still held the rifle.

"Very pleasant wine," Mr. Moto said. "I have always admired all things German."

"Germany used to be a very restful place," Mr. Kingman said. "Here's looking at you, Mr. Policeman. I'm sorry you can't have a drink of it too," and Mr. Kingman laughed. "Odd, isn't it, all of us sitting here at cross purposes—Mr. Moto with his hand in his pocket, me watching him, and Bob there, wishing he could break my neck? By—by jove, it's rather jolly, isn't it? Here comes the coffee. Have some, Moto?"

"Yes," said Mr. Moto, and he made a gentle belching sound. "Thank you very much."

"Yes," said Mr. Kingman, "all together and all at cross purposes, all ready to fly apart at a moment's notice. It will be quite a while before I can come back here again, I think. Yes, this is the—the life, isn't it? Helen, my dear, I'm glad you're taking it so well."

She looked at him across the stones.

"It's the only way there is to take it, Mac," she said.

"After all, that man Durant was just another of us. He was nothing serious to you, was he, my dear?"

"Just another of us," Mrs. Kingman said. "That's all."

"By jove," Mr. Kingman went on, "here's our little snack of luncheon over and I doing all the talking—the—the life of the party, what? There's just one thing we've got to think about—some way of getting off this island—and, Bob, you're going to do the thinking for us." Mr. Kingman got to his feet. "Helen, my dear, if I may talk to you outside for a minute, we must think of some way for Bob to get that schooner of his back here. Will you excuse us, please?"

Mr. and Mrs. Kingman walked out on the terrace, and Mr. Moto and Bob Bolles were alone except for Oscar who sat some distance away watching them. Mr. Moto glanced toward Inspector Jameson and then took a noisy sip of his coffee. His face was devoid of any expression. The events of the morning did not appear to have disturbed him in the least.

"If you have some signal to call back your boat I think it would be so much nicer if you told," Mr. Moto said, "so much nicer—because Mr. Kingman will make you tell. There are so many ways."

"To hell with all that," Bob Bolles said. "I can take anything that you boys dish out."

Mr. Moto laughed politely. "You are very nice, Mr. Bolles," he said, "very, very nice. I only suggested, please—soon it will be difficult for all of us."

Bob Bolles looked at him curiously.

"That thing on the plane," Bob Bolles asked him suddenly, "what's your game? Are you going to get it for yourself or are you going to play in with Kingman? Not that it's any of my business, I suppose."

Mr. Moto set down his cup. "So very pleased you asked," he said. "I think in the end I shall have it for myself, yes, when the time comes."

"Suppose Kingman's a Nazi?" Bob asked. "You're playing in with those boys, aren't you?"

Mr. Moto looked interested. "Oh," he said, "do you think he is a Nazi? Why, please?"

"Well, you take Oscar," Bob E said. "First he pretended he w Swede and now he's developed a man accent. And take Mr. Kingr accent."

Mr. Moto's gold teeth glittered friendly smile. "So clever of y think," he said. "Mr. Kingmar suggested the same himself. I a sorry I do not trust him—a very man, I do not like Mr. Kingman.

"I don't blame you," Bob Bolle fervently. "I hate his guts."

"So happy to hear your thou Mr. Moto said. "But I beg you, p Mr. Bolles, to take care of yours am so glad you understand airp Mr. Bolles. But take care of you Mr. Moto's narrow, dark eyes a glance in the direction of the te "So sorry there should be troub tween America and Japan—two very nice nations. It is all a cu misunderstanding."

BOB tried to make his voice careless. Mr. Moto was leadin something, he was very sure. Th der bonds of expediency whic holding them together were shifti wearing very thin.

"You and I," Bob said, "migh a temporary cultural understa

Mr. Moto sucked in his breat ily between his teeth. "Please," "no understanding now."

Bob had nearly forgotten Osc car had risen from the stone wh had been sitting close to In Jameson. Now he stepped acr space to the stone table, scowli

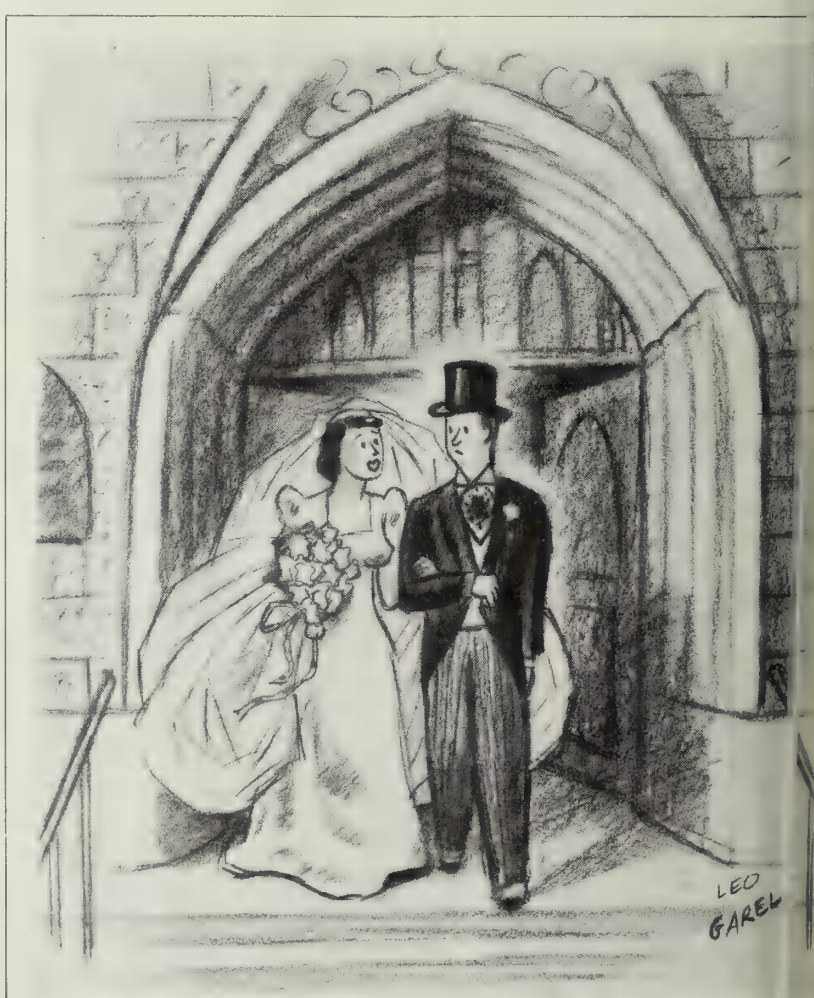
"By damn," Oscar said, "yo your mouth or I shut it for you

"Please," Mr. Moto beg think—"

He stopped. Mr. Kingma walked in from the terrace wi Kingman just behind him.

"Here," Mr. Kingman asked. the trouble here?"

*(To be continued next wee*

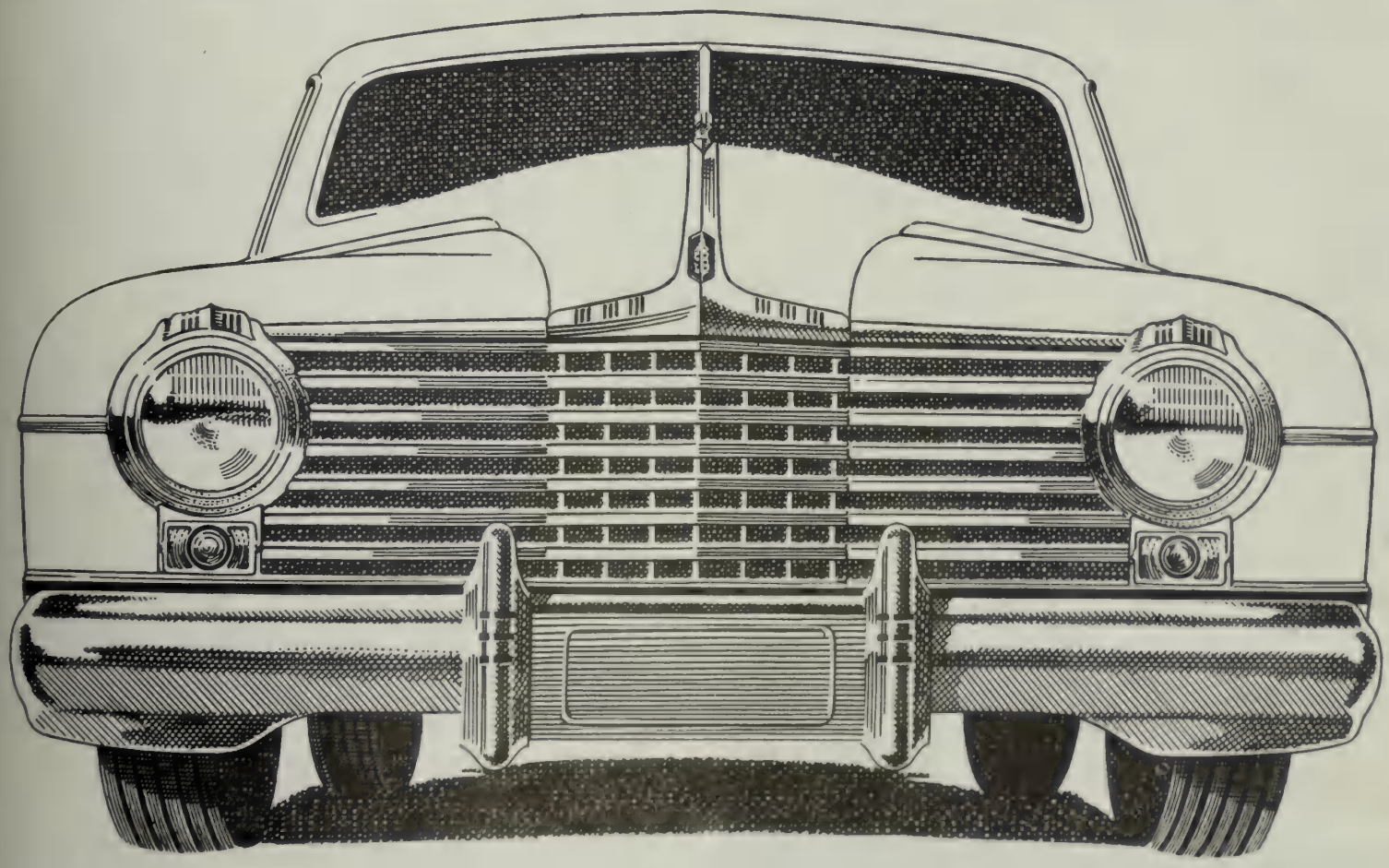



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# Martinet

Continued from page 12

Cameron, and sat down at the office table. As he went through the roster he now and then paused for comment: "Corporal Klein—he's new since my time. What happened to Bartley? O'Hare's serving third hitch, I notice. I see you've got him in the ranks. Must have gone back to whisky." Heat held on and the men around him waited and slowly sweated. Captain Cameron went through sick list, the clothing account and the mess fund. "You've saved too much money on the fund," he commented. "It indicates a miserly mess sergeant."

LATER he made a tour of F's barrack and inspected the stables and returned to stand in the doorway, cap tilted down over half-closed eyes. A fatigue detail passed in a straggling column of twos and a little later a troop came through the main gate of the fort, returned from scout. An orderly moved across the parade, saluted and handed him a note, and stood by while Cameron read it:

*"Captain Cameron: We would be pleased to have you for supper.*

*"Margaret Morton."*

The captain said, "My thanks to Mrs. Morton and I will come."

At six, the bugles blowing first call for retreat, he took his horse from a waiting orderly and rode over the parade to receive his troop from the first sergeant. Sixty-two men stood to horse before him. He said, "Prepare to mount! Mount!" He watched these men fling up their carbines, swing to saddle and turn stiff and still. He was a long and wiry officer, sitting on the saddle with legs almost straight down; and the chinstrap of his dress helmet squeezed his big jaws together. He said, "Fours right," and swung the troop out into regimental line. Dust moved up around horses and men like gray fire smoke and sun flashed brilliantly on bright gear. The fanfare of the bugles died and the band crashed into the national air and the brass cannon boomed, its echo rolling across the river and on out along the flat earth beyond. The flag moved slowly down the pole, the colonel's voice filled the air with one great bronze-voiced bark, "Pass in Review!" and the band broke into a march.

As he took his troop past the colonel, Cameron tossed up his sword and brought it down, and his back stiffened and feeling rushed through him—the feeling compounded from the smell of saddle leather and rank horse sweat, the growling sound of his sergeants behind him and the sight of the guidon pennants whipped back by the riding breeze. He was home again, bathed in those simplicities and realities that sweetened and made his life complete—to the golden clouds of dust and the bite of the sun and to the closeness of his men, to the round of old duties marked off from sunrise to dusk by the sweet-sharp tones of the trumpets.

This was his life. Yet, when he brought his troop back to the company street he sat momentarily before them and showed none of his feelings because he could not. He was a stranger to the troop and these men were strangers to him. He could make no easy gestures to buy their respect. He had to prove himself to them and they had to prove themselves to him; this was the way soldiering was. Cooney sat before him, third front file in the second squad—a heavy, Irish trooper in whose glance mockery brightened; but it was nothing the captain could reach, for Cooney stood behind that barrier separating o ficer from enlisted man. Cameron pu this away in his mind, gave the troo to the first sergeant and crossed bachelor's hall. Later, in a beautif streaming twilight, he presented hin self at Captain Morton's house.

Margaret Morton waited for him her doorway, smiling and with son pleasantly casual word ready to spoken. When he paused before her, grave and austere of expression, t smile left her. Her glance scanned hi most carefully, clouded by the mer ories of past years, and her voice w a soft murmur for him alone: "Nothi changes. You are not a pound heavi not a day older, nor the least trace ge tler."

"No," he answered, "I have changed."

He entered the room to face crowd of officers and ladies, some whom he knew, some of whom w new to him. Captain Seavers' wife sa "You are the same old martinet, Joh They sat down to supper and later into comfortable gossiping. Ma Bainbridge said: "How was the E Cameron? A relief from frontier se ice, no doubt."

"It was a drudgery I despised."

He said very little during the even He stood among them, not ill at e but indifferent and withdrawn, find small talk difficult, and at the earl possible moment he made his exc and left. Margaret Morton follo him to the porch and here he stop and gave her his long and grave st "Nor have you changed."

"I am a settled and married wo with a son who is three."

"Are you?" he said, and looke long at her that she hurriedly r mured, "Good night," and turned the house.

Shortly afterward tattoo broke a the parade and the officers and ladies moved homeward through hot, aromatic night. When they alone Captain Morton said to his "I told you stone doesn't change.'

Margaret Morton didn't immedi answer, being engaged in her own and active thinking; whereupon ton said speculatively, "Memories girl?"

"He reminds me," she murm "that I'm growing old.'

CAPTAIN MORTON let out a ringing laugh and his wife's c turned red. She was not one to easily confused and the captain the uncomfortable realization h touched feelings better left alone.

Walking homeward, Major bridge's wife said, "He still love I wonder what she felt when sh him again."

Bainbridge was mildly shocked. woman's married. That's all ov

"Nothing's ever over. Theirs very stormy affair. Had she bee to bend him ever so little, had sh able to dilute the iron streak i she would have married him inst Harry Morton."

"Marrying him," said Bain "would have been like marry monk. The man's a soldier. Tha only love he's got."

"The affair is not dead," sai Bainbridge. "It could develo quite a scandal. They all know i Margaret and Harry and John.'

Deep-seated in a rocker on th of bachelor's hall, a cigar smo fragrantly between his teeth, C watched a guard detail tramp by

fed the dark with round and beautiful
ces and lights died around the quad-
ngle and the sentry call traveled from
st to post. Dust clung to the air and
t heat stirred along the baked ground.
e desert wildness moved in and the
ck brilliant-flecked sky hung above
n; he sat idle and receptive while this
soaked into him and filled up the
ngry places.

E PUT the troop through drill until
sweat blackened men's shirts and
t turned their faces scarlet, and came
k to the orderly room. Shannon said,
will be all right to issue passes to-
nt, Captain? The boys go across on
ferry to the saloons on yonder side
a bit of drink and a little quarrelin'
the comfort of women."

No passes," said Cameron, "until I
e sweated the fatness and the soft-
s out of them. Shannon, can you
p Cooney?"

hannon stared at the captain. "I've
't tried."

Try it the next time he lays his stub-
n eyes on you."

fter night closed in Captain Cam-
n sauntered through the main gate
made his casual circuit of the post
came at last to the ferry slip. He
d by the shadow of a cottonwood
watched men move out of the post,
nd on pass for the saloons across
river; and saw three other men who,
ing no passes, slipped furtively from
uarded angles of the post. Coming
ard to the ferry slip he intercepted
n. They were F Troop men and one
was Cooney, and thus caught, they stood woodenly silent before him. Cooney's eyes met Cameron with a flare of insolence and silent laughter.

"Two days on the water detail," said the captain. "Get back to the fort."

"Yes, sir," said Cooney in a voice whose perfect civility mocked the captain. Cameron watched them go back through the main gate, but he knew the quality of Cooney's desires and the strength of Cooney's will and so he traveled along the dark outer walls of the fort and paused at a gap in the wall close by the houses of laundress row. There was a rowboat tied to the bank at this spot and near tattoo he saw a single shape slide down laundress row and come forward at a low run, bound for the rowboat. Cameron said, "Cooney," and caught the Irishman in his tracks. He received the full furious flare of Cooney's temper—the bright anger and the rebellion. The Irishman stood in front of him, breath rising and falling through his mouth; his eyes were round and pale.

"Don't try it again, Cooney. You hear?"

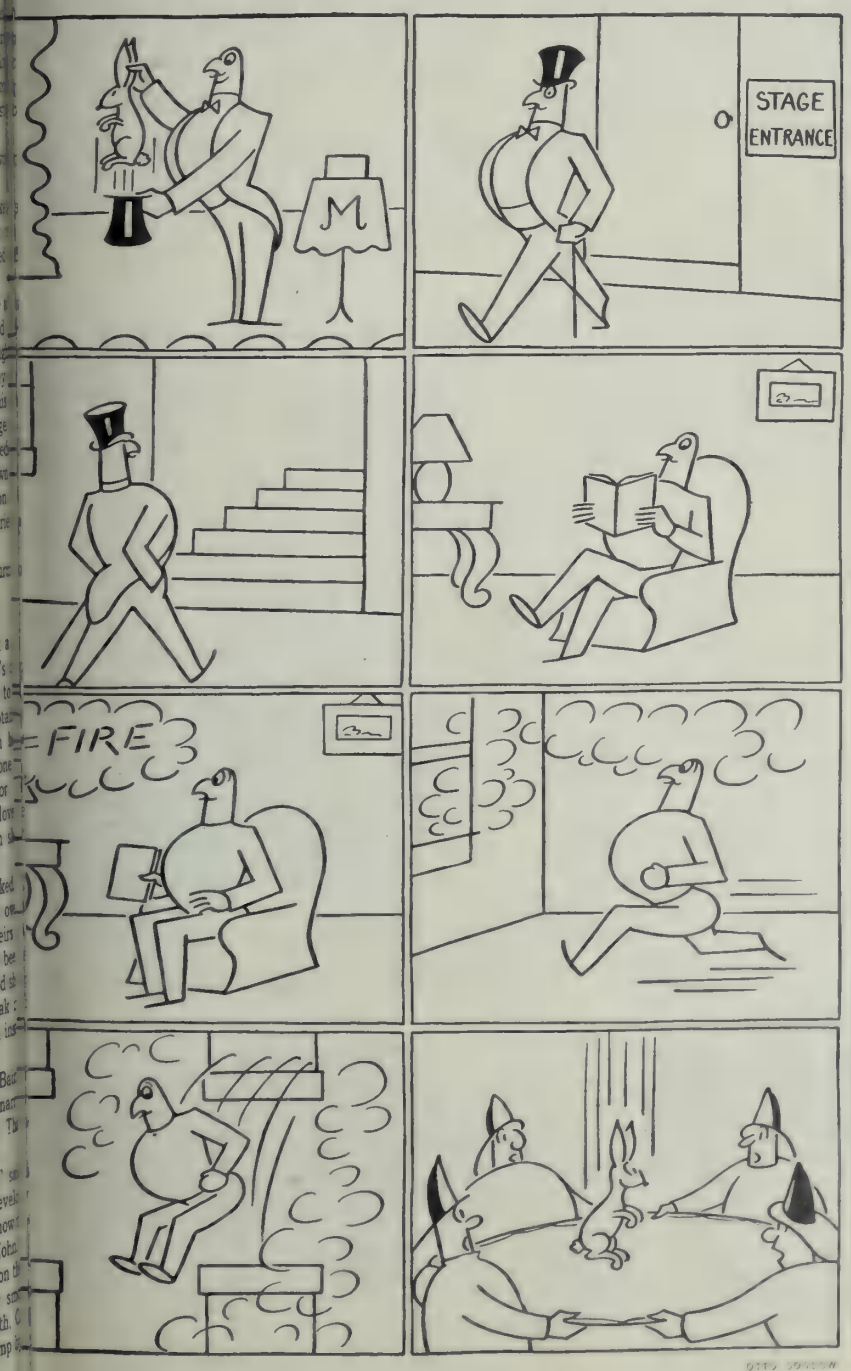
"I hear, sir," said Cooney. "I am a stubborn man, sir."

"So am I, Cooney."

"That I know," the Irishman murmured, coolly and falsely respectful. "You will be turnin' me over to a court-martial, sir?"

"No," said the captain, "I will take care of you my own way. Go back to quarters."

He watched Cooney retreat and he







THAT'S right . . . *all* smokers sometimes inhale . . . knowingly or unknowingly. And inhaling *increases* the *chance of irritation* to sensitive nose and throat passages. But—see what eminent doctors found . . . on comparing the leading cigarettes! They report that:

**THE SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITANT AS THE AMAZINGLY DIFFERENT PHILIP MORRIS — AN IRRITANT EFFECT WHICH LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!**

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you *can* avoid worry about your nose and throat . . . you *can* have true smoking pleasure without penalties—*if you smoke* Philip Morris!

# CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS




AMERICA'S *FINEST* CIGARETTE

# An Importan About Rubber i

## AND WHAT YOU AS A CAR OWNER A

Among the strategic raw materials so vital to national defense, rubber is one of the most indispensable. Airplanes, scout cars, tanks and trucks as well as thousands of vehicles necessary for transportation in defense industries require tires, tubes, and hundreds of other products made from rubber. And while no other nation in the world has such vast natural resources as the United States, all of our rubber must be imported across thousands of miles of ocean. With world conditions as they are today, we must face the growing possibility that this country may be cut off from its principal sources of rubber supply.



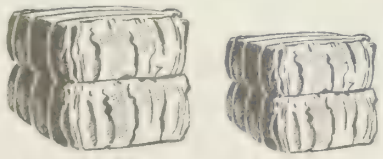
*Map showing routes that rubber travels to the U. S.*

Realizing the dangers of a single source of supply, Harvey S. Firestone began years ago the development of a huge million-acre tract of land in Liberia for growing rubber. Today, an ever-increasing amount of highest-quality rubber is being shipped to Firestone from these plantations.



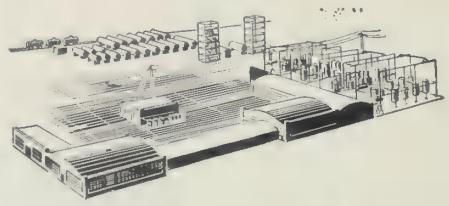
*Tapping rubber trees on the Firestone Plantations in Liberia.*

Today, this country has on hand or in transit only enough crude rubber and finished products to last 13 months at present rate of consumption.



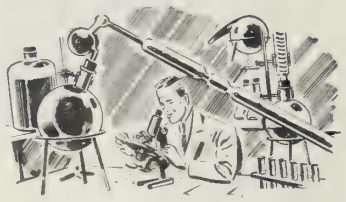
*Comparison of rubber supply on hand and amount needed for one year at present rate of consumption.*

Every month part of the rubber imported is used by the government to build up a reserve. The remainder is allotted to the rubber companies who must first manufacture products needed for defense. They then use the rest to make the thousands of rubber products needed by automobile and other manufacturers and by the public.



*New Firestone synthetic rubber factory.*

Fully aware of these serious conditions, Firestone has taken many steps to conserve and increase America's supply of rubber. In cooperation with the government, Firestone is now building another factory for the manufacture of synthetic rubber. This will greatly increase present capacity.

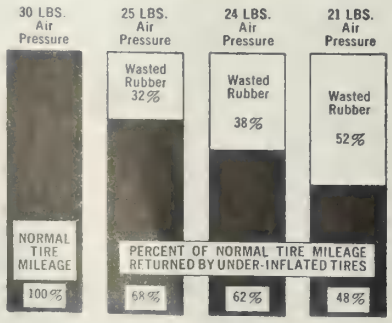


As a further step in conserving rubber, Firestone scientists and engineers recently developed the new wear-resisting Vitamic rubber compound, which enables car owners to get much greater mileage from their tires and thus save more rubber.

### HOW EVERY CAR OWNER CAN HELP CONSERVE RUBBER

Today's conditions stand as a challenge to the loyalty and patriotism of American motorists. Here are a few common-sense rules of tire care which will save millions of pounds of rubber annually for your country and save money for you.

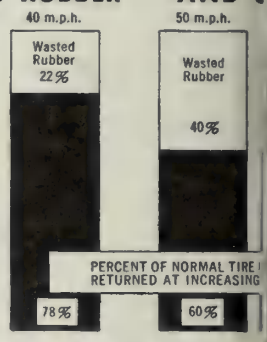
### UNDERINFLATED TIRES WASTE RUBBER



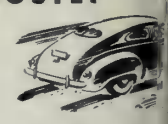

Look at this chart — if a tire with 30 lbs. of recommended air pressure is run at 25 lbs., 32% of the normal tread mileage is sacrificed! Save money and save rubber by having your tires checked every week.

### SPEED WASTES RUBBER — AND

Chart shows excessive speed is the greatest thief of tire mileage. An increase in speed of 50% may mean a 50% increase in the cost of operating your car.




### QUICK STARTS AND SUDDE ARE COSTLY



In quick getaways, wheels spin against the pavement, wasting rubber. A similar action takes place when sudden stops cause yo slide. Save rubber by starting and stop

### WHEN YOU NEED NEW T IT'S ALWAYS GOOD JU TO BUY THE BES

One of the most effective ways to — and at the same time save mon precious human lives—is to equip tires with Firestone Life Protecto type tubes that out-wear three sets tubes. With Firestone Life Protect car you can drive your present thousands of extra miles without f outs, because these tubes make a harmless as a slow leak.

And after your present tires ar replace them with the safest, long tires that money can buy — the ne Firestone DeLuxe Champion Tire tires made that are safety-pro speedway for your protection on t

Fir

# Statement National Defense

## LOYAL AMERICAN CAN DO ABOUT IT

### WHEEL ALIGNMENT AND HAVE ...CES BALANCED REGULARLY

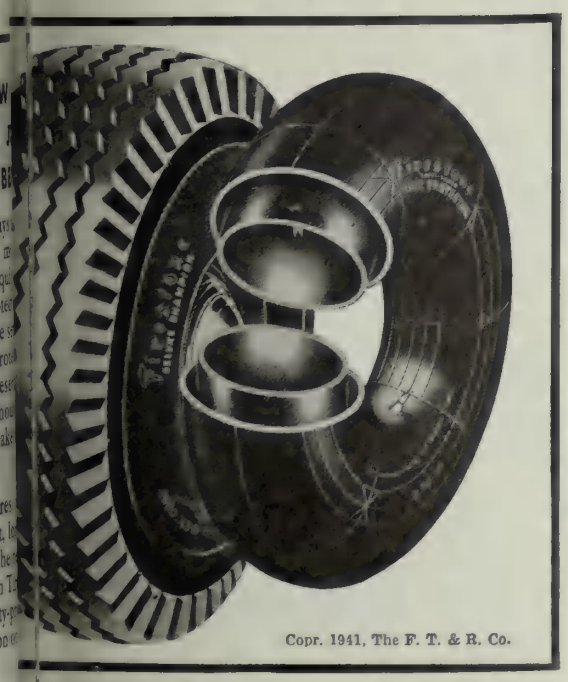


A wheel only ½-inch out of line is dragged sideways 87 feet in every mile, scraping off tread rubber. Unbalanced brakes are equally wasteful of tire mileage.

### ...TIRES FROM WHEEL TO WHEEL EVERY 5,000 MILES



The diagram at the left shows how the tires on your car should be changed from one wheel to another every 5,000 miles. This plan of ...ing tires saves rubber by eliminating ...r wear.




Copr. 1941, The F. T. & R. Co.

...tone

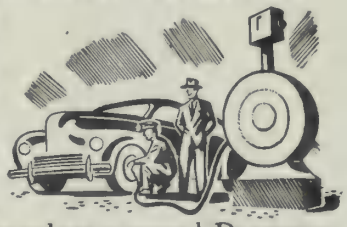
...BBER

**Firestone**
ONE-STOP SERVICE

### SAVES YOUR TIRES . . . SAVES YOUR CAR . . . SAVES YOUR MONEY!

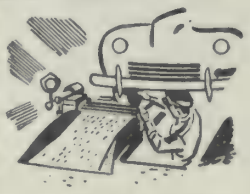
In every community there is a Firestone Dealer or Firestone Home & Auto Supply Store with experienced service men who will gladly help you get more mileage out of your tires and keep your car running more economically without one cent of cost to you. Here are a few of the services they perform:

### INSPECT YOUR TIRES AND CHECK THEM FOR CORRECT INFLATION



Your tires will be inspected and properly inflated free at any time. Nails, glass or other objects that become imbedded in the tread are removed. Dangerous breaks in the tire body are located so that they may be repaired before serious damage occurs. This service increases tire mileage.

### TEST YOUR BRAKES WITH THE MOST ACCURATE MACHINES



Balanced brakes prolong tire life by preventing over-braking on one or two tires. Firestone electric brake machines scientifically balance each wheel. Your Firestone Dealer or Store will gladly test your brakes free.

### CHECK YOUR WHEEL ALIGNMENT WITH MOST MODERN EQUIPMENT



Pigeon-toed wheels that waste so much rubber and gasoline can be quickly aligned. Misalignment can occur through striking a chuck hole or from a severe bump. Your car should be checked regularly for alignment — another free Firestone service.

### INSPECT AND TEST YOUR BATTERY



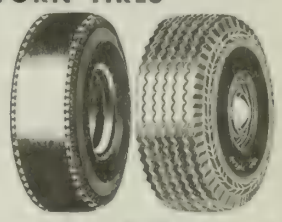
You can save a lot of trouble if you make your Firestone Dealer or Store responsible for your battery's efficiency. They will gladly test the battery free upon request. And their efficient equipment will tell the exact condition of each cell so that you may avoid any annoying road delays.



### TEST YOUR SPARK PLUGS

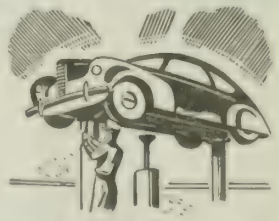
Spark Plugs are the nerves of your motor. Unless they have full firing power they waste gasoline. Your motor will fire unevenly and wear on bearings, shafts and other running parts is increased. Have your Firestone Dealer or Store test your plugs every 4,000 miles. There is no charge!

### SAVE RUBBER BY RETREADING YOUR SMOOTH, WORN TIRES

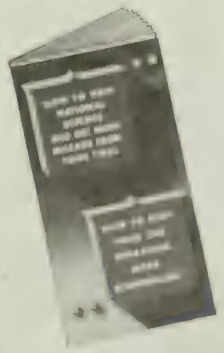


If your smooth tire has a body that is safe and sound, a rugged, tough, long-wearing, non-skid Firestone New-Tread can be applied at amazingly low cost, which will give up to 80% of the mileage built into the original tread. This is one of the best possible ways to do your part in conserving rubber.

### EXPERT LUBRICATION PROLONGS CAR LIFE



Firestone lubrication is performed according to the car manufacturer's specifications and only the highest quality lubricants are used. Regular and correct lubrication prolongs the life of your car.



### GET THIS NEW BOOK *FREE*

***It will help save rubber for defense and money for you***

We earnestly urge you to join in the nationwide campaign to conserve rubber for national defense. Get your copy of this new free booklet at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store or send a letter or post card to The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

*You are invited to listen to the Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret Speaks and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings, over N. B. C. Red Network*

# "Look me over, Dad, I'm a woman with a past!"



"Hmm! It seems to have agreed with you. But I never did like your being away from home. Come on, darling, what's the confession?"

"Brace yourself, Dad. It's a dark story. For months after I hit the big city I was all on edge. Lost weight. Lost sleep. I even used to . . . "



"Used to *what*, Sue?"

"*Jump at people*, like this! And then I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"What the dickens is that?"

"It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S. Took two cakes a day in nice cool tomato juice, and pretty soon..."

"Mm! I know FLEISCHMANN'S can do plenty for people, but what's this about tomato juice?"

"That's the new way to take it. Look! Mash a cold cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass, and drink. Delicious! Has a flavor like oven-fresh bread!"






Read the label. FLEISCHMANN'S is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the important Vitamin B Complex are *natural* sources, such as yeast and raw liver. Remember, if you bake at home, that three of the vitamins in FLEISCHMANN'S, $B_1$, D, and G, are not appreciably lost in the oven; they go right into the bread.

## Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast
## For Natural Vitamin B Complex


turned to his own quarters, meanwhile observing Captain Rand's company move out through the main gate on scout detail and dissolve in the prairie's dark.

CAMERON crossed to the orderly tent in the early morning and saw that Shannon's face was raw and swollen. "I am getting old, Captain," said Shannon. "I could not lick him."

Cameron drilled them dismounted under the desert sun; he threw a daily inspection at them. By night he sent his patrol outside the fort and rounded back the F Troop men who tried to slip across the river. Sitting on his horse at retreat, his eyes clung to them. By day, wherever they were, his presence drove them. At the end of the week he broke all his noncoms back to ranks and promoted a new set. He saw the fat fall off these men, he watched them grow stiff on the saddle; he saw the rank, surly spirit begin to shine in the rounds of their eyes.

Captain Rand one day made complaint: "Ease off on your men. They're quarrelsome. One of my troopers had a hell of a fight with Cooney in the stable last night."

"Train your men to take care of themselves," said Cameron, and was secretly pleased.

Now and then, coming down the walk on officers' row he fell in with Margaret Morton and went along with her, a tall, dark man staring straight ahead into the sunshine. Once she said, "We are of course being observed, John. We should not be so silent and serious when we walk together."

"Don't try to change a man's heart, Margaret."

"Never speak of that," she said, and turned into her house.

Going on, he saw Cooney standing in the water-detail wagon. Cooney was adrip with sweat from the labor of lugging barrels in and out of officers' row, and the day's heat was a scorch on his skin. He stood still as Cameron passed and his eyes deliberately lifted toward Margaret Morton and dropped back to Cameron, mirroring earth-gray suspicion. The captain put it away in his head and that evening spoke to his top sergeant: "Make a check roll call in the barracks tonight. If anybody is missing let me know."

After dinner he strolled the fort's quadrangle, bathed in deepening twilight and in growing dark. A small wind came from the west, out of the land of the Sioux, out of that yonder mystery, and the breeze was like life to him and the savage savor of it was whisky in his veins and a slugging pulse of excitement throughout his body, and he knew that if he had driven his men without mercy he had likewise driven himself. He was filled with the same rank violence.

Captain Morton paced down officers' row and paused. "You look lonesome," he said. "Drop in and talk to Margaret," and he went briskly along toward headquarters. Cameron moved forward, seeing her shadow on the porch. That part of his life, he knew, had never grown less. Side by side in him had marched the two great emotions of his life—his love of her and his devotion to his profession. There was room for nothing else; and at last there was not room for both and so he had lost her to Morton. It left its havoc. Other men could compromise and take the sweetness of many things. For him the choice had been between two passions which could not live side by side. She had made the decision for him, wiser than he; and still her presence was a great undertow and as he stopped before the porch every old feeling he had about her was still alive and every old wound reopened.

"Come sit beside me," she murmured.

"No," he said.

"Everything that used to be betwee us still torments you."

"You have the same memories, don you?"

"A woman lives better with her mem ories than a man. They sweeten h thoughts. But a man lets them gro stronger and stronger until they co sume him. You have your professio That's what you wanted, wasn't i We'll be together in this regiment mar years. You must not look at me ar long for impossible things."

"Easy to say."

"No, not easy to say."

He saw the round dim glow of h face, darkened by the night and dar ened by what was in her body, and f a moment he felt her closeness as it h been, and during that moment he kn it was with her as it was with him— emotion keen and forlorn and despera "You made your choice," she said.

Taps moved in slow melody acr the parade and a guard detail tramp by. F Troop's top sergeant paced ov the quadrangle and paused before Ca tain Cameron. "All present in barrac sir, except Cooney."

"That's all, Sergeant," said Camer and watched the sergeant stride aw

"You made your choice," repeat Margaret Morton. "You must be e now, with yourself and with me."

"Nothing is easy with me, either soldiering or love."

"Never speak that word."

"You see," he said, "it is not dea

"Don't stir up old things. Only d aster could come of it for us."

"Good night."

"Do you understand?" she repea more urgently. "You must not."

He turned down officers' row and the fort, coming to the ferry. He cros on the ferry and took a side trail up bluff to the saloon; he let himself i the saloon's back room, and knoc against the bar door. When the b keep put his head through the doorw Cameron said, "Just tell Cooney a fri wants to see him."

He heard Cooney drag his b across the barroom floor and he st back against the wall, lighting a f cigar. Cooney pushed the door o cheerful and careless, but the sigh the captain stopped him dead; it li his head and it changed the conte shine of his eyes to a yellow-br glow. He closed the door.

"Now you'll court-martial me," Cooney, "and I'll be out of your c pany and no longer a care to you."

"I take care of my company," Cameron.

"So you do, Captain. You're the r ter, as far as the regulations go. O far as you can make your nonc fight."

"YOU'LL mind me, Cooney," Cameron, and unbuttoned his He removed it and laid it on the t Cooney's voice hit him, full of di proval: "There's a wall between rank and mine."

"What I am about to show you," Cameron, "is that there is no wall can hide behind. No wall for yo for any man."

"Ah," said Cooney, "this is shame

Cameron said, "I came up throug ranks, Cooney," and caught Coone the shirt collar and flung him ag the wall. The sound of that wa echo through the house. Co wheeled free, his lips drawn back big white teeth and he murmure you want it, then," and bowed his and plunged at Cameron.

Cameron hit Cooney's lowered and threw him against the wall; h the great yellow roundness of Coo eyes. Cooney got his arms aroun and hurled him sidewise half acros

om. A chair crashed down and a
n's voice called through the flimsy
rtition: "What's goin' on in thar?"
ooney rushed at Cameron, his broad
s breaking through the captain's
ard and smashing him on chest and
k. Swaying aside, Cameron saw
ooney's arms spread apart at one
eless moment and he drove home one
rt, rising punch. Cooney fell and lay
tly groaning.
The door came half open. Cameron
d, "Shut that door!"
Cooney pushed himself to his knees,
ring at the captain with his balked
red. "You've lost my respect! If we
re out on campaign and I was behind
i, I'd put a bullet—" But he clapped
and across his mouth, groaning. "No,
vouldn't! I'd lose my own respect.
ere's things a man won't do—"
Cameron smiled a wintry smile at
ney. "You're afraid, Cooney. You've
l luck with your fists and you figure
u're a brave lad that will take no non-
se. But you're afraid."
I am my own free man," cried
ney. "You will never reach into me
l lay your damned black will on
ie!"
Free?" said Cameron. "No man is
. That is why you're afraid. There's
etter man than you somewhere, and
you fight to prove there is not and
the while you know you're wrong.
re're a thousand men in the post
ter than you, Cooney."
ooney stared at him and Cooney
ed him—his presence and his smile
his smell and shadow. Captain
neron put on his coat and walked

T TATTO Captain Cameron took his
troop through the main gate, sixty-
men, two lieutenants and a civilian
le. Three miles from Lincoln, he
le camp and set out his guards; and
ed up in a blanket with a saddle for
w. At daybreak they marched
ight west to the shallow forks of a
k and were soon after lost in a land
hing like great sea swells. Once the
lian guide scouted forward and re-
ed to say, "Been Sioux this way."
sunset they were at the foot of low
s, with the crease of a pass visible
re them. The creek still ran with
n and in the low fork of a near-by tree the silhouette of an Indian grave showed through evening's dark. The cook fire died and blackness was a whirling pressure around them and an emptiness moved in greater than any emptiness in the world, threaded by the far, sharp barking of coyotes and little earthborn sounds that had no name. The wind softly brushed them with its scent of danger. The civilian guide said, "Never know about Sioux, Captain. They're always somewhere."

AT DAWN they continued with the creek and moved into the low pass, following the trace of an Indian trail. Sun flamed up and dust rose; and looking behind him, Cameron saw the glitter of sweat on the dark faces of his men, and the sharp edge of their tempers when they looked back across the gulf he had created. The troop was sixty-two men, but sixty-two men didn't make a troop. They marched as strangers behind him, and he was a stranger to them; the guidon stirring in the riding breeze was a symbol of a unity not yet proved.

The civilian said in the most conversational of voices: "I think they're on the brow of the ridge, yonder of the creek."

Looking to the ridge's crest, he saw the vivid flash of sun on metal. A rifle shot flatted in the thin air and the bullet's dust dimple broke at his feet. He made one gesture with his arm. "Prepare to fight on foot." He watched them swing and dismount. The horse holders ran back and Sergeant Gaffney began swearing. "Gaffney," said Cameron, "you're wasting wind." The guidon corporal and the trumpeter took stand by him. Indians showed on the ridge, on horse, not yet making a fight of it but sending stray shots down. The troop was on the exposed side of the creek and needed the shelter of the cut bank across the water. Before he gave his order he looked at his men carefully, and saw that they were watching him. "Cross the creek," he said, "and get under that bank."

They splashed across the creek and reached the cut bank. Looking back, he saw a horse drop and thresh in a hamstrung motion and die. The Sioux bullets thickened, making creases and spouts in the water, and the Sioux were



**"He was coxwain at Cornell and he doesn't let you forget it for a moment"** GEORGE PRICE

*** IN THE FRONT OF OUR AIR DEFENSE ***

Design for Zooming!



Powering the Army's Lockheed P-38 Interceptor are twin Allison liquid-cooled engines, designed to fit entirely within the streamlined contour of the plane itself.

That such advanced air power is available for our defense is due to the joint efforts of the American Aircraft Industry and the U.S. Army, vital forces in providing and protecting the American way of life.

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LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES
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# UNLIKE ANY OTHER GIN!




● Incomparable in smoothness, Fleischmann's Gin can't be duplicated! And its superb quality is assured by the longest experience in distilling gin for the American taste!

*Where Character counts count on Fleischmann's*

**FLEISCHMANN'S GIN**

*A Pedigreed Gin for Prize-Winning Drinks*
*Distilled from American grain • 90 Proof.*

The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation
Peekskill, N.Y.


moving toward an angle of the creek to sweep up against F Troop's flank.

Cameron said, "Pick 'em off," and listened to the sudden crackling of carbine fire. Low in the saddle, the Sioux rushed diagonally down the slope in a long, thin column, poor targets against the sun, but for this little while Cameron stood back to observe his troop. Gaffney was an excitable man in trouble and didn't merit his chevrons. The guidon corporal stood fast in his tracks, a long, thin Irishman whose eyes looked upon the Sioux and showed no fear. Little Joe Rinert clung flat to the cut bank, hiding himself. Cooney used the cut bank as a parapet, the snout of his carbine kicking up slightly from each shot; Cooney's face was dye-red and tracks of sweat cut trails through the alkali dust. George Rasmussen took two steps away from the cut bank, made one half turn and fell dead.

The Sioux changed location so swiftly that the troop's fire was masked by its own men. Cameron made a long sweep with his arm and called, "Second platoon swing up to those rocks." The bullets were singing in hot and close and dust thickened all along the slope and his men were fumbling and not sure of themselves. He ran forward until he had reached the rocks and he stood high against the sun while his men lifted themselves from the ground and came on at a low run. Cooney went cursing past him and Cooney stared at him and dropped on his knee close by and, still cursing, took his aim. The Sioux straddled the creek and came galloping in.

CAMERON sighted his service revolver on the blurred shadows moving forward and heat and powder smell rolled back on his face. There was a long interval in which the fire of the Sioux struck hard at the troop and the carbines of the troop made a stubborn answer. This was the moment when the bowels of men turned cold or their spirits grew great upon them and Cameron, not yet sure, turned and looked upon his troop and saw that it was steady, and smiled. The Sioux had reached the cut bank and had started over the water and at that point a leading warrior went down and the rest of the Sioux were caught in the midstream jam. Captain Cameron pointed his long arm at it and the troop's fire centered upon it and under that terrible wither of fire the Sioux line melted and broke.

He watched warriors race through the water, leaning low to seize their wounded brethren; he saw the rest of the group wheel and flee into the dust and the sunlight's glare, and then he turned to look upon his troop again, and his head gave a sudden upward jerk and a black look came upon his face and he fell to the ground.

The fire was dying out and the Indians were in flight. As he rolled slowly on the hot earth and gritted his teeth against the round and hollow surge of pain moving up from somewhere below his belly, he formed his official report in his mind: "F Troop sighted a Sioux detachment, approximately ninety in number, on the south fork of Tull's Creek. The engagement lasted fifteen minutes, after which the Sioux broke, leaving considerable dead behind. Our own casualties were—"

Cooney was the first man to him and Cooney bent down, the sweat of his scarlet face dripping on Cameron. Lieutenant Chappel stumbled forward. Cameron said, "What were our casualties?"

"Rasmussen's dead," said the lieutenant. "And Sharp is shot through the arm. Where are you hit, Captain?"

"In the leg, I believe. Pull me up, Cooney."

Cooney pulled him up so that he could look along the creek. The Sioux were in the distance, now obscured by their own dust and he knew they would not strike again this day. He said to the lieutenant, "Camp the troop here, Chappel, and set out pickets."

"Cap'n," said Cooney, "you're bleedin' like a faucet. I will have to cut your pants away. It is an expensive pair of pants, but you do not mind?"

"You fought well, Cooney."

"Ah," said Cooney and paused from his chore to give the captain the narrowest of glances, "so I did. And not from fear. I am a stubborn man and I would not have budged an inch from those copper-hided devils for all the whisky in Dakota."

They patched up the captain and he sat propped against the rocks while the blazing afternoon exploded in the west. A detail buried Rasmussen and twilight fell and mess fires danced and Cameron heard the murmuring of his men and listened to that sound with content. Cooney came up with a mess pan and stopped by him. "A bit of fried fish, straight from the creek."

"Thank you," said the captain, and stared at Cooney's long and dirty and tired face.

Cooney said, "We stood, did we not? You have no complaint on that?"

"No," said the captain, "no complaint. I am making you a corporal, Cooney."

He watched the return of swift and suspicious flare of antagonism to Cooney's face. But it did not last long; it faded away and Cooney, sighing, looked down at the captain with a resigned expression. "I said you would never put the harness on me." His glance bored straight through the captain. "Do you abide your own harness?"

It was a soft, simple question but the captain knew Cooney was thinking of Captain Morton's wife; for Cooney was a smart man and had used his eyes. "Yes," said the captain, "I'll abide my harness, Cooney."

"If that is the way you live, so will I then," said Cooney, and turned off.

Cameron lay on his blanket in night's full darkness and felt the oneness of them all, himself a part of that oneness. They knew him and he knew them a out of salt, sweat and violent action had turned them into a troop. T pride of that would never leave th The earth was around him, its vi filling him and giving him life. T was what a man should be. Perh when the younger years were g and the pride of spirit had dulled, th might be regret and a wish for softr long ago offered; but until then was the meaning of a man, warmer t the lips of a woman. It occurred to that in a way it was strange how Coo had cleared his mind for him. He broken Cooney to the wheel and Cooney had the last word after all; Cooney had made him see he ha abide his own philosophy and his harness. He would have to tell M garet that.

HE TOLD her the following night. was in the post hospital when came in with her husband; but prese Morton—who was an understan man—went away.

Margaret said, "Your life will al be violent. But you wish it so."

"I have no complaints," he said, I will not wish for things that are yond me. I wanted more than one can have. I will be content."

He noticed the relief that came her face and he understood then she had been under great strain. had feared his power over her an had feared her own heart. He wa her face and saw the beauty it ha ways held for him, and always v hold for him, and he saw the soft expression which followed her r She was near to tears—she was rer bering all that he remembered. B thought of Cooney and he knew he could do no less than Cooney done.

He rarely smiled, but he did so "I have some of you, Margaret."

She looked down and she rea heart, and at that moment she mitted him to read her heart; and said, "We must all be faithful, Jo else we are little people."



**"We'll be all right once we get out of here—they say the rest of the course is covered with smooth, green grass"** BI OTH



# Mr. Me goes to town

HVE A WHOLESALE GROCERY business out in the Middle West.

eat shakes of a business. But enough to keep mily going and pay my insurance premiums.

Aput twice a year I have occasion to go to Chicago, l k things over with some of the people I deal with.

Now, I *might* go to Chicago the cheapest way I can.

B I don't do it. I always go Pullman. I pay a le igher railroad fare, and it costs me $2.90 for a Ve berth. And I figure it's money well spent.

In he first place it bucks me up. I just plain feel r important when I ride on a Pullman. In the n car and in the smoking room I meet men o e gone a long ways in the world—who have r ting things to say.

Another thing While I'm no scared-cat, I *do* like li safe, and knowing I'll get to where I'm going ot somewheres else.

And traveling in a Pullman is like staying in a fine hotel. Take the washroom. Everything in it is spotless and well-arranged. They dish out spanking clean towels by the dozens. The hot water is hot, not tepid. The soap lathers up the way soap should. There's even a special tooth-scrubbing bowl and an outlet for my electric razor.

Your berth, if you've never ridden a Pullman before, will bowl you over The bed is a big bed, more than 6 feet long and plenty wide. The sheets on it are as white as December snow. There are reading lights, and a shelf for your books or magazines. There are hangers for your clothes, and a net hammock for socks, handkerchiefs, underwear and so on. When I get in the berth, I feel plenty cozy. And do I sleep! Mmm, like a log.

As if all this wasn't enough, there's the porter. He takes care of me as though I was the only fellow on the car. Gets me up exactly when I ask him to in the morning. Brings me a drink of water if I'm thirsty at night. Beats me to the draw with an extra blanket if it's cold. And in the morning, when the train is pulling in to Chicago, he has my shoes shined and my clothes brushed, so that I feel pretty good about the way I look.

Also, when somebody asks me how I came down, and I say "Pullman", I get a quiet kick out of it. May be a little small of me, but I think most folks feel that way.

## ☆ For comfort—Go Pullman ☆

# Holy Harold

Continued from page 13

He has fought with Harry Hopkins, Jim Farley, Henry Wallace, Admirals Leahy and Moffett, Alf Landon, Wendell Willkie, Jack Garner, Henry Ford and Gifford Pinchot who, he insisted, "hasn't had a new idea in twenty-five years and, moreover, doesn't know one bird from another." This last left Mr. Pinchot all but permanently crippled, in as much as Mr. Pinchot and American bird life had been virtually identical for many years. He said that Mr. Herbert Hoover was not to be blamed for failing to be a better President than he was because Mr. Hoover was a long-time sufferer from the creeping jitters. Without warning he has torpedoed senators, representatives, governors and smaller fry, just as a warm-up frequently taking them on in convoy lots. From individuals he has turned to the press and to whole political systems and philosophies. Frightened industries and industrialists were push-overs. With a few exceptions, notably the Aluminum Company of America, he has eased up on Big Biz since it has become more or less apparent that the defense program has need of it. Big Biz, a tag applied to almost anything larger than a general store in Mr. Ickes' formative years and still prominent in his vocabulary, likes to speak of him as a radical, even a red radical. But that too is less than accurate. Mr. Ickes is an old-time reformer of the Bull Moose school. Theodore Roosevelt is still his spiritual leader although T. R.'s more nimble cousin commands his complete loyalty. Teddy's big stick is still the Ickes totem. His chidings are still of that more ponderous era—intellectual Dillingers, money mobsters, dervishes of Wall Street, worshipers of Moloch, economic sciatica, big-business barons, plutocrats of privilege being samples. Corn, but good corn. There is seldom anything puckish about Mr. Ickes' scolding. None of his snipings has had the ring or echo of his current master's economic royalists.

### A Direct Hit on Harold

Ickes is a barrel-chested, cat-eyed badger of a man and has almost no faith in his fellow beings. Neither this nor any preceding administration has produced a man capable of getting more solid comfort out of a nice new enemy. Of course he has not gone unanswered in his tongue-lashings. Goaded to reprisals, less deft tongues have taken their clumsy licks at Mr. Ickes. And while victory was usually his, no tag he has tied to a startled foe has had the exactitude and popular acceptance of what a still unidentified counterpuncher called him—Donald Duck. Almost every Ickes scorner in Washington lays claim to that happy comparison and we're playing no favorites. It was a direct hit, silencing Mr. Ickes for a split second in the middle of a quack.

Senator Bridges of New Hampshire has called him a Hitler in short pants—not so good. Senator Pittman of Nevada was all in favor of a congressional committee to run down a rumor that there was something on earth that Mr. Ickes didn't want to manage. Governor Alf Landon of Kansas called Mr. Ickes a corn borer. Dorothy Thompson accused him of being an utterer of awful frivolities. Jack Garner insisted upon calling him—privately anyway—Itchies. And an unidentified cattleman emerging in terrible bewilderment from Mr. Ickes' office, still wondering what was wrong with grazing a cow or two on government land, spoke of him as "a right brawlin' little feller who must have et something." It happens that he had done one of the best descriptive jobs that any Ickes commentator has achieved. Mr. Ickes suffers cruelly from dyspepsia, an ill reward for his early zeal. A tremendous worker, he snatched his meals when and if time allowed. It is not impossible that his disordered digestion is responsible for many of his frequent irascibilities.

Yet he has not permitted his unceasing and successful pursuit of unpopularity to interfere with the discharge of his duties as Secretary of the Interior. In this post, to which he was appointed in 1933 after it had been declined by Senators Johnson of California and Cutting of New Mexico, he has been honest, courageous and, to the politicians who had long regarded the Interior Department as their very own grab bag, a great disappointment. Mr. Roosevelt had him ticketed for Commissioner of Indian Affairs, which would have been very much like Joe DiMaggio playing the outfield for Mickey's Meat Market in a Wyoming softball league.

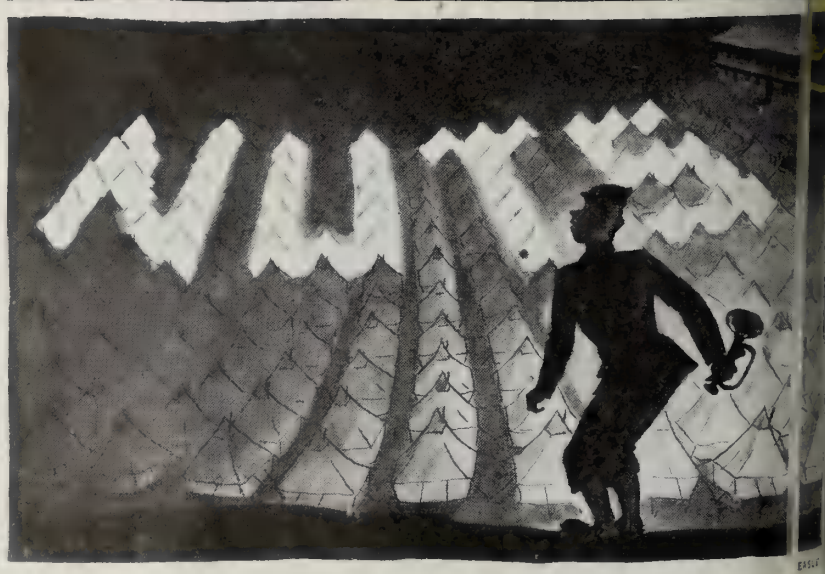
As a public servant he has been aggressively good and bitterly faithful, frequently firing less virtuous and ardent subordinates who were merely suspected of fingering a wildcat. What with his passion for displeasing his fellow man and his savage incorruptibility, his admitted rectitude never got a chance to shine in public office until Franklin Roosevelt drafted him.

Born near Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, of Scottish and German stock, he was consigned to a Chicago aunt when sixteen and presently was graduated from the University of Chicago, a lawyer. Among the few people whom Ickes then thought worth while Professor Charles E. Merriam, who taught him political science. Professor Merriam, a Republican, accepted the sacrificial task of running for mayor on a reform ticket against the Honorable Carter H. Harrison, Jr. Mr. Harrison had already been mayor terms to the complete satisfaction of unholy and was loath to run again til he realized what suffering would be in City Hall were Chicago to undergo a reform administration. he patriotically and thumpingly feated Professor Merriam at the crushing every Merriamite save Ickes. After the voting, the professional campaign managers foregathered the customary post mortem. A number of interesting aspects of the contest broached, but as far as we are able learn, nine tenths of the time was voted to: Who is this guy Ickes? Ickes, working for Professor Merriam in what started out to be a humble capacity, had managed to irritate every body he had had time to meet.

### Came the Crusader

He never ran for political office saving a lot of time. And almost invariably the candidates he favored The exceptions were Franklin Roosevelt and Judge William E. Dever latter a Democrat who was elected mayor of Chicago in 1923. Mr. worked vigorously for Judge Dever perhaps too vigorously. Even after judge was inaugurated he cooled to Mr. Ickes, taking to an inner office and leaving word that he



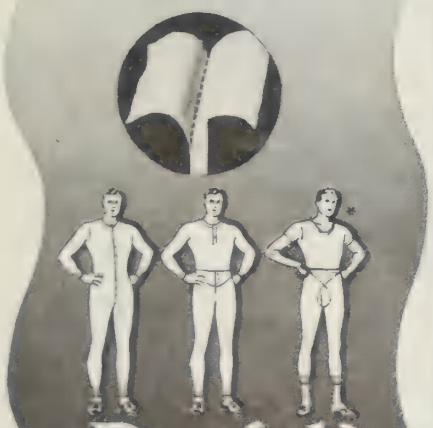






**Get Wool-Protection without Wool-Itch!**

Wouldn't you prefer to *avoid* colds than to cure them? Then get underwear that gives you the *best* protection against wintry weather. Duofold's fabric is made in *two thin layers*. Wool and other fibers are in the *outer layer*. The inner layer is all cotton. No wool can touch you . . . No itch. The 2 layers maintain bodily warmth better than a single layer of equal weight. They also reduce the chilling effects of evaporation. Bodily moisture evaporates from the *outer* layer, *away* from the skin. Made in union suits and two-piece garments to suit all requirements. *New "Action-Support" longs for *active* work or play.



**Duofold**
*The 2-layer* UNDERWEAR

FREE FABRIC SAMPLES and Descriptive Folder
DUOFOLD INC., Dept. B-45, Mohawk, N.Y.
Please send *free* samples of Duofold 2-layer fabric and descriptive literature.
Name.....
Address.....




*See that G! Something* new *has been added to that manly chest by a grateful Alma Mater. Something* **new***'s been added to Old Golds, too—to create a* **new,** *finer flavor!*

# Something NEW* has been added!



Old Gold has a plentiful supply of Latakia in America!

### *IT'S LATAKIA!

(Pronounced La-ta-keé-a), a wonderfully flavorful Eastern Mediterranean tobacco. Added like a "seasoning" to Old Golds, Latakia now creates an entirely *new*, delightful cigarette flavor.




Same golden pack—but NEW Old Golds—blended with Latakia! P. Lorillard Company—master blenders of fine tobaccos since George Washington's day.



### ENJOYS SMOKING MORE

Carl Moebus, accountant, Lynbrook, L. I., notes: "You can tell, right away, that something *new* has been added to Old Gold. That Latakia tobacco gives an entirely *different* flavor that makes me actually enjoy smoking more than formerly."



### "NEVER TIRE

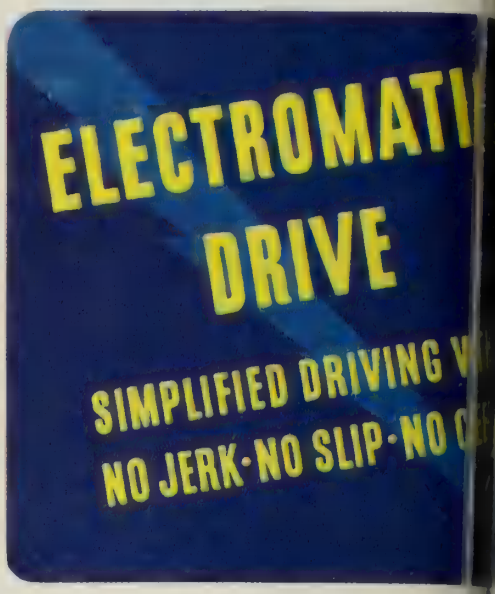
of their flavor . . ." Says Miss Charlotte Mantell, Fashion Artist, New York: "I thought the New Old Golds, with Latakia, might be different. Well, I can't imagine anything more satisfactory."



**Low, wide and swagger**—with smart *functional* beauty—the first Packard Clipper was a sensation overnight! Prominent style-mark: Speed-lined "Fade-away" fenders, first featured by Packard. For 1942, Clipper styling is yours in even the lowest-priced Packards!




**Choose your horsepower**—for 1942—on the same wheelbase—you can have either a Clipper Six (105 H. P.) or an Eight (125 H. P.). Difference in price: only $55. Both motors are thrifty, fiery, precision-built marvels.




**Save gas, oil, and engine wear** with sensational Electromatic Drive. Elimina pedal operation... banishes wasteful "slip" engine speed by 27.8%. An "extra"—bu owners say, "It pays for itself!"

# For 1942, *new Clipper styling*.



**STUNNING NEW CLIPPERS JOIN FLEET**—Above is shown the smart, new-styled 1942 Packard Six Club Sedan. Both Clipper Six and Eight are available as either Special or Custom models *and in three distinguished body styles.*



**ay that pays off in dollars**—The Clipper's streamlined design results in important gas ny! Precision meters prove the 1942 Clipper tops st year's gas-thrifty Packard by as much as *18% iles per gallon!*



**Pedometers tell the story** of the low-slung Clipper's "cradled" ride. Sensitive shock-recording meters show that on rough testing-roads the Clipper is at least 29% smoother-riding than its predecessor, a car famous for its Air-Glide ride.



**You may have to keep** your new car a long time. Will it see you through? Yes—if it's a Packard. Typical reason for long life: Clipper uses 44 ball and roller bearings (instead of far less costly bushings)—more than *any* competitive car.

# ven the lowest-priced Packards!



**A FEW SHORT MONTHS AGO,** Packard raised the curtain on a daring, brand-new kind of car . . . the Clipper . . . and the whole country joined in a roar of applause.

Today Packard brings *two new versions* of this sensationally-successful Clipper styling to *every* price class in the 1942 Packard line. Now, not only the more expensive Packards, but even the *lowest*-priced Packards, are stunning, super-streamlined Clippers!

### *Beauty that works for you!*

These magnificent new Clippers, even more than before, recognize that beauty, to be keyed to the times, must be *functional*—must contribute to *economy, long life,* and *comfort.*

For example, the Clipper's flight-lined styling not only achieves dazzling new beauty, but cuts down air resistance to an almost unbelievable extent. Result: Tests conducted with scientific accuracy prove that these brilliant new 1942 Clippers knife through the air with an actual improvement in gasoline savings of 12% to 18% over even last year's thrift-champion Packards!

### *Dozens of dividends!*

In addition to fuel savings, Clipper functional design pays welcome dividends in many more ways.

These dividends are yours in the form of 26% better visibility through the Clipper's wider, deeper, sharply-raked windshield . . . easier, safer handling—evidenced by 24% steadier "wind-steering" . . . 20% more quiet inside the car—for Clipper streamlining hushes the wind . . . a 14% step-up in acceleration—to give you the security of always having a lightning burst of passing speed on tap.

### *More power reserve!*

And by cutting wind drag as it does, Clipper design combines with improved engine efficiency to provide sparkling performance with a gain in power reserve of 32%! This means less engine strain on hills—smoother operation at *all* times.

And for the man who buys a car today, the Clipper offers something else—even more important . . .

### *Built for the "long haul"*

When you buy a Packard Clipper you *know* you have a car that's precision-built for lasting durability . . . with nothing skimped, no "substitutions" that impair quality . . . a car that will give you *extra* miles and *extra* years of service, long after ordinary cars have worn out—in looks and fact!

So drop around today or tomorrow to your nearest Packard dealer's. Skipper a Clipper just once—and you'll want to skipper one for keeps!

**LOOKING AHEAD?**



**SKIPPER THE CLIPPER**

**CLIPPER DIGEST FOR '42**

Here's a quick review of still other high-spots you'll find in the new 1942 Clippers . . .

- Nearly a foot wider than high
- Full headroom front *and rear*
- *Integral* "Fade-away" fenders
- Even wider doors
- Phenomenal handling ease
- Wide-angle vision

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE




## "I still say the club should have merely expelled him!"

Captain Titherton is right. Even in the protection of priceless eyesight, we think the Little Neck Explorer's Club went too far in its punishment of the member who persisted in taking lamp bulbs from one socket to fill another. But, treat it lightly as we may, *there is a serious side to this bulbsnatching.*



**1. You probably find** that bulbsnatching leads to arguments in your home, even if your family never gets down to the last bulb in the house! (A sure cure is a handy supply of G-E MAZDA lamps.)



**2. It may interfere** with Junior's homework, through eyestrain, since bulbsnatching usually leaves the wrong size bulbs everywhere. (He needs an I.E.S. lamp with at least a 100-watt bulb in it.)



**3. In extreme cases,** bulbsnatching can e the cause of serious accidents to you or to em bers of your family. (Don't wait to be jarr into action. Get spare G-E MAZDA lamps now.)



**4. Just try this:** Go to your G-E MAZDA lamp dealer. He has a handy chart that will help you pick the right sizes. Get enough to fill every socket, with a few spares for the cupboard shelf.

**See how little it costs to protect your home and your eyes!**

7½, 15, 25-watt **10¢** — 75 and 100-watt **15¢**

40, 50, 60-watt **13¢** — 150-watt **20¢**

**G-E MAZDA* LAMPS**

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

*MAZDA—*not the name of a thing but the mark of a research service*



g to be rather too busy to receive petulant supporter. Just why this pened is not clear, but the rumor still sists that the judge desired to try a couple of his own ideas.

Ir. Ickes was still standing at Theo- Roosevelt's Armageddon, thump- a busted drum, when Franklin sevelt, looking for a liberal West- r to take the office rejected by ators Johnson and Cutting, beck- l. Cleaner men than the unhappy rt Fall had ruled the Interior De- ment since the light-fingered day of ren Harding, but none had the ading passion of Mr. Ickes. It has said of Mr. Ickes that when he to Heaven, a considerable number ngels are going to leave—some of gladly. When Mr. Ickes took over nterior Department, he all but tore the building that housed its of- crying that he smelled something. hired an old hand at crook-hunt- Mr. Louis B. Glavis, equipped him 400 sleuths and turned them loose. dition to his routine duties as sec- y, Mr. Roosevelt made him director e Public Works Administration an ultimate allowance of eight n dollars to spend. If you care member, the PWA collaborated states and municipalities in the ion of bridges, public utilities, pub- uildings and the like—the local e putting up so much and PWA est. The work was done by local actors.

I was inevitable that a great deal of u uggery was possible, that local l cal mobs should do their best to the money to good political ac- . They didn't know Mr. Ickes r well. Mr. Glavis watched them d Ir. Ickes watched Mr. Glavis. Per- a few cents of PWA money did go str , but only a few. It was Mr. k way to sit in a large office, away the far end, like Benito Mussolini he the latter had an office to call his wn In chairs facing him sat the poli- cia s and the project promoters pre- are to grasp Mr. Ickes' hand, tell him ha a superior guy he was and ask for ty nillions or so. They would have uc preferred to have had a few words th he director of PWA alone, but Mr. ke would have none of that.

### Maybe It's Frustration

O by one, group by group, they re summoned up the room by an de y and led to Mr. Ickes' desk. They t cold handshake—or rather they oc a cold, limp hand. Mr. Ickes wa knew what his callers wanted fo they opened their mouths. Mr. av had seen to that. He always ev twice as much as they were pre- re to tell him about contractors, sub- nt ctors, materials purveyors and ou such political intimacies as who is nose brother-in-law and who was all behind the Hardpan Dredging, in ling and Construction Company. Mr Glavis had reported that the fa- re contractor had danced twice with a r yor's wife or daughter, Mr. Ickes' an roze. Some money might even- all be allotted to such obviously tru worthy applicants but an investi- tor ent with every dollar. Although Mr avis has long since left his serv- , l ving created more enemies than Mr kes had names for, investigators l owl Ickesland. He is now boss of o departmental detective agency. et r that an otherwise inconsequen- l e has been felled on the public ne will fetch his sleuths on the run. t meone complain that too much p has been used in departmental sh oms and the soft-shoe lads go on lu . A hint that a sheepherder, cat- ne or a goat guy has treated his ani- ls a munch of government grass is enough to fetch Mr. Ickes out of his chair roaring for the bloodhounds. Personally he has scouted desks for heel scratches, firing the relaxers when caught. He cut down the apparently unnecessary number of daily feminine face-do's by putting lady traffic cops in the women's rest rooms, not that he prefers plain faces to glamor but because it is less irritating to have the department's lassies moping at desks than bumming in their hideaways.

He wants no truck with folks who aren't fagged out at quitting time—or who don't at least look it. Mr. Ickes has been scanned from afar by psychiatrists who lay his gift for hostility to nearly sixty years of frustration. Professor Merriam, whom he tried to elect mayor of Chicago and who has since chored for Mr. Roosevelt, said of Mr. Ickes: "You might call it a series of frustrations with success at the end."




**"I wish some of the partners would resign—just to break up the rhythm"**

ELMER ATKINS

Apparently Mr. Ickes' earliest and most durable distrust has been of wealth —personal and corporate. However, all men of means do not share his scorn; he is quite well-to-do himself. The bulk of his money—about $800,000—came from his first wife, Mrs. Anna Wilmarth Thompson Ickes, a widow somewhat older than himself. She was killed in a motor accident in 1935. He had to fight for the money, the will being contested in courts by his foster son, Robert. But the courts gave it to Mr. Ickes. To this nest egg Mr. Ickes has added savings, being a careful spender. Also he has invested profitably. He has two homes, one a relatively modest affair in Winnetka, Illinois, and the other an estate near Olney, Maryland—Headquarters Farm. The latter, considerably more to his own stature, is something of a show place—well-stocked, carefully manned, fruitful acres replete with all the luxuries necessary to the declining years of a great man. Not, mind you, that Mr. Ickes proposes to tolerate any such nonsense as declining years. For exercise he putters, reads the reports of his investigators and gets mad.

Headquarters Farm's mistress is Mr. Ickes' second wife, Jane Dahlman Ickes of Milwaukee. She was a government employee, working in various departments, including the Interior. She is nearly forty years younger than Mr. Ickes. They were married in 1938. Two children have been born to them. As we have implied, the country knows no lack of people who consider Mr. Ickes less than lovable; but he is a hero at home, Mrs. Ickes' devotion to him being one of the few surviving prewar topics of Washington gossip.

Mr. Ickes' services to his country in the first World War were somewhat less spectacular. From April, 1918, to January, 1919, he was Y. M. C. A. secretary with the Thirty-fifth Division. Veterans of that organization admit that as the boss of their Y. M. C. A. hut he manifested no signs of future greatness although they admit that under his direction the 35th's Y was almost completely innocent of frivolity. Nor does research into his Chicago activities in the pre-New Deal days produce anything which might now be regarded as prophetic of administrative genius. In those days he was merely a small, discontented voice in a neighborhood wilderness; and a dollar would get you ten that Harold Ickes would wind up amid the cobwebs of a roll-top desk, grumbling over yellowed newspaper clippings, and writing mugwump letters to the Kept Press.

When his long-last chance came in 1933 he made up for the lean years. As Secretary of the Interior he has sued and has been sued, although suits brought against him charging libel and kindred injuries have never got much farther than the preliminary yelp of the injured. Apparently no would-be litigant has overcome the fear of Mr. Ickes' private files. Mr. Ickes' private files have become almost legendary in eight years. Nobody but Mr. Ickes is at all sure what those steel cases contain, but neither has anybody dared him to open them. Maybe those files wouldn't send you to jail, but there's no statute of limitations on public ridicule.

He has knocked the promise out of a number of burgeoning political careers. For example it was Mr. Ickes who gave Mr. L. W. (Chip) Robert the first push toward resignation from the post of secretary of the Democratic National Committee. Mr. Robert, engineer and architect, did not allow his political duties to interfere ruinously with his private affairs. For example, he managed to get a pledge of $21,600 from PWA for the erection of a public dormitory for his Alma Mater, the University of Georgia. Mr. Ickes' sleuths reported in time that the money was not erecting public dormitories but fraternity houses. Among the numerous things, as well as persons, unloved by Mr. Ickes are fraternity houses. Mr. Ickes not only halted the work at the University of Georgia but he demanded back the $7,200 already granted to Mr. Robert. But that indignation was but a maidenly frown compared to the Ickes rage when presented with a bill to pay Mr. Robert's firm a commission fee of $36,000 on a grant of $4,881,000 for a state hospital at Milledgeville, Georgia. We are almost tempted to tell you that the fee was not paid, but we know you'd guess that.

### The Lure of Printer's Ink

Some day, when the world is discharged from the psychopathic ward, Mr. Ickes' files may be opened. They may contain nothing but a few pressed rose leaves and an old dance program. But we want to be around. If legend is heeled with truth we shall know the whole story of hirings and firings in Alaska, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, among other territorial and insular wards of Mr. Ickes. Or maybe we shall have to wait until Mr. Ickes dumps the whole file into a book. He has an itch for personally turned-out literature. He'll write a newspaper or magazine article without warning, or the minute an editor's back is turned. Not long ago he wrote a steamer in defense of the Alaska policies of a Secretary of the Interior of thirty years ago. Nobody but Mr. Ickes and a few private enemies had even a remote idea of what it was all about. And that included the publishers of the piece. However, Mr. Ickes has the urge to write. In his tenderer moments he loves to talk about the two years he was a reporter on the late Chicago Record. He still refers to the "newspaper game" and seldom refrains from telling visiting journalists that he "was a reporter once myself." As a reporter in those untroubled days, Mr. Ickes almost ruined his newspaper career by finding a "lost girl" right in the middle of a summer lull sensation which his editors hoped to stretch out until something worth while happened. Worse, Mr. Ickes wrote that actually the girl never had been lost. And somehow a drowsy night editor let it get printed.

But that was long ago, long before Mr. Ickes became a big-game hunter. At the moment, he is stalking Big Biz with all his might and main, specializing in making life as unsunny as possible for the Aluminum Company of America.

"When the story of the war comes to be written," said Mr. Ickes to a Senate committee investigating our defense

# AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM DU PONT

★ *In the interest of national defense, conserve anti-freeze so there will be enough to go around.*

★ *Don't buy or use more than you need.*

★ *Before you put in anti-freeze, have your car radiator cleaned to remove the rust, scale and dirt that cause poor circulation and overheating.*

★ *Have your dealer tighten up all hose connections, cylinder bolts, and water pump packing. This will prevent leakage of anti-freeze.*

★ *Also see that the fan and belt are working properly to provide full cooling efficiency.*

★ *Then put in a dependable anti-freeze, following the directions on the can.*

**Du Pont tells how to choose the right anti-freeze for your car:**

▶ Du Pont "Zerex" is an outstanding premium anti-freeze. $2.65 a gallon. It won't boil out . . . it's non-evaporating. One filling lasts all winter long. It's for the man who will pay a little more to get complete freedom from winter worries.

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Du Pont makes "Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry" . . . and "Zerone" and "Zerex" anti-freeze are chemical compounds.


program, "it may have to be written that it was lost because of the recalcitrance of the Aluminum Company of America. It is just as serious as that; and they are just as helpful and cooperative as that too."

Again, before the Senate Military Affairs Committee, Mr. Ickes said, "I have a profound conviction that the Aluminum Company of America would prevent the necessary expansion of our aluminum-manufacturing facilities regardless of the consequences to the country or the world, in order to get them all within its own domination and control."

### Much Fuss and No Aluminum

Mr. Ickes believes that the Aluminum Company of America is a monopoly. And this belief creates an unbridgeable gulf between the company and Mr. Ickes. Whether the company is a monopoly within the definition of the federal law is a question the courts have long since begun to struggle with. In the meantime, the Office of Production Management wants aluminum for planes and other war-making devices. The government proposes to build a dozen aluminum factories. But that will take time. The Aluminum Company of America declares itself ready to increase its output immediately—provided Secretary Ickes will allot to it the government-generated electric power it needs. And Mr. Ickes, under whose supervision are the Tennessee Valley Authority, Bonneville Dam and other federal power producers, refuses to play ball with the Aluminum Company. It's a fearsomely complicated situation out of which no aluminum is derived. Perhaps by the time you've read this, the White House will have taken a hand. After the Military Affairs Committee had listened to Mr. Ickes and the Aluminum Company of America, it sighed deeply and wrote down a few conclusions. We give you an excerpt:

"The aluminum industry relies on power—electric power. The unwillingness of some government officials to provide hydroelectric energy from government dams in such an emergency as exists today is at least shortsighted. Whatever may be the merits of the troversy between these so-called nopolies and the Administration, the sense of this committee tha squabble at this time on the subje monopoly is a tragic and sorry s tacle indeed."

Among other official places wh Mr. Ickes is not a popular hero are War Department, the Navy De ment, the offices of the Attorney eral, the Treasury Department, State Department, the Interior De ment, Congress, the Federal P Commission, the OPM, the RFC FCC and—ah well, what's the use. Ickes doesn't give a damn. If he the additional burden of administ all of the country's electric po privately generated as well as fe and municipal—you'll probably s more night baseball games. Broad and Main Streets will lose their ni glitter. Perhaps you'll have to few of your power-consuming h hold gadgets into storage for the tion. Indeed it may become so ba housewives will have to learn to the old-fashioned broom, vacuum ers being forbidden. Mr. Ickes, empowered, may issue such regul because power must be allott munitions makers.

But not to the Aluminum Cor of America, if Mr. Ickes can h Quite a number of Mr. Ickes' ill-w say that in spite of his somewh vanced years he does not wave utter nonsense suggestions th might be a candidate for the dential nomination sometime. B jority opinion has it that it is contest between Mr. Ickes and t emergency—which will last the The large number of people wouldn't be surprised at anythi Ickes does are prepared to see hi in on the OPM and any or all other new emergency bureaus by Mr. Roosevelt—sort of ta whole emergency over and make of it. Our own guess, while not portant, is that Mr. Ickes will the emergency and the war and investigate the whole mess, pin entire responsibility with loud Mr. Hitler who, in Mr. Ickes' is strictly Big Biz.




**"Somebody gave him a box of them, and after the first couple he got used to them!"** HENRY

# The Fight Goes On

Continued from page 18

ters of the Western Hemisphere, the oximity of Greenland and Iceland as ssible bases of occupation by the zis, the closeness of West Africa and adjacent islands to the coast of azil, the development of bombers with htning speed and tremendous cruis- radius—all of these seemed to shrink distance which the American peo- had grown to believe existed be- en the battlefields of Europe and ir own shores.

n June of 1940, as France was falling ler the quick attack of the Nazi jug- naut, two things appeared to be per- ly clear. First, that America must once and with the greatest possible ed arm itself with all the new ma- hery of war. Second, that the chief e upon which America could rely the necessary time required to carry this rearmament program was the inuance of the British resistance to Nazis. American industrial capacity not been geared to wartime pro- tion. It had been engaged only in ufacture of peacetime products. To ge it from a peace status to a war us would take time. To gain that it was necessary for Great Britain aintain its defense, for if Britain to fall it was clear that we would to face the Nazis alone—and we not physically prepared to do so.

### The Navy Comes Back

herefore the two great objectives— own rearmament and our aid to ain and the other democracies re- ng the Nazis—were tied together in hand.

ven before the war began in 1939, nal defense had begun to engage erious attention and concern of our rnment.

a matter of fact, back in 1933 this inistration started to build up the rican Navy, which by that time had allowed to deteriorate into an un- vably inferior condition. As early he NRA days of 1933, the sum of ,000,000 was set aside out of NRA opriations for public works, for the ose of beginning to build up the y. This was the commencement of ogram to bring the United States up to the treaty limitations which been set by the London Naval Limi- n Treaty of 1930 and the earlier ington Naval Limitation Treaty of

m then on, increased appropria- for our Navy had, by 1940, brought ck to a high state of efficiency, ment and striking power—to y the position among the navies e world which it should. Expendi- for both the Army and the Navy apidly.

ring these years, as I have pointed n the Introduction to the 1939 ne, the United States was doing its t to promote peace throughout the , to prevent aggression against nations and to preserve the in- y of treaty agreements. It was ning obvious, however, that the or nations were determined to con- to pile up their armaments so that would be in a position to dictate objectives by force rather than them by conference; that they set upon a systematic course of violations, and upon a program gression against any nation which in their way.

the beginning of 1938 this had be- so clear to us that the matter of nal defense became one of pre- ant concern. Thereafter, although not relenting in its efforts to promote world peace, the United States began to pay prime consideration to building up its national defense. On December 28, 1937, in a letter to the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives, I expressed the growing concern of the government over the fact that "in the world as a whole many nations are not only continuing but are enlarging their armament programs." In that letter I announced that I would probably send supplementary estimates for increased appropriations for the Navy.

On January 28, 1938, in a special message to the Congress, I requested increased armaments for defense. In that message I called attention again to the efforts which the United States had made to find a way to limit and reduce armaments, and to the failure of those efforts. I called attention to the "unprecedented and alarming rate" of rearmament throughout the world, and to the necessity of our meeting that condition by arming ourselves for defense.

In the following year, 1939, even before the outbreak of the war, in the annual budget message, and in special messages dated January 12, 1939, January 26, 1939, March 4, 1939, and April 29, 1939, I asked the Congress again and again for additional appropriations for national defense for the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force.

These additional appropriations were, in each instance, passed by the Congress. It is interesting to note, however, that some of the present leading isolationists in the Congress not only voted against these appropriations to build up our national defense, but actually argued and propagandized against them.

In 1940, when the full striking force of the Nazi war machine had been demonstrated to the world, the tempo of our defense efforts began to take on a pace commensurate with the obvious danger. On May 16, 1940, during the invasion of France, I sent another message to the Congress calling attention to the new lightning speed of warfare, and asking for appropriations to enable production to be geared up to a possible capacity of 50,000 planes a year, stating my belief that we should immediately plan a program which would provide us with 50,000 military and naval planes as soon as possible. I asked for an appropriation of about a billion dollars immediately. Two weeks later, on May 31, I made an additional request for appropriations of over a billion dollars. A month and a half later, on July 10, 1940, I again asked the Congress for additional authorizations of almost five billion dollars for national defense, of which more than two billion was to be spent during the coming year. Since then has come the appropriation of seven billion dollars for carrying out the provisions of the Lend-Lease Act.

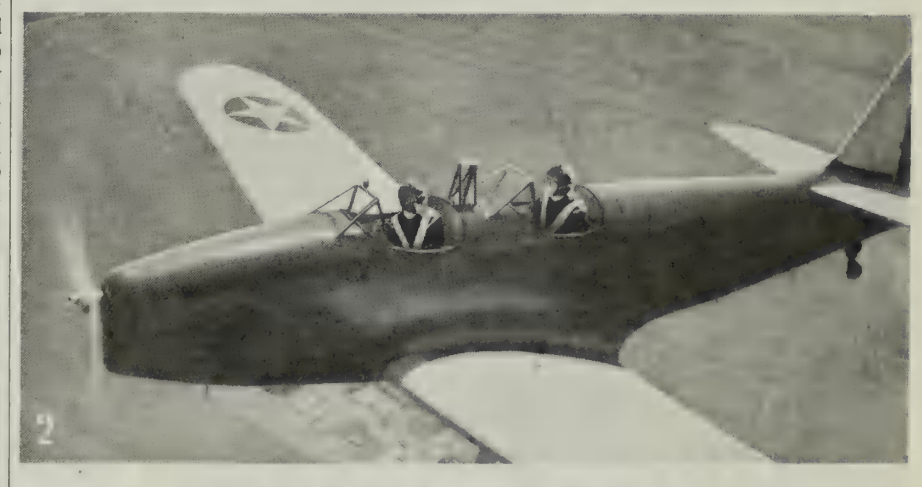
### Arm Ourselves—Help Britain

By the fall of 1940, the twofold purpose of arming ourselves to the teeth, and at the same time helping Great Britain and the other democracies had become the aim of the vast majority of the American people. By that time, it had been made clear that Great Britain had the courage and stamina to resist the Nazi attack, with the assistance of the limited war supplies which we had been able to send to her up to then.

There was, however, a minority of the American people who were opposed to these twin objectives. Although they were a minority, they formed a very powerful group. They were powerful



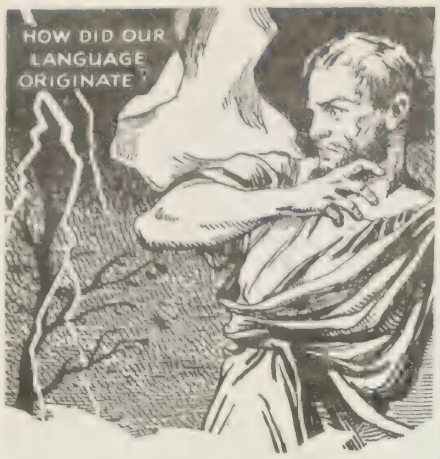

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# Astonished

## actually means thunderstruck

WHEN we trace our modern English word *astonish* back through the Middle English *astonien* and Old French *estoner*, we find its original source in Latin *ex*, "out," combined with *tonare*, "to thunder." The first meaning of *astonish* was "to stun," "to render senseless," as by a thunderbolt or a blow. But the word has lost its physical significance and now suggests great surprise, sudden fear, or wonder.

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because they had large funds at their disposal for propaganda purposes. They were powerful because they had the support of some of the largest newspapers and newspaper chains in the country. They were powerful because they could command the services of a handful of United States senators who knew that they had the power to filibuster, and who were willing to use that power, if necessary, to gain their ends.

This group included the defeatists who preached that Hitler was invincible and could not be beaten. It included the appeasers who thought that the best way to get along in the world was to appease Hitler. It included some businessmen and financiers who urged that Americans could do business with Hitler, and could make fat profits in the process, especially after the rest of the world had been vanquished by Hitler's arms. It included a small number of conscientious but misguided American citizens who thought that the way to peace was to put their heads in the sand and refuse to look at the storms abroad. It included all of the bundists, fascists and, before the war between Russia and Germany, all the subversive Communists. It also included all of the groups in the United States committed to racial and religious intolerance and bigotry.

This minority urged that the thing for the United States to do was to insist upon a negotiated peace, and thereafter to try to get along, in a business and in a diplomatic way, as well as possible, albeit humbly, with Hitler. For, according to them, Great Britain and the rest of the world were as good as conquered.

### The People Know the Situation

The majority of the American people, however, has become thoroughly convinced of the fallacy—to say nothing of the immorality and degradation—of these arguments. They have clearly thought things through and have outlined for themselves their true situation.

It has now become apparent that the very physical security of the United States is at stake. The United States has, in its history, been actively engaged in several wars with foreign nations; but now for the first time, even though not actually at war, its physical safety and independence are being threatened. It has also become clear that democracy itself, as an institution and as a way of life, is in the same danger. For the plan of the Nazis now appears in its true light—to dominate the entire world not only physically but ideologically. What the Nazis hope to accomplish—and they are trying to make good that hope—is the political and physical control of the entire world, and with it the imposition of their own so-called "new order."

This "new order," it is obvious, is merely the old order of tyranny and enslavement of other peoples. It is an order in which there is no liberty, no religion, and no hope.

The majority of the American people now realize that if Great Britain succumbs to the Nazis, the Nazis will be in full control of the four continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia—and, what is more, will be in full control of the high seas. We know what Nazi control of the seas would mean to our commerce and our safety. So long as the friendly British navy is in existence, we need not fear that the freedom of the seas will be endangered. But if Great Britain were to fall, particularly if its navy were to be surrendered or immobilized, the seas of the world might fall under Nazi domination.

And even without actual Nazi control of the seas, we have learned how narrow the oceans which separate us from the wars abroad have become. The speed of modern bombers and their ability to fly untold distances without refueling, have brought home to us how near the coast of Africa and the Cape Verde Islands and the Azores are to our own shores. The Tripartite agreement among Japan, Italy and the Nazis in September of 1940 has served to emphasize not only to the United States but to the entire Western Hemisphere how direct and how menacing is this threat of the dictator powers toward all of the Western World.

Yes, the American people are realistic enough to understand what a Hitler victory would mean for the United States and for the Western Hemisphere—what it would mean to the American farmer, the laborer, the housewife, to every citizen in our land. Above all, they know what it would mean to live at the point of a Nazi gun, as do the occupied countries of Europe today.

They know how hopeless it is to attempt to preserve American freedom, if the freedom of every other nation and of every other people has been taken away. They reject the idea of a pact with Germany or of a negotiated peace, for they have before them the tragic experiences of so many other nations which had placed their hope and reliance on agreements with Hitler. From the time of the Nazi invasion of Norway down to the Nazi invasion of Russia, the Nazis have proven over and over again that a treaty or a pact means nothing to them, and that the most solemn obligations impose no barriers to their ruthlessness.




KIRK STILES

### For Our Own Self-Interest

Do business with Hitler? Live at peace with Hitler? The only peace possible with Hitler is the peace that comes from complete surrender. How can one speak of a negotiated peace in this war when a peace treaty would be as binding upon the Nazis as the bond of gangsters and outlaws?

The course that the American people have now taken for themselves, in their "all-out" aid to Great Britain and other nations resisting the aggression of dictators, is a course prompted fundamentally by hardheaded self-interest and self-concern. The "lend-lease" program under which America is now vigorously acting as the arsenal for all victims of aggression is founded on the princi that the best interest of the Uni States is served by helping every nat able and willing to fight Hitler to ca on its fight. It is based on the kno edge that every day that the fight c tinues brings the cause of democr closer to victory, and keeps the farther away from our shores. Our icy is not based primarily on a desir preserve democracy for the rest of world. It is based primarily on a de to protect the United States and Western Hemisphere from the eff of a Nazi victory upon ourselves upon our children.

That is why the aid we are now ing to Britain and to all who resist Nazis is so closely tied up with our defense. Under the "lend-lease" gram, our own rearming proces completely geared in with the pro of helping the other nations carry their own fight at the same time. arms and munitions are now b manufactured at the order of the U States Government; and the U States Government determines fo self how it can best serve its own i est with these arms and muni —what it should keep for itself what it should send abroad to carr the fight against Hitler. That dete nation is based solely upon what is for the United States, having alwa mind the clear fact that the best i ests of the United States require tinued resistance to Hitler whe possible, by any nation that is w and able to fight him. Our best i ests are served by helping all c who resist, instead of waiting for to fall and finding ourselves the in line for Nazi attack.

### A United America Stands Rea

Modern warfare has given us definition for that word "attack." was a time when we could afford that we would not fight unless att and then wait until the physical came upon us before starting to Modern techniques of warfare changed all that. An attack toda very different thing. An attack begins as soon as any base has occupied from which our secu threatened. That base may be sands of miles away from ou shores. The American Gover must, of necessity, decide at whic any threat of attack against this sphere has begun; and to mak stand when that point has been r

Never in our history have v barked upon so great an effort duce the implements of war as which we are now engaged. Tha is the effort of a united Americ ple who have successfully wi the attempts of Nazi agents, an small minority group I have me to disunite them, to becloud thei and to hinder their purpose. A being written, in July of 1941, appears on the horizon to det from carrying their purpose thr its final conclusion. It is a purpo cated to the future security of to the continuance of freed democracy among all men of g everywhere, and to the preserv religion and humanity among lized peoples of the earth.

*White House*
*Washington, D. C.*
*July 17, 1941.*

**Next week's article shows h Lend-Lease Bill is operati is taken from the Presiden planatory notes in his forth "Public Papers and Addre**




# WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT RADIO SERVICE

## During the National Emergency

this National Emergency, our radios become asingly important to us all. They keep us in with our Government's Defense Program other events of the utmost significance. They as safeguards to national unity and as aids tional defense. Thus, the desirability of keep- old radios operating efficiently becomes evi- —and especially so in view of present limita- on the production of new receivers, caused ortages of certain essential materials.

tually, the average radio receiver requires attention. What it does require, however, d not be neglected.

### N DOES A RADIO NEED SERVICE ?

is seldom wise to wait for service until a stops operating entirely. As a rule, any er that has been in use for 18 months or will benefit from a routine service check-up robable cost of not more than $1.50 or $2, ding on local rates. Most old receivers could atly improved, simply by the replacement of tubes. In other cases, the realignment of circuits, the replacement of worn volume con- r other parts may make an amazing difference.

### YOU A "RADIO EAR" ?

erioration in essential radio parts may result se, distortion, tuning difficulties, weak volume, one and other annoying factors. Often, this occurs so gradually you are not fully aware of it. Your ear comes to accept inferior reception as good reception, or you take poor operation for granted. With occasional attention from a competent technician, however, your radio should continue to perform satisfactorily for many years.

### WHAT OF SERVICE CHARGES ?

The reliable technician—and you'll have no trouble locating such a man—is equipped for fast, economical service on any radio. He will charge on the basis of time required, plus standard prices for any tubes or parts used. For minor jobs, he will probably charge his advertised minimum service fee. This is sound business practice—for your protection as well as for his.

It is also sound practice for the service shop to have modern test instruments. RCA service equipment, for instance, permits testing along the lines followed in the RCA Laboratories, and in RCA radio manufacturing. Such equipment is conducive to better, faster and hence more economical work.

It is sound practice for a radio serviceman to explain just what is required to repair your radio. No reliable technician will hesitate to do this. Moreover, he will search beyond the immediate point of trouble and, if necessary, recommend replacement of other parts which show signs of deterioration.

### MODERNIZING OLD RADIOS

He may also suggest ways to modernize your radio, such as by adding a record player, by installing a noise-reducing antenna, or by some other means.

Throughout his business, he follows the same principles which guide any good professional man. He knows you will judge him, not by "quacks" which exist in his, as well as in other professions, but solely by his ability for reliable, economical service in making your radio perform better and last longer.

### CHOOSING A RADIO SERVICEMAN

Like any other good business man, the reliable radio technician is best known by his reputation, by his skill, by his associations, by his equipment, by the manufacturers he represents, and by his standing in the community.

Although Radio itself may be a mystery to you, these common-sense business principles are not. Judge by them, and you will have no difficulty choosing the right man—whether he be the dealer from whom your radio was purchased, a well-established independent serviceman, a department store, or any other concern offering modern radio service facilities.

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# M—A—N Spells Wonderful

Continued from page 21

He had drinks and she, being a teacher and awake to tomorrow's duties, had lemonade. Once she said, "If you're going to get that job tomorrow oughtn't you to get some sleep?"

"I'm celebrating," he said. "Come on, let's go for another taxi ride."

She knew the kiss was on its way a long time before it arrived. His arm came around her shoulders; she wanted to stiffen them and couldn't. The wheels of the taxi went s-lick s-lick and Lon said dreamily, "That must be Rock Creek Park."

She looked out of the window and somehow that made his face come closer. They froze like that for a few blocks, until a rut in the road jarred them almost nose to nose. Her skin was hot, as though his face warmed it and her lips softened. But she spoke valiantly because it wouldn't be fair not to.

"I think I've got a cold," she said, careful not to breathe in his face.

"I never catch cold," he said, and his lips came fully over hers. The kiss lasted a long time. She spent, in it, every yearning she had ever had.

When they broke he said harshly, "I didn't expect a kiss like that."

Her cheek still lay against his, the fierceness of his voice startled her and she sat up.

"I mean, that was the real stuff," he said. "You've got to like a guy a lot to kiss him like that."

She crept into the corner, ashamed. "I . . . guess that's right," she said.

In a businesslike manner he opened the cab window, offered her a cigarette. "Well then, let's skip it," he said.

"You're too nice a gal, Minnie. I couldn't lead you on, after that."

She refused the cigarette as she had refused them all since they had left Otwanda. She was very shaky but she had to find out what he meant. "Lead me on?" she asked.

"Well, honey," and the "honey" was like a comradely slap on the back, "that was what I'd call a 'marrying' kiss. And did you ever know a foreign correspondent to have a wife?"

She thought about it because it really seemed to be a question. "No . . ." she said, though she wasn't sure.

"It's tough," he said, the light of his cigarette sinking and swelling in the dark, "but that's the way it is. He travels fastest who travels alone." He rapped on the glass partition and the driver turned toward home.

Oh, dreariness. Oh, humiliation. She couldn't say anything. After a little, he reached across and took her gloved hand. "Don't be sore, that's a good girl. I was just trying to shoot square."

SHE tried to make herself think how fine it was of him not to take advantage of her. But just then she discovered there are limits to what you can do with the mind.

Later, in the dim warmth of the hotel corridor, before her door, he took her hand. He whispered, intimately as though they were locked away from everyone, though of course he just did it to keep from waking Marshall. "You're fine, Minnie," he told her. "You're very sweet. You'll make somebody a wonderful wife. Somebody who isn't going to go high-tailing it over the world." He came down over her, and she learned for the first time that his eyes weren't blue at all, but green with brown edges. He was going to kiss her again. . . . But, "Ah-uh, mustn't touch," he said. "Good night. Meet you at the bee." And, cheerfully, was gone.

By morning she had the biggest and newest thing in colds—one mixed with unrequited affection. At breakfast, Marshall ate magnificently while she neglected her coffee, looking about the dining room for Lon Waterford. She couldn't help herself. I can look, can't I? But he wasn't there. Nor in the lobby where she met the rest of the contestants and their guardians. Nor was he in the auditorium of the public building in which the bee was to be held. By ten o'clock they were all assembled, tense and buzzing, to watch the thirty children mount the platform and take their chairs. But Mr. Lon Waterford of the Otwanda Express was absent . . . to Minuette Mintern, conspicuously absent.

The audience gave itself a good big settle, the bottom of each human to the seat of each chair, and the national spelling bee began.

There was a good deal of ceremony about the contest. A Mrs. McHaig, a good, strong woman, "called" the words. She hollowed all vowels and slapped all consonants, no mistaking what she said. Three judges, men like grim listening fates, stood behind each contestant as he or she spelled. Six ears awaiting error. The children sat in two rows, the small ones in front, the large behind.

There were more girls than boys, and all the girls had handkerchiefs.

Minuette Mintern had great respect for spelling, and since Marshall had started his career as champion speller she had seen many bees. But nothing as important as this, ever. She was glad she needn't be up there on the platform.

The caller called, the judges passed from one to the next and, in turn, each contestant rose, pronounced the word carefully, spelled it with a rigid face and sat down again. There would no arguments with this crew, Minue could tell.

Ill as she was, she had to think v sad thoughts so she would not la during that first round of the bee. children all came from different secti of the country, they had been pla without any geographical division the accents which came out of th careful young mouths were astonish She had had no idea that there were many ways of speaking American.

THERE was the golden child from diana who drawled. . . .

The poised boy from New Engl who pronounced "heart," "hat". . .

The Southern girl who pronou every "n" as though it were "in," who always seemed to be getting w like "innocent" to spell! She mac ah-in-in-o-see-ee-in-tee.

There was Ruth Eleanor, the girl had sat across last night's banque ble. She was a different kind of Sc erner: her voice spilled cream.

And Marshall, whose flat M Western speech suddenly surp Minuette. Why, to some people, thought, I'll bet that sounds like a cent too!

The first round was an easy one even so a very small girl went dow "receive" and came weeping int audience. The lady who called words asked the audience to cla each child who missed and they ob politely.

"I-before-E," Minuette said to self, "*except* after C, or *when* nounced A as in neighbor and w

The little girl who had missed sa close to Minuette; she wore sock a pink gingham dress and she flun




**"You're in luck, Sigmund! I just found some land on your proper"**

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self into her mother's arms saying, "But I knew it, Mom . . . honest I *knew* it!"

"Shh . . ." her mother said comfortingly, and the contest went on.

On the next round a boy with clenched fists missed *diphtheria,* having almost swallowed his tongue pronouncing it. The audience clapped harder, *diphtheria* had its respect.

The words began to grow longer: *incinerator, dietitian, manufacturers* . . . that was a trick one, the speller might forget to add the "s" . . . *plebeian, effigy, reincarnation, magnanimous.* The children rose and sat, the accents and the voices changed . . . and Ruth Eleanor seemed to have been right: they didn't go down on the long words. For a time there were just those two empty seats on the platform.

Minuette looked at Ruth Eleanor with respect; she was pale but smiling and she never failed to smooth her skirt when she sat down. A young woman to watch! Marshall, on the other hand, was much less precise: he lounged out of his chair and back into it, he rubbed his nose with the back of his hand and scratched his pants leg with the sole of his foot. But he didn't miss . . . he spelled his words efficiently and without hesitation. He's bound to win, Minuette thought.

THE strain began to tell on the audience. Lips moved silently, spelling the words with the contestants; when, at last, a third child was defeated, on *promissory,* a man in the rear of the auditorium broke into something which sounded like swearing, quickly swallowed.

Then, popcorn in a hot pan, they began to explode. Four in a row missed four different words, *colonnade, restaurant* (which a dark girl had thought was spelled resteraunt), *vilify,* and *tantamount,* which the unhappy speller considered an earth formation, ending with "d."

It began to look disastrous; the line was cracking!

Then, psychologically timed, there was a rest period for drinking water and relaxation. The audience went backstage and mingled with the spellers. Some had brought spelling books for additional firing-line coaching. Minuette went up to Marshall and, smiling, said, "You're doing fine. How do you feel?"

Marshall said of the national spelling bee: "It's a cinch." He took a drink of water and a jelly bean from a hip pocket. "Where's that guy Mr. Waterford?"

A teacher is supposed to know everything and since Minuette did not know the location of Mr. Waterford she changed the subject.

"Marshall," she said, "I think perhaps we ought to work a little. All the other children seem to be coaching."

Marshall put his hand into his pocket, brought it out empty. "You didn't happen to bring that sack of candy I had, did you, Miss Mintern? It was right on my dresser."

After rest period the words went on and on. Minuette's head ached, she had brought no extra aspirin with her, and sometimes her vision seemed to waver. If only Lon would come, just in case she fainted or something, so there'd be one of them to keep an eye on Marshall. The hours dragged on and on—it took some time to trip thirty champion spellers—and no Lon. Maybe they made him start right out being a Washington correspondent, she thought, maybe. . . .

The scene glazed, and when it focused again she forced herself to be attentive to the contest. There were only four children left on the platform. Four lonely little children, the three prowling judges and the iron-voiced word pronouncer. One of the children was Ruth Eleanor, two others were la girls, one blond, the other red-hai and freckled. The fourth was Marsh

Lord love him, she thought with s den tenderness. There he sits, winn his contest. She could actually see n the man Marshall would be, the gr oak spreading from the little acorn.

It was the big blond girl's turn. looked older than the others: she taken to lipstick, and a charm brac rattled on her arm as she stood.

"*Philately,*" said the caller.

The girl looked dazed. Minu thought anxiously, Doesn't *anyon* her family collect stamps? She wa them all to win, suddenly. But charm-bracelet girl said "ph-i-l-a-l-e-y"; the judges solemnly consu their dictionary, and then, to that companiment of clapping hands, drums beating the traitor out of army . . . there were only three.

"*Incipient*" said the caller to I Eleanor, and she spelled it sweetly, rectly, smoothing her skirt as she s

The red-haired girl got "*plen tentiary,*" swallowed, spelled hal through it, stopped for a short aeon finished it triumphantly.

It was Marshall's turn. Minu breath lagged. "*Envelop,*" said the and Minuette relaxed.

Marshall evacuated his chair, c spelled *envelope,* without hesitat second, and sat down again confid not realizing he had missed. It t few seconds for them to make it to him. Then he came down the to a fluff of applause and sat Minuette. Looking at him, sh longer saw the mighty oak. I crawled back inside a rather pale acorn.

"That was wonderful, Marshall whispered. "You're third out of t

"Can we go now?" He did no at her. "I want to go."

"No," she whispered, shocked. of the other children are leavin can't go till it's over."

"I want to go."

"No," she said, the commander sixth grade at Otwanda Grade "Watch the spelling bee."

He sat still after that but he raise his head; he would not reg last two contestants.

BACK and forth, the caller se now from the red-haired girl Eleanor, from Ruth Eleanor to haired girl. Desperately Minuet to keep track of it, but what went her eyes did not connect with he she had no idea of what had h until the red-haired girl steppe and suddenly there were photo below the platform, flash bulbs ing, and Ruth Eleanor in her wrinkled dress was having her taken.

Now there seemed to be sw ex-spellers, all with autograp armed with pens and pencils one another for signatures. T asked Marshall were turned a obliged by him.

"Marshall," she said, touc arm, "you've simply got to b loser!" He would not look a speak.

"Marshall!" Minuette said, "Lon! thank goodness you're h shall is upset about losing th bee and I want you to tell him matter . . . that he did a good

"Listen, Minnie," Lon sai stopped in here for a minut wouldn't worry about me. I slight headache and I'm goin to the hotel right away."

"A headache . . . ?"

"Yes. It's a long story but ing for hours for that lug . . . he didn't remember me wh me!"

ıth Eleanor drifted into the row in
: of theirs, stopped facing Marshall.
st wanted to shake hands with you,
·aska," she said; "I'm awfully sorry
s so lucky. . . ."
arshall sat, head hanging, as quiet
slaughtered calf.
the other side of Minuette, Lon
"I'll be in my room . . . ring me
you come in!"

ODDENLY Miss Minuette Mintern
as angry enough to feel very well
moment. "You stand up," she said,
ıg Marshall. "You stand up and
e hands with Ruth Eleanor before
:e you. And *you!*" She had a fierce
on Lon Waterford's arm: "You sit
! You stay here!"
e one stood, the other sat. The one
Ruth Eleanor a hand like a piece
al. The other looked carefully at
Mintern's profile. "I didn't get the
he said. "I guess you don't un-
ınd."
iet!" she said, and to Marshall:
ll sign every autograph book in
lace and you'll *smile!* Smile, do
ear! And then we're going to walk
here, the three of us. We'll hold
eads up and look delighted. De-
l!"
e or less, they did. They walked
to the light-aired Southern day
ere were dozens of big, famous
ment buildings all around them
iles of tailored, green lawn. Miss
rn walked fast on her fine legs be-
if she didn't they would splinter
knees. She had a superb fury,
forting, consuming wrath. "You
get the job!" she told Lon Water-
I understood it all right. But you
do your job either . . . the job you
rought here to Washington for,
u were paid for . . ."
shall interrupted: "Miss Mintern,
want to stay in Washington for
os and stuff. I want to go home."
ly, Lon Waterford laughed.
sure different, kid," he said; "I
don't ever want to go home to Otwanda. Matter of fact I—um—told a few of the boys I wouldn't be coming back. Wow!"

"We're going to stay," she said, "and go on all the trips and enjoy ourselves and get over this. And then," she turned triumphantly on Lon Waterford, "we're going home. *All* of us."

It was fever, no doubt, but she made a speech and they listened. She waved an arm at the big buildings all around them, she said that they had been built by people who did their jobs, by people who would take time to learn the easy words as well as the hard ones, by people who smiled when they were licked and tried again. . . . It didn't bother Miss Mintern at all that she was talking to men, a big one and a little one; she was very proud of herself and beautifully angry.

"You ought to have a pulpit," Lon Waterford said, grinning. "Okay, teacher, we catch on. Hey—what's the matter?" She had put her hand to her head and closed the brown eyes with lights in them.

"I'm miserable," she said.

"M-I-S-E-R-A-B-L-E," Marshall said, unconsciously.

But when they put her into a taxi she was still talking, the last gasp before the flu got her: "You're both so spoiled you aren't even grateful. You won third prize, Marshall . . . a hundred dollars! A hundred dollars and think how you acted."

Lon's arm was around her, naturally, she was so sick. "And what do I get?" Lon asked her.

She looked at him and leaned against him. His fingers, touching her, became warm. He didn't think he had ever been quite as close to anything quite so nice. If he went back to Otwanda—and where else could he go?—within reach of kisses like those this schoolmarm could propound—well, the flesh was weak and some men owe their success to their wives.

"I see what you mean," he said.




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# Pigskin Spy

**By Bert Stanley as told to Frank J. Taylor**

**Bert Stanley sees as many as five big games a week-end on free tickets plus a fee of possibly $750. Not for fun—his 30-page report on each game has saved many a coach's neck**

BY CATCHING planes from city to city on week ends during the gridiron season last year, I managed to see thirty-two football games involving forty-five different teams. Before you put me down for a football nut, let me explain that I picked up from $25 to $100 for each game I watched.

I'm a pigskin spy, technically known as a football scout. My work is spying on teams my customers are scheduled to play later in the season.

I don't peek through knotholes in fences, or sit in trees by the practice fields to see what plays the coaches are cooking up. I do all my spying from the press box, as guest of the athletic manager upon whose team I'm spying. The colleges have a gentlemen's agreement to supply each other's official spies with complimentary ducats to games. I look at the same plays that reporters and tens of thousands of spectators are watching, but I see five times as much, I guess, as they do. Anyway, I see enough to make thirty typewritten pages of detailed report on each game I scout.

Using high-powered binoculars, I study the players' strong points and their weaknesses, or what insignificant habits they have developed that may tip off the next play.

One of my assignments last year was spying for Coach Clark Shaughnessy of Stanford, which hadn't beaten the University of Southern California in four years. Shaughnessy's team had come up from the cellar of the Pacific Coast conference so unexpectedly and spectacularly that the players were known as the "Wow Boys." Shaughnessy knew that if he could win over the Trojans he would have pretty clear sailing to the Rose Bowl. My job was to spot the weaknesses in the Trojan line and backfield as revealed by earlier games with other teams.

Sitting up there in the coliseum, surrounded by shouting, jumping, back-slapping fans, through my binoculars I could see about thirty square yards of the gridiron. It was easy to see the beads of perspiration on the players' faces.

When each play started, I anticipated it, if I could. If a pass was coming, I checked the men who were out there to receive the ball. When a team kicked I looked to see which player broke through to block the kicker, knowing that it's usually the same fellow who does that in every game. I watched to see if they played man-to-man or zone defense, and what pass defense they had. I looked for something specific on every play. Before the gun went off I had the names and numbers of players memorized. I knew the numbers of about 1,100 players on the Pacific Coast by heart last season. In front of me I had a dozen sharpened pencils, a note pad and forms on which I jotted down notes, something I have trained myself to do without even taking my eyes out of the binoculars or dropping my cigar.

In the U.S.C.–U.C.L.A. game I noted that U.S.C., as usual, had a perfect and airtight line against their opponents, which meant that Stanford's power plays probably would not work too well when they met the Trojans. So I looked around for some weaknesses and discovered that U.S.C. had not developed an accurate passer, nor did they have an ironclad defense against passes. I noted that certain U.S.C. backs shifted from their assigned positions on defense, leaving openings for passes. This information influenced the strategy Shaughnessy used against the Trojans.

Shaughnessy relied upon deception strategy in most of his plays, using a quarterback not as an orthodox blocker, but to handle the ball in such a way and play so deceptively that, by faking and sometimes deliberately wasting plays, he set up the situation for the touchdown pass. Stanford was fortunate

*(Continued on page 8*

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# Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 16

"A lot of additional pain and grief is caused by honesty," remarked Hercule Poirot.

Meredith Blake looked at him doubtfully. He did not quite like the sentiment. He sighed: "It was a—a most unhappy time for us all."

"The only person who does not seem to have been affected by it was Amyas Crale," said Poirot.

"And why? Because he was a rank egoist. I remember him now. Grinning at me as he went off saying, 'Don't worry, Merry. Everything's going to pan out all right!' "

"The incurable optimist," murmured Poirot.

"He was the kind of man who didn't take women seriously," Meredith Blake said. "*I* could have told him that Caroline was desperate."

"Did she tell you so?"

"Not in so many words. But I shall always see her face as it was that afternoon—white and strained with a kind of desperate gaiety. She talked and laughed a lot. But her eyes—there was a kind of anguished grief in them that was the most moving thing I have ever known. Such a gentle creature, too."

HERCULE POIROT looked at him for a minute or two without speaking. Clearly the man in front of him felt no incongruity in speaking thus of a woman who, on the day after, had deliberately killed her husband.

Meredith Blake went on. He had by now quite overcome his first suspicious hostility. Hercule Poirot had the gift of listening. To men such as Meredith Blake the reliving of the past has a definite attraction. He spoke now almost more to himself than to his famous guest:

"I ought to have suspected something, I suppose. It was Caroline who turned the conversation to—to my little hobby. It was, I must confess, an enthusiasm of mine. The old English herbalists, you know, are a very interesting study. There are so many plants that were formerly used in medicine and which have now disappeared from the official pharmacopoeia. And it's astonishing, really, how a simple decoction of something or other will really work wonders. No need for doctors, half the time. The French understand these things—some of their tisanes are first-rate."

He was well away now on his hobby: "Dandelion tea, for instance, marvelous stuff. And a decoction of hips—I saw the other day somewhere that that's coming into fashion with the medical profession again. Oh, yes, I must confess, I got a lot of pleasure out of my brews. Gathering the plants at the right time, drying them, macerating them—all the rest of it. I've even dropped to superstition sometimes and gathered my roots at the full of the moon or whatever it was the ancients advised. On that day I gave my guests, I remember, a special disquisition on the spotted hemlock. It flowers biennially. You gather the fruits when they're ripening, just before they turn yellow. Coniine, you know, is a drug that's dropped right out—I don't believe there's any official preparation of it in the last pharmacopoeia—but I've proved the usefulness of it in whooping cough, and in asthma too, for that matter—"

"You talked of all this in your laboratory?"

"Yes, I showed them around, explained the various drugs to them—valerian and the way it attracts cats—one sniff at that was enough for them! Then they asked about deadly nightshade, and I told them about belladonna and atropine. They were very much interested."

"They? What is comprised in that word?"

Meredith Blake looked faintly surprised as though he had forgotten that his listener had no firsthand knowledge of the scene.

"Oh, the whole party. Let me see—Philip was there, and Amyas, and Caroline, of course. Angela. And Elsa Greer."

"That was all?"

"Yes! I think so. Yes, I am sure of it." Blake looked at him curiously. "Who else should there be?"

"I thought perhaps the governess—"

"Oh, I see. No, she wasn't there that afternoon. I believe I've forgotten her name now. Nice woman. Took her duties very seriously. Angela worried her a good deal, I think."

"Why was that?"

"Well, she was a nice kid, but she was inclined to run wild. Always up to something or other. Put a slug or something down Amyas' back one day when he was hard at work painting. He went up in smoke. Cursed her up and down dale. It was after that that he insisted on this school idea."

"Sending her to school?"

"Yes. I don't mean he wasn't fond of her, but he found her a bit of a nuisance sometimes. And I think—I've always thought—"

"Yes?"

"That he was a bit jealous. Caroline, you see, was a slave to Angela. In a way, perhaps, Angela came first with her—and Amyas didn't like that. There was a reason for it, of course. I won't go into that, but—"

Poirot interrupted: "The reason being that Caroline Crale reproached herself for an action that had disfigured the girl."

Blake exclaimed, "Oh, you know that? I wasn't going to mention it. All over and done with. But, yes, that was the cause of her attitude, I think. She always seemed to feel that there was nothing too much she could do—to make up, as it were."

POIROT nodded thoughtfully. "And Angela?" he asked. "Did she bear a grudge against her half sister?"

"Oh, no; don't run away with that idea. Angela was devoted to Caroline. She never gave that old business a thought, I'm sure. It was just Caroline who couldn't forgive herself."

"Did Angela take kindly to the idea of boarding school?"

"No, she didn't. She was furious with Amyas. Caroline took her side, but Amyas had absolutely made his mind up about it. In spite of a hot temper, Amyas was an easy man in most respects, but when he really got his back up everyone had to give in. Both Caroline and Angela knuckled under."

"She was to go to school—when?"

"The autumn term—they were getting her kit together, I remember. I suppose, if it hadn't been for the tragedy she would have gone off a few days later. There was some talk of her packing on the morning of that day."

"And the governess?" Poirot asked.

"What do you mean—the governess?"

"How did she like the idea? It deprived her of a job, did it not?"

"Yes—well, I suppose it did in a way. Little Carla used to do a few lessons, but of course she was only—what? Six or thereabouts. She had a nurse. They wouldn't have kept Miss Williams on

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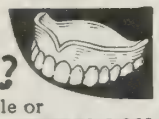
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. Yes, that's the name—Williams. how things come back to you ou talk them over."

, indeed. You are back now—u not?—in the past. You relive nes—the words that people said, estures, the expressions on their

dith Blake said slowly:

a way—yes . . . but there are ou know . . . great chunks missed emember, for instance, the shock to me when I first learned that was going to leave Caroline, but emember whether it was he who or Elsa. I do remember argu- Elsa on the subject—trying to er, I mean, that it was a pretty thing to do. And she only at me in that cool way of hers d I was old-fashioned. Well, I *I am* old-fashioned, but I still was right. Amyas had a wife ld—he ought to have stuck to

Miss Greer thought that point of t of date?"

Mind you, sixteen years ago, wasn't looked on quite so much tter of course as it is now. But s the kind of girl who went in for odern. Her point of view was n two people weren't happy to- t was better to make a break. that Amyas and Caroline never having rows and that it was far r the child that she shouldn't ht up in an atmosphere of dis- ."

her argument did not impress ?" asked Poirot.

all the time," Meredith Blake ly, "that she didn't really know was talking about. She was these things off—things she'd ooks or heard from her friends like a parrot. She was—it's a ng to say—pathetic somehow. g and so self-confident." He "There is something about . Poirot, that is—that can be— noving."

e Poirot said, looking at him e interest, "I know what you

vent on, speaking more to him- to Poirot: "That's partly, I think, why I tackled Crale. He was nearly twenty years older than the girl. It didn't seem fair."

"Alas, how seldom one makes any effect," Poirot murmured. "When a person has determined on a certain course —especially when there is a woman concerned—it is not easy to turn them from it."

Meredith Blake said, "That is true enough." His tone was a shade bitter: "I certainly did no good by my interference. But, then, I am not a very convincing person. I never have been."

Poirot threw him a quick glance. He read into that slight acerbity of tone the dissatisfaction of a sensitive man with his own lack of personality. And he acknowledged to himself the truth of what Blake had just said. Meredith Blake was not the man to persuade anyone into or out of any course. His well-meaning attempts would always be set aside—indulgently usually, without anger, but definitely set aside. They would not carry weight. He was essentially an ineffective man.

Poirot said, with an appearance of changing a painful subject, "You still have your laboratory of medicines and cordials, yes?"

"No."

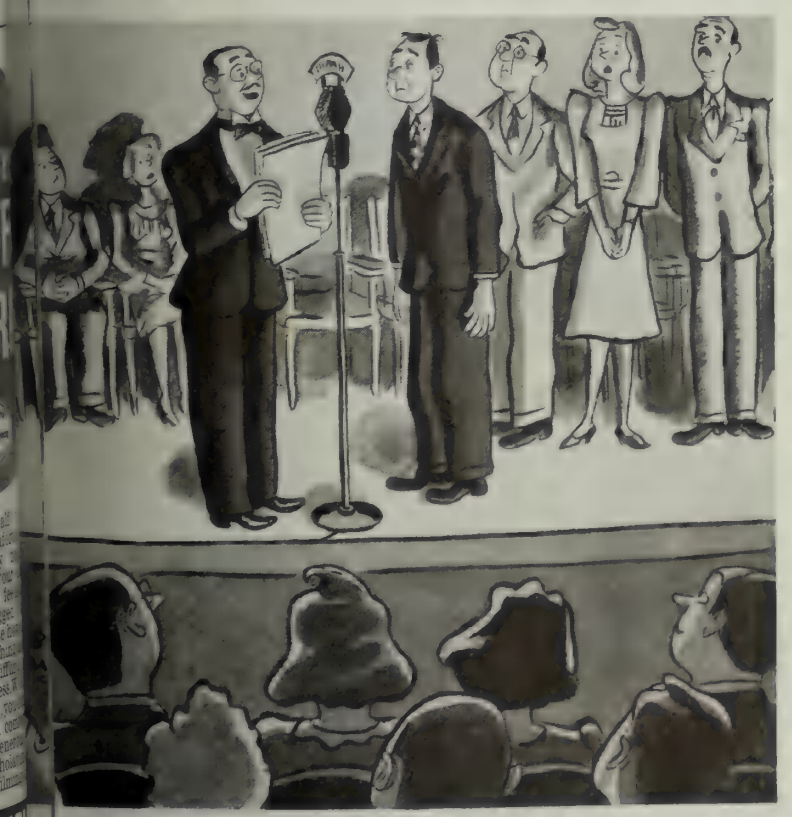
The word came sharply—with an almost anguished rapidity Meredith Blake said, his face flushing: "I abandoned the whole thing—dismantled it. I couldn't go on with it—how could I after what had happened? The whole thing, you see, might have been said to be *my* fault."

"No, no, Mr. Blake, you are too sensitive."

"But don't you see? If I hadn't collected those damned drugs; if I hadn't laid stress on them—boasted about them—forced them on those people's notice that afternoon . . . . But I never thought—I never dreamed—how could I—"

"How indeed?"

"But I went bumbling on about them. Pleased with my little bit of knowledge. Blind, conceited fool. I pointed out that damned coniine. I even—fool that I was —took them back into the library and read them out that passage from the Phaedo describing Socrates' death. A beautiful piece of writing—I've always



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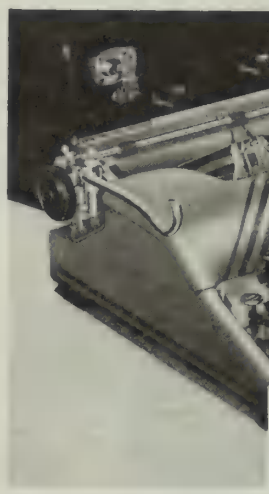
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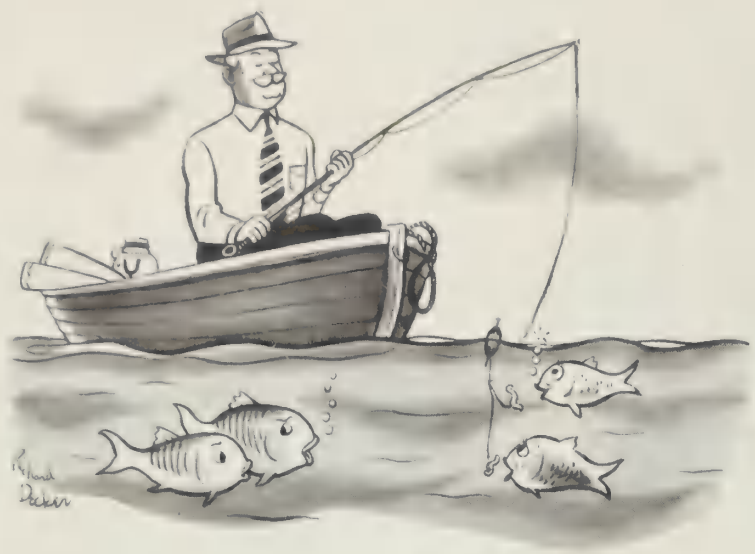
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admired it—but it's haunted me ever since."

Poirot said, "Did they find any fingerprints on the coniine bottle?"

Blake answered with one poignant word: "Hers."

"Caroline Crale's?"

"Yes."

"Not yours?"

"No. I didn't handle the bottle, you see. Only pointed to it."

"But at some time, surely, you had handled it?"

"Oh, of course, but I gave the bottles a periodic dusting from time to time—I never allowed the servants in there, of course—and I had done that about four or five days previously."

"You kept the room locked up?"

"Invariably."

"WHEN did Caroline Crale take the coniine from the bottle?"

"She was the last to leave," Meredith Blake replied reluctantly. "I called her, I remember, and she came hurrying out. Her cheeks were just a little pink, and her eyes wide and excited. I can see her now—"

Poirot said: "Did you have any conversation with her at all that afternoon? I mean by that, did you discuss the situation as between her and her husband at all?"

"Not directly," Blake said slowly in a low voice. "She was looking, as I've told you, very upset. I said to her at a moment when we were more or less by ourselves, 'Is anything the matter, my dear?' She said, 'Everything's the matter. . . .' I wish you could have heard the desperation in her voice. Those words were the absolute literal truth. There's no getting away from it—Amyas Crale was Caroline's whole world. She said: 'Everything's gone—finished. I'm finished, Meredith.' And then she laughed and turned to the others and was suddenly wildly and very unnaturally gay."

Hercule Poirot nodded his head slowly. He looked very like a china mandarin. He said, "Yes—I see—it was like that . . ."

Meredith Blake pounded suddenly with his fist. His voice rose. It was almost a shout: "And I'll tell you this, M. Poirot—when Caroline Crale said at the trial that she took the stuff for herself, I'll swear she was speaking the truth! There was no thought in her mind of murder at that time. I swear there wasn't. That came later."

"Are you sure that it *did* come Poirot asked.

Blake stared. "I beg your pa he said. "I don't quite underst

Poirot said: "I ask you wheth are sure that the thought of murd did come? Are you perfectly co in your own mind that Carolin did deliberately commit murder

Meredith Blake's breath ca evenly. He said, "But if not—i are you suggesting an—well, acc some kind?"

"Not necessarily."

"That's a very extraordinary say."

"Is it? You have called Crale a gentle creature. Do creatures commit murder?"

"She was a gentle creature, bu same—well, there were very quarrels, you know."

"Not such a gentle creature

"But she was— Oh, how diffic things are to explain."

"I am trying to understand."

"Caroline had a quick tongu hement way of speaking. She m 'I hate you. I wish you were d it wouldn't mean—it wouldn't *action*."

"So, in your opinion, it wa uncharacteristic of Mrs. Crale mit murder?"

"You have the most extra ways of putting things, M. Poir only say that—yes, it does see uncharacteristic of her. I can plain it by realizing that the tion was extreme. She ad husband. Under those circum woman might—well, kill."

Poirot nodded. "Yes, I agr

"I was dumfounded at first. feel it *could* be true. And it w —if you know what I mean— the real Caroline who did that

"But you are quite sure th legal sense, Caroline Crale di

Again Meredith Blake stare "My dear man, if she didn't–

"Well, if she didn't?"

"I can't imagine any alter lution. Accident? Surely im

"Quite impossible, I shoul

"And I can't believe in t theory. It had to be brough but it was quite unconvincin one who knew Crale."

"Quite."

"So what remains?" asked Blake.

Poirot said coolly, "There


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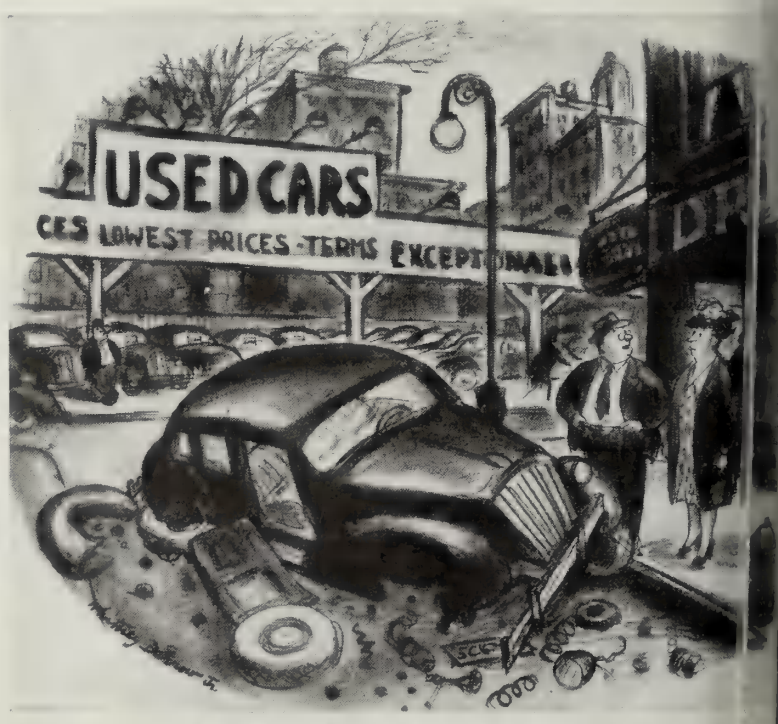


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**"Well, he said not to expect any miracles"** WHITNEY

possibility of Amyas Crale having
n killed by somebody else."
But that's absurd! *Nobody* could
e killed him but his wife. But he
re her to it. And so, in a way, it was
ide after all, I suppose."
Meaning that he died by the result
is own actions, though not by his
hand?"
Yes, it's a fanciful point of view,
aps. But—well, cause and effect,
know."
ercule Poirot said, "Have you ever
cted, Mr. Blake, that the reason
murder is nearly always to be found
study of the person murdered?"
hadn't exactly—yes, I suppose I
what you mean."
irot said, "Until you know exactly
*sort of a person the victim was,*
cannot begin to see the circum-
es of a crime clearly." He added,
t is what I am seeking for—and
you and your brother have helped
ve me—a reconstruction of the man
as Crale."
eredith Blake passed the main
of the remark over. His attention
been attracted by a single word. He
quickly, "Philip?"
es."
ou have talked with him also?"
ertainly."
redith Blake said sharply, "You
d have come to me first."
iling a little, Poirot made a cour-
gesture. "As your brother lives
London, it was easier to visit him

redith Blake repeated, "You
d have come to me first."

S time Poirot did not answer. He
ted. And presently Meredith
went on. "Philip," he said, "is
liced."
s?"
a matter of fact, he's a mass of
lices—always has been." He shot
k, uneasy glance at Poirot. "He'll
tried to put you against Caroline."
es that matter, so long—after?"
Meredith Blake gave a sharp sigh.
know. I forget that it's so long ago
t it's all over. Caroline is beyond
harmed. But, all the same, I
dn't like you to get a false impres-

d you think your brother might
e a false impression?"
ankly, I do. You see, there was
s a certain—how shall I put it?—
onism between him and Caro-

y?"
question seemed to irritate
. He said, "Why? How should I
*why?* These things are so. Philip
s crabbed her whenever he could.
s annoyed, I think, when Amyas
d her. He never went near them
er a year. And yet Amyas was
t his best friend. That was the
really, I suppose. He didn't feel
ny woman was good enough. And
obably felt that Caroline's influ-
would spoil their friendship."
d did it?"
, of course it didn't. Amyas was
just as fond of Philip—right up
end. Used to twit him with being
eygrubber and with growing
eation and being a Philistine gen-
Philip didn't care. He just used
go and say it was a good thing
had one respectable friend."
w did your brother react to the
reer affair?"
you know, I find it rather dif-
o say. His attitude wasn't really
define. He was annoyed, I think,
myas for making a fool of him-
er the girl. He said more than
hat it wouldn't work and that
would live to regret it. At the
ime I have a feeling—yes, very
ely I have a feeling that he was
just faintly pleased at seeing Caroline let down."

There was a silence. Then Blake said with the irritable plaintiveness of a weak man, "It was all over—forgotten—and now *you* come, raking it all up. . . ."

"Not I. Caroline Crale."

Meredith stared at him: "Caroline? What do you mean?"

Poirot said, watching him, "Caroline Crale the second."

Meredith's face relaxed. "Ah, yes, the child. Little Carla. I—I misunderstood you for a moment."

"You thought I meant the original Caroline Crale? You thought that it was she who would not—how shall I say it?—rest easy in her grave."

Blake shivered. "Don't, man."

"You know that she wrote to her daughter—the last words she ever wrote—that she was innocent?"

Meredith stared at him. He said—and his voice sounded utterly incredulous, "Caroline wrote *that?*"

"Yes." Poirot paused and said, "It surprises you?"

"It would surprise you if you'd seen her in court. Poor, hunted, defenseless creature. Not even struggling."

"A defeatist?"

"No, no. She wasn't that. It was, I think, the knowledge that she'd killed the man she loved—or I thought it was that."

"You are not so sure now?"

"To write a thing like that—solemnly—when she was dying."

Poirot said, "A pious lie, perhaps."

"Perhaps." But Meredith was dubious. "That's not—that's not like Caroline. . . ."

Hercule Poirot nodded. Carla Lemarchant had said that. Carla had only a child's obstinate memory. But Meredith Blake had known Caroline well. It was the first confirmation Poirot had got that Carla's belief was to be depended upon.

Meredith Blake looked up at him. He said slowly, "If—*if* Caroline was innocent—why, the whole thing's madness! I don't see—any other possible solution. . . ." He turned sharply on Poirot: "And you? What do you think?"

THERE was a silence.

"As yet," said Poirot at last, "I think nothing. I collect only the impressions: What Caroline Crale was like. What Amyas Crale was like. What the other people who were there at the time were like. What happened exactly on those two days. *That* is what I need. To go over the facts laboriously one by one. Your brother is going to help me there. He is sending me an account of the events as he remembers them."

"You won't get much from that," Meredith Blake said sharply. "Philip's a busy man. Things slip his memory once they're past and done with. Probably he'll remember things all wrong."

"There will be gaps, of course. I realize that."

"I tell you what"—Meredith paused abruptly, then went on, reddening a little as he spoke: "If you like, I—I could do the same. I mean, it would be a kind of check, wouldn't it?"

Hercule Poirot said warmly: "It would be most valuable. An idea of the first excellence!"

"Right. I will. I've got some old diaries somewhere. Mind you," he laughed awkwardly. "I'm not much of a hand at literary language. Even my spelling's not too good. You—you won't expect too much?"

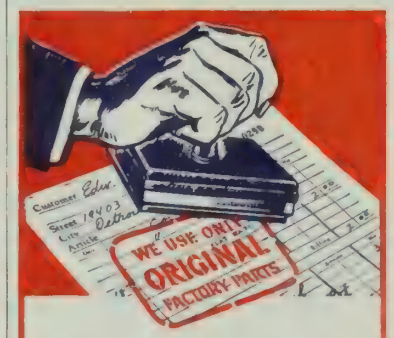
"Ah, it is not the style I demand. Just a plain recital of everything you can remember: What everyone said, how they looked—just what happened. Never mind if it doesn't seem relevant. It all helps with the atmosphere, so to speak."

"Yes, I can see that. It must be diffi-


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cult visualizing people and places you have never seen."

Poirot nodded. "That is another thing I wanted to ask you. Alderbury is the adjoining property to this, is it not? Would it be possible to go there—to see with my own eyes where the tragedy occurred?"

Meredith Blake said slowly: "I can take you over there right away. But, of course, it is a good deal changed."

"It has not been built over?"

"No, thank goodness—not quite so bad as that. But it's a kind of hostel now—it was bought by some society. Hordes of young people come down to it in the summer, and, of course, all the rooms have been cut up and partitioned into cubicles, and the grounds have been altered a good deal."

"You must reconstruct it for me by your explanations."

"I'll do my best. I wish you could have seen it in the old days. It was one of the loveliest properties I know."

He led the way out and began walking down a slope of lawn.

"Who was responsible for selling it?"

"The executors on behalf of the child. Everything Crale had came to her. He hadn't made a will, so I imagine that it would be divided automatically between his wife and the child. Caroline's will left what she had to the child also."

"Nothing to her half sister?"

"Angela had a certain amount of money of her own left her by her father."

Poirot nodded. "I see." Then he uttered an exclamation: "But where is it that you take me? This is the seashore ahead of us!"

"Ah, I must explain our geography to you. You'll see for yourself in a minute. There's a creek, you see, Camel Creek, they call it, runs right inland—looks almost like a river mouth, but it isn't—it's just sea. To get to Alderbury by land, you have to go right inland and around the creek, but the shortest way from one house to the other is to row across this narrow bit of the creek. Alderbury is just opposite—there, you can see the house through the trees."

They had come out on a little beach. Opposite them was a wooded headland, and a white house could just be distinguished high up among the trees.

TWO boats were drawn up on the beach. Meredith Blake, with Poirot's somewhat awkward assistance, dragged one of them down to the water and presently they were rowing across to the other side.

"We always went this way in the old days," Meredith explained. "Unless there was a storm or it was raining, and then we'd take the car. But it's nearly three miles if you go around that way."

He ran the boat neatly alongside a stone quay on the other side. He cast a disparaging eye on a collection of wooden huts and some concrete terraces.

"All new, this. Used to be a boathouse—tumble-down old place, and nothing else. And one walked along the shore and bathed off those rocks over there."

He assisted his guest to alight, made fast the boat, and led the way up a steep path.

"Don't suppose we'll meet anyone," he said over his shoulder. "Nobody here in April—except for Easter. Doesn't matter if we do. I'm on good terms with my neighbors. Sun's glorious today. Might be summer. It was a wonderful day then. More like July than September. Brilliant sun, but a chilly little wind."

The path came out of the trees and skirted an outcrop of rock. Meredith pointed up with his hand: "That's what they called the Battery. We're underneath it now—skirting round it."

They plunged into trees again and then the path took another sharp turn and they emerged by a door set in a high wall. The path itself continued to zigzag upward, but Meredith opened the door and the two men passed through it.

For a moment Poirot was dazzled, coming in from the shade outside. The Battery was an artificially cleared plateau with battlements set with cannon. It gave one the impression of overhanging the sea. There were trees above it and behind it, but on the sea side there was nothing but the dazzling blue water below.

"Attractive spot," said Meredith. He nodded contemptuously toward a kind of pavilion set back against the back wall. "That wasn't there, of course—only an old tumble-down shed where Amyas kept his painting muck and some bottled beer and a few deck chairs. It wasn't concreted then, either. There used to be a bench and a table—painted iron ones. That was all. Still—it hasn't changed much."

His voice held an unsteady note.

Poirot said, "And it was here that it happened?"

Meredith nodded. "The bench was there—up against the shed. He was sprawled on that. He used to sprawl there sometimes when he was painting—just fling himself down and stare and stare, and then suddenly up he'd jump and start laying the paint on the canvas like mad."

He paused.

"That's why, you know, he looked—almost natural. As though he might be asleep—just have dropped off. But his eyes were open—and he'd—just stiffened up. Stuff sort of paralyzes you, you know. There isn't any pain. . . . I've—I've always been glad of that. . . ."

Poirot asked a thing that he already knew: "Who found him here?"

"She did. Caroline. After lunch. Elsa and I, I suppose, were the last ones to see him alive. It must have been coming on then. He—looked queer. I'd rather not talk about it. I'll w e it you. Easier that way."

He turned abruptly and wei ou the Battery. Poirot followed h wi out speaking.

The two men went on up t zi path. At a higher level than the at there was another small platea It overshadowed with trees and t re a bench there and a table. re said: "They haven't changed th m But the bench used not to be e C Rustic. It was just a painted i ness. A bit hard for sitting, bu lo view."

Poirot agreed. Through a fr ew of trees one looked down over e b tery to the creek mouth.

"I sat up here part of the a rn Meredith explained. "Trees wer quite so overgrown then. One uld the battlements of the Batt plainly. That's where Elsa w po you know. Sitting on one, with r h twisted around."

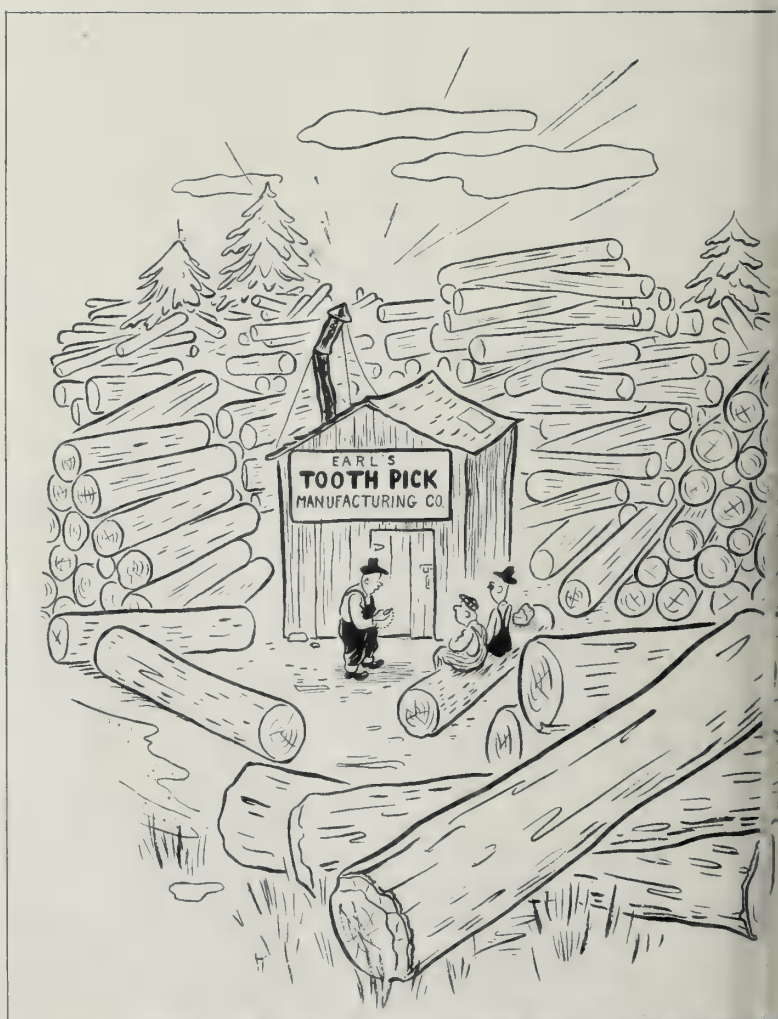
He gave a slight twitch of h sh ders. "Trees grow faster in thinks," he mutered. "Oh, w l, pose I'm getting old. Come on to house."

THEY continued to follow th atr it emerged near the hous It been a fine old house, Georgia n st It had been added to, and o g lawn near it were set some y wooden bathing hutches.

"Young men sleep there, g in house," Meredith explained. I co suppose there's anything yo wan see here. All the rooms have eec about. Used to be a little co rva tacked on here. These people ve a loggia. Oh, well—I suppos ney joy their holidays. Can't ke ev thing as it used to be—more's e p

He turned away abruptly. We down another way. It—it all c es to me, you know. Ghosts. ( sts *erywhere!*"

*(To be continued next w k)*




**"Let's get started, men; we've quite a big day ahead of u**

DAVI

# "THEY SEEMED LIKE MAGIC STAIRS"

RE ESCAPE is not a lovely thing. Yet there was ggeration in the grateful words of a mother who her children down its sturdy steps to safety.

ey seemed," she said, "like magic stairs!"

en it is just one of many papers in a desk drawer, insurance policy is unimpressive. But, like a fire it proves its greatest worth in time of greatest The death of a provider nearly always calls for ad- nt to a changed scale of living. At such a time a urance policy becomes almost "a magic stairway" ering dependable support to a family through this period.

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# This Twain Shall Meet

**By Holmes Alexander**

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER



**Claggett took his glove and started for the bull pen. He couldn't have missed seeing Amy Huntington standing up with one hand on the railing, and the trouble was in her eyes again**

**Bert Lindsay may never become the pitcher Lou Claggett was. But he'll never be as lonely as Claggett was, either. For Claggett took care of that**

LOU CLAGGETT woke up and looked at his watch. Climbing off the bed, careful not to disturb his roommate, he put on bathrobe and slippers. He left the room and went down the hotel corridor to the elevators. The morning papers were piled here, later to be slipped under the doors.

Claggett took the top paper and shook it open to an inside sheet. Among the regimented columns of print his own name jumped out at him. Breathing hard with his mouth open, he read the squib—a mere sports item in this great metropolitan daily, but to him a vivid catastrophe:

"Bishops send Claggett to Houston. Veteran hurler released as player limit becomes effective tonight."

Claggett shivered. His mouth felt dry and his bones ached. That the news was not unexpected failed to soften the blow. It landed where it hurt him most—flush on the jaw of his pride.

"Fading out," he said aloud.

Carrying the paper, he returned along the corridor. He was a big man, heavy through the shoulders and with a touch of frost in his black hair. The brown face wore a hard, protective smile. It was part of Claggett's pride never to show his feelings. Players who had nicknamed him Stony were referring to this.

HE RE-ENTERED the bedroom and saw that its other occupant was awake now. Claggett tossed him the paper and said, "Good news for you, kid."

This was true. The same report had opposite meanings for the two men. Claggett went to the table and lighted a cigarette. He didn't want one before breakfast and he liked Bert Lindsay, but the gesture was intended to disguise his agitation. Swallowing bitter smoke, Claggett watched the rookie's expression. Bert Lindsay made a long, flat shape under the single sheet. His ruddy face seemed puzzled.

"Well, kid," Claggett smiled. "It means you got the job."

Lindsay nodded without enthusiasm. "Yes," he said. "But I wish it hadn't worked out this way. You've been a swell guy to me, Stony; and I'm sorry."

Claggett crushed the cigarette and got back into bed. It was too early for breakfast, and he needed something to lean on. Young Lindsay's words annoyed the older man. Sentimental speeches always did. Himself, he didn't go in for any soft stuff. *Be tough and you don't get hurt.* Once he'd been hurt by having a soft spot, but that was a long time ago. He had learned better since.

"Don't spill any grief over me, kid. I can take it."

"I know that," Lindsay said.

After a while the men got up and dressed. A ball team on the road saves laundry by wearing dark shirt open collars. Claggett was putt one of these when he noticed Ber say struggling with a white starch lar and necktie.

"Celebrating, are you?" The laughed. "Maybe I should go buy myself some crape."

Lindsay looked embarrassed. that," he said. "I've got a girl today."

"You should have one in every Claggett said.

He checked himself from sayin The deepening flush on the Lindsay's neck was more than rassment.

"Sorry," offered Claggett. know it was like that."

"Yes," said Lindsay. "It is, You see, this girl and I—well, sh ing up from Jersey to see me pitc boy grinned broadly. "Gosh, she's pretty wonderful, I think."

CLAGGETT turned away. was again . . . the soft stu he'd felt that way himself about long time back. He saw that was putting a small leather fo his coat pocket. Claggett had c ticed the kid nursing this object, wondered what it was. Now he a picture of the girl.

They had breakfast togeth which Lindsay left the hotel. sat in one of the big lobby ch pretended to be reading a mag often employed this ruse to di conversational teammates; a he had special causes for desir left alone. "She's pretty won Lindsay had said. The wor melancholy thing to Stony They set him to remember nearly fifteen years ago, he'd here to New York for a tryout Graw . . . a green country b fresh haircut and a big reason ing to make good.

"Throw some up," McGraw "Show me what you've got."

So young Lou Claggett had to the mound and pitched t practice, which was McGraw testing a rookie's stuff. Lou h ball then, and a high-breaki He threw two foul strikes to McGraw said, "Have you g kle?"

"I have one, sure. But—"

"Don't talk back. Put i there."

But you didn't like to th breaking outshoots to a left-h ter. It wasn't safe. Lou di whether McGraw was testing ligence or his skill, but someth the pugnacious little man obey him. He wound up and high curve.

"Look out," he shouted.

This didn't help much. T Terry in the neck. Luckily h ing away from it.

"You rube," the manage "Don't you know any better

Lou didn't answer back. hard-boiled then, and mayb what McGraw wanted to fin pitched with shaken nerves and Jackson, but he had los They whaled everything wi

"All right," said McGraw a "Get your clothes and go ho

Stony Claggett let the ma into his lap. Back home m in the country where he forty dollars a month, and y get married on that.

"I'll make good," he'd pro wait for me, honey, I'll sho

But there had been a w summer, and it wasn't his ow down in the easy chair, Sto saw himself smiling from

*(Continued on page )*

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*There are other Jarman styles for the Fall season just as worthy of a permanent gold finish, such as the blucher (left), No. 1131, or the saddle-tie (right), No. 1132. Jarman Shoe Company, Division of General Shoe Corporation, Nashville, Tennessee.*

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# West Coast Japanese

Continued from page 15



more bitter against the Chinese it was, later, against the Japa- and caused considerable blood- But the Chinese today are well and respected, partly because they aturally good people—and partly se they have managed their pub- ations wisely. They have, for ex-, been able to get Americans to bute a lot of money to help suf- peasants in China and uphold hinese government, which is just spotic as the Japanese. The Coast ese, on the other hand, have never to collect anything for suffering ese peasants, but have bought e bonds heavily in an effort to their loyalty to the United States. a curious fact that there has been bitterness between whites and ese than between Chinese and ese, who get along pretty well on rface, despite an aggressive boy- ampaign.

e time ago leaders of the *Nisei* iser heads among the *Issei* real- ie necessity for selling the whites ea that the "Jap menace" was flated. This resulted in the Japa- merican Citizens' League, a na- ide organization with ten thousand ers in fifty-one chapters. The was born in Seattle, largely h the efforts of Jimmy Sakamoto, editor of the Japanese-American r. Sakamoto abolished the Japa- anguage section of his paper as step.

### Steadfast Americans

e Jimmy is a typical *Nisei* leader, lk with him: His office in Seattle s two copies of the Declaration pendence, and a certificate say- s a life member of the United Flag Association. In its conven- San Francisco this summer, tells you, the league passed resolutions: To buy defense to urge home defense; to sup- e USO. The Japanese division USO, by the way, went over its head of most divisions.

ask the blind editor: "If war what will the *Nisei* do?"

orse comes to worst," he replies, emain steadfastly American. We we'll be more or less suspect, but we'll still be loyal. If this country is good enough to live in it's good enough to fight and die for. . . . Did you know that about a fifth of the fifteen hundred *Nisei* in our Army were volunteers—the highest percentage of any racial group?"

"What," you ask, "will the *Issei*—the alien Japanese do?"

"Our parents, of course, are on the spot even more than we are. But they will be loyal, too. The average age of the male *Isseis* is now about sixty; of the women, around fifty-two. Their homes are here, where they have spent more than half their lives; their children are Americans."

We now get around to discovering whether our Intelligence services—Army, Navy and F.B.I.—agree with *Nisei* spokesmen or not. It is impossible to ask them, because they won't be quoted, and many of them won't even talk. Their reports are secret.

For five years or more there has been a constant check on both *Issei* and *Nisei*—Japanese and Japanese-Americans. The consensus among intelligent people is that an overwhelming majority is loyal. The few who are suspect are carefully watched. In event of war they'd be behind bars at once.

Of course, there have been and are Japanese spies on the Coast. There are probably American spies in Japan. We know a lot about each other's defenses. But what public opinion often forgets in spy scares is the fantastic improbability of a Japanese invasion of the West Coast. Japanese navy and air force are, at best, second rate; in a straight fight they would have little chance against ours. To attack and land on our Coast in force, Japan first would have to subdue Hawaii, which top men in both navies agree is almost impossible.

So, in case of war, what any disloyal Japanese or *Nisei* would try is sabotage. This probability, as we have seen, has been taken into account and prepared against.

It is only fair to look at some of the things the *Nisei* and *Sansei* are up against, admitting the charges against them. It has been hard for their newspapers, for instance, to preach loyalty to us too strongly, because these papers rely for existence largely on advertising by Japanese-controlled concerns. These concerns, ruled from Tokyo, naturally try to get what may be called the Tokyo party line into print. So *Nisei* editors are on the spot. Urging loyalty to America costs them dough. Still most of them go ahead and do it and take it on the chin financially. A case in point is the influential South Coast Herald, which is Terminal Island's Japanese-language newspaper. Terminal Island is headquarters for the Japanese-American fishing fleet and its population is exclusively Japanese. The strongly pro-American South Coast Herald has a daily circulation of 3,000 and is edited by Jiusho Hiraga, who is probably the most influential person in our biggest Japanese-American fishing colony.

### Reason for Resentment

Nearly all Western cities enforce segregation rules against Orientals, and so social contacts with whites are casual and neither race knows much about the other. Whites and yellows mingle freely in public schools and inter-racial friendships are common. But as they go out into the world, the races drift apart and the yellows find themselves barred from white society and sometimes grow bitter, understandably.

The youngsters, who usually top their school and university classes, resent this discrimination and it drives them into colonies and forces on them the idea that they are Japanese and cannot escape being Japanese, no matter how strongly they wish to be Americans. It also has tended to weld them into a voting bloc—totaling between 25,000 and 30,000 in California, a bloc that increases slightly each year.

*Nisei* are accepted into our Army, but barred from the Navy. This rankles, because, they say, many of them are small-boat experts and would be useful on patrol ships, mine layers and sweepers and auxiliary craft. Army officers at Fort Lewis, Washington, where there are many *Nisei* soldiers, say they make good, intelligent fighters; the National Guard also thinks well of them.

As one *Nisei* girl summed it up in San Francisco: "We try to be good Americans—if only the white Americans would treat us as equals and allow us to do our part. But it's discouraging, after working hard to get a college education, to be denied jobs in white concerns and forced to do menial work in order to live. Sometimes we feel we're not wanted."

Even the anti-Oriental Joint Committee says publicly that the Japanese in the West "are splendid people in many ways; good students and workers." But—it adds—as a group they can't be assimilated into American life and something should be done about it. Just what, no one seems to know.

In case of war, there would be some demand in California for concentration camps into which Japanese and Japanese-Americans would be herded for the duration. Both classes fear this, but it would be unfair to say it is the prime motive behind their demonstrations of Americanism. It is a factor, though.

Army, Navy or F.B.I. never have suggested officially that such a step would be necessary, or even has been thought about. As we have seen, their opinion, based on intensive and continuous investigation, is that the situation is not dangerous and that, whatever happens, there is not likely to be any trouble. With this opinion West Coast newspapermen, in touch with the problem for years, agree almost unanimously.



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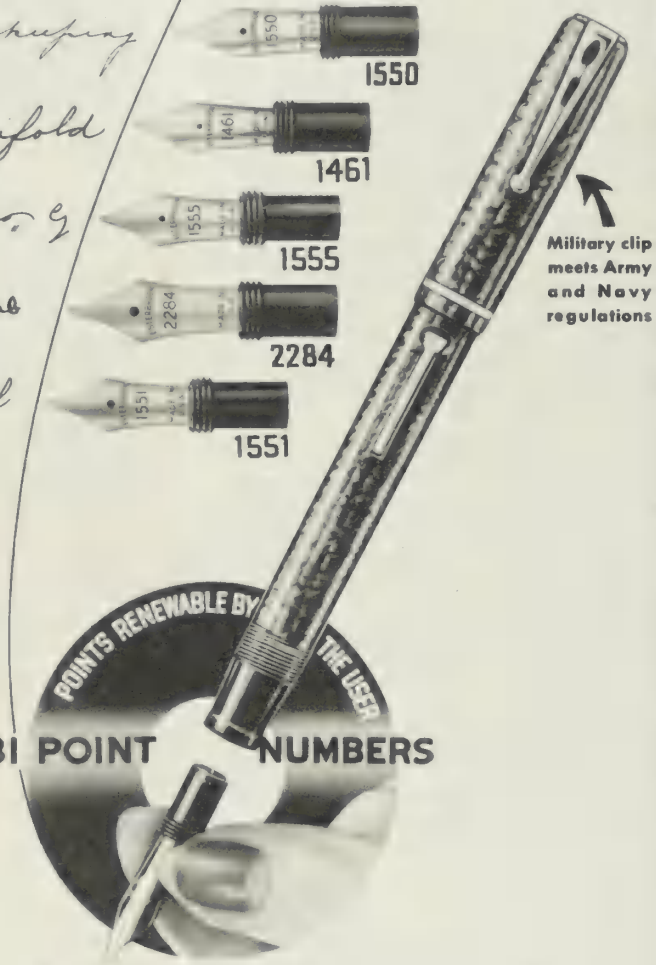
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# The Sawdust Fusiliers

Continued from page 22

the billowing whiteness of ■ German parachute. Their guns are always within arm's reach.

Scotland never saw lumbering like this. To begin with, they cut the trees close and when the operation is done the stump is only ankle high. Their speed is incredible. Each mill produces an average of 17,000 feet of lumber a day and there are fifteen of them, which means about 250,000 feet, a good shipload of lumber a day. This one group of 4,500 men saves a ship ■ day, seven ships a week, thirty ships a month. And none of their lumber ends up in the North Atlantic. Come along and watch them work. . . .

### Men Who Know How

Major Edward Dawson is in charge of this company. The men and even his fellow officers call him "Blitz." He gets things done quickly. He's dynamite, just as he was in the last war when he served as a private. We were on the side of a hill which had stood undisturbed for two hundred years. There was a stone gallows on top of the hill. Years ago the dukes who owned the estate had the privilege of administering the law. One duke of antiquity built the gallows and before he died had hung one hundred men from its granite top. Then he buried them upright on the hill. Strange but authentic souvenirs of that grisly practice came to light when the woodpeckers started to blast a few stumps and rocks from the hill.

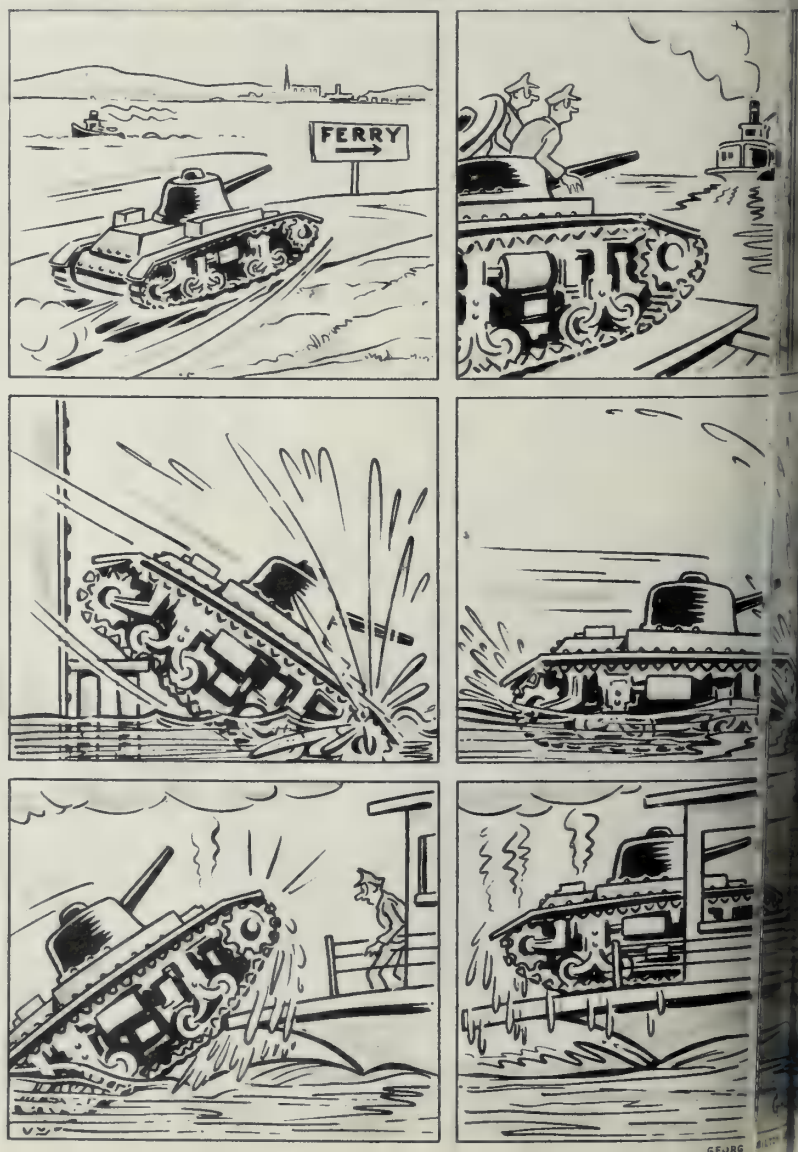
"What is the operation, Major," I asked Blitz, "from the time a man bites into a tree with his ax until the tree comes out of the mill in the form of lumber?"

"Instead of telling you I'll sho the major said. "The men work i of three. Here's a group starting follow this tree from here right i mill."

The Sawdust Fusiliers wear th clothes they wear in the C forests. It was too warm for t and-black checked shirts the fi us lumberjacks wear. Some of t wore no shirts. Others wore und Two of them looked at the bas tree appraisingly, as a dentist mi at a tooth he is about to dismant pointed wordlessly; the other Then both began to swing th rhythmically. The tree was seventy feet high and perhaps th thick. They cut a six-inch ga

"Now they know just where t will fall," the major said. "Any will bet you that he can drop a a handkerchief." This is the bu The tree is trimmed fairly hig ready. Now the cutters are sa Back and forth the big saw went knotted muscles on their should out chunkily. They never st rest.

The same thing was happ over the hill and on a dozen o within a radius of fifty miles. utes passed. The men stopped them put a steel wedge into made by the saw. He bange with the back of his axe. The t bled; it shuddered and then o men cried "Timbaaah!" The protesting to the last, to lan mighty roar. Its branches v trembling when the "trimmer on the big trunk and began v rapid strokes to clear away the This was a Douglas Fir. He w



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Enter *Every* Carnival Contest — You May Win in Each.

### SIMPLY DO THIS

1 Go to your nearest bowling establishment featuring The Brunswick Bowling Carnival (or call Western Union).

2 Ask the proprietor or attendant for a free Entry Blank at the time you arrange for your alley.

3 Bowl three or more consecutive games to complete a 3-game total score which falls within one of the six classes of competition.

4 Write your score on your free entry blank.

5 Turn your entry in at the counter when you pay for your games.

. . . *that's all there is to it.*

*No Waiting for Prizes —*
WINNERS ARE ANNOUNCED AFTER EACH CONTEST

## *Bowl for Fun! Bowl for Health! Bowl for BIG PRIZES!*

Here is a simple opportunity for you to have more fun at America's favorite sport — and to win prizes while you play!

*Without spending one penny extra, you can win as much as $250.00 cash* Grand Prize money in addition to *class prizes* and *double* weekly cash awards for "target bowling." Think of it! 3390 class prizes each Carnival Contest and a top prize of $250.00 cash that even a beginner can win.

It makes no difference whether you are an expert, an occasional bowler, or if you've never bowled before. Because there are *six* classes of competition, ranging from "Beginners" to "Stars" —and a complete prize list for each class—each 9-day Carnival Contest.

Men, women, boys and girls of all ranges of skill, or no skill at all, will be in this big contest. All have an equal opportunity to win! Enter even though you have never bowled before. *Mornings or afternoons are especially good times to play in Carnival* — enjoy wholesome fun and win big prizes.

Enter each and every 9-day Carnival Contest. The more entries you submit, the greater your opportunity to win one or more of the 20,346 prizes.

...e the Honorary Carnival Judges:

...mous sports figures are Carnival's Honorary Judges:



**Alice Marble** — Formerly Women's Amateur Tennis Champion of the World, now Professional Champion.

**Harry Stuhldreher** — Head football coach and Director of Athletics at University of Wisconsin.

...tern — ...sports ...ity and ...mentator.

## Special Contests

If your favorite bowling game is one of the following, ask your Carnival proprietor about these three additional contests offering *extra, independent* prize lists:

DUCKPINS—4 Classes—1,740 Class Prizes — 4 $100 Grand Prizes.

CANDLEPINS—4 Classes — 552 Class Prizes — 4 $50 Grand Prizes.

RUBBER BAND DUCK PINS — 4 Classes — 552 Class Prizes — 4 $50 Grand Prizes.

3 Carnival Contests for each, running at the same time as the first 3 Ten Pin Carnival Contests.

...Western Union

...pick up your ...phone and ask the ...or for Western ... (do not *dial* ... number). ...'ll be glad to ...you the name of ...nearest establish... ...t where you can ... Bowling Carnival ...ches.

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ASK YOUR BOWLING PROPRIETOR ABOUT "LEARN TO BOWL WEEK" OCTOBER 6-11, 1941

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois




You, too, might be agreeably surprised to discover how you can save by using the General Motors Instalment Plan.

Why not find out for yourself? Send the coupon below for the GMAC Figuring Chart that gives you all car-financing details in dollars and cents.

This simple Figuring Chart shows you exactly what you get for what you pay...enables you to figure your entire deal *in advance* in dollars and cents.

Then you can *compare* various finance plans and what they offer.

You'll find, for one thing, that the lower the financing cost the lower the monthly payments will be. And you'll find that this Plan includes the right kind of insurance protection for your car.

But see for yourself just where and how you can save! Send for your Figuring Chart today!

*This plan is available only through dealers in Buick, Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile and Cadillac cars.*

NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

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1775 Broadway, New York

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*Please send me copy of GMAC Figuring Chart for the car checked below:*

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Name_____

Address_____

City_____

County_____ State_____ U. S. A.

GMAC figuring chart

*Send for this Figuring Chart*


ing when a weird-looking contraption lumbered up.

"This is a caterpillar drawing a sulky," the major explained. "The man who drives it is a sergeant major. To us he is the cat skinner."

Chains were looped over the now naked tree. Two men hauled on other chains hanging from the sulky. The end of the tree rose up eight feet to be held at the top of the "sulky," a high-wheeled trailer. Then the caterpillar started. It dragged the big tree. It dragged it some 200 yards and then dropped it. One man held a stick and marked off sections. Two others sawed the tree into five logs. They sang as they sawed; sang the song they wrote on the trip across from Canada to the time of "Oh, Suzanna":

"And when we arrive in Scotland
There'll be singing and three cheers
For the boys who'll bury Hitler
Dawson's Sawdust Fusiliers. . . ."

As the saw cut the logs away men grabbed them with grappling hooks and "decked" them onto a truck. Six logs came from the tree. The truck moved toward the mill, a quarter of a mile away. We followed. Cant-hook men were waiting. They reached up with their strange-looking hooks, grabbed the logs, and rolled them into a pond which was part of the mill. The pond is a miniature swimming pool, four feet deep and thirty feet long. They washed the logs of the mud and dirt which would have dulled the saws. They guided the logs to the end of the pond and started them up the jack ladder, a traveling chain that carried them into the mill. Now the logs were actually on the way to becoming lumber. Other canters (cant-hook men) rolled a log onto the saw carriage. The carriage rides parallel to the huge circular saw. A "dogger" rides the carriage, steadying the log, but above it you can hear the throaty voices singing:

"The trees we'll use for coffins
For Herr Hitler and his crew,
And we'll bury all the Nazis
So they will not bother you. . . ."

The log has made four quick trips on the carriage. It is square now. There isn't a bit of bark left on it. It slides down twenty feet to the "edger." The edges are trimmed by another saw. It slides to the butt man. He and sistant look at it briefly and kn length and thickness will best particular square log. The sav scream . . . The planks fall d slipway into waiting trucks. T logs from our tree follow.

"Half an hour," Blitz Daws "Not bad."

The tree had stood for 20 Half an hour ago it was swaying on a Scottish hill hard by an granite gallows. Now its dest complete. It was nothing but dred clean, white, even planks to win the war for England.

That, in short, is the work of interesting and perhaps most unit in England. Nine hour they work; they always ha tough work; they're accustomec work. It's fun to sit around at n them. About 300 of them c English—only French-Canadi other 400 are Scottish-born. T as youngsters to Canada and have come back. Most of th to be very American. Each has a baseball diamond and t play double-headers after din

"You don't know how the are doing?" one of them aske

"It's going to be tough this said. "They don't broadcast series on short wave, so we w who wins until a month after Could you do anything about

I said I'd try.

### A Colorful, Hard-workin

The camps in which the me exactly like those they know nadian woods. They are s cabins far better than anythin lish army has. But the Eng isn't accustomed to living in They're a colorful, hard-worki lot, these members of the Saw liers, and Canada ought to proud of them. And if tha comes they'll drop their axes saws and with dark gleams in they'll pick up their rifles and they'll pick off the shrouds chute at five hundred feet. else fails they'll drop the they'll pick up their axes show the Jerries how Canadi men can fight.



**"Don't you see? He's only going to the city to make enough money to come back here!"**

# Can You Pick the One from Dubuque?



**NEWEST DRESS FASHIONS-SHIPPED BY TRUCK-MAKE IT TOUGH TO GUESS-**

**Because women everywhere get the latest styles as fast as the style centers do. (Men, too!)**

WE show you this picture because we know that every woman — and every man — wants to be well dressed.

Today, you *are* . . . *wherever* you live . . . because motor transportation distributes the last styles to every corner of the land — quickly — economically.

**IMPROVES DIET**

But trucks not only improve our appearance — they even help our diets!

Ten times more people enjoy oranges and other citrus fruits since trucks took over the job. We eat more meat — more fresh vegetables — drink more milk — than any other nation on earth.

**AND NOTE THIS!**

Trucks carry 62% of the beef served on American tables . . . 39% of the eggs . . . 40% of the vegetables. Detroit, St. Louis, Los Angeles, Spokane and twenty other metropolitan areas get their entire supply of milk by truck.

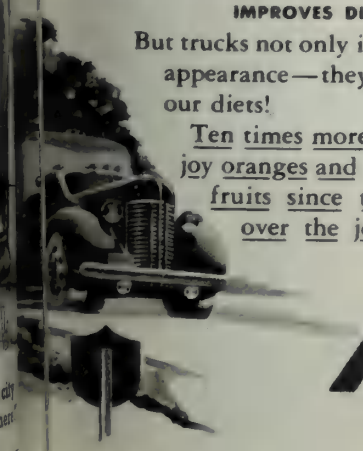
And almost 50,000 communities depend entirely upon motor freight for ALL necessities. No other major transportation system reaches them.

Yes — we in America — with half of the world's trucks — can thank our highway carriers for vastly improving our standard of living . . . and for helping to counteract the present world trend of rising prices.

**SPEEDS NATIONAL DEFENSE**

In these times of national emergency we can be doubly thankful. Here is one transportation system that can never bog down! Here are freight carriers that are never sidetracked! Here is speed — faster than the U. S. Mail — and flexibility that keeps defense plants operating at peak efficiency.

Just remember these things the next time you see a truck on the road. Remember it is part of a transportation system vital to the well being of your family — your community — and your country.



**AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS**

WASHINGTON, D.C.

CARRIES
A LOT OF WEIGHT!




Cars can last 3 times longer
..and yours may have to!

Cars should last 75,000 miles, but trouble begins for many at 25,000, says the American Petroleum Institute. Today, it's just common sense to do your best to triple your car's trouble-free life.




Be easy on your car. Fast starts, sudden stops and sustained high speeds cost you valuable mileage.



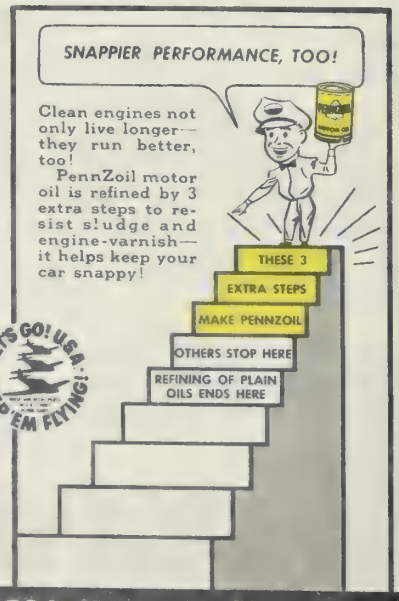
Correct minor troubles before they get big. Have your car inspected while it is being lubricated (every 1,000 miles).




Specify oil that resists sludge and varnish, so your engine will stay clean and smooth. You get it at the yellow PennZoil oval sign when you . . .

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IT COSTS NOTHING EXTRA!




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100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
Member Pa. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n Permit No 2

GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY





# Design Lady

## By Ruth Car

**Mrs. Leo Duroch is cessful in her o signing beguilin young misses— ball-playing hu managing the B**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLI

YOU can talk about fashion all you like," says Mrs. Leo Durocher, and she can talk about fashion with authority because it's her business. She is head designer for a manufacturer who turns out her creations by the hundred thousand. "But what the young girl wants is her man. You can wear your own pencil lines. She wants a dress that fits smoothly around the hips, and then flares out with a swish to call the boys' attention to her shapely young legs. And even if they're not the most shapely legs in the world, she knows that a swing skirt will make the most of them.

"She wants a dress that fits in the bodice, too. In my day we bound our breasts flat and tried to look as boyish as possible. Today the young girl has enough sense to know that this is a beautiful part of her body and she wants to make the most of it. What do you suppose she wears sweaters for? Most of them don't have all the bosom they'd like. So we tuck the dresses smooth through the midriff and let the fullness out above. If a girl has enough figure the dress fits smooth; if she hasn't, the dress suggests that she has."

Working on this commendable basis of helping the girls to get their men, Mrs. Durocher has built up a line of dresses that sell in their own special department in more than 2,000 stores throughout the country, so that you stand a good chance of meeting them on your own Main Street. She describes them as casual dresses, though they sound pretty calculating to us, and they retail for from $3.95 to $12.95. They are what the trade calls dresses for the junior miss. They are manufactured in St. Louis which, says Mrs. Durocher, is the center of the junior dress market.

To make certain that these young misses shall be pleased with their dresses in every detail, the buyers for the special departments question the girls in near-by high schools and colleges about their likes and dislikes. They pass the word along to Mrs. Durocher, and she is saved many a bon which general fashion p like the plunging neckli soft-pedal, like sloping

She does her designin cast figure of her own d manufacturers strike a measurements, and use tern basis. Mrs. Durocher instead, as a typical y size thirteen, and from t sizes up to seventeen, an What these measuremen else's business. Even in what battered condition adhesive tape, this plast appealing charm not to regulation dressmaker

How do you design fr by sitting in a room, wait to come. Ideas are all you walk down the stree For example, the Duroc shopping in Havana, Dodger team trooping a rochers, Leo, Mrs. Leo



**Mr. and Mrs. Leo Durocher, right, watch Pewee Reese of the Dodgers try to convince the young lady at his left that blue wool is superior to red cotton mesh for stockings. Dresses worn by the girls were all designed by Mrs. Durocher**

dollars between them for
t water, shaving lotion,
of the same fragrance.
ot to smell alike," main-
friend staggered at the
n the course of this shop-
Leo spies some buttons
idea. She'll design some
them. Make more than
dollars.

g isn't as simple as that.
ou're going to become a
ht," says Mrs. Durocher
ds of young women who
young American design-
bout, "it isn't being done.
ost successful designers
e thirties or forties. It's
t long to get there."

o you, if you are one of
young women, is to go
tory. School is fine. But
y experience, and you'll
She grew up in the busi-
er mother being a dress
xas, turning out trous-
own's brides, and gowns
Texas governors. When
er mother's small busi-
for a New York factory
tical end of dress manu-

to draw pretty pictures
o first base in dress de-
varns you. "Maybe it
job making advertising
to be a first-rate dress
mass-production busi-
t to be able to draft a
ketch and notes can be
d of thing, understand-
urself. But putting the
ortions of that dress on
e designer's job and no-

ufacturers have an ap-
for designers. Mrs.
tant will keep in touch
school, and after gradu-
be taken in, given tables
(meaning dress forms)
and set to work. Mrs. Durocher has eight girls in her designing department now. Her best designers, she repeats, came out of the factory. What you need most in the way of equipment is ambition, creative ability, an alert mind and a capacity for hard work.

A little pride and interest in your own appearance are a help, too. These the Durochers have in abundance, on both sides of the family, and they egg each other on. Leo never misses a pretty girl when there is one anywhere on the horizon, and he never lets Mrs. Leo miss her either. She feels responsible for some of Leo's fastidious concern over his own clothes. The pressing of a suit is a ritual that he directs in person. The lapels must be rolled on one suit because it is to be worn with a certain shirt; they must be creased exactly ten inches on another. He fusses about his colors. He scrubs his person till it shines with cleanliness.

"People will talk about you anyway," Mrs. Durocher says, "so you might as well give them something pleasant to talk about." The Durochers do.

Applied psychology is another Durocher key to success. Leo can pat a boy on the shoulder after he has lost a game for the Dodgers. He can also rush screaming out onto the field to do battle with an umpire over a decision. "There are some people you have to kiss and others you have to kick," is Mrs. Leo's way of applying the same idea to temperamental designers. Personally, she prefers dishing up honey to vinegar. Better drawing power. Like her dresses. ★★★





-and a HALF DONE overhaul won't stop Oil Pumping . .
ALWAYS CHECK ENGINE BEARINGS!

WHEN you decide on an engine overhaul to correct motor-fouling, power-stealing oil waste—be sure you have the oil pumping corrected *where it starts!*

Any good service man will tell you that worn connecting rod bearings are a principal cause of oil pumping, and that installing new rings is doing just HALF the overhaul job. When oil pumping starts at the bearings, correction must start there, too.

It costs so little more to replace worn connecting rod bearings when the engine is already opened up, that it is wise economy to have the bearings checked, and, if worn, replaced with a set of Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy—and to assure lasting performance satisfaction!

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORP., DETROIT, MICH.



WORN ENGINE BEARINGS CAUSE OIL PUMPING

AUTHORIZED FEDERAL Mogul ENGINE BEARING SERVICE

QUICK CHECK-UP AT THIS SIGN

Look for this sign of Expert Engine Bearing Service, for a scientific diagnosis of engine condition with the Federal-Mogul Oil Leak Detector while you wait! Good Service Shops display it!

REPLACE WITH GENUINE



FEDERAL Mogul OIL-CONTROL BEARINGS

# This Twain Shall Meet

Continued from page 68

mirror on the wall. He'd been six years getting another big-league tryout. By that time nothing fazed him. He was tough.

Then he didn't see his face for an instant. The girl who had stepped in front of the mirror was slim and young and pretty. She wore a bright dress and a canary-colored hat, under which were blond hair and large blue eyes with trouble in them. Claggett watched her vacantly. She turned slowly on her slender ankles, searching the room with her glance.

Claggett got up. Without knowing why, he felt certain that this girl's picture was in the leather folder that Bert Lindsay always nursed. Claggett approached her and said, "If you're looking for Lindsay, he went out about an hour ago. I'm his roommate."

Her hand in his felt warm and firm, but it was the smile that made him like her. It seemed to brighten not only her own face, but the whole room.

"Oh, then we missed each other at the station. You're Mr. Claggett—Stony Claggett. Bert writes me about you and how grand you've been to him. I'm Amy Huntington."

SHE was also, thought Claggett, a very sweet kid. Right away he saw that. But he wondered, unreasonably, how her eyes would look if the morning paper had carried Lindsay's release instead of his own. Lots of girls were sweet and easy to look at. He couldn't help wondering how Amy Huntington would take bad news.

"Well, here comes your man," he said.

Lindsay had just loped through the front door in a great frenzy. The boy and girl spied each other. They moved together in awkward motions, their faces hot and their arms stiffly down at their sides. It amused Claggett, as he slipped away, to see how bashful they were. They didn't know how to greet each other here, whether to kiss or shake hands.

"Gosh," thought Claggett, "it's been a long time ago. I was a durn' fool once myself, and now I'm thirty-five years old."

He got his hat off the rack outside the dining room. He went out into the street. Yes, he'd been young and foolish then, but now he was a real smart guy with a system. *Be tough and you don't get hurt.* Only he didn't seem very happy about it. He felt a sudden envy for Bert Lindsay. Not just for sticking with the club either.

Claggett glanced at his wrist watch. It was eleven-thirty, two hours before he'd be due at the Polo Grounds. The afternoon papers were on the street. He bought one and climbed to the top deck of a downtown bus. The sports columnist had something to say about the release:

"In choosing to keep Lindsay instead of Claggett, the Bishops are betting on youth and promise against age and experience. This may be sound judgment, but young Lindsay has yet to prove himself an all-season pitcher. After a brilliant start he has shown a tendency to be erratic in the pinches. This afternoon Manager Bosworth will send him against our Giants."

Claggett laid the paper aside and lighted a cigarette. What he'd read was cold fact. Lindsay had won five games back West, but he hadn't been very convincing on this Eastern road trip. The Bees had hit him hard, and Brooklyn had beaten him. He'd had to take relief in Philadelphia.

"Game for game, I'm as good as he is," Claggett thought. "It's just that Fred Bosworth thinks the kid has a future, and he can't carry us both. Damn, we've got a pennant chance this year. I'd like to stay."

He brooded as he rode along. Somehow he always missed these pennant seasons. He'd done two years with Cincinnati before McKechnie came along, and he'd been traded to the Bishops just when a championship team was breaking up. Now ready for another shot at the flag, they were letting him go. It hurt his pride.

The bus reached its terminal at Washington Square. Claggett stayed on to make the return trip. There didn't seem anything better to do. His last day in the majors . . . maybe he wouldn't bother to report for the game. He didn't want anyone feeling sorry for him.

But shortly after three o'clock he was in the dugout watching Bert Lindsay work on the Giants' lead-off man. Johnny Rucker popped out. Moore and Demaree did no better. Lindsay's fast ball was going through, so he used the curve sparingly. For three innings the Giants didn't get a man past first, while the Bishops made four runs off Melton.

"Stony," said Manager Bosworth. "When the seventh inning comes up, go out to the bull pen. I might have to use a pinch hitter if the kid gets careless."

"Okay, Fred."

The manager hadn't said a word about the release which became effective at midnight. Claggett was just as glad. In the locker room some of the boys had made clumsy attempts at commiseration, the sort of thing he didn't care for. Most of them liked him well enough, despite his aloofness; and he didn't doubt their sincerity. But just the same he wouldn't unbend. He didn't know how to any more.

"But I'd like to stay," Claggett was thinking. "No one'll ever know how much. To play on a pennant club just once before I go. It—"

Thunder rocked him from his meditations. With one out Babe Young had brought the crowd to life by blasting a double into left field. The fans began to stomp and bellow as Lindsay gave the 3-and-1 count to Danning. Claggett moved forward to watch. He had taught this kid a few tricks of the game.

"He'll use his best ball now, the way I told him. He'll throw his curve."

But Lindsay had momentarily lost control. He wild-pitched Young to third, and Danning walked.

"Get out there quick," said Bosworth. "We may need you this inning."

CLAGGETT took his glove and started for the bull pen. He couldn't have missed seeing Amy Huntington who was in a field box next to the dugout. She was standing up with one hand on the railing, and the trouble was in her eyes again. Lindsay had started pitching to Ott. The third-base coacher was yowling:

"Heads up, Mel. Hit the big one . . . hi-hi!"

It was the curve ball again. In the pinch you fell back on your Sunday shot, though not always for a first pitch. Lindsay had tried to cross them up by using it. Ott belted the twister up against the outfield wall, a three-bagger that meant two runs.

Claggett hurried now. He reached the bull pen and commenced to throw. There was a southpaw also warming up, and no telling which of them Bosworth would call. From where he was, Claggett watched Bert Lindsay duel with Jurges.





**KING SIZE** ...Regents are over 20% longer, allowing the smoke more time to cool...giving you refreshing, natural coolness

**MULTIPLE-BLEND** ...Regent's exclusive Multiple-Blend combines many choice Domestic and Turkish tobaccos in entirely new proportions...for exceptional mildness, finer taste

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Yes sir... be sure you ha

THE WRIGH

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Watch for Wright Hat W your local Wright H Dealers.

dn't hear the coacher now, but
ow kept yammering. Signals
n given in this way. The Giants'
doubled sharply into right, and
e was 4 to 3.
her curve," mused Claggett.
rges would have hit to left. I
if—"
t the words hanging there with
ght. Yes— by heaven! The
ng had happened to Lindsay in
nd Brooklyn. He'd done well
rly innings, and choked up in
h. There might be a psycho-
eason for this, but Claggett
ink so. The kid was game. It
e the other reason.
p-off," Claggett murmured.
t! They've got some way of
when he's going to throw the

ddenly he had a feeling of re-
Here at the final hour—saved
ax. A pitcher with a giveaway
orth a dime. Not when the
t around the league. Claggett
throw faster, and his heart
under his shirt. If Bosworth
m in, and if he saved the

it's gonna be you," said the
coach. "Fred just signed me."

GETT kept on throwing, but he
ed the battle, too. The kid had
ed Witek on an outfield fly,
facing Melton, a feeble hitter.
couldn't be any more trouble
ng—two down and the pitcher
say seemed to have settled
was being very deliberate. He
his love off and wiped both hands
its seat. He put the glove on
ed his pitching fingers with

t observed it all closely.
e in these preliminary mo-
the tip-off. He couldn't see
ls from here, but he had
he kid often enough to know
Now Lindsay put his foot on
He brought his elbows in, and
s arm and pitched.
laced the ball through short-
ore another run.
Stony," said the bull-pen
here's Bosworth wavin' you
luck."
to 4 with the odd run on the
aggett passed Bert Lindsay
ossed the base path. The boy
zed expression, but his head
his chin set. He hadn't quit,
aggett. There must be a tip-
nt.

"I'm glad I don't know what it is," thought Claggett. He dug in and pitched to Rucker, and struck him out.

"Stony," said Bosworth. "I could've made a mistake about you. There's still time to prove I was wrong. We can use this game."

"All right," said Claggett.

HE WENT well in the fifth and better in the sixth. Never a great pitcher, he'd always been a good one, and there was another year left in his arm. The Bishops got him a run in their half of the ninth. He went out to finish it off. Young fanned, but Demaree tripled the tying run to third. Bosworth came out.

"How about it, Stony?"

"It's okay, Fred."

"You want to walk Danning and set up a double play?"

"That'll put the winning run on. I'd rather pitch to him."

"You'd better prove I was wrong," said Bosworth.

Claggett got set to pitch. In this same park, fifteen years ago, he'd botched the works. One bad throw had sent him back to the sticks, and one bad throw could do it again—for good. He didn't have the fireball any more, but the slider was still good against right-handers. He used it on Danning and struck him out.

"We're a pennant club," breathed Claggett, "and I'm going to be here at the finish."

He still had Ott to face, a left-handed hitter. You couldn't afford to make any mistakes with this man either. Claggett stepped off the mound to let his nerves settle. His eye wandered to the field box where Amy Huntington sat. She wasn't alone there. Bert Lindsay, having changed his clothes, had joined her. The sight of them there together made Claggett catch his breath. An unwelcome inspiration rooted him to his tracks.

"Quit stallin'," warned the umpire.

Claggett served one high and wide at Ott. He didn't dare put it through there to a slugger. Ott got a piece of the next one, a lusty foul into the right-field stands. *You're a tough guy, Stony,* Claggett thought. *The soft stuff gets you nowhere.* He pitched twice more to Ott, and both throws were high and flighty, the way his mind was. Bosworth called time and came to the box again.

"Stony, this fellow loves to swing at the 3-and-1 pitch. You better pass him."

"Maybe you're right, Fred."

But he wasn't going to do it. Being tough was how he got into the big




**...e gt to keep the butter and milk here; you've got the last of our ice"**

I. KLEIN





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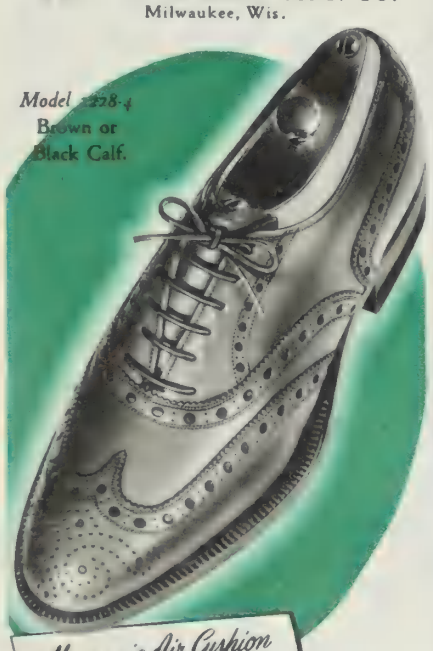


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leagues, and being tough was going to keep him here a while longer. He glanced at the field box where the boy and girl sat close together; and then down at Ott. Maybe it wasn't safe to throw high sliders at a left-hand hitter. *Maybe that and some other things weren't exactly sporty.* Claggett got his arm up and came down hard. Ott strode into the pitch, expecting a fast ball. He had to dodge and save himself with the bat as the slider cut in at his face. Claggett smothered the easy pop-up. The game was over.

"Well, you did it," Bosworth told him as they jogged to the clubhouse. "And that's good enough for me. I'll keep you and option the kid. Say, Stony, I wonder if he's tippin' off that curve of his."

"I wouldn't know," said Claggett.

IN THE bedroom, when Claggett got there, Lindsay was standing at the open window in his shirt sleeves.

"Well, kid," said Claggett. "I guess Bosworth told you. It's tough luck."

Lindsay moved from the window, saying, "Listen, Stony. I'll let you in on something. Amy and I were going to be married tonight. We were going over to Jersey. We have a license."

"It's still good," said Claggett. "You'll have time. The train for Houston leaves at midnight."

"No," said Lindsay. "Everything's off now." He gave a strange, shrill laugh. "Don't you see—I'm no good. They always hit my best stuff when it really matters. Oh, well. I don't deserve her anyhow."

Claggett lighted two cigarettes and gave the boy one. They sat on the bed together, and Claggett knew how the kid felt all right. The wonder was: *you never hated the girl for letting you down; you only hated yourself.*

"Bosworth thinks I might be tipping off my curve," said Lindsay with a faint note of hope. "What do you think, Stony?"

"I wouldn't know, kid."

Again, thought Claggett, this wasn't really telling a lie. He had a hunch, that was all. Lindsay went into the bathroom where he sloshed water over his face. Deftly, Claggett reached for the boy's coat which hung on a chair. He felt in the pocket and touched the leather folder. It was still damp with sweat.

"I hope he doesn't ask me that again," thought Claggett.

But Lindsay said no more about the tip-off. He had pulled himself together by this time. He said, "Well, I've got to pack. Don't worry about me, Stony. I can take it."

"So long, kid. Good luck."

They shook hands and Claggett left the room. He thought he'd go somewhere and have dinner alone. Somehow he felt pretty rotten about it all, and he couldn't see why.

He got out of the elevator and started across the lobby, but this time Amy Huntington saw him. She looked up and smiled, but there was no luster in her eyes. Claggett stopped and took off his hat. "I'm sorry," he said, "about Lindsay."

"Oh, he told you? He's terribly upset. Mr. Claggett, you know about these things. Is he a big-league pitcher? Will he ever come back to the majors?"

"Most of them don't," said Claggett.

Amy nodded. "That's the trouble," she went on thoughtfully. "We were getting married tonight. Then this all happened. It makes a big difference."

"I suppose it does," said Claggett.

"Yes," said Amy. "I wouldn't mind waiting for Bert if I were sure he'd come back to the majors. But maybe he won't—probably he won't. That's why I'm not going to wait. That's why I'm going to Houston with him tonight."

Claggett stared down at her. He had to swallow before he could speak: "You mean—?"

She smiled again, and there was plenty of luster there now. "We'll be married anyhow. Bert says that everything's off, but I can change his mind if I try. You see, Mr. Claggett, wherever Bert goes is the big league for me."

Again Claggett became speechless. Something like this he'd been wanting to hear—and to believe—for fifteen years. He wished it could have happened to him, but just knowing it could happen to someone was the next best thing.

"But I do hope he'll make good," said Amy. "For his own sake."

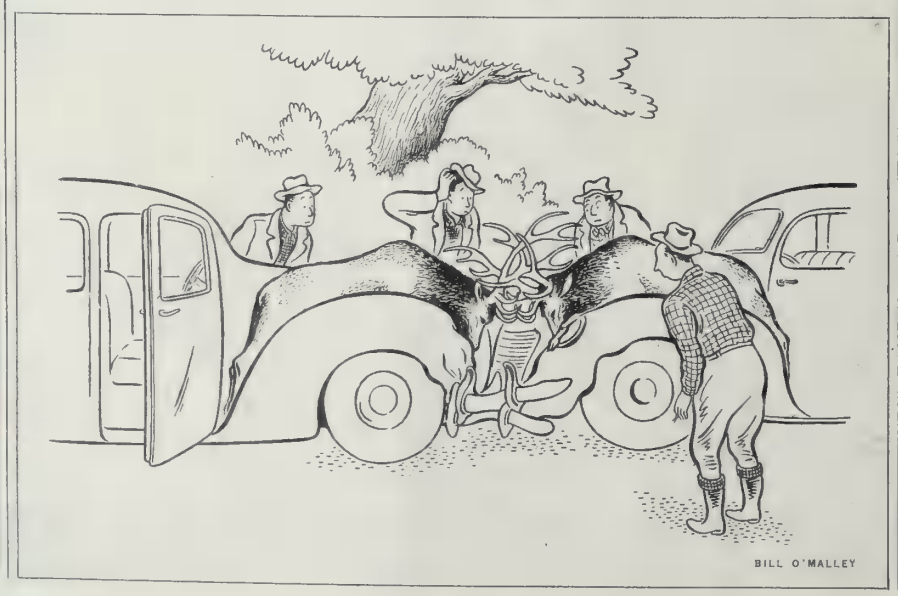
"Maybe he will," Claggett managed to say. "Bosworth thinks his trouble is a tip-off. Once I knew a fellow who carried a girl's picture inside the blouse of his uniform. Whenever this fellow started to throw a curve, he'd squeeze his elbows in—a little longer than usual. He was unconsciously hugging his girl's picture for good luck."

AMY looked up sharply, but said nothing. Claggett abruptly moved on toward the street. He bought a paper at the corner and climbed aboard another bus. The soft stuff got you nowhere, he was thinking. In a few weeks Lindsay would iron out the tip-off sign and come back to the Bishops. Someone on the pitching staff would get the ax.

"Maybe it won't be me," mused Claggett. "But if it is—so what? I'm a tough guy. I can take it."

He looked down at the paper in his lap. Lindsay had put all the runs on base this afternoon, and the box score read: "Winning pitcher—Claggett."

The big man gazed long and fondly at the words. He had changed some since morning, but he still had his pride. . . .



BILL O'MALLEY

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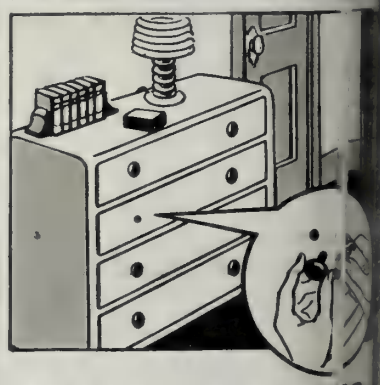
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PLASTIC WOOD

# Little Mastermind

Continued from page 17

Hirsch was now leaning over his vith his head on his hands. At als he would, with effort, raise s and look searchingly at the boy him.

llie, you've known me almost as you knew your poor, dead Papa, name was Willie Klein, whose s name was Klein."

ie nodded.

omised your Papa, when he died, would watch out for you. This I one. I am trying to see that you a good business in men's suits, is a fine field. You know your nd I, we were both the same thing e came over here. We were cut- our father cut meat, I cut suits."

Hirsch leaned over the desk con- lly and smiled. "When you cut ou get more for the pound. It is business, but what can a man Barnaby Toddhammer do in it? g. But Willie Klein? That's a t color, altogether. You see, so e foolishness about names and ng from the firm."

Mr. Hirsch, I adopted the name iness reasons. I want to be a r."

ducer?"

and what kind of a name is Klein for a big producer to have, heater?"

Hirsch's cheeks grew faintly pur- e reached into his desk and himself to an aspirin. Two as-

ie, I'm warning you, as long as onsible . . ."

Mr. Hirsch, Marilyn says . . ."

ho! So it's Benny's girl, Mari- the fancy ideas! Benny's girl d to be Bella!"

settled his weight on one lanky ared to ride out the storm, but sch surprised him. He straight- s glasses and looked at Willie. managed to smile.

won't discuss it now, Willie, ng more important has come up. other tells me you are running with a gang of young hoodlums."

e tenderly, trying to keep the of Willie's father before him. was honestly surprised. He and his bow tie swayed at an- Gang?" he said, incredulously.

IRSCH pursed his thin lips. e Jerome Avenue Dodgers," he an awed tone. "Your mother ur sister talking."

smiled, he whistled through n, "That's my baseball team. o gang, we just play ball. I'm ain."

irsch was not to be deceived. ber what happened to your th the Hudson Dusters!"

baseball," said Willie.

irsch threw a clipping from a hood newspaper on his desk, bout this?" he demanded tri- ly.

Klein and his Dodgers are getting to be the big shots in x circuit. They've been shak- local fences and once the boys w to steal . . ."

baseball terms, Mr. Hirsch, I my most solemn word. No just baseball. Gee, if that's e got to worry about . . ."

ly, Willie, it ain't. Competi- got me worried. Priorities are own my shipments. Business e're not showing enough vol-

was thoughtful. If things were aybe this wouldn't be a good time to leave to look for an opening in the theater. Maybe he ought to stay and fix things up before he started his career. The old man needed him. That's what this place needs. Showmanship!

"Mr. Hirsch, I think I can solve our business problems." Mr. Hirsch's head spun on his slender neck. His faded eyes opened wide for a moment, then he relaxed.

"If you'll give me a couple of days to work things out, I'll give you a real idea. I'll build up volume. Just leave it to Barnaby Toddhammer!"

"Willie, what did I tell you?"

"Okay, Willie Klein, but you wait!" He started to the door, pulling over a letter file and a stack of pencils. "Sorry, Mr. Hirsch," Willie said as he closed the door.

"You be a good stock clerk a while, yet!"

Barnaby Toddhammer stood for a moment outside the door, composing himself. "I'll prove to the old man that I'm a good showman," he said.

As if by intuition, the communications box on the office landing called to him as he passed, "Don't forget, the name on the pay roll ain't Barnaby Toddhammer!"

MARILYN looked intently at her long, curving nails as they wound around the soda glass. "Barnaby, dear," she said softly, "did you tell Mr. Hirsch that you wanted to leave the store?"

Willie gulped. He nodded.

Marilyn smiled felinely.

"And what did he say?"

Willie jumped in with both feet. "He said no."

Marilyn's face changed from docile felinity to enraged tiger. Dramatics 3A at George Washington High had enabled her to run a smooth gamut of emotions. She ran it.

"Honestly, Willie! I don't know why I put up with your childish ways. I don't know why I waste my time on an infant who is incapable of making up his own mind, utterly!"

"Barnaby," Willie reminded.

"That is a name for a man of character. Not for you. Last summer it was a baseball team, and not even a good one. Now you insist on burying yourself in a clothing store!" Her tone was icy, she was talking from a cool peak of hauteur: "I suppose I should find someone my own age."

Willie mentally counted the change in his pocket. "Care for another soda?"

"Yes," she said, on the ground for a moment. "Tell him not to put so much chocolate in this one." Then she soared.

"How do you expect me to have respect for you, if you're going to be a nobody in a store all your life?"

Willie's eyes were thoughtful, his manner distracted. "You know, Marilyn, I think I can learn about producing right in the store; besides, the clothing business is a good field."

"Willie Klein, I've lived next door to you most of my life. I've tried to guide you, to make something out of you. And what thanks do I get? What about my ambitions?"

Willie wagged all over, like a dog being scolded by a tolerant master. "Gosh, Marilyn, you don't have to have me for a producer! You've got talent."

Marilyn took out a stick of flaming lip rouge, flipped it open and repaired the damage done by the soda, "Don't be an utter child, Barnaby," she said.

Willie peeked out of the stock-room door. The floor was almost empty. The clerks walked idly up and down





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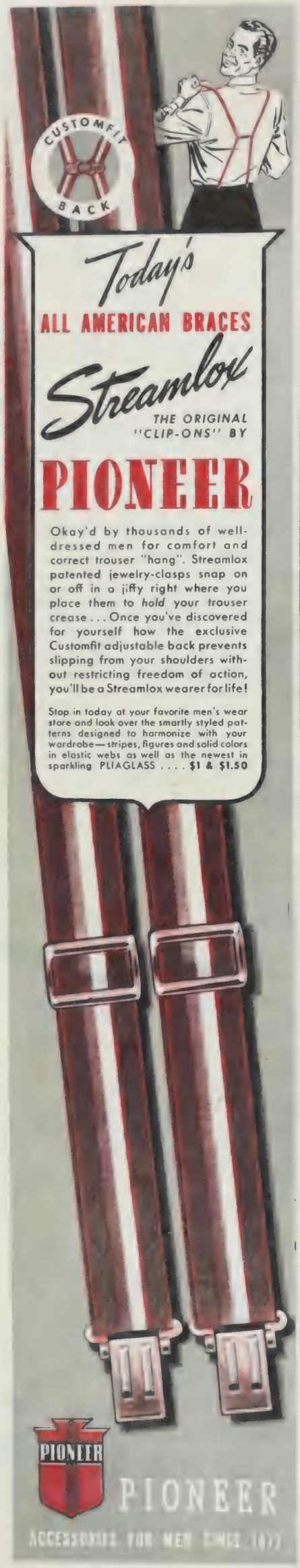



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the aisles, brushing a bit of lint from the suits, tapping a little with their feet, trying to stifle their yawns.

Once in a while they would glance enviously at Mr. Simon, who had a customer in the fitting room, three suits. Mr. Simon would call over the partition to the tailor in a loud voice. The customer had asked for him by name.

Al was back in the stock room mouthing a magazine with a lurid red and black cover.

"I'm going to beat it for lunch," Willie said. Al just waved his hand above the magazine and went on mumbling to himself.

Broadway was good and hot. It had that stifling smell of dusty air mixed with dampened wool that comes with the heat. You could feel it lapping at you unpleasantly, but the street was crowded.

Some of the stores seemed to be doing a good business, in spite of the weather. Murphy's was almost crowded as he went by. They were featuring Electric Blue, the shade for you! in all styles. Their windows were full of it.

He crossed the street and pushed his way up to a little stand.

"Glass of orange and a cream cheese and nut," he ordered.

As he munched, he studied Murphy's windows. Nothing much in them but those blue suits. Here and there, a brown gabardine stood out like a good deed in the Third Reich.

Why, then, did men pass Hirsch's and go to Murphy's? The price was the same! $22.85. It was true that Murphy's windows were a little more summery, while Hirsch's had some winter and fall styles in with their seasonal stock.

Hirsch's windows were green with suits. That couldn't be it. You could see just as many green suits on the street as there were Electric Blues. Willie scratched his head. It couldn't all be a matter of location even if Murphy's was right next to The Paris Theater, with fifty hot numbers to keep you cool.

After he had been on the street a while, the heat became unbearable. The thought of an afternoon spent in the stock room with Al was stifling.

"OKAY, Willie," said Mr. Hirsch, mopping his brow, "I don't feel good, either. You run along home and get into bed."

"Thanks," Willie said. He continued to look pained, rolling his eyes and tearing at his collar. As he reached the door, Mr. Hirsch cleared his throat.

"Willie! Don't forget to punch your card out, on your way home."

Willie nodded.

THE ball park was fairly cool. A breeze came up from left field and blew through the three-dollar seats. It had to pass the bleachers on the way, and Willie opened up his collar and tried to trap a little of it.

"Why don't the Reds pay all of your salary, you big fourflushing crook?" he screamed. Somehow, he couldn't get interested in the game.

The thought of Mr. Hirsch sitting in his stuffy office, worrying about business, bothered him. Mr. Hirsch was all mixed up in his mind with Marilyn, thousands of men wearing Electric Blue suits, nobody wearing green suits, and the Jerome Avenue Dodgers losing four straight. He bought a bag of peanuts and tried to concentrate.

"Now call for a bunt," he said. "Lay one down the third-base line."

The next pitch whistled down the first-base line for a beautiful double that brought in the runner and tied the score.

"What did I tell you?" Willie demanded. A very large man in his undershirt, sitting next to Willie, eyed him over his bottle of beer.

"You're a mastermind, kid," he said.

Willie nodded. The next man up was out and the inning died quickly.

Seventh inning. Willie got up to stretch and spilled his peanuts over the gamblers in the row in front of him.

"Sorry, Mr. Hirsch," he said, automatically. "I mean sorry, fellows."

He bent over and picked the peanuts up, one by one, making sure that they were all peanuts and not just discarded shells.

"Okay, let's go get 'em!" he yelled. He sat down and cracked one of the salvaged nuts. When he looked up, the field was empty of players. A small group of men in business suits stood in a little huddle around the plate. In the center was a very beautiful girl, a very beautiful girl.

"What's that dame doing down there?" Willie asked the fat man.

"Maxine Everheart, the movie dame. She's presentin' the valuable-player reward."

"Award," Willie corrected, softly. Some nerve breaking up a tight ball game just so some dame could come out and parade around.

This movie dame had on a bright red dress. "Gee, that would stop a truck dead in the middle of the Queensboro Bridge," he thought.

Willie's whole face changed. He mumbled to himself as he ate the last nut. He stood up, brushed by the fat man and walked down the aisle. It wasn't until he was on the Bronx Express that he realized that he had left a ball park in the middle of a tie game. "Holy smoke, this is big!" he said.

MARILYN moved over, ever so slightly, on the stoop. "Hello, Willie," she breathed, in her best voice. Her eyelids fluttered. "Say, it's only four-thirty—what are you doing home now?" She pulled her eyes out of their mascara moorings. "Did you quit? Are we going to go after Broadway?"

Willie tripped over the top step and sat down heavily.

"I'm not going to quit until I've got Mr. Hirsch straightened out." He paused for breath. "But I think I can do it quickly, if you'll help me."

"Help you in the store?" She was aghast. Naturally. "I'm not going to work in any store—I'm an actress. I want to be on Broadway."

"Hirsch's is on Broadway."

Willie's eyes were dreamily fixed on the billboard that ran along the roof of the house across the street. Bits of his night-school course in advertising came back to him. Ziegfeld draped his brain with yards and yards of magenta cloth from inexhaustible bolts. Mr. Hirsch would lose no time in changing the name on the pay roll to Barnaby Toddhammer. That was, if he decided to stay with the store.

"You're going to be an actress in my first big production," he said, cryptically.

"Yeah?" Marilyn's eyes were distrusting.

"Yeah. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow night."

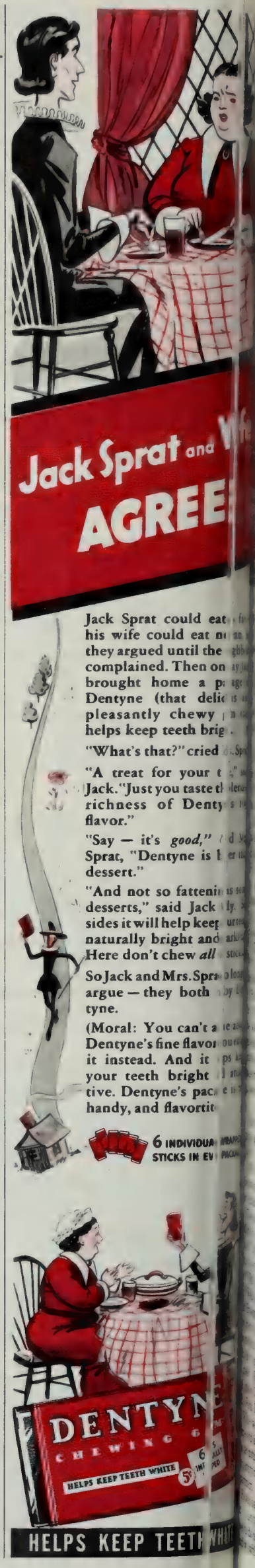
She pouted and her curiosity made her move closer to him. "Why not tonight, Barnaby?" she cooed.

"Baseball game tonight," he said. "Say, have you got a red dress, a bright one?"

"I should wear it to watch that team of yours get beaten!" she snapped.

MR. HIRSCH mopped his forehead, rolled the handkerchief in a tight, little ball and threw it across the room. He ripped open his desk drawer, mumbling all the while to himself. The aspirin box was empty.

"Willie! I think the heat is getting



r head. The whole idea is crazy!"
ie gathered himself together.
, Mr. Hirsch, you told me that
ss was rotten. My idea will save
ou. Is there anything crazy about

Hirsch's lavender complexion was
ing to blend with the blue of his
"First, it's a producer and a fool-
ne. Now, you want to upset my
store and spend money. Tell me,
you happen to have these night-
"

ought it up at the ball game, yes-
afternoon."
Hirsch's eyes narrowed danger-
Willie decided to ignore his faux
d plunged into his sales talk, re-
d on the subway:
k, first, what color suit are you
g? Electric Blue. What kind of
Murphy featuring? Electric Blue.
Hirsch feature them? No, we
green." Willie, not stopping for
plunged on, "Item two. We're
wrong side of the street."
Hirsch groaned. "So move the
g, he's going to say!"
sir. Move the crowds over here.
n walk by Murphy's because it's
the Paris Theater. They go to
the girls, and if they need a
y buy it at Murphy's. What we
get is a window display that
ng them over here and make
el that they ought to have new
My window production will
the thing!"
e a man to dress the windows,
ore do you want?"

often do you change them?
ur times a year. My window
ays be different. It will always
nen."
ight, so blue suits attract men.
, I'll have some blue suits put
indow."
blue suits, Mr. Hirsch. What
is women."
Hirsch's chair screeched as it
to high gear. He watched the
an go slowly around and around.
nded himself of his obligation
h over Willie. He reminded
of his blood pressure, his wife
r dependent children. It was

back to the stock room and help
rasped. "Go on, before I have
on you!"
Willie was determined. When
the office, fifteen minutes later,
miling. He tried not to let his
ell on Mr. Hirsch, lying pros-
his sofa, moaning, "All right,
store! Do anything you want
t. I give you the business."

n jumped up, eagerly, as he
the street. "Did you put it

nodded happily. "I sure did.
g next week, you'll be acting
way. In Hirsch's window!"
sat together on the top step.
ran her fingers through her
don't know if my mother is go-
me do it," she said.
do you mean?"
she says, that getting a job
way is one thing, but modeling
clothes in a men's store is
g else. She doesn't seem to
quite right, if you know what
She lowered her eyes slightly.
I shouldn't have mentioned
Theater."
went up the steps, three at a
knocked on Marilyn's door.
other opened it, he kicked over
y milk bottles and entered the
t.
back in five minutes. "It's all
t told her about how all you
o is walk up and down in the
with a tennis racket, wearing
a red dress. It's to make the green suits stand out. When I told her I was going to pay you twenty-five a week she softened up."

Marilyn gazed up at him with love in her admiring eyes. "You're becoming quite masterful," she murmured. "Let's take a walk over by The Cloisters, tonight."

Willie shook his head. "Baseball game, tonight," he said.

They had collected quite a large crowd by the time they had removed half of the suits. It was one of those days when people like to stop and watch other people work. Besides Al would stop occasionally and clown for them.

His fun was stopped when they put up the curtain. Willie had demanded absolute privacy for the main part of the setting.

Mr. Hirsch came down from his office every fifteen minutes, looked at the window, torn up and littered with paper, wrung his hands and went sadly back upstairs. He had been talked into it. It was too late.

It took two full days and Marilyn spent most of the second day rehearsing with the male model that Willie had hired. Never having played tennis, she felt that she needed to get in the mood. They practiced walking with gay abandon in the narrow space between the displays.

The third day they were ready. At nine o'clock, Willie pulled the curtain. By ten-thirty, they had a sizable audience blocking their sidewalk and by four o'clock they had exceeded any single day's business by a large figure, and refused to give out Marilyn's telephone number an average of twenty times an hour.

The clerks bustled busily about the store, their pockets bulging with sales slips. Practically no one came in and asked for Mr. Simon by name. He was so busy he overlooked the oversight. Al had no time for his magazine and no time for lunch. Business was business, and booming.

"You see there, Willie," Mr. Hirsch said. "What did I tell you? The clothing business is the place for a man with brains. Even my competitors have been congratulating me. And that Marilyn, such a sweet little girl, so willing. She's worth her fifteen a week."

"Twenty-five," said Willie, quickly.

Mr. Hirsch beamed. "And you wanted to be a theatrical producer!"

WILLIE sauntered casually down the street toward the subway. No use hurrying, the express would get him to work by nine-thirty, easily. You could get a seat on the later trains, anyway. He bought a paper at the corner and paused to read the headlines. Two small boys from the neighborhood were standing by the curb. As he walked down the subway steps, he heard one of them talking to the other:

"That's Willie Klein, the baseball player. His team's won five in a row!"

"Gosh!" the second one said.

Willie rolled up his paper and looked at the ordinary people about him. A shirt button gave way under the strain.

As he approached Hirsch's, he saw the manager of Murphy's standing in front of Hirsch's, watching Marilyn walk up and down with her tennis racket. Murphy's man leaned over and read the sign that was conspicuous in one corner of the display.

"This window executed by Barnaby Toddhammer," he read.

He looked up. "Hi, Willie," he said. "Who is this Toddhammer guy, do you know?"

"He's a big man in men's clothing," Willie said. He winked at Marilyn, on the inside. She remembered that she was an actress and barely a smile broke her full lips.





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# ...or country store

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# ...R NEW ...RMY

### LOUISIANA

...ITCHHIKER NOTES. Just ... case you haven't been ad...ised of it before, there's no ...ich place as Ragley, the town ... mail for maneuvering troops ... addressed, and the source of ... recent dispatches. Ragley is ... post office cooked up by the ...ny to keep soldier and official ...cations from cluttering up the ...ail during the Louisiana war. ... short-circuited general con...it created specific problems. ...lved Pvt. Bob Perry, Service ... Inf., from Camp Blanding, ...irl friend. The latter decided ...he 220-mile jaunt from New ... the bivouac area to say hello; ...ke certain there'd be no mis...ding, she advised Pvt. Perry ... : "I'll be up about 7:00 P.M. ... but I'm not sure I can find ...pany, so how's about meeting ...t of the post office in Ragley?" ...bit of incidental intelligence ... that the maneuvering Red ...ces have been dubbed the ...tmk nation and the Blue Army ...resents the country known ... Almat. The names were de...n the initial letters of the ...ence the troops respectively ...nsas, Oklahoma, Texas, Mis... Kentucky on the one hand; ... Louisiana, Mississippi, Ala... Tennessee on the other.

...members of the Drew Field ...a, Fla.) signal headquarters ...who encamped in the Alexan...ark during maneuvers found ...e city owned a valuable prop...he discovery cost the boys ...e hospital. The city fathers ...w they had any tung trees— ...t of which comes an oil used ... paint and varnish—and they ... out about them until the ...ls ate some of the nuts and ...made a beeline for the stom...

...E discovery of Pvt. Marvin ...en, of the 164th Infantry's ...tank company, was a happier ... Put on K.P. for fifteen days ... a regulation while on ma...vt. Moen, fascinated by the ... an Army kitchen, cheerfully ... time, then asked for (and ...ly job as cook's helper.

...D First Sgt. Max G. Starkel ...d something interesting in a ... of a paper bought by one of ...nen in the 60th F.A. Brigade ...s battery. It was ... roto...ure of 1918 vintage showing ... helping wounded 35th Divi... of the A.E.F. in the ruins ... church.

### ARIZONA

...IL last summer, Arizona's ...ary post consisted only of ... ...ent of colored soldiers at ... Huachuca (Collier's, July ...in the past six months a ...ny training base (Thunder... has been established near ... ...nd another is under con...ar by for training British ...tchfield Park, twenty miles ...enix, some 1,800 men and officers are housed at a basic school similar to famed Randolph Field, Texas. The place will double its capacity by the first of the year. Thirty miles southeast of Phoenix ■ twin-motored air base (also ■ training school) is to be opened next month; and ■ bomber base has been established in the Tucson district. The latter project is in keeping with the Army's new policy of moving heavy-equipment bases inland. Even so, Arizona is within easy striking distance of both the Pacific Coast and Mexican border. Reproduced here is the Thunderbird Field emblem used by American and British students at Southwest Airways, Inc., first insignia to be adopted by an Army base.

### UTAH

40TH DIV.

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. Instead of getting a ticket back to this post following his completion of the armament course at Lowry Field, Colorado, Pfc. John T. James, of the 6th Air Base Squadron, 5th Air Base Group, was bundled into ■ train bound for Savannah, Georgia. Pfc. James yelled about it but nobody listened. In Savannah he rubbernecked around for ■ while, got bored and finally renewed his howls about how far away he was from where he was supposed to be. Officials decided maybe there had been a mistake and Pfc. James was shipped back to Utah—at government expense, which is to say taxpayers' expense. That's the way it goes.

IN THE same squadron is Pvt. Ismael Borrero, who knows something of the hazards of soldiering close to civilization. Detailed as an M.P. to guard the Fort Douglas entrance nearest the golf course bordering the post, Pvt. Borrero was stiffly saluting three cars full of officers when ■ divot-digger sliced a drive boppo into the soldier's midsection. He grunted and his salute crumpled momentarily; then with a supreme effort he carried on until the cars had passed on. The golfer never did find his ball. He didn't even bother to come look for it.

### IDAHO

GOWEN FIELD, Boise. Air Base Moral Officer Lt. Jack D. Green has a football schedule pretty well lined up. Games will be played with two Idaho colleges, the Portland Air Base, Fort George Wright (Spokane) and maybe



**From a pier representing the side of an Army transport, landing party slips down nets into assault boats formerly used and condemned by Army Transport Service**



**Widely separated to provide scattered target for "enemy" holding the shore, the attackers, armed with rifles, antitank and machine guns, row quickly to the beach**



**BEACH PARTY. Emulating the Marines, men of Co. A, 53d Inf., at Fort Ord, Cal., learn to land on the Monterey Beach, supposedly held by an enemy force. Under the direction of Lt. Col. Henning Londen, commanding the 1st Btn., the men climb down nets into assault boats, taking with them, for the first time in the history of landing operations, a bantam jeep, 37-mm. antitank and a .30-cal. machine gun. Object of exercises is to teach infantrymen how to set up beach heads for landing of advancing forces**

**Under actual fire, the number of attacking troops shown at right (below) would blanket a larger area of beach. These operations are being practiced by the infantry on both coasts**

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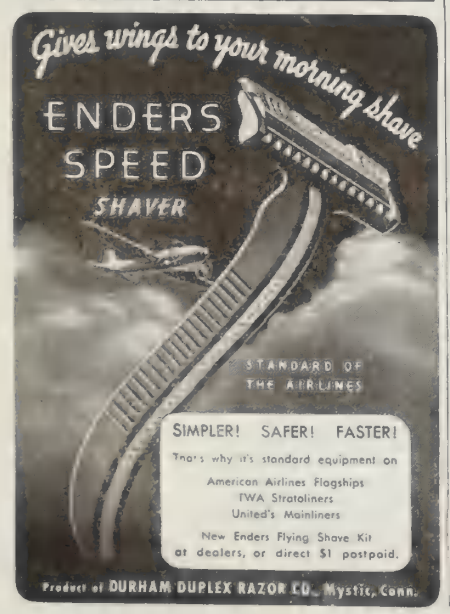
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a couple of other elevens. Now all the lieutenant has to do is whip up a team, of which he has none. It's putting the tail before the prop, but Lt. Green has high hopes of showing up with a complete set of gridders before the first kickoff.

### MASSACHUSETTS

1ST DIV.

FORT DEVENS, Ayer. Maneuvering around in his jeep, Major General Karl Truesdale stopped to ask some questions of an unidentified colored soldier of the 366th Infantry. The boy was cagey with his answers (didn't want to give no information to the enemy, no, sir) and in being cagey he all but had the general in a padded cell. As a final question, Gen. Truesdale asked the soldier if he knew who was talking to him. For his answer the Negro stepped back, walked around the car, finally recognized the general's two stars on the front. "Boy!" he exclaimed. "You doin' all right!"

### NEW JERSEY

44TH DIV.

FORT DIX. This home post of the 44th expects that the New Yorkers, New Jerseyites and Delawareans, now in the midst of two months of maneuvers in the Carolinas, will remain at peace with the South. First Call, the Division's official paper (Collier's, Sept. 13th) warned loud and long that when the Yanks went South they were to remember that there never was a Civil War. It's still the War Between the States. Incidentally, men of the 44th figure that geography has at last given them a break. Sweltering through the heat and chiggers of Virginia and Pennsylvania this summer made them long for Iceland; but the Carolinas in fall won't be such a bad dish.

SPARE NOTES: Boxing coach of the 44th is Lieut. John L. Sullivan. No relation to you-know-who. . . . When Pvt. Gim H. Leong joined the 119th Medical regiment he expected to be called Sing Song or Charlie Chan or something. No such thing. The guys call him Murphy. . . . There are at least two gents in the Division whose special civilian skills the Army has not yet been able to use. One, Pvt. Bernard Axelrod, 71st Infantry, was a hypnotist; the other, Corp. Irving Fullard, 114th Infantry, was a bear trainer. Bear training, says the corporal, might well be considered a good background for a noncom "except that a bear is a somewhat reasonable animal."

### SOUTH CAROLINA

30TH DIV.

FORT JACKSON, Columbia. Seems there was a lad in B Troop, 106th Cavalry, who, even before that, worked in the Staten Island Zoo. This National Guardsman is a great hand with animals; even knows how to catch and train hawks for falconry. Richard Drabble is his name. Early this year the Army decided to train hawks to intercept enemy carrier pigeons, and at Fort Monmouth, N. J., where hawks are trained, they decided Drabble was their man. When Fort Jackson was asked to transfer him they said no; couldn't spare Drabble; too handy around the horses; besides, we're going to make him a private first class. Nuts, said Monmouth, we'll make him a sergeant and give him a government car so he can chase hawks. Jackson still said no. Monmouth got mad. An argument raged. Jackson finally delivered. But all this had taken time, and when Drabble got to Monmouth the season for catching young hawks was over. Seems you can't train adult hawks to be dive bombers. Seems as though Drabble will have to try his hand at something else for a spell.

### MARYLAND

ABERDEEN PROVING GRO
For a while, every time they fi
of the eight- or twelve-inch gun
whammed the locks right out of t
of the plants 200 yards away. A
civilian expert finally licked tha
creasing the diameter of the do
But when they pop the sixt
rifles the vacuum set up by the e
still sucks quarter-inch plate gl
out of the window frames. A
five miles away, is pretty muc
the roar, but now and then, v
perts are testing varying loads o
and get what is called a fau
citizens notice the difference.
tion is that the faulty shots cau
ent vibrations from correct l
the concussion is felt more st
town than right on the grounds
est job in the place is sewin
sacks holding the powder load
case where the domestic touch
dangerous. They use regulat
ing machines but the power is
from a motor outside the roon
needles are of non-sparking b
copper. So, by the way, are
locks. Thirty-eight bucks ap
cost.

### VIRGIN ISLANDS

BENEDICT FIELD, St. Cr
post's medical officer, Lie
used to be handy at growing
and things back in Ollie, Iowa
planting time came around th
accepted the job as post garde
about July 20th he plowed t
of field and got his seeds in
result that the boys are be
enjoy stuff that's scarce in a
specializes in sugar cane.
been plenty of rain and the
all-year-round sun, but no g
ever lacked something to
about, and Lieut. Bell yap
806th Engineers won't lend hi
and the Air Corps won't pay f
And although growing vegeta
Croix is just a matter of drop
into the ground and watchi
the Army farmer still looks a
garden and wishes he had
Iowa dirt "instead of this st

### GENERAL

A MORE realistic peeve c
Honolulu. According t
Reserve lieutenant, the en
and his family is having a
in many cases two couples
room. Officers—when the
houses or apartments—are
$90 to $200 a month for abod
more than $30 to $70 in
Uncle Sam doesn't seem to
because defense housing is
a good clip—but not fast en
the chiseling landlords. W
the lieutenant is that many
ily is getting hopelessly in

### RECOIL

SUPERINTENDENT of
Daniel P. Barry of the
Harbor, N. H., Harbor
plain, downright enraged.
crust," writes he, "to sit d
desk, while trying to come
luncheon stupor, and blast
construction activities at
Apparently you've never s
coast of New Hampshire
the difficult rock-cutting
ried on in zero weather in
the Portsmouth Navy Ya
invasion; and you're invite
here and toughen up yo
hands with a pick and sho

IT wouldn't work. Shove
pieces in our hands.

# Pigskin Spy

Continued from page 11

g, as quarterback, Frankie Alberts, nartest, coolest field general I have in twenty-five years of football. ts is shifty, deceptive, and a born ler at the right time. Since U.S.C. ted power plays, Alberts gave several at the opening of the . Then when he had the Trojans uard he fired passes over their to the unprotected spots I had d in the earlier games. Alberts eted eleven out of sixteen long s, two of them for touchdowns, y because a single U.S.C. defenman wasn't there to pick up the ord receiver in his territory. That e ball game.

en Nebraska was matched against ord for the Rose Bowl game Coach ones of the Cornhuskers asked me a scout's report on the Stanford By this time I had completed assignments for Shaughnessy, so free to work for Nebraska. Texas ., which had a chance at the Rose had hired me to scout Stanford culation. When Nebraska got the was free to sell a set of notes on couting job to Coach Jones.

re are perhaps one hundred proal football scouts throughout the y. It's a hectic life.

### ying While the Sun Shines

ing a single week end late in ber last year, for example, I a plane to Los Angeles to scout A. in a Friday night game against rn Methodist; flew back early horning to San Francisco to spy ah–Santa Clara game at Kezar m; left at the end of the first half h across the bay to Berkeley to the Michigan–California game; rty minutes to make a plane for , where I scouted the Fresno Santa Barbara State game Saturght; next day, Sunday, I scouted nzaga–St. Mary's game back in ancisco. I wrote my preliminary in planes, air-mailed them, and d each with a complete thirtynalysis which takes six to eight write and draw—part of a scout's being diagrams of all key plays.

I made $750 that week end, and that's what I call pigskin spying while the sun shines.

Anyway, getting back to the Rose Bowl job, I lined up my dope on Stanford in 135 pages of detailed report and shipped two pounds of stuff to Biff Jones at Lincoln, Nebraska. By that time in the season, Stanford was using decoys all the time and was relying but little upon power plays. Stanford had developed into the trickiest team in the country, with men in motion before every play. Alberts always waited for a good setup for passes, then shot to the uncovered spots perfectly. One of Alberts' tricks was firing passes on first downs when the other side's pass defense wasn't set.

Half of the Stanford line, I noted, charged through the opposing line, sideswiping rather than blocking to get at the enemy backs. This made it easy to suck the Stanford linesmen out of place, and turned out to be a weakness Nebraska capitalized on. For you will recall that at the opening of the Rose Bowl game the Cornhuskers marched down the field on power plays and put themselves two touchdowns ahead before Stanford's team recovered control of the game. They did that by letting these Stanford linesmen be sucked through only to fall on their noses.

The Stanford team had a backfielder, Pete Kmetovic, who was about the fastest, shiftiest runner on the Pacific Coast. "Never kick to Kmetovic," my notes read. Another pointer I picked up was to watch for Stanford passes on the first down. In the excitement of scoring the first touchdowns so quickly, the Cornhuskers forgot these tips. They kicked to Kmetovic and he ran through the whole Nebraska team to a touchdown. Alberts shot a pass on a first down, and it was another surprise touchdown. After that it was Stanford's ball game, but later Jones wrote me that the deceptive Stanford players would have made his powerful team look like babes in the woods if it hadn't been for the opening plays that took advantage of the flaws in the Indians' line.

I got my football training from the one and only Knute Rockne, when I



"But why don't you let me know when you're not bringing someone home for dinner?" GENE CARR





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was playing at Notre Dame. I had to learn the tricks to stay in the game, because I was a 151-pound right guard in the days when avoirdupois was the thing. Later, when I coached the Notre Dame frosh under Rock, I learned about scouting from him, too. Once, I remember, Rockne sent me to scout a rival, and I found myself beside an excitable woman and behind a post. At a crucial moment, a kick was blocked, and just then the woman leaned into me, throwing my focus off the play. The next Monday at a strategy meeting of the coaching staff, Rockne asked me who blocked the kick.

"I don't know," I said. "A post got in my way."

"The next time you get near a post, you'd better be careful not to knock yourself out," he said, with vinegar in his voice. Rockne always told his scouts that no detail was too insignificant to be of possible importance in preparing for the next game.

A broken leg in the Michigan State game ended my Notre Dame playing in my sophomore year. I finished at St. Mary's, playing under Slip Madigan, then played pro football with Jim Thorpe's Rock Islands, Paddy Driscoll's Chicago Cardinals, Brick Muller's Los Angeles Stars, and Ernie Nevers' Duluth Eskimos; joined Babe Hollingbery's San Francisco Olympic Club team the year they broke the winning streak of Andy Smith's California "wonder team." I've coached in six colleges and three high schools.

### How Scouts Get Started

What started me in the scouting racket, I guess, was the urge to eat, back in 1932, when I arrived in New York from a trip to Europe with exactly five cents in my pocket. At the Seaman's Institute I heard about a pro game to be played in Paterson, New Jersey, next day. I wangled a place in the Paterson lineup. Being thirty-six and out of condition, I almost laid down my life for dear old Paterson and two dollars that afternoon.

On a newsstand, I saw a Football Redbook. I couldn't resist spending two bits for this Who's Who of the gridiron to check up on some of my old Notre Dame pals who were coaching all over the country. An idea clicked in my noodle and I wrote a letter to each of them, offering my services as a professional scout. While I was waiting to hear, I landed a job with the late Frank Cavanaugh, coach at Fordham, teaching the Fordham frosh the St. Mary's system of football. Cavanaugh had a game coming up with St. Mary's and he wanted his frosh squad to give the varsity some St. Mary's competition. By the time I reached the Pacific Coast some pretty good spying jobs had come my way. The best assignment was one from Babe Hollingbery, of Washington State, to scout six games the following season.

At first, I followed a sort of hit-or-miss scheme for answering the questions raised by each coach about the team I scouted. Gradually, I worked out a system of covering every angle of the game with a thirty-page report. The kind of information that is useful about a player on the team you are scouting, for example, is indicated in this paragraph about Frankie Alberts of Stanford, lifted from my report to Biff Jones of Nebraska last year:

"ALBERTS No. 13—170—5'9"—Junior and All-America: OFFENSE: Have said plenty about his offensive ability. May be an all-time All-America before the end of next year. *Left-handed* passer and kicker. One of the most deceptive ball handlers I've ever seen. *Excellent passer long or short.* One of the greatest gamblers who ever handled a football. Fine quick kicker. *Fine kickoff man. Dangerous place kicker.* Will try placing kick from any point. Good on quarterback sneak. Fine running to his right when all the backs have gone the other way, or after he has faked to fullback through the line. Very clever, heady open-field runner. Not fast but very deceptive change of pace. Excellent faking pass, and then running with ball. Inspirational leader. *Must rush him on every play.* DEFENSE: Excellent safety. Best man they have on defense against passes. Only superior speed and height by at least two receivers in his territory has a chance. Lack of height against passes is *only* apparent weakness. One of the surest tacklers on the team. Can outmaneuver blockers. Rarely analyzes plays incorrectly."

Some teams are easy to scout, especially those that use orthodox plays. Others are tough. The toughest one I have run across yet is Fresno State College in California, coached by an old University of Nevada player, "Rabbit" Bradshaw. I had to make four trips to Fresno last year before I could analyze the Bradshaw plays for "Woody" Woodson, coach of Arkansas State. Woodson wanted details on Fresno's three best ground-gaining plays, including the exact assignment of each player in every play. Bradshaw had at least seven plays which I finally boiled down in the analysis to the five principal Fresno plays. Bradshaw had seven plays that started from what is known as the "pyramid shift." The players crouch in a bunch so close it is impossible to get their numbers. They come out of the shift so fast that they look like a covey of quail scattering. This is one of the reasons why the Fresno State team has been beaten but twice in four years when Arkansas State took them on in Little Rock last fall. Arkansas State was the 4 to 1 underdog and, to everyone's surprise, took Fresno State 13 to

What happened is revealing. While scouting Fresno, I discovered a spot behind center where Fresno couldn't cover passes. I also found that Bradshaw's fullback carried the ball three quarters of the time and that he was key to the whole offense which opened holes in the line by means of faking. Woodson cashed in on my notes by concentrating on the fullback and on the blind side behind the center. Arkansas State completed nine out of thirteen passes on Fresno's one vulnerable spot.

### Advance Agent for Tommy Harmon

Last year when Michigan scheduled game with University of California Coach Fritz Crisler wired me to scout the Berkeley team, keeping in mind scoring opportunities for his great triple-threat man, Tommy Harmon. I had scouted California for Washington State and Georgia Tech, and my notes showed that there were several tendencies pass weaknesses in the California defense and that the ends were easily suckered out of position on reverses. Crisler worked out some special plays designed to get these ends out of Harmon's way. Harmon began by running the opening kickoff eighty yards for a touchdown and later he raced down the field for three more scores. The California tacklers couldn't seem to touch him at all once he got out in the open.

As a rule, only the coaches and quarterbacks are the ones who see the notes a football scout compiles on the team they are going to play next week. Together they work out strategy for hitting the weak spots, and it is up to the quarterback to call these plays at the right time. If the whole team is in on strategy, the chances are that no overanxious kid would give away the stuff with a tip-off of some kind

d may pull out for a wide play; a
r may spit on his fingers, or rub
ngers on his pants. Green players
glance at the hole they expect to
. If players point in, you know
lay is coming that way. A block-
ack may be a tip-off; whichever
he goes, the play goes.

ten a good job of scouting by some
in spy enables the underdog to up-
ne betting favorite in a game that
iably is a thriller. Two years ago,
xample, Dayton University came
o play St. Mary's. Dayton wasn't
posed to have a prayer. Coach
y Baujan, with whom I used to
at Notre Dame, hired me to find
weak spots in powerful St. Mary's,
cond alma mater. About the only
I could discover were that St.
's had an end who was always
d by a certain reverse play, and
St. Mary's, having no one who
buck the ball over, had to pass to
touchdowns. That's about all I
find, but it was enough for Baujan.
eam hit that weak end with a re-
as soon as Dayton got the ball,
cored. Then it settled down to a
sive game against passes until the
whistle blew. Dayton held St.
's to a 6-6 tie, which was as much
upset as a victory.

### One Reason for Upsets

ther time, spying St. Mary's for
Mathews of Portland University,
d that one guard played too close
ne tackle too wide, leaving too
space between them. Also, that
Madigan substituted an entire
eam every so often. I reported
le in the line to Mathews, who
d a power play with a ball car-
ehind two blocking backs to drive
gh it. He also decided to match
an, team for team, in substitu-
but Portland, being a small school,
scrape together twenty-two men
y using a guard with an injured
Mathews brought the guard along,
st before the game, borrowed the
ary's trainer to shoot some pain
er in the kid's foot. Mathews did
teams whenever Madigan did,
ept the Portland squad fresh. He
ne game with an 80-yard drive in
urth quarter through that hole
ted with my binoculars.

oping pull these upsets is the big
get out of the tedious hobby of
ulous scouting. One thing I have
in my spying is that a team with
average I. Q., say 120 or over,
aster and use twice as many plays
eventy per cent fewer mistakes
in execution than a team with an
verage of 100. The Stanford team
Shaughnessy is a good example.
eam started with only fair talent
he point of view of experience and
ue and used shifts, man-in-
flankers, and decoy plays based
eption and speed to set up their
ng touchdown plays. They out-played teams that were their superiors in everything but intelligence and outmaneuvered a new defense every week during the season.

These teams made football scouting the most exciting avocation I know. It is hard to catch well-coached players like Shaughnessy's and Pop Warner's in little give-away habits. Incidentally, the best football spy I know is Pop Warner himself, who, as Rockne used to say, has forgotten more football than most coaches ever knew. When I was scouting Fresno State for Arkansas State one of my fellow spies was Pop, who since his retirement from Temple had made it his hobby to advise Dud DeGroot, coach at San Jose State, which is Fresno's great rival. Pop wasn't leaving the scouting of Jimmie Bradshaw's pyramid shift to others. He went to see for himself.

Last season, I was scouting in Los Angeles and met Doe Rollins, head scout for Texas A. & M., in a hotel lobby. He was out there to play U.C.L.A. One of my associates had scouted Texas A. & M. for another school, and I said to him, "We've got a lot of good stuff on you fellows in our files." Coach Homer Norton had built his offense around a flashy fullback, Jack Kimbrough, and Kimbrough had some habits that gave his plays away.

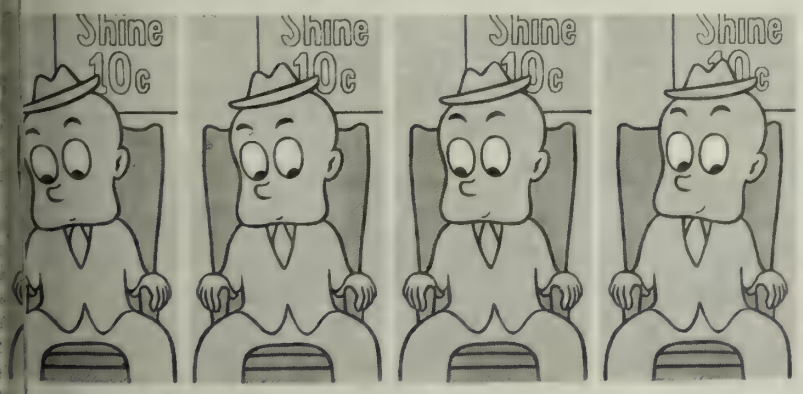
Doe Rollins was interested, so I sent him a file of the notes. Later Rollins said, "Say, that stuff was certainly useful. It helped us patch up our weak spots."

Most coaches would be astounded if they knew what an experienced scout could pick up on their own teams from the press box with a pair of field glasses.

Incidentally, the press box isn't the only place to spy the game. It is a better spot than the side-line bleachers, because people are not jumping up and down and cutting off your vision. The side line is the place to watch the general play, but the end zone is the best observation point to spot the technical angles on the line.

The things to look for, if you really want to see the game from the inside, as a pigskin spy sees it, are these: Watch the blockers rather than the ball carrier when the play starts, and you'll see the holes open up for him. Most fans watch the ball carrier only, but he's helpless without good blockers. You can see that best from the end zone. On passes, watch for the receivers, rather than the passer, and you'll see the defense against passes, which is the tricky part of a passing game. After the pass play is over, check who covered the receiver, and you'll see who's a hero, or a goat. Also check the decoys and you'll discover what is the passing strategy. You'll see more inside football if you pick a certain player, watch what he does for several plays, then choose another and scout him.

Watch out, though, or the pastime will get you, and you'll wind up a pigskin spy.




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# Hitler's New Book

WE RECOMMEND a wide reading in this country of a new book entitled My New Order (Reynal & Hitchcock, N. Y. C., $1.89, 1,008 pages, notes by Raoul de Roussy de Sales, introduction by Raymond Gram Swing). It is a collection of Adolf Hitler's most important speeches and statements from April, 1922, up to and including his lunge at Russia in June, 1941.

Collier's in a recent issue printed a most illuminating map of Europe as Hitler hopes it will look after he gets through remaking it. Material for the map was gathered by W. B. Courtney from authoritative sources in Germany. To anyone acquainted with prewar Europe, this exhibit was appalling.

From Hitler's new book, you can get a rough idea of what he would do to the United States if he ever should get control of it; which is why we hope most Americans will study, and we mean study, My New Order.

If Hitler could and should follow his European patterns in this country, his alleged reforms would hit at least 98% of us, rich or poor, in ways that would break the hearts of all but the stoutest-souled. These latter would be bundled off to concentration camps or would be shot.

Our money would lose its value and its meaning. We would be ruled by little rascals with ingrown inferiority complexes and a yen to take out their perpetual peeves on the rest of the human race. Labor unions would be merged into one big "workers' front," enslaved to the government by the army. Farmers would be tied to their lands like serfs, and told in minute detail what they might and might not produce. Racial groups would be herded into the poorest parts of the country and kept there—the groups, that is, that Hitler considers inferior. The "superior" groups would get the better parts of the country . . . but the orthodox members of the ruling party would have the right to tax, blackmail and graft on these groups and everybody else in sight.

These things all are happening in Europe today. Five years ago, it was only visionaries who could imagine them happening there. Visionaries and Adolf.



# Why Baby the CCC?

OUR all-out effort to get us an a
Army being now well-nigh a yea
is decided to give the 200,000 CCC
their 1,100 camps basic military dr
without guns. This alleged drill is to c
all of 15 minutes a day, and will no
dulged in on Saturdays, Sundays and h

The excuse offered is that it will "
the carriage and posture of enrollees
tain more orderly movement of large
of enrollees within the camps." The
not to be told that big areas of the w
on fire, or that Uncle Sam needs fire
though all the rest of us know this a
of us are acting on it.

Why this babying of the CCC, any

Here are 200,000 young men, living
lives and in good physical shape, a
geous and patriotic as anybody else, p
dier material. Yet they are kept wr
cotton wool by uplifters and bureauc
such horrid words as "war" and su
things as (sh-h) guns are fenced
them.

Why? It has been one of the my
the New Deal since the CCC bega
grows more mysterious all the time.
the answer? Our guess is that it is
professional pacifists, plus in these la
a scheme for preserving a lot of bu
jobs. We hope we're wrong, but we
no other plausible answer.

# Those Defense Commissions

THIS one, surprise-surprise, isn't
many commissions set up to try
the vast national defense program.
the commission men who are pro
fense contracts for various firms, mo
small and with limited Washingto
or none at all, the commission me
big fees for this work.

It's an old familiar type; the usu
mysterious gent who lets it be
rather than says that he has the
President himself, or anyway of
dent's third-from-right-hand man, a
juicy contracts if properly oiled.

Doubtless some of these persons
and square-shooting according to t
But why should they be necessary

The excuse given is that the def
is such a gigantic maze that only e
guides can connect a businessman
to produce with the government a
wants him to produce.

Such connections ought to be eas
and it is for the government to ma
The fact that they haven't yet been
and fast is an indictment, not of t
sion men nor of the businessme
them, but of the government itself.

Collier's

OCTOBER 18, 1941

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OCTOBER 18, 1941


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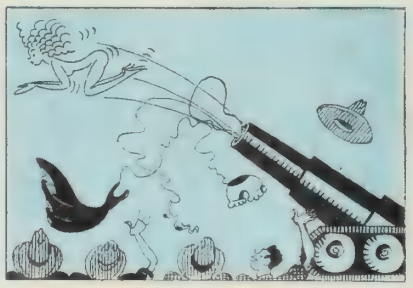
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COVER GILBERT DARLING


# ANY WEEK

AS USUAL there will be a Roundup in Enid, Oklahoma, this fall. And if Mr. Perry R. Stark, General Manager of the Enid Roundup, has his way it's going to be worth going to some lengths to see. We've just had a letter from Mr. Stark who, in turn, has just read Ted Shane's article about Miss Margie Hart, the Poor Man's Garbo. "I read your article on Miss Margie Hart, the Poor Man's Garbo, and we are wondering if Miss Margie Hart is open for an engagement in the Enid Fall Roundup. At this roundup I put on a act where a girl is shot from a gun. It is quite safe although the last two girls we've had complained of slight headaches although Miss Margie Hart need not be afraid as we will look after her good if she gets a headache.

"In this shooting act the girl is shot from the gun which is 18 inches and calls for a thin girl into a tank of water except in some dry sections where water is scarce and we use a net, both perfectly safe. What we would plan for Miss Margie Hart is for her to enter the gun fully clothed and come out naked and fly through the air naked into a tank and climb out and we would have a man there or a woman rather to wrap a towel around her so she would be in the naked only a few seconds. . . . We would be willing to guarantee Miss Margie Hart $20 a week and a part of the proceeds from the act which is a sensation in Oklahoma owing to both water and nude women being scarce. I would add that the gun is fired by compressed air which we make ourself on the fairground and only a small charge of 40 per cent Giant powder about five pounds for smoke effect.



"We will have hooks put in the cannon and attach them to Miss Margie Hart's clothing when she enters the cannon so she will not have to pull a zipper like on the burlesque stage. Everything will be made easy for her. P. S. . . . Sometimes if we are near a river or lake we use them instead of the tank which leaks some for the girl in the cannon to be shot into. Can Miss Margie Hart swim good?"

WE SPOKE to Miss Hart about it. She is thinking it over. She's a little fearful about the hooks but is inclined to entrust herself entirely to Mr. Stark, who once was gored by a Brahma bull and lived to eat the animal, steak by steak.

RECENTLY we met a lady who has joined all the organizations which demand that America plunge into the war forthwith, shooting from both hips, making up for lost time. Come to think of it, we have never met a more militant person, man or woman. She told us that she had written several letters to English friends apologizing for America's nonparticipation in the actual shooting. But what interested us even more is what she had to say about an open meeting in her town. It was held under the auspices of one of her immediate-entry organizations. To show the noninterventionist elements in her town their error they were invited. They didn't behave themselves very well. "I have never known such rowdies," she said. "Before we adjourned they had started three fist fights and the language they used in replying to our carefully phrased arguments would not bear repeating. I am convinced that the majority of the noninterventionists are ignorant roughnecks incapable of understanding anything short of violence."

IT IS clear to us that these antiwar roughnecks would not be influenced by a sign seen by Mr. Max Smiggle of Spokane, Washington. This sign, hanging over the bar of a California tavern, read: "Notice to all customers. No fighting in this place this week. Our bouncer on vacation." Nor would they be swayed by Miss Florence Bandewagger of Dallas, Texas, who urges all patriotic women to adopt her method of encouraging men to fight the good fight. "Every time I meet a new young man," says Miss Bandewagger, "I ask him whether he is willing to step into uniform when the time comes. If he says yes and seems sincere I give him my friendship. If he says yes and does not seem sincere, I remain aloof. If he says no sincerely I try to reason with him. If he says no and is without principles, I not only warn him to never speak to me again but also post his name in the girls' club I belong to. Any girl seen with such a young man is expelled from the club. Some of the girls have tried to excuse themselves by saying it is confusing, but we feel they are not sincere. Wouldn't you?"

WHAT this magazine has done to keep its readers informed of what's going on in Europe, Asia, Africa and their flaming fringes is deeply appreciated by Mr. Alton Bury Hollowfield of Reno, Nevada. "But," goes on Mr. Hollowfield, "you don't go far enough. For example, why not have a couple of American correspondents too. A couple of good men roaming around the United States, the forgotten country, ought to pick up stories that would interest us men—Americans." Fortuna can accommodate Mr. Hollo stantly. A dignified Yankee Mr. Owen Draper of Mor Alabama, was visiting him, with at least one adventu demonstrates that in certa ties at least, the United Stat American. Unaware of loc regulations, the dignified Y not try like the natives to traffic light across the street he waited until the light Then as he stepped into with measured tread he whelmed to hear himself ad ringing tones from a lou hanging over the intersectio gentleman in the frock coat, erly waited for the light will pause another momer be given a ticket to the Theater." Whereat a traff warded him for his observa rules, bowing low as he ga theater ticket.



AND when Jim Marshall this moment trudging up the United States doing e Mr. Hollowfield suggests, this office he will be suitabl We have just received a bronze medal for Mr. Ma letter, from Colonel Frank retary of the Navy, rea great pleasure in forwardi the Navy Expeditionary M Congress has given me confer upon you in comme the services rendered by survivors of the United Panay upon the occasion ing and loss on Decembe

ACTUALLY we've just Mr. Marshall. While h bites in a restaurant in rado, Mr. Marshall behel her son, about fifteen yea and prepare themselves food. The lady produced and began to do her fa handed her son a comb. up and began to tidy h she sharply: "Sit down, many times do I have to to stand up while combi at the table?"

WE ALWAYS do. . . .


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but she's seldom asked to play

Those weekly "get-togethers" really meant something to her. They were such fun! But then the invitations grew scarcer . . . and scarcer. She doesn't know what the trouble is . . . but she seldom plays, now.

Yet if she hadn't been so careless about the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath) she might well be on her way to a bridge game tonight.

**What to Do About It**

To combat this double offense, why not use the delightful double precaution so many wise and popular women depend on. For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's created especially to help bring out the natural beauty of your smile. It does a remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits.

The new Listerine Tooth Paste is a special, new formula, the result of 8 years' work on the part of skilled scientists. Many women say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time!

For a sweeter breath—Listerine Antiseptic, of course. It quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



# WING TALK

**The Fowler flap projects for take-off and landing, retracts in flight**

ON THE airport are three twin-engine monoplanes. One of the planes is equipped with two-blade propellers; the propellers of the second have three blades and those of the third have four blades.

The engines on the ship with the two-blade airscrews, as the British call them, are of relatively low horsepower, maybe around 400. The two blades are sufficient to absorb that power. But in Airplane Number Two, the engines are around 1,100 horsepower each, and a two-blade prop would have to be longer, in which event there wouldn't be a satisfactory clearance between the tips and the ground. So a third blade is attached, and the knives are kept down in length.

The third airplane has engines of about 1,800 horsepower. A three-blade prop would work on these but, because they must be still longer, the matter of ground clearance again comes up. So a fourth blade is added, and the increased horsepower is utilized.

A two-blade prop would work on the three- and four-blade ships if the planes were built high enough off the ground. But that calls for a stork-leg landing gear which in turn must be retracted into the wings, fuselage or engine nacelles. That would reopen all over again the comfortably settled matter of retractable landing gear and cause no end of nail-biting by the engineers. What then are we going to do when we get three- and four-thousand horsepower engines? Counter-rotating propellers and six-blade propellers are being tested, but nothing more can be said about them now.

WHEN engines were of low horsepower, and airplane brakes were being toyed with, and controllable-pitch propellers were just around the corner, and monoplanes were not too highly thought of, planes were very slow as we know speed in the air today. Large wings, while having lots of lift and giving a short take-off and low landing speed, also have a lot of drag in the air and cut down speed in flight. The boys used to wish it were possible to have a single wing without struts and wires, a wing big enough to land the plane safely without brakes (because they didn't have brakes anyway). They also wanted a wing big enough to get the plane off without running a long way on the ground. Then once in the air they could turn a crank and telescope a good section of the outer part of the wing inwardly and presto, they'd have a racer wit the safety and take-off and lan characteristics of a slow plane.

The boys never quite got what hoped for but Mr. Harlan Davey Fo consulting aeronautical engineer, the same general idea and has suc fully worked it out in the Lock twin-engine transports and bom Instead of telescoping the wing-tip and reducing the span of the wing tip to tip he has provided for the tension of the chord of the wing distance from the leading edge b ward to the trailing edge), for t off and landing, and for its retracti flight.

Going under the name of Fowler the device is primarily to reduc landing speed of the ship. It work this: When the pilot is about to off, particularly with a heavy loa presses a button, the flaps slide ba tracks and, presto, the pilot has a wing area. In the air, he presse other button, the flap retracts snugly into the wing and, presto, a the plane has a smaller wing area air drag and flies faster. For lan down go the flaps on their track the big wing slows up the plane. pilot not only has his cake, but he it too.

THAT vertical ridge that rises o the back of the Boeing Strato the DC-3 and other highly stream types of aircraft, and blends in so tifully with the rudder, goes unde official name of dorsal fin, wh found on some of our very best fis purpose is to insure a conti smooth flow of air from the fusel the tail surfaces.

IN THE secondary stage of the Ci Pilot Training Program, stu have to execute a variety of mane —stunts. The C.A.A. inspectors this highly exhilarating phase course can give some terrific beati the airplanes, in some instances g punishment than the ships can So the inspectors have personally such ships with instruments measure the forces exerted on th craft by the maneuvers at v speeds. Then they have posted a ing notice in the cockpit ("placar is the aviation term) against, f ample, entering a snap roll at mor a specified number of miles pe

*(Continued on page 31)*

# MORE THAN 3 MILLION MEN *have the surface and save all!*

**—and this brilliant NEW SCHICK does an even QUICKER job of giving close clean shaves.**




**No so long ago men had no other choice but to "lose face" every time they shaved.**

**Then Schick invented the electric shaver. Since then, over 3 million men have switched to this modern Schick way of shaving. There's more men than shave with all other makes of electric shavers *combined*.**

**They're saving their skins—and they're getting 30% *quicker*, clean, close shaves with never a nick, scrape, burn or pull.**

**And now comes the brilliant new Schick with its still faster "Whiskwik" motor. And its sensational 2-M Hollow-Ground head that arches the skin to make the beard stand up to be mowed off. And its built-in *hinged* Whisk-Its that catch all whisker clippings, to be emptied with a flick of the finger.**

**Doesn't all this make you feel you're missing something mighty fine? Then don't delay! Trial-buy a new Schick Shaver now and use it for two weeks. (All models work on both AC and DC.)**

**If, at the end of that time, you're not getting the *quickest*, cleanest, smoothest shaves that ever flattered your face—return your Schick to your dealer. He'll call it quits and refund every penny you paid. You can't lose!**

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

*Your choice of* **TWO HANDSOME MODELS**—*styled by Raymond Loewy*

**SCHICK COLONEL**—*executed in rich, ivory plastic with gold-colored trim and* hinged *Whisk-Its. Complete, in simulated alligator tuck-away case,* **$15.00.***  *(Or, packed in de luxe Dress Kit,* **$17.50.**)

**SCHICK FLYER**—*executed in burgundy plastic with silver-colored trim and* hinged *Whisk-Its. Packed in soft pouch,* **$12.50.*** *Standard equipment on Pan American Airways and other leading airlines.*

**Born in October?** *Drop a birthday hint for a new Schick Shaver!*

**Slightly higher in Canada*

*Many Dealers Offer Easy Payment Terms!*

**SCHICK OWNERS!**

***Get this 2-M Head for your shaver!***

**We didn't forget you when we developed this marvelous new 2-M Head. We made it so that it can be used on any of the more than 3 million Schick Shavers now in use!**

**And it's yours for only $3.00 (slightly higher in Canada). You get the new head expertly fitted, and the whole shaver inspected, cleaned, lubricated, and adjusted free of charge. Simply take your shaver to your nearest dealer or to a Schick Shaver Service Office. (See list at right.)**

ALBANY
938 Natl. Sav. B'k Bldg.
ATLANTA
603 Rhodes-Haverty Bldg.
BALTIMORE
111 N. Charles St.
BOSTON
630 Boston C. of C. Bldg.
BROOKLYN
1007 Fox Bldg.
BUFFALO
553 Andrews Bldg.
CHICAGO
212 Palmer House
CINCINNATI
814 Schmidt Bldg.
CLEVELAND
301 Swetland Bldg.
COLUMBUS, O.
633 Hunt'gton B'k Bldg.
DALLAS
611 Southland Life Bldg.
DENVER
501 Colorado Bldg.
DES MOINES
113 Fleming Bldg.
DETROIT
906 Industrial B'k Bldg.
HARTFORD, CONN.
1202 American Ind'n'l Bldg.
HOUSTON
521 Shell Bldg.
INDIANAPOLIS
703 Merchants B'k Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
702 Fidelity B'k Bldg.
LOS ANGELES
101 RKO Hillstreet Bldg.
MIAMI
218 Shoreland Arcade
MILWAUKEE
152 W. Wisconsin Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
624 Andrus Bldg.
NEW ORLEANS
1801 Canal Bldg.
NEW YORK
17 East 42nd St.
NEWARK, N. J.
810 Raymond Com. Bldg.
OKLAHOMA CITY
619 Hightower Bldg.
OMAHA
647 Omaha Natl. B'k Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA
910 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH
908 Investment Bldg.
PORTLAND, ME.
210 Bank of Com. Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE.
1113 American B'k Bldg.
PROVIDENCE
506 Turks Head Bldg.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
705 Temple Bldg.
ST. LOUIS
575-7 Arcade Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO
787 Monadnock Bldg.
SEATTLE
701 Republic Bldg.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
521 Bond Bldg.

CANADIAN OFFICES
MONTREAL
1015-16 Sun Life Bldg.
TORONTO
78 Richmond St. West
CALGARY
112A Seventh Ave. West

**SCHICK INCORPORATED** *The New* **SCHICK SUPER SLICK SHAVER**



HOW AND HOW NOT TO TAME HAIR

No matter how wild and unruly your hair may be, DON'T douse it . . . because dousing with water or anything else makes it look slicked down . . . unnatural. Instead, comb in a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic for good-looking, natural-looking hair.



DON'T JUST TAME YOUR HAIR

...FIGHT *DRY SCALP*, TOO

POSSIBLY you have Dry Scalp right now. It often goes undetected until it causes itchiness . . . showers of loose dandruff on your shoulders . . . abnormal loss of hair. There is real and effective help in a bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . a quick and simple way to check Dry Scalp . . . to keep the hair neat and good-looking all day long. Just try these two easy steps:

**(1) EVERY MORNING,** shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb and run it through your hair.

**(2) EVERY WEEK** before shampooing, massage vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. The special properties of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic make it ideal for fighting Dry Scalp. Start using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today, and see a real improvement in the looks of your hair.




'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no drying ingredients.

By actually supplementing the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp supple . . . the hair lustrous, well-groomed and natural-looking. Try it!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.





# KEEP UP WITH THE WOR

## By Freling Foster

*Of* all the fancy cattle that have traveled from coast to coast and from Texas to Canada to compete for prizes at agricultural fairs, none has equaled the mileage record of Cavalier's Ping Pong. Between 1920 and 1932, this famous Ayrshire bull, although working at his "profession" only about three months each fall, covered a distance of more than 65,000 miles.

*Of* the twenty states that fine cities and counties for injury to persons or damage to property, or both, by the action of a mob, only nine impose liability for personal injury or death. Injury fines range from $500 in Ohio to $10,000 in Illinois, while death fines range from $1,000 in Nebraska to $10,000 in Illinois and Pennsylvania.

*The* New York Electrical Contractors' Association and the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (A. F. of L.) have a clause in their contract, covering 6,500 men, which stipulates that ten per cent of the jobs filled by union members must go to workers over fifty-five years of age.

*In* 1931, America had ninety-nine birth-control clinics in twenty-one states. Today it has 621 such clinics in forty-one states.

*The* Ulster County (New York) Gazette of January 4, 1800, became famous because it carried the first complete account of the death and funeral of George Washington. More than a million reproductions of that issue have been printed and sold, many still being regarded by their owners as historic treasures. However, there are only two known original copies—one owned by the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass., the other by the Library of Congress.—*By N. N. Manville, Oak Park, Illinois.*

*A company* that sells groceries by truck from door to door to a million small-town families promotes sales by giving the customer the premium first and allowing her to settle for it with subsequent credits on purchases. When the "advanced premium" is paid for, another is immediately offered.

*Many* a patrol bomber United States Navy is so it is able to "cover" fifty t square miles of ocean betw rise and sunset.—*By Jan Brooklyn, New York.*

*Some* plastics are not o proof but also resistant gases, acids and caustics quick-drying lacquers an plastic finishes become so durable that they are not d by metal-eating acids.—*E erick N. Corvinus, Harris York.*

*Studies* of the seasonal in daylight show that mi mornings are eight times noons five times brighter a noons ten times brighter corresponding hours of m days.—*By Melville Kenne lin, Ohio.*

*Because* St. Kilda, an i Scotland, was inaccessible the year, its citizens, bef evacuation about a dec used to "post" their l sheepskin bags and toss t the ocean. Some were p by ships, others were car current five hundred mil the North Sea to the coas way, where they were fo their contents mailed.

*In* time of peace or war, dier in the United States A strikes, attempts to strike fully disobeys any lawful of his superior officer is any punishment deemed j by a court-martial, even a of death.—*By Robert H York, New York.*

*During* the first yea of the motion picture, The of the Opera, produced in the late Lon Chaney in th role, nearly fifteen hundre goers in this country faint lapsed from hysteria.

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# —New GRUENS so thin it took a new invention to make them come true

YOU'VE probably said it often . . . "Some day I'm going to be able to afford a really thin watch."



The Patented Gruen Veri-Thin‡ Movement

The day is here . . . the watch, Gruen Veri-Thin. It is not only the world's most popular thin watch but—as you'll see at the left—a major new invention in watch-making.

Note how the patented GruenVeri-Thin movement provides all-important bigness in working parts to assure pocket-watch accuracy and long service. Now observe the brilliant rearrangement of the parts . . . *the way it permits the watch to be made a full 50% thinner at sides and ends.*



It's a magnificently thin watch—one of Gruen's masterpieces. And remember—America's topmost fashion designers pick Gruen as the master watch stylist. See the new Veri-Thin models at your Gruen jewelers today.

Gruen watches from $24.75 to $250; with precious stones to $2500. Write for folder. The Gruen Watch Co., Time Hill, Cincinnati, O., U.S.A. In Canada: Toronto, Ont.



"First Lady of Fashion," one of the ten top-flight fashion designers who name Gruen "Master of Watch Style."



*On Man's wrist*—VERI-THIN MADISON, 17-jewel movement, pink or yellow gold-filled case with Guildite back . . . . . $39.75

*On Lady's wrist*—VERI-THIN VICTORIA, 17-jewel movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back, matching flex bracelet . . . . . $37.50




**A.** VERI-THIN TARA, 15-jewel movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back $24.75

**B.** VERI-THIN BANNER, 15-jewel movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back $29.75

**C.** VERI-THIN LARKSPUR, 15-jewel movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back . . . $29.75

**D.** VERI-THIN MASTER, 17-jewel Precision* movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back $33.75

**E.** VERI-THIN PREVIEW, 15-jewel movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back $33.75

**F.** VERI-THIN FORDHAM, 15-jewel movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back, matching flex band . . . $37.50

**G.** VERI-THIN OVERTURE, 17-jewel movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case with Guildite back, matching flex bracelet . $39.75

**H.** VERI-THIN MEDALLION, 17-jewel Precision* movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case, matching expansion band . . . . $42.50

GRUEN
VERI-THIN‡
The Precision Watch

*Registered Trade Mark

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ing a silver baton as she strolled across the Ohio followed by ten thousand bloodhounds marching four abreast.

The little man went into the clubhouse while the mob stood outside working itself into a lather without soap. One mug tougher than the rest pushed against the door and to his consternation found himself inside. The crowd followed and there were two hundred fans around a short fat man on a bench. The stubby man, leaning over and tying his shoelace, said, "I can lick any man in the room"—a pause—"and I ain't even looked up yet."

The reverent crowd doffed its hat and tiptoed out backward. It didn't care to arouse the somnolent demon in Mac's repertoire even though it knew McGraw's record in fistibumps was worse than hay in the rain. McGraw couldn't flatten wet wash with a steam roller, but he had the guts that will carry a trout up Niagara Falls with a busted propeller.

Writing an article a day is sweet stuff with a winning team but it was pretty tough for us fellows in the District of Columbia in the days when they said Washington was first in war, first in peace and last in the American League. By the time August flat-wheels around, the whole season is agony right out to the fifth decimal point. You take a slam at anything and anybody. That's exactly what I used to do and made many an enemy.

So when I go into the Commodore dining room for a snap at a sandwich and a gulp at some coffee and see Cramer at a table I give him as wide a berth as the Pullman Company gives Kate Smith. Habits are all roots and it didn't surprise me any to notice that Cramer still clung to his umpire's habit of eating alone. Cramer was in the American League less than a season and spent that time in Washington. Then he disappeared as suddenly as if he had stepped on a trap door in the calendar.

IT WAS sort of amusing at first when Darber of the Post went after Cramer but soon it got as sickening as sugar on oysters. Newspapermen got to look on Cramer as Darber's special dish and we laid off him. Just the same, when Cramer stuck out his hand and said, "Hello," I gave him the limp mitt something like a dog's tongue. We all shake hands that way when we're not sure of the other guy's intentions. Cramer sensed that, for he said, "Sit down. The last active newspaperman I ate with was Darber of the Post."

Well, that was just like a prairie-dog village in a bowling alley. But when he continued, "You don't mind if Griff and a couple more friends join us, do you?" you could have knocked me over with the rice that gets into a society bridegroom's trouser cuffs. I guess I looked sillier than usual but don't forget I was trying harder. Cramer laughed and said, "I know all you fellows thought that Darber and Griff ran me out of baseball and that Ban Johnson got Darber after Darber got me. The truth is I quit baseball because I fell in love with a Washington girl. She made me quit after the fans had thrown so many pop bottles at me I had to get my hair cut by a glass blower.

"You know Ban Johnson was fairly stubborn and when he got an organized protest against any of his umpires he kept that man right there until they got used to him. And I want to correct the newspaper theory that Ban Johnson got Darber afterward. You remember Darber quit the same season I did?"

"That's right. We doped that Ban had thrown the harpoon."

"No, it was nothing like that." Cramer leaned over a little. "It was you fellows who got Darber."

"Send that dumpling back to the kitchen for more sauce, Cramer," I said. "How do you figure that?"

"Well," Cramer smiled, member your local basel passed a rule barring wo— the press box?"

"Sure, we got tired of s bringing that Blond Dazzle every game. She pawed h noon. And it was no dice yelled and yipped on every that dame used to faint a

"You didn't know the B was his daughter, did Cramer.

That set me back so fa with a brown derby and a

"I'll tell you about it bef here," said Cramer, "beca modest and blushes easy." of sloshed around in his c was getting comfortable fo haul.

"When I quit it wasn't got me although when he earnest, salt wouldn't sa stampeded you and the oth until my life in Washington a doctor's second visit. N pleased Darber and I got went nuttier than a choc any time he thought I m second base.

"Why, the man had a fet that is, about second base call it." I nodded now brought it to my memory in those days Griff was ju cher is today. He has to p sion to get fresh air and s surplus showmanship, lik first on a base on balls, managers in the newsreels.

"I talked with the other u Darber's bug on second b had noticed it, too. Cobb down there one close gam would win either way. H as a sailor on the park lak it that way. Darber wrote 'If the Forty Thieves met would be forty-one'—and a fan bounced a bottle off

"Ban Johnson's lawyer t a good libel suit but I pa asked Ban to transfer m behind his umpires to th Then I asked to be taken and put behind the plate.

"DARBER kept riding m a perpetual brass r featured me on the fron Post as the umpire who cow on short grass.

"And every rap he toc punctuated later by a po the stands. Why, the poli me a motorcycle escort ar cop brushed the sidecar ag graph pole with me in it away he yelled, 'There's o I'm no sooner on the job ag fool Boston player steals as safe as a sinner who ha I call it the way I see it. I his currycomb and next natic steps up and whips with seaweed on it. Rig ear like a rose on a Spani

"I had no more chance self than a fish in a barrel

"It got so bad they us me in and out of the park bat bag.

"When Darber said I h at second in one game an crooked as Harry Laud couldn't find a place to chair factory, I went aft

"I made up my mind Cramer tightened up a b job or mine.

"It was like going after in a shooting gallery with row, for Darber leaves t I do and I arrive there be saw him a few times in a

(Continued on p 27)



**He must have been practicing in the minor leagues, for he hit me smack on the head with a bottle**



etroleum Co-ordinator
vord for those who say
sn't a shortage of oil.
few facts to throw at
mery heads. If you're
the fight, better duck

# Harold L. Ickes on THAT OIL SHORTAGE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS




**Cause and Effect: When the 100,000 gas stations on the Eastern Seaboard co-operated with the Secretary of the Interior by closing from 7 P.M. to 7 A.M., no oil was saved. Reason: Below, New York motorists flock to fill up their tanks just before 7 P.M.**



as everybody knows, is going
win this war. And I, as Petro-
um Co-ordinator for National
intend to see to it that oil is
where it is needed, when it is
and in the quantities that are
Every action taken by our
ms from this fundamental de-
on.
the President appointed me
n Co-ordinator, it seemed to
ve had two alternatives:
o try to make oil available for
ds as the result of a number of
nary moves, so that the public
ve no physical experience with
e.
, to let gasoline pumps and
s go dry, and thus give our citi-
vincing knowledge that there
hortage. At best, it was a
f-you-do and damned-if-you-
position, and I'll be damned if
tee of the United States Senate
cover a third alternative when,
ursory glance, it partially en-
nd partially condemned our
to end a shortage which it said
st!
d all be pretty funny if oil were
remendously important. But
it *is* so important, the public
d to know the facts; to have
way the confusion created by
roups and individuals whose
n would make an entertaining

e a shortage, or isn't there?
*is* a shortage, what caused it?
e 7 P.M. to 7 A.M. "curfew" in
—the ten per cent curtailment
e?
about using tank cars to bring
st? What about getting more
What of pipe lines?
ther parts of the country feel
?
f all, I say emphatically, in
what may be proclaimed to the
by certain oracles, that *there
shortage on the East Coast—
in the Middle West and Far
o*, though the public hasn't
notice it yet in these latter

t me make plain what I mean
ay that there is a shortage. I
an that there is not enough oil
supply the East. I don't mean
e won't be enough next week.
n that available supplies are
h lower than at this time last

ean that our new supplies are
uate for expected needs. And
at, these things being true and
being very much greater than
*, we shall not have enough to
d this winter* unless we cut our
tion and increase deliveries.
me, means shortage.
ch for present conditions. I
further: In spite of what may
the contrary by certain myopic
, no man can state definitely
hortage will not become worse.
cal period will be the coming
After that we hope that our
e program will have made it-
that nothing will happen to
our deliveries still further.
y, no man can *know*.
dy hear the volunteer referees
"Prove it!" That's just
tend to do; but first let's get

clear on *how* this shortage came about.

Popular belief is that we suddenly gave fifty tankers to Britain and that immediately our transportation facilities took a nose dive. Actually, no tankers were given to Britain, and none of our tankers carry British-aid oil across the Atlantic. The diverted tankers simply haul the oil in a shuttle service between Gulf and Atlantic Coast ports, so that the British ships won't have to make the entire trip. Moreover, the tankers were not diverted all at once, but gradually. Also fifty is not the number.

The rest of the story is that this diversion was not the first tapping of delivery facilities. Withdrawals started two years ago, with the outbreak of World War II. German and Italian tankers disappeared. Many English and other European vessels were transferred to the Mediterranean and the North Atlantic. This dug deeply into the South American and Caribbean service, and American tankers had to fill the gap, because we depend on Venezuelan and Mexican sources for heavy crude oil, for asphalt and industrial fuel oils.

In 1941, a second major factor appeared. New tankers, built by the oil companies, were requisitioned by the Navy.

Another important point has been generally overlooked: The diverted tankers came from the West Coast, as well as from the East. This means that there are fewer tankers now carrying California oil to the Western states, western Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines.

### The Shortage in the Midwest

The Middle West has been affected, too, because Eastern suppliers, trying by every means to obtain adequate stocks, have bought heavily from mid-continent producers. This has reduced Midwest supplies. In proof that this is not idle talk, the head of a large company in the Chicago area told us just the other day that he had gone to Oklahoma to buy 1,000 cars of crude oil, but could get only 450 cars.

On the Gulf Coast, the opposite situation was feared. Unable to get sufficient tankers to move oil to Eastern markets, that section expected serious piling-up of supplies. Such a situation, however, failed to develop. Oil has begun to move under the Lend-Lease program and, though the diverted tankers no longer carry oil to the East, they now carry it out of the Gulf in the shuttle service.

This, then, is the story of how the shortage developed. It all added up to a serious situation. *We had to do something about it.*

We believed that we had two duties: (1) To conserve our supplies; and (2) To restore adequate deliveries.

First, we tried voluntary conservation. We didn't get much help. Gasoline consumption went *up* instead of down. Nevertheless, I have no criticism of the public. After all, certain people had been assuring them that there really wasn't any shortage.

Next, we asked the 100,000 Eastern filling stations to close daily from 7 P.M. to 7 A.M. This brought little saving, but it produced a deafening thunder of denunciation from certain newspapers and radio commentators. Typographical tears and microphonic moans were emitted all over the place for the poor filling-station man whose business had been demoralized by "Oil Czar" Ickes.

After a few weeks had passed, proposals were made to rescind the so-called curfew. Having been told that we were ruining the gasoline dealers, we

*(Continued on page 80)*



A little attention to detail and you can match Jeffrey Lynn's informal elegance in tweeds. This one's single-breasted; with it he wears an American Fuji shirt, striped tie and semisports hat. Good-looking accessory is Warner Brothers' Susan Peters



Slightly more formal but equally good for town wear is Jeff's striped blue unfinished worsted. Note the perfect co-ordination of color achieved in suit, shirt and tie



With the striped blue suit above, Mr. Lynn wears an olive-drab topcoat, and his brown felt hat is worn in the new brim-up fashion. Shoes are of the semibroque type



# Two Will Do

## By Henry L. Jackson

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WALL-KERLEE

DESPITE war, high water or taxes, you're go clothes this year or the police will interfer patched garment will keep the wind out, but t you'll lose won't make the saving worth while. T ful businessman will simply have to keep up.

There are two distinct types for business wear formal dressy type and the casual tweed affair. tical business suit, on the dignified side, your bes finished worsted, which tailors into a fine, hard-we The safest color is blue—not the dark navy blue th with the starched collar, but a lighter shade of colored stripes or subdued pattern. Both the single- breasted models are popular, although the double-b is getting a great run these days. Many prefer it waistcoat (sometimes known as vest) because the ways buttoned, and why that extra piece of cargo,

But omitting the waistcoat means that the shirt out in the open so you'll have to pick those acces carefully.

The favorite combination this season with th is a wine shirt, in solid color or with simple stripe blue tie. If you like a patterned tie, wear one; b colors subdued and in relation to your shirt and s shoes are perfectly acceptable with a blue suit d you may hear to the contrary. But avoid the yello shades and stick to the dark brown bootmaker, finish, as the stores call it.

A covert topcoat is a good choice with this ty outfit and in the hat department you might choo felt with bound edge and turned-up brim. Turn the if you like it better that way, but it's typical youn executive stuff to wear it up these days. Wear the with black shoes and a black turn-up-brim hat probably be mistaken for an important banker.

Just as correct for regular business wear is the which calls for less formal accessories. With this y soft Oxford shirt in plain color or simple stripe knit, Scotch plaid wool or even bold stripe tie. Wit suit you can wear a sports-type hat or the regula Both fill the bill. Brown brogues or the monk- which United States Army officers have adopted, a ate with tweeds.

Best color in tweeds for town are tan, brown, the O. D. (olive drab) shades. Give the grays a wide berth. Advantage of a tweed suit is that on you can wear the jacket with flannel or covert tweed suit should always be single-breasted as breasted style is too formal for this fabric.

Good choice in a topcoat to wear with a tw the vicuña shade camel's-hair. Vicuña is the na of the vicuña, a wool-bearing animal of South Ame the luxury class. Advantage of this color is that it doesn't soil as readily as the lighter, natural-color vicuña color camel's-hair is a good all-round coat i breasted, fly-front model with set-in sleeve.

Suit jackets are longer this season, but don't g gerated length or you'll look as if you're standin Trousers are moderate in width—not too wide narrow.

Newest shirt for fall is the American Fuji, whic silk and is a neutral cream shade that blends w colors. Most men think a white shirt is the safest nearly as flattering as the Fuji shade, which is tone.

In the way of socks, with the formal town suit, are best in solid color, simple stripe or with soft-co with the tweed suit, lightweight wool and Argyle

Here are two complete outfits that will see you occasions in town except those calling for evening worsted suit is fine for dress-up occasions in busin life; the tweed outfit is fine for everyday wear, for and for traveling.

We can tell you where to buy everything sh write us.

With the tweeds above goes a loose-fitting v camel's-hair topcoat. Shoes are monk front in

# rprise in Armor

## eonard H. Nason

TED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

**dnight ride of MacGin- l Terry. It was not so ted as Mr. Revere's, was a lot tougher and a bit more exciting**

RMORED brigade of three regiments was advancing ough the night to its bivouacs, ry to an assault at dawn. A de is like a fleet of battleships, a separate unit with its crew, communicate with any of the ts except by signals—radio, physical. In the individual driver sits almost on the floor, f steel booth. Beside him the driver sits in another one, the wrapped in his earphones, them and, erect in the turret, precariously on one foot, the mander guides the driver by he driver's head or shoulders ther foot.

ght march had been without until shortly before midnight, ot, lightly tapped on the driv- of an obscure tank in one of columns, brought that tank to With a rustle of coveralls, the mander slid out of the turret peared. In a minute he was ng to the radio operator:

come outta that. Lefty's old. We gotta drag him outta ."

io operator slid up the turret, g out by means of the turret gear and the breach of the is feet thumped on the armor on the ground, and he had ed. The tank driver mean- ed across the low wall that him from the assistant driver. ' yelled the driver above the e idling motor, "that I con- maneuver a waste o' time. t need to burn ten thousand gasoline and maybe crack up tanks to find out if I like to composed of nuthin' but a bar. I coulda told them 'no' eft home!"

in't all they brought us out replied the assistant driver. nel's got a plan. I heard 'em it on the blackboard when I n' laundry over to the 2d Bat- dquarters. New method for nt of an armored regiment in He figures to pull it tomorrow t dawn. There's talk he'll get of the brigade if it works."

he'd stick to plans an' leave in' patent rations to be car- left rear pocket o' the cover- plained the driver. "This Ration Z, it don't taste like me but a chocolate bar gone took one bite o' mine, cause ell how we liked it. Well, I'd ard would turn from it, that's ay."

the sergeant and Red didn't at all," remarked MacGinnis. Not them! They brung out n' stuff. You bein' the re- is outfit, why you get to eat Z, an' we report what you tell like, assumin' you survive." ed by the strength required

(*continued on page 52*)

**"What happened here?" asked the colonel. "Six," replied Terry, "I do not know. I was knocked cold by some enemy"**

A SHORT SHORT STO
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



# Baby Fac

## By Manning Long

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

CATHERINE closed the door after her visitor and leaned against it, feeling hollow and a little sick. That settled it, then. Alec would simply have to fire Miss Douglas. This was the third time within a few weeks that a friend had come to her, hinting delicately at disaster.

"If my husband had a secretary who looked like Miss Douglas," they had said, these three different friends, "I'd be *worried*."

Catherine lighted a cigarette clumsily and went into her bedroom. She sat down at her dressing table and leaned toward the mirror. A baby face. That's what hers was. Round and pink, with dimples, with round blue eyes and a round pink mouth, and yellow hair in a long bob that curled up at the ends like Little Lord Fauntleroy's.

She scowled at it.

There was her voice, too—a baby voice. "Like bells on a Christmas stocking," Alec had said once, affectionately. It was high and a little breathless, and ultimately betrayed by a tongue that would not pronounce an S.

"A case of arrested development," thought Catherine with bitterness. She dragged on the cigarette, coughed, and stubbed it out, viciously. She couldn't even learn to smoke.

Lately, she'd been experimenting with herself, trying to be different. Trying to be like Miss Douglas. Persistently and faithfully, she had been copying her husband's secretary.

There had been that night at dinner when, after long, secret practice, she had said casually to Alec, "Give me a cigarette, will you?" The casualness was only a part of it. The request itself had jarred Alec alert, but the voice it came out in, slow and bored and a good octave below its usual pitch, had brought him to his feet.

"Why, *Baby!*" he had said, alarmed. "Fine time to start smoking with a throat like that! Don't ever do it—*please!*"

That had been that, then. Fiasco.

Shaken but dogged, Catherine had tackled a bigger, harder job. "Decide on the type you want to be, and *be* it," a magazine article on make-up had told her with a happy disregard of nature. There had been no trouble deciding on the type and, locked in her room with pounds of new cosmetics, Catherine had set out to *be* it.

**Lately, she'd been experimenting with herself, trying to be different. Trying to be like Miss Douglas. Persistently and faithfully she copied her husband's secretary**

She had powdered her face a dead, dramatic white and painted her mouth large and vivid. She had penciled long level marks over her eyes, pointing them upward at the corners, Oriental fashion. She had slicked her hair back and rolled it into a low, meager bun. It would take time to grow as long as Miss Douglas' and even then, of course, it wouldn't be black, but Catherine felt she had done a bang-up job. The face that looked from the mirror was certainly different. It was certainly not a baby face.

Pleased and eager, she had unlocked her door and, with the self-assured, rather pivoting saunter of Miss Douglas, she had presented herself to Alec.

When his eyes had taken her in, when he could get his jaw back where it belonged, he had risen slowly, dropping his newspaper, staring in something like horror.

"Cripes!" he had managed at "What's happened to you? You like a zombie."

It just wasn't any use. She had lo like a zombie, a caricature—as ri lous as Miss Douglas would have lo if the latter had tried to imitate *he*

Still, Catherine reminded he Alec hadn't changed toward her. still cuddled her, called her his H his Snooks, his Lamby-pie. So she allowed herself to be reassured, h

Until today. Until Helen had in and stirred it all up again, goir about how she had seen Alec h lunch with Miss Douglas one day week.

"It may have been just busin Helen had said, doubtfully. "They reading over papers. But the wa looked at him, a self-assured, a tive woman—"

And in love with him, Catherin added in her heart.

Abruptly, she got up from the d ing table. She wouldn't wait for to come home. She'd march down, now, to the office and tell him he'd to do something about Miss Dou The sooner that woman and her gl were out of his sight, the better.

"YOUR husband has just steppe Mrs. McLean. Will you wait?

"If you don't mind," said Cath The women smiled at each other polite mouths, but their eyes frosted over, unseeing.

Catherine sat down by the wi and stared at a magazine. She sat and her heart jarred against her After a while, her dimples sh briefly. It wouldn't be long now.

Miss Douglas was talking ove phone, repeating an order, gettin details down in her efficient, as way. But her voice—what had pened to her voice? It wasn't sl low or bored any more. It had cli the scale and arrived, rather breat at the top. Her tongue caught s's, seeming almost to lisp them. bells on a Christmas stocking."

Catherine peered at Miss D slyly, over the magazine. It fell floor as her hands loosened. "Cr thought Catherine, using Alec's "What's she done to herself? she trying to look like?"

Miss Douglas had bobbed her It hung softly, brushing her sho with curled-up ends. A short fl bangs framed her forehead. Excep it was dark hair, it looked like Lord Fauntleroy's. As she we talking into the phone, the mout had been large and vivid, but wa ridiculously small and a delicate pouted like a baby's.

It came slowly to Catherine, came. And when it did, she leane in her chair while peace fell up like a gentle rain from heaven. S like that for some minutes. At l got up, crossed to the desk and there, looking down at Miss D as she pulled on her gloves.

"I won't wait any longer," sh serenely. "Just tell him I stoppe

She closed the door behin Gently.

# OUR NEW ARMY

LOUISIANA MANEUVER ECHOES. The general—no less a general than the 2d (Red) Army's commander, Lieut. Gen. En Lear—wanted to see us. The rea- being that we and Southeast Cor- pondent Dudley Haddock had the bious honor of being the first two (Blue) Army correspondents to be ptured during the realistic battle re- tly waged over 30,000 Pelican State d Texas square miles.

We had driven ninety-six miles north m 3d Army headquarters at Lake arles to the free town of Alexandria, the contested Red River, to nose ound; and we had scarcely turned our necks and the car, intending to evacuate the place, before it happened. A mess of 2d infantrymen saw our Blue pennant, blocked the road and wanted to know how come. We couldn't outtalk them. A sergeant climbed aboard, said, "No monkey business or I'll bat you on the head," and backseat drove us to the command post, whence, with command cars fore and aft, we proceeded twenty miles over dry red-clay roads to 5th Division headquarters. It was just too bad for us that the colonel in charge was on a reconnaissance mission, seeking ways for troop movements. Every time we hit a main highway the colonel snorted, and the procession scuttled back into a new set of dusty ruts through the hog and hominy country.

After chow and a rest at headquarters, another convoy eased us forty more miles back to 2d Army headquarters in the grade-school building at Winnfield. This institution was jammed with typewriters, telephone switchboards and personnel, which was all right with the Winnfield kids, who didn't finally get back to the grind until last week. Only one classroom had any space left in it; and in this space sat General Lear. He beamed at our approach. Our presence pleased him, in a gleefully dignified sort of way. "Welcome," said the general. "Thank you, sir," said we . . . Twenty-six hours later, three M.P.'s in a command car led us fifty miles still farther north to Ruston, at whose replacement center we were fingerprinted, photographed—and cut loose.

All of which is why this particular edition of Our New Army contains none of the news from our tireless correspondents in other sections of the country who faithfully rushed their reports to a Louisiana address as far out of our reach as a bowl of Manhattan clam chowder.

IF YOU haven't seen a newspaper for a couple of weeks it will be news to you that this country's greatest peacetime maneuvers occupied nearly 500,000 men—as large a force as the first A.E.F. Lieut. Gen. Lesley J. McNair, Chief of Staff of GHQ and maneuver director, called it "the biggest field exercise the Army has ever staged, the biggest it will probably ever stage, and perhaps its last." At any rate, it did more for enlisted-man boredom than anything since the first can of beer was sold in a post exchange. There were some casualties, but the boys learned to use the roads, despite lack of co-operation from civilians, who apparently thought the 35-mile speed limit imposed for the duration of the scrap was an Army whimsy.

STILL clicking, down in Gurdon, Arkansas, are the 2d Army's Claims Officers, trying to soothe those inhabitants

*(Continued on page 78)*

**The Army's jeeps—as soldiers from coast to coast fondly call the new command and reconnaissance cars—got a real workout in the large-scale Louisiana maneuvers. Here is a Blue Army jeep moving fast in difficult terrain on a scouting mission**



Russia's heroic women nurses sometimes go right up to the fighting front with their units. This one is aiding a doctor in treating a Rumanian flier who was shot down and captured

SOVFOTO



These women, filling machine-gun belts, are the wives of commanders of a Russian air unit. Below, the wives of fighting men who have replaced their husbands in a shipyard machine shop

SOVFOTO

SOVFOTO

# Russian Women at War

## By Alice Leone Moats

BY RADIO FROM MOSCOW

**Bus drivers in Moscow have long, lacquered fingernails. But don't be deceived; they're taking the war in earnest. And so are the women doctors and fliers and factory workers. In fact, the Red women are doing men's work and doing it well**

THERE are thirty million women in the Soviet Union t ing an active part in the war effort. That's a lot of wo no matter how you look at it, and they must be regar as a very vital part of Russia's defense. This does not m however, that they are serving as soldiers with the Red Ar The story of women's battalions circulated abroad turns to be nothing more than a romantic myth.

In German-occupied territory there are, of course, th sands of women whose number can't be estimated who h picked up a gun or any handy farm tool and, leading a c made for woods to join the guerrilla bands. There are a a few aviatrixes serving in the air force as fighting pilots, all women who have tried to enlist in the regular army h been turned down. The government's attitude is that if when there should ever be a shortage of men for active serv women would unhesitatingly be called upon. That day is ne expected to arrive and in the meantime woman's place is d nitely on the home front.

Since newspapers usually devote most of their space to scriptions of heroic battles, the general public is apt to fo that an army can fight only as long as it is kept supplied v food, clothing and war matériel. That's where the Russ women come in. From the very day their country was tacked they began either to work harder at the jobs they ready had or to volunteer for every imaginable kind of defe work, and they are showing zeal, patriotism, courage a what's even more to the point, strength, endurance and abil

To anyone brought up with the American idea that the male is the weaker vessel, the tasks Russian women can complish are absolutely amazing. I have seen women at bottom of a deep ditch effortlessly throwing out huge sho fuls of earth that would cause a strapping man to groan grunt with exertion. This year's bumper crop was brough almost entirely by female labor, and a friend just back fro trip to a collective farm some two hundred miles from Mos reports that the entire countryside is swarming with wo driving heavy tractors, operating threshing machines and c bines and generally doing a major part of the work. The tories, now staffed with a greater proportion of women t men, are reaching and in many cases exceeding their pre norms. In other words the girls are more than carrying t share of the burden in this war.

When a man leaves a factory to join up, his wife very o takes his place. If his job is one that requires an expert, takes on some other work, for the factories have adopted rule of giving employment to the wife of any worker wishes to replace him while he fights at the front. I talke one of these wives, Anna Dimitrievna, a very pretty wo with big black eyes in an amusing and expressive little f Her husband went to war one week after it broke out and fore leaving took her to his factory where two thirds of the ployees are now women as opposed to fifty per cent bef The director found a kindergarten where her two children w be looked after during the day and she started a month's tr ing. Now she has her husband's job and manages to keep to his norm. She is wildly enthusiastic about the work says she doesn't get a bit tired even though it's all new to and she puts in more than the regular eight hours when she is allowed to volunteer for overtime. Besides this, twi week she takes night duty as a fire watcher on the roof of house. After the war she intends to keep on working in factory, for she says it's much more fun than staying h and doing housekeeping because of the companionship finds. "We have an hour off for lunch in the factory cafete she told me, "when we have a swell time talking and liste to music on the radio. Sometimes the workers do their singing, but that's only the young ones," added Anna pri speaking from the lofty dignity of her advanced age of thi four.

In the Stalingrad region alone there are over ten thous women operating tractors and *(Continued on page )*

# Murder in Retrospect

## By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

*The Story Thus Far:*

THE Crales—Amyas and his wife, Caroline—are living at Alderbury, an English estate that overlooks the sea, when Amyas, an artist, becomes infatuated with a young girl—Elsa Greer—whose portrait he is painting.

Aware of how her husband feels toward the girl, Caroline makes the resolve to hold him, come what may. . . . One afternoon, the Crales have tea with Meredith Blake, a neighbor. Blake's other guests are: his brother, Philip; Angela Warren, Caroline's half sister; and Elsa Greer. Before the party breaks up the host, an amateur chemist, takes his friends through his laboratory. A few hours later, he makes an alarming discovery: a bottle of coniine (a poison) is missing!

On the following day, Amyas, in his garden, is at work on the portrait of Elsa (who is posing for him) when his wife gives him a glass of beer. The beer—as subsequent analysis proves—*contains coniine*. Amyas dies. At the time of his death, he is still in the garden; and he is alone.

All the evidence—and there is plenty of it—points strongly to one person as the poisoner: Caroline Crale.

Charged with murder, Caroline is tried, convicted, sentenced to penal servitude for life. One year later, she dies in prison. Before she dies, however, she writes a letter, to be read by her young daughter, Caroline ("Carla") when she reaches the age of twenty-one. In the letter she asserts that she is innocent.

Sixteen years after the trial, Carla reads the letter. She calls on Hercule Poirot, brilliant Belgian criminal investigator, in London; she implores him to investigate the case and, if possible, *learn the truth*.

Poirot likes the girl. He promises to do what he can. Then, following a series of interviews with various persons who had figured, in one way or another, in the case, he has a fairly good conception of what happened at Alderbury when Carla Crale was just a child. The Blake brothers are, fortunately, still alive; and, after answering numerous questions, they promise to set down in writing all they can remember of the tragedy.

Poirot wishes to visit the scene of the crime. Meredith Blake escorts him to Alderbury. As they approach the fine old house, Meredith glances at the Belgian. "It—it all comes back to me," he murmurs. "Ghosts. *Ghosts everywhere!*"

### V

THEY returned to the quay by a somewhat longer and more rambling route. Poirot did not speak; nor did Blake. When they reached Handcross Manor once more, Blake said abruptly:

"I bought that picture, you know. The one that Amyas was painting. I just couldn't stand the idea of its being sold for—well, publicity value—a lot of city-minded brutes gaping at it. It was a fine piece of work. Amyas said it was the best thing he'd ever done. I shouldn't be surprised if he was right. It was practically finished. He only wanted to work on it another day or so. Would—would you care to see it?"

Hercule Poirot said quickly, "Yes, indeed."

Blake led the way across the hall and took a key from his pocket. He unlocked a door and they went into a fair-sized, dusty-smelling room. It was closely shuttered. Blake went across to the windows and opened the wooden shutters. Then, with a little difficulty, he flung up a window and a breath of fragrant spring air came wafting into the room.

Meredith said, "That's better."

He stood by the window inhaling the air and Poirot joined him. There was no need to ask what the room had been. The shelves were empty, but there were marks upon them where bottles had once stood. Against one wall was some derelict chemical apparatus and a sink. The room was thick in dust.

Meredith Blake was looking out of the window. He said: "How easily it all comes back. Standing here, smelling the jasmine, and talking—talking, like the damned fool I was, about my precious potions and distillations!"

Absently, Poirot stretched a hand through the window. He pulled off a spray of jasmine leaves just breaking from their woody stem.

Meredith Blake moved resolutely across the floor. On the wall was a picture covered with a dust sheet. He jerked the dust sheet away.

Poirot caught his breath. He had seen, so far, four pictures of Amyas Crale's—two at the Tate; one at a London dealer's; one, the still life of roses. But now he was looking at what the artist himself had called his best picture, and Poirot realized at once what a superb artist the man had been.

The painting had an odd, superficial smoothness. At first sight it might have been a poster, so seemingly crude were its contrasts. A girl, in a canary-yellow shirt and dark blue slacks, sitting on a gray wall in full sunlight against a background of violent blue sea. Just the kind of subject for a poster.

But the first appearance was deceptive: there was a subtle distortion—an (*Continued on page 37*)




**Then she was back. In her hand was a creased letter, the ink faded. She thrust the letter on Poirot**



To her complete confusion, he drew back, handed her a single spank and gave vent to a shout

# Sing It Again

## By Victoria Lincoln

**Remember who wrote I Love the Balloon Man? He's out of the doghouse again with another catchy tune you'll soon be wishing you could forget**

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

YOU know what the trade calls a novelty song: The Wise Old Owl is one, and I Love the Balloon Man, and Three Ity Fitties. You can sing yourself right back to the beginnings of American history on them; The Music Goes Round and Round, Barney Google, Ja-Da, Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight. At Gettysburg they sang Shoo! Fly, Don't Bother Me, and at Valley Forge they whistled Yankee Doodle.

The life story of any one of them goes the same way. First you sing it morning, noon and night. Then you groan when your neighbor tunes up, or you catch yourself at it again. Then everyone forgets it and a generation passes, and suddenly, out of oblivion, someone digs it up, words and music, for kids to sing on picnics and sleigh rides and mothers to sing to make the baby laugh, and old people to sing to make themselves remember; and it has become an American folk song.

Nobody knows who wrote it, then, and nobody cares. But I can still tell you who wrote I Love the Balloon Man. It was Jed Wallace. He just picked it up out of a clear sky one August evening as he was boarding a cross-town bus.

Jed was the pianist with Whit Halsey's Horse Marines. He wasn't terrific, and neither were they, but their bookings were solid and respectable. Good second-rate, just about hits it. And then, as I've told you, he picked up one foot to climb aboard a bus and stepped right into the money. Everyone sang his tune, everyone danced to it, every juke box ground it out, and Jed threw up his job and went and saw all the places in the rotogravures, Palm Springs and Sun Valley and Tia Juana, and bought himself a good enough year to last him a lifetime.

He didn't save anything, because, what was the point? When it was gone, he told himself, all he had to do was write another. He might have to wait, but sooner or later the idea would just come up and hit him, a screwy line, a tune that belonged to it; and he'd run off and look up a bunch of instrumentalists, friends, and they'd sort of tease it out, all together, with him at the piano. That was the right way to do it, the good way; that was the way it came out sweet and easy with all the life in it.

He explained this to Sylvie to make it clear to her why it was all right for them to get married when he had just one hundred and fifty dollars left in the world and no job. He told her the whole thing because he thought you ought to be honest with a girl. For, of course, you never could tell. They'd be living in one room and eating around in Broadway drugstores and stuff like that if it was long coming. They might have to wait quite a while.

"That's all right," said Sylvie. "That's all right, Jed. It won't be new to me, living like that. Besides, I'll keep on singing."

Well, sure she'd keep on sin
Why shouldn't she? Before he
out about being gifted, Jed wo
have liked it so well. It would
looked as if she was keeping him.
who sponged on women made him
But this was different, because as
as it hit him, as soon as he got
could give her everything.

And you could bet he would, too
be twice as much fun as it was bl
it on himself. Boy, would he lo
plastering her with mink and rock
taking her around to El Morocc
the Stork Club and like that and w
ing the headwaiters fall dead.

SYLVIE was made to be dresse
he thought. She was a natural bl
with blue eyes and soft, clear ski
made her look as if you could sta
in front of a light and see throug
Too thin; she was just nineteen a
probably didn't eat regular, living
But she had little bones; she l
sweet even as thin as she was. Sh
just the refined type to dress in c
that showed what they cost. Eve
face was all natural except just
of lipstick and something to mak
eyelashes black instead of brown
was like no one else in his world.

He saw her for the first time whe
walked out on the floor at the Ca
to stand before the microphone.
sang an old-timer, Let Me Call
Sweetheart, and the arrangemen
corny enough to turn your stomac
she wasn't corny.

She had a small voice, the sor
never could have got by before the
a mike in every joint; but it was
cal. She hit the notes like a goo
strumentalist, clear and even; an
way she said the words was gooc
as if she had just thought them
if she was sort of surprised at he
nerve, saying them out loud. It w
and tender like her face and body
before it was over Jed was hopin
she was what she looked like and
optical illusion, and wondering
could make her understand abo
having a hundred and fifty dollar
no job and how it was a perfectl
bet.

He held off for a week befo
put it up to her, and by that ti
had no more doubts about her a
How she said it was funny, t
She put her thin arms aroun
neck and rubbed her cheek again
jawbone.

"It's all right, Jed," she whis
"you'll grow up. Business is f
mentally sound."

Then she moved away and he l
at her. Nineteen years old was n
in their world and trade but, ev
she was just about the youngest
thing that ever stood in front of a
phone in a long dress. She was a
one to talk about growing up.

He put his hand on her neck,
ing her head against him once mo

"Sylvie," he said. "I'll be so g
you, Sylvie. Wait and see. We'll
their eyes out, Sylvie. We'll
them. Cole Porter and Gertie La
will be killing themselves to get
to your house to supper.

"Just you wait, pretty. Just you
Small Sizes."

And at first she was quite will
wait.

They set up housekeeping in a
room walk-up. It had sunlig
Murphy bed, and a gas plate.

The owner of the delicatessen
first floor used to give Sylvie ice.
not sell.

"I should sell ice by the tisspoo
would say fiercely, staring abov
silver-blond head. "Maybe I'm
ing, too, for the paper and string
I'm putting on the chiz and
salat."

Neither did he try to even up th
on the cream and butter he sol
No one ever wanted to take adva

*(Continued on page 67)*

# THE FIGHT GOES ON

## by Franklin and Roosevelt

1941, BY FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT AND BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART IS FORBIDDEN

**This article is made up of two sections of the notes written by the President to accompany his "Public Papers and Addresses" for 1937-1940, about to be published. Although designed to clarify certain official documents, these notes stand by themselves as expressions of the President's present attitude on the sit-down strikes of 1937 and explain the operation of the Lend-Lease Bill**

NINETEEN THIRTY-SEVEN was the year of strikes. During that year there were 4,740 strikes, involving 1,860,000 workers, resulting in about 48,000 man-days of idleness. It was the highest number of strikes for any year in the country's history up to that time, although there were more than twice as many workers involved in strikes in 1919 than were in 1937.

The unusually large number of strikes for that year was due to various factors. Underlying them all, however, was the simple fact that business was everywhere on the upgrade. Prices were rising. Conditions were therefore favorable for workers to make demands upon their employers.

The more direct factor, however, was the accelerated growth of the trade-union movement itself. Trade unionism, which had declined in strength and membership during the years of depression since 1929, had become revitalized with the beginning of the National Recovery Administration in 1933, guaranteeing the right to collective bargaining. Since 1933 trade unionism had made steady progress. The passage of the National Labor Relations Act in 1935 and the decisions of the United States Supreme Court on April 12, 1937, which sustained the constitutionality of that Act, definitely assured all unorganized workers of their paramount right to join the ranks of organized labor, and to protection from any discrimination by their employers by reason of any union activity.

In the meantime, during 1936, the trade-union movement had itself split into two rival camps—the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations. The difference between them was primarily in the method of organization, especially in the mass-production industries.

As a result of this schism, there was the normal increase of union activities resulting from the general revival of the labor movement. There were also competing organization drives by both of these factions of labor in all branches of industry. . . .

A distinctive feature of the 1937 labor disputes was the use of sit-down strikes. One out of every ten strikes in the United States in 1937 was a so-called sit-down strike, in which all or part of the workers involved remained at their places of work for one or more working days after stopping work. In addition, there were numerous sit-down strikes which lasted only a few hours; but no record is kept by the Bureau of Labor Statistics with respect to strikes lasting less than one day.

Sit-down strikes were at their height in March, 1937. Toward the end of the year they dwindled in number, and practically disappeared.

This year of strikes in 1937 was a period of great stress for the United States. Labor was having its growing pains. Labor, which had been subjected to much exploitation in the past, was just beginning to find its power under the new impetus of favorable legislation and a sympathetic government. It had not fully grown up to such power. In some quarters irresponsible leadership had *(Continued on page 62)*



**June, 1940, saw the beginning of real American aid to Britain. In that month $43,000,000 worth of surplus American war materials were sent to her, followed in September by fifty overage American destroyers, one of which is here seen in action depth-bombing a sub**

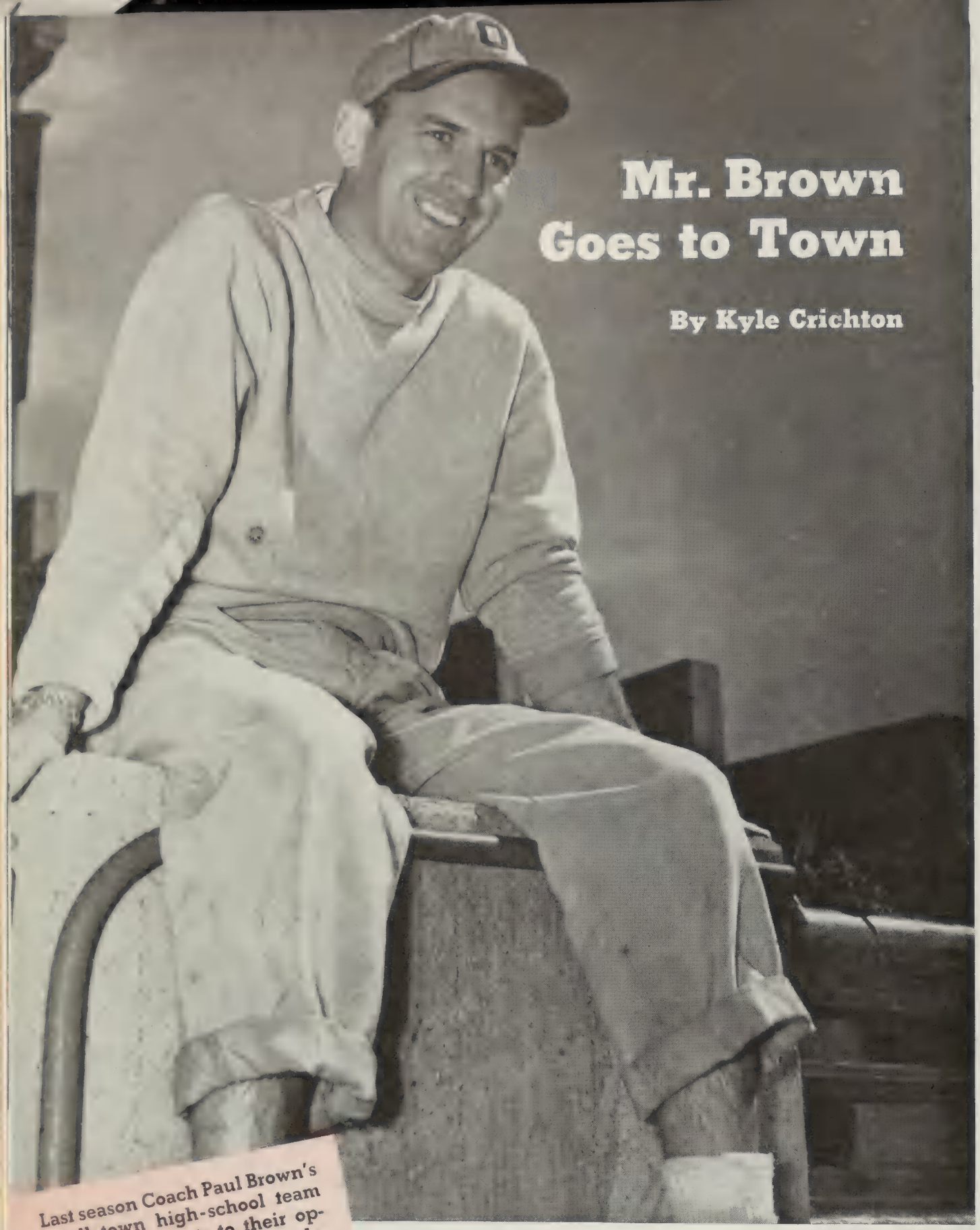
BRITISH COMBINE



**In June, 1941, the President directed the Army to take over the struck plant of the North American Aviation Corp. This was the first time in his executive career that he had been forced to "call out the troops" in a labor fight**

# Mr. Brown Goes to Town

By Kyle Crichton



BRAD WILLSON

**Last season Coach Paul Brown's small-town high-school team scored 477 points to their opponents' 6. That item best describes the coaching ability the remarkable Brown is taking to his new job at Ohio State**

PAUL BROWN is now the new football coach of Ohio State University and his neck sticks out to here. He is young, he is ambitious—and his coaching heretofore has been confined strictly to high-school circles. If he flops he will not only be reviled by the famous Monday-morning quarterbacks of Columbus but he stands a good chance of being exiled. The athletic committee of Ohio State makes a pretense of having selected Brown but in reality he was picked by the populace of old Buckeye and the committee would have had nothing but lynching for its pains if it hadn't hired him.

Brown's record at Massillon (Ohio) High had been so spectacular that when the former coach, Francis (Gates of Mercy) Schmidt, was hurled into the night after a forlorn season, there was an outcry in the state that amounted to a clamor. The committee was swamped with letters demanding that Brown be signed. Governor Bricker was bombarded; President Bevis was hounded. The state high-school coaches' association put on a campaign on Brown's behalf. There were editorials, round robins, telegrams, blackhand notes and bombing threats signed in blood.

"And is that athletic committee sitting pretty!" cry the cynics around Columbus. "If Brown makes good, they're great guys. If he fails, everybody in the state'll commit suicide and there'll be nobody left to complain."

Since the inauguration of big-time, high-pressure football, there has been nothing to approach the Brown saga. Not only is he leaping from high school into the toughest of all football competition, the Western Conference, but he has taken three Massillon coaches with him as assistants. The plain inference is that the best of Ohio high-school coaching is good enough for the toughest football rivalry in the country. If the venture fails there will be nothing for Ohio to do but secede from the Union.

There is no possible understanding of the situation unless you have seen Massillon. It is the most fanatically football-minded community in America and we say this with full knowledge of Texas' football insanity. Professional football started in Massillon and its next-door neighbor, Canton, and the traditions of the sport go far back in the town's history. In 1905 when the Massillon Tigers, with the great Red Salmon of Notre Dame, defeated C ton, led by the famous Willie Hesto Michigan, there was a quarter of a m lion dollars wagered on the outco The impetus from that great day never faded.

"In that town," say the Massi rivals, "they wait only until they termine whether the new-born bab a boy or a girl—and then they h the boy a football."

Brown, who is now only thirty-t was born in Norwalk, Ohio, but the f ily moved to Massillon when he twelve and he immediately became of the maniacs. Although he n weighed more than 120 pounds in l school, he was quarterback his last years. He went down to Ohio S as a freshman but realized that weight would keep him out of that c petition and transferred to Miami U versity, where he was quarterback years, being a fine runner and an tra-good forward passer, although never weighed more than 140 pou at his best. His generalship and f ball knowledge were so apparent th was inevitable that he should be a c and he went immediately to Sever prep school for the United States N Academy at Annapolis, where he only one game in two seasons turned out, among others, the fan Slade Cutter of Navy.

### Massillon Does All Right

When he came back to coach Ma lon the town was in tears over a few seasons and he had some trouble in ting started. In his first year the t won six, lost three and tied one. I year he won eight and lost two, third year he won nine and lost After that it became remarkable the next six years Massillon won state championship every year, ning a total of sixty games, losing and tying one!

Last year, 1940, was a typical B season. Massillon scored 477 poin its opponents' 6, being scored on in the last game by Canton McKi In his six big years his team s 2,393 points to its rivals' 168.

"Boy, it is murder," they say ar Ohio. "They pour it on."

The Brown teams operate from a gle wing with an unbalanced line, turing power, the razzle-dazzle and of passing. Massillon defeated T Waite last year, 28-0, in the rai sheer power. Next week it swar Canton McKinley with passes. The ture of this game was a play wher left half took the ball and handed the right half on reverse. That ge man spun and handed it to the left who went laterally twenty-five with the oval and then hurled it d field over the goal line for a touchd

"I'll tell you why teams play th said a man in Massillon in answer question. "They want that dough."

Massillon High played last ye 175,000 people, averaging over 20,( game for the eight home games stadium seats 22,000 and it is sol months in advance for the big g With the exception of the Canton Kinley game all contests are hel Friday night under lights, and Mas puts on a show that might have done by Billy Rose but in reali handled by George Bird, the leader. The Massillon band goes i swing and intricate maneuvers. T are flag-raisings, living statues, legged drum majorettes, bombs bur after each touchdown and a betw the-halves performance often b than the game itself. They tell o young man who went up to the office window last year and said: me two tickets to the floor show."

*(Continued on page 64)*




# ...DON'T tell it to the Marines—they KNOW!




*Emblem of the United States Marine Corps*

WHAT'S BACK of that classic phrase "Tell It to the Marines"? Is it a touch of envy, perhaps? Is it admiration, in disguise?

The tough Marines don't give a hang. They just go on getting tougher. "From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli" sing the Devil Dogs, and you get a glimpse of the colorful history of the United States Marine Corps—a history of brilliant service in many lands. In 95 of the years since the American Revolution the Corps has gone into action at the famous call "Send Marines!" They are *the soldiers that go to sea*—first on the war scene, *first to fight.*

If they'd let you visit the Marine Corps bases at Quantico, at San Diego, at Parris Island and Guantánamo, you'd see the Marines preparing your defense by ultra-modern attack strategy—each division training to be its own self-contained expeditionary force, complete with planes and tanks and artillery, trucks and tractors, and engineer and supply services.

Today International Harvester, dedicating its effort to the cause of NATIONAL DEFENSE, pledges its trucks to the needs of the Armed Forces of the nation. Today the lessons of rugged, world-wide service—such service as Internationals have long been privileged to render the Marines—bear fruit of inestimable value. Wherever duty calls them in the emergency, Internationals shall play their part—Defenders all!

**INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY**
**180 North Michigan Avenue** **Chicago, Illinois**

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**INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS**

# Wondering abou

## *Here is Buick's superb solution to the problems posed by making our national defense, as it should be, industrial America's No. 1 job*




IT was no time to duck or dodge the facts. So we didn't try.

Instead we said — these being the materials critical in the defense program, we'll do our planning for 1942 with that foremost in mind.

Not merely for an "acceptable" car—certainly not for any "ersatz" number. We bowed our necks against that.

No, we had to have a real and representative Buick. One we could be proud of. One *able* enough, *active* enough, *durable* enough to serve and delight its owner till that unscheduled time when annual new models are the rule again.

The world being what it is, that may be a long spell away.

Thus for our own good, too, we resolved on a 1942 automobile of such mettle and merit as could carry and cherish the Buick reputation without fault until other new Buicks, however far off, could come along to refresh

So went the specifications for however m or few we may build—now we're announc the cars.

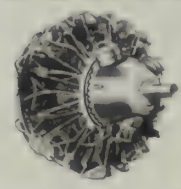
Why waste words telling you how good t are! You can't put language in the gas tank

## "BETTER BUY BUICK

EXEMPLAR

# he 1942 cars ?

**BUICK BUILDS FOR DEFENSE**



**Our assignment: Building Pratt & Whitney valve-in-head aircraft engines for defense use.**



n either how many or how enjoyable are
e miles you'll get per gallon.

re's a better answer — you drive the cars
enselves.

me on, do that! Please put your *own* yard-
c on their quality.

ould be a shame, for you and for us, to
e you miss the dreadnaught Buick we've
it to stand up successfully to the toughest
in years.

ERAL MOTORS VALUE

***No other car has*** **ALL THIS FOR YOU IN 'FORTY-TWO**

You get **FIREBALL STRAIGHT-EIGHT VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE** that gets more power and range out of every drop of gasoline.

You get **COMPOUND CARBURETION** (optional on SPECIAL models, standard on other Series) for top economy with extra power in reserve.

You get **OIL-CUSHIONED CRANKSHAFT PINS AND JOURNALS** that greatly lengthen the life of main bearings.

You get **STURDI-LITE CONNECTING RODS** — 25% stronger for the same weight.

You get **STEPON PARKING BRAKE** that goes on with a touch of the toe, locks and releases from dash.

You get **BROADRIM WHEELS** that prevent heel-over on turns, greatly improve car handling.

You get **FULLY ADJUSTABLE STEERING POST** that permits wheel to be set higher or lower.

You get **BODY BY FISHER,** in daring new styling featuring back seats up to 52 inches wide.

You get **WEATHERWARDEN** ventiheater (accessory) which provides winter warmth, summer comfort, freedom from noise and fog-free outlook in all weather.



# "Mother blocks kick—scores winning meal!"

There are times when men want—not frills—but food! That's the very time to serve Ann Page *Tender-Cooked* Beans, savory and nourishing. They satisfy masculine appetites so completely and please hostesses with a flavor-quality typical of all 33 Ann Page Foods, America's Pantry Favorites.

Surely you have already discovered that all Ann Page Foods are superlative in goodness. Three reasons are outstanding. They are made from selected ingredients . . . they are prepared according to the most rigid standards . . . they are laboratory-controlled by food experts, to give you guarded quality from source to sale!

You get this same assured quality in many other fine foods made and sold exclusively by A&P. Try them! Treat yourself to the famous A&P Teas and Coffees—top quality White House Evaporated Milk—Marvel "Enriched" Bread—Jane Parker Rolls, Donuts and Cakes—and many others.

And treat yourself to another "plus"—to the amazing thrift of foods sold exclusively by A&P. These foods offer you welcome savings! That's because A&P cuts out many unnecessary in-between costs and shares the savings with you in fine foods at lower prices.

Place Ann Page *Tender-Cooked* Beans at the top of your shopping list and start the day right! They're the easy way to a hearty meal in a jiffy!




*Many A&P brands bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. You'll enjoy the goodness of our A&P Teas and Coffees—Marvel Bread and Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and Donuts—the 33 Ann Page Foods—White House Evaporated Milk—34 A&P Canned Fruits and Vegetables—Sunnyfield Flours—and many others.

**SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT A&P**

**ONE OF AMERICA'S PANTRY FAVORITES!**

**ANN PAGE BEANS**

**CONSUMER FACTS:** Ann Page Beans are "Tender-Cooked", following our improved cooking process. The beans are fine pea beans, selected for quality. Expert inspection assures the best. Added to the beans are a luscious piece of bacon-type pork and a savory sauce. Ann Page Beans give guarded quality from source to sale. They are a worthy member of the famous family of Ann Page Foods, called "America's Pantry Favorites" by expert cooks.




*Enjoy the Thrifty 33 Ann Page Foods*

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# His Job or Mine

Continued from page 12

ys with the girl you call the Blond
r. She is real pretty, too.
I finally call him at his hotel and
voice says he will see nobody. I
quite get the significance at the
But somehow that relieves me
e I'm not so sure just what I will
him. But I like the sound of the
oice.
ı know how we figure Darber and
are just one of those things? But
i myself envious of him just the
nd I got to looking up at the press
ıere I can see the Dazzler's head
g. Well, that made me miss them
ɔnd for sure. And when Darber
ne a going-over in the Post some
ɔm Bull Run, Virginia, starts a
ɔattle which goes into my lost
ı.
not the smartest bird in the
ɔut one night when my insomnia
ng permanent I suddenly realize
e way Darber rides me at second
something more than baseball.
ıt brings me up with a round turn
country haircut. For a minute I
hat maybe the Dazzler said I was
me, the way women at a ball
vill do. But I quickly pass that up
ure maybe I have stepped on the
f some of his friends. But it
jell.
ll, it got so that I propositioned
n. If Darber gets after me in the
ıt for what I do maybe we can
m in the nighttime for something
s. That means we put a shadow
ber and I get sick when I think it
bringing the Dazzler in. I'm in
ith her.
ll, the shadow comes on and
a roper. The roper chums with
azzler and finds she is Darber's
er. Darber is a divorced man but
knows it. And his life is as
as a scrubwoman's thumb.

"And that's the way it is for some time. I stay in Washington, about as popular as a mouse in a sugar bowl. I keep looking up at the press box for a blond head I know is always there and wonder how Darber's daughter can be so crazy about baseball with Washington farther behind than a boy wearing long pants in the kindergarten.

"I get to thinking she is sweet on maybe Clyde Milan or Howard Shanks and I get so jealous I call Milan out when he has second base stolen as clean as apples in the rain.

"WELL, Washington isn't going anywhere any faster than a jacked-up truck in a slow garage that's been picketed for a year. But Darber wrote that Ban Johnson couldn't stuff me down a whale's throat without using fifty quarts of cream.

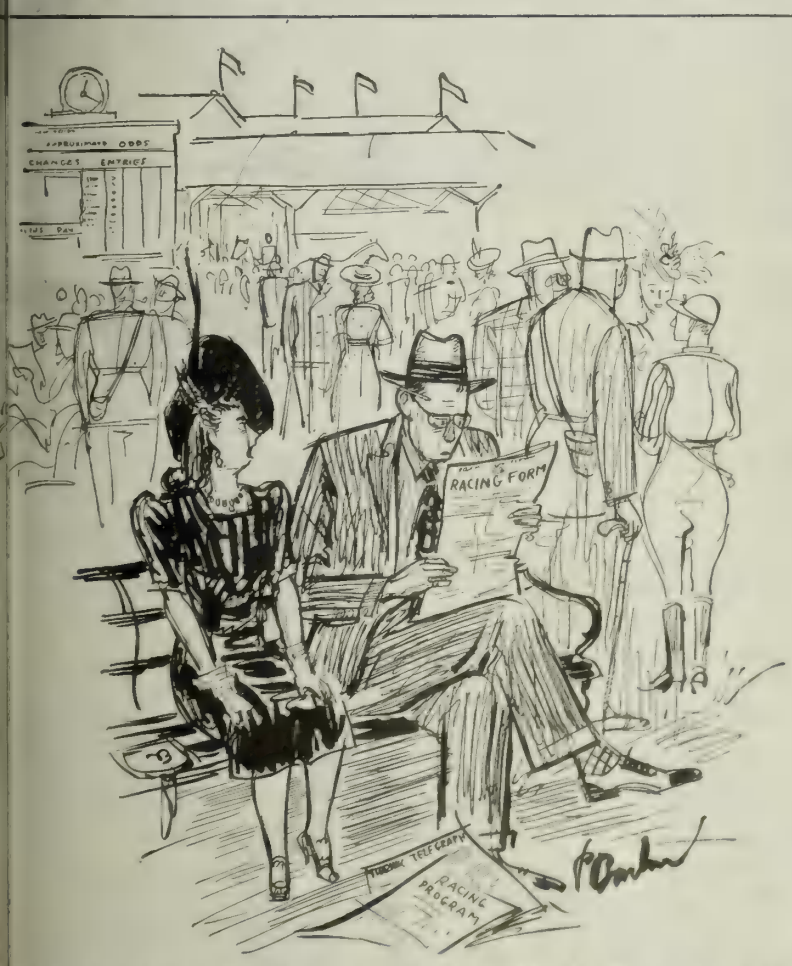
"A misguided fan read that. He must have been practicing in the minor leagues, for he hit me smack on the head with a bottle and I wake up with a lump on my head that's big enough to have a pair of ears of its own.

"That night I wander down to the hotel dining room with my head all packed up like insulated steam pipes in a cellar. When Darber and his daughter pass me they don't know me from Adam's bird dog.

"But this time I am determined to nail Darber and have it out like the splinter the old lady got from the rough pine bench.

"They take a seat in the dining room and Darber's daughter must love him, for she helps him to his seat. Then she kisses him and walks out and I can see he is going to eat alone. So I walk over and plunk myself down. He looks at me as if I were cellophane wrapped around a vacuum.

"'Darber,' I said, pointing to the




**e heard nothing else all afternoon. For heaven's sake, stop saying 'if'!"**

PERRY BARLOW


## Our new neighbor had the mopes



**MY! SHE WAS A CUTE LITTLE THING.** Pretty as a picture. But the way she used to pace the yard like she had lost her last friend. She couldn't even say "Good morning."



**WELL, WE WALK ALONG** to the drugstore to get ourselves a soda, when who should call up Sam the druggist but this same little neighbor. And she tells Sam, in no uncertain terms, to send up one of every kind of laxative, cathartic and purgative he's got. "So that's it," thinks I. "The poor little creature."




**ON THE WAY HOME,** we wait till she isn't looking and I leave on her doorstep a note and a package of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. I suggest if her trouble is the ordinary kind that's due to lack of proper "bulk" in the diet, she should get at the *cause* and correct it. This crisp, toasty cereal will make her right as a cricket. She should eat it every day and drink plenty of water.



**A LITTLE BIRD** must have told her who did it, because, some days later, over from the little neighbor comes the most cheerful note you ever read, thanking us for telling her about ALL-BRAN'S better way, and inviting us to come over for tea.

## Join the "Regulars" with

## *Kellogg's All-Bran*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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## A tough day's work for Harry



**HARRY NEEDS A LAXATIVE;** but he's got a tough day at the office and he doesn't want anything to interfere with work.

So he puts off taking a laxative, puts off getting badly needed relief!



**HARRY CAN'T ADD** two and two. He gives the wrong answers, gets in wrong; of course, he has an excuse.

But who cares if a fellow *is* suffering from constipation and a headache?

## "Easy does it" for Jim



**JIM NEEDS A LAXATIVE;** he's got a big day's work ahead, too.

But Jim never puts off till tonight the laxative he should take this morning. Speedy Sal Hepatica for him!



**JIM FEELS MORE** like himself within an hour. Sal Hepatica acts gently, thoroughly, quickly.

He has a good day. Home from the office, he's ready to take his wife out stepping.

## Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

DON'T PUT OFF taking a laxative just because you're all dated-up. Take speedy Sal Hepatica.

Within an hour usually you're relieved . . . gently and thoroughly. Sal Hepatica acts in a natural way, by attracting helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract; acts without discomfort, irritation, or griping.



No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica.

*More than a laxative*, this sparkling saline gives decided help in counteracting excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Next time you need a laxative, try speedy, gentle Sal Hepatica.




# SAL HEPATICA

**"TIME TO SMILE!"** Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.


emergency dry goods on my skull, 'take a look at that, for it's your work.' He said nothing.

" 'Darber, we're going to bat. I've been fielding long enough. You have run me bowlegged, so now I'm going to chase you knock-kneed.'

" 'Who are you?' he asked, and I couldn't blame him, for all you could see of my face was my eyes.

" 'I'm Cramer, Darber,' I said.

" 'The umpire?' and he seemed real pleased to meet me. He put out his hand toward me but about a foot to the right. It was pointing at an empty chair but I figure that's a newspaperman's idea of a gag and I pass it up. Some of you fellows are real funny when you're not getting paid for it.

"He pulled his hand back after it got tired and said, 'If you won't shake I'm sorry,' and seemed to mean it so much that I look at him kind of circular. He has me dizzy. He invited me to eat and I refused.

" 'I'll take stuffed celery with pimento, lamb chops and broccoli, coffee and Boston brown bread'—he looked at the menu for a second—'with cheese—' and I see he is holding the card upside down.

"That's startling until I remember any newspaperman who makes up his page in the composing room can read type upside down and from right to left faster than an average man can the right way.

" 'Won't you change your mind, Cramer?' he asked, again holding the menu out a foot to the other side of me. Right there I can spot there is something peculiar about the whole thing so I reach and grab the card. I have no intention of eating with Darber but I look to see what I will select later on when I am by myself.

"Not a thing Darber has ordered is on the menu for that meal. That is, outside of coffee and things like But there's no stuffed celery, t bread, lamb chops or broccoli.

" 'I've changed my mind, Mr. Da I said. 'Waiter, bring me roast rare, some fruit salad and coffee you care to look at the menu again I held it out to him about two fe his left.

"He said, 'Thanks,' and put his right plumb smack across the cen the table for the card.

"The man was as blind as an al the slums.

"I held the menu just where his d ter would have and he took it w slight fumble.

" 'Mr. Darber—' there was some that made me tack on the mister you see me across the table?'

"Well, he turned pale and the 'Not very clearly,' he admitted.

" 'Not at all,' I told him.

" 'It's not that bad, Cramer,' h me in a whisper. 'I can see some white where your face should be.

"WELL, that was about all an else could see but I didn't The moisture was forming on m under the bandages.

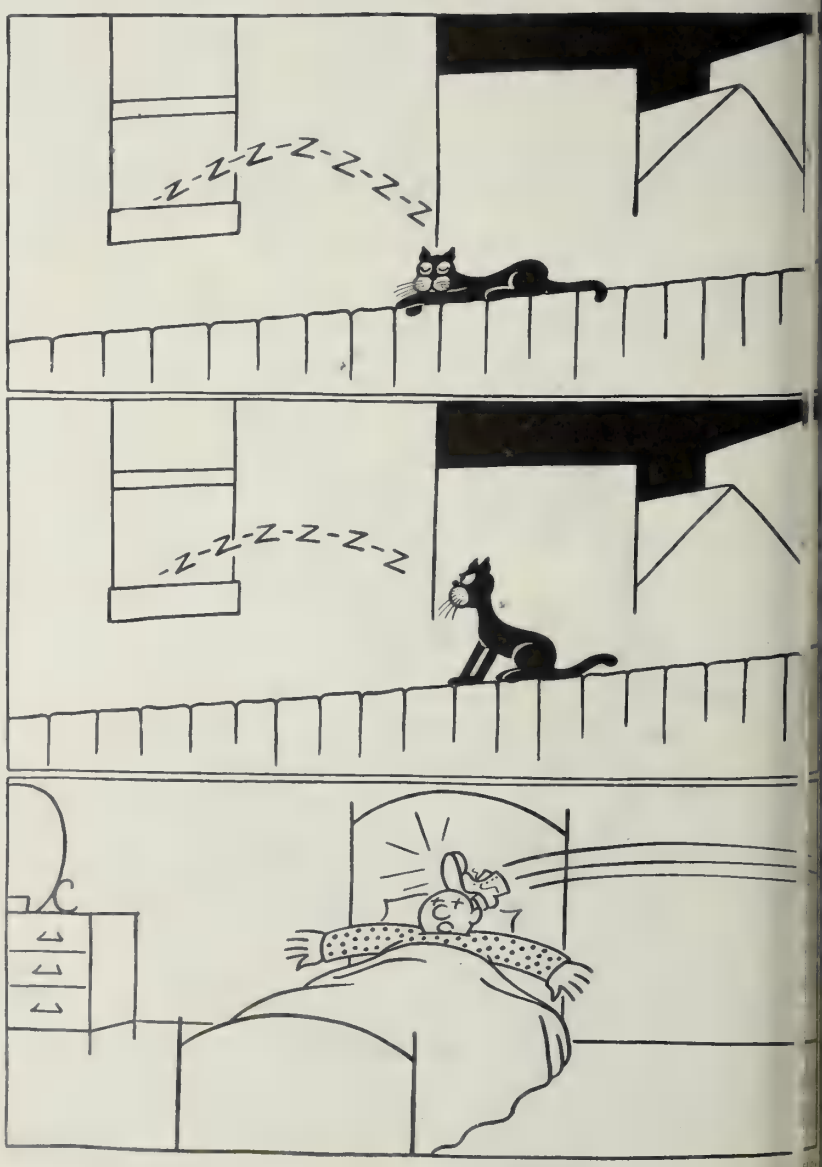
" 'You're right about that, Mr. ber,' I said. 'My complexion is th Irish linen. But tomorrow I will b self again—just for tomorrow. Ho is your fix?'

" 'I can tell night from day.' I smiled faintly.

" 'Mr. Darber,' I said, 'I know you understand psychology. why you picked second base. The ball fans who read your cracks abo bad umpiring at the farthest po the diamond would never suspe couldn't even see home plate. F

" 'Right,' he conceded.

" 'Well,' I said, 'from now on thing is as even as an oiled road



# GAIN *Chrysler* SETS THE PACE!

## ... now others follow!



## Why shift gears?..when you can get improved Chrysler Fluid Drive with 2,000,000,000 miles of owner satisfaction behind it!

IAS happened again! Chrysler Fluid Drive and Vacamatic nsmission have started a trend the motor car industry empting to follow.

e overwhelming popularity of Chrysler Fluid Drive makes ural that various kinds of "liquid" and "automatic" drives ld now appear. Some of these designs only remotely re- le Chrysler Fluid Drive . . . either in principle or in re- . It is still best to buy genuine Fluid Drive . . . the one ed by greatest experience and favorable public acceptance.

w going into its fifth year, Chrysler Fluid Drive has got merica asking "Why shift gears?" But only Chrysler can you Chrysler's tested and proved answer to this question.

e than two billion miles of owner satisfaction recommend Chrysler Fluid Drive and Vacamatic transmission. Further advanced in the beautiful new Chryslers, this famous drive gives you the peak of effortless driving . . . liquid smoothness . . . and fuel conservation by its ability to give you more power per gallon.

If you haven't tried Fluid Driving in a Chrysler, you've been missing the biggest thing in modern motoring. Your Chrysler dealer is eager to show you. See him soon.

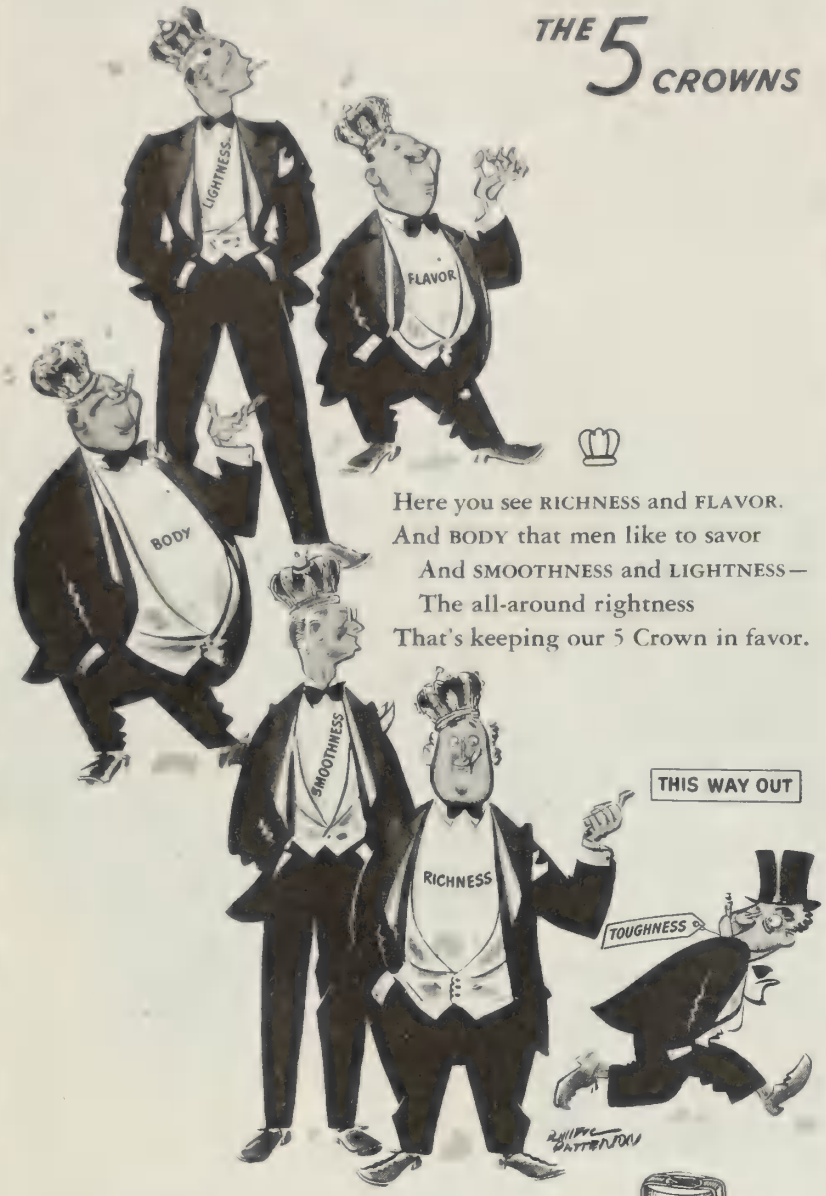
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*Buy Chrysler!*

Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN

THE 5 CROWNS




Here you see RICHNESS and FLAVOR.
And BODY that men like to savor
And SMOOTHNESS and LIGHTNESS—
The all-around rightness
That's keeping our 5 Crown in favor.

For Seagram bids TOUGHNESS good-bye,
Extra Pleasure's the main reason why
Our 5 Crown is kinder,
So here's a reminder
To "say Seagram's" next time you buy.




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SAY SEAGRAM'S
..AND BE SURE!

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits.

it was pretty tough on us umpires, wasn't it?'

"'You're right.' Darber nodded. 'It was their jobs or mine.'

"'Can you beat this thing?' I asked him, and he said, 'If I can hold my job until the first of the year I will have the money and the time for the best doctor in New York. That's easy if I can get by to October, for I don't cover football. That is, if you don't turn me in.'

"'The only thing I turn in are my toes,' I said, taking his hand and putting it on my face. 'That schoolgirl complexion you feel, Mr. Darber, is a school for trained nurses and I know that you suspect how they got there. You can square things by doing me a favor.'

"BEFORE he can answer, his daughter came back and I want to go on record as saying she was really a Dazzler. She turned awful red when her dad told her who was lurking under the first-aid kit.

"'I'm sorry, Mr. Cramer,' she said, and I know she meant it. When she found that I knew everything, we talked it over. That pawing you other reporters objected to was a system of arm signals they had worked out. And all that shrill excitement about high strikes, foul tips and boots was a broadcast. She was giving her father a running account of the game. The trouble was she hated baseball and wasn't a good actress.

"'I'm asking your father a favor,' I picked up where she had come in. 'Maybe two. The first is to lay off the other umpires and pick on me. I guarantee that I will kick enough close ones at second to keep him in copy.'

"Well, they laughed at that but not when I said I wanted her dad's okay to tell Griff all about it.

"'But, Mr. Cramer,' began the Dazzler, but I stopped her.

"'Griff is as tender as bob veal,' I told her. 'But he's been riding me as if I had a brass pole through my neck and it's your dad who is the calliope for the merry-go-round. I'll tell Griff, so I can hold my job. It started out as yours or mine. Now, it's both our jobs. Griff will keep as quiet as an oil burner. But you wouldn't want him to throw me on the spears, would you?'

"That was all right with them. The next day I told Griff and he was just as surprised as the chicken that was hatched in the egg beater. But he okayed the proposition.

"I kicked a close one at second and Darber sure took me over the bright red hurdles in the Post for that one. I was up at his home helping his daughter to write it and I gave her the gag about the umpire who was so crooked he counted his money in front of a mirror because he didn't trust himself.

"About a week before the end of the season the Dazzler told me the arrangement was off. What do you think was wrong? She couldn't stand seeing me panned in the paper. I give her a hug that was my graduation essay in a college of chiropractics.

"She will only marry me if I quit baseball, for she hates it. The season has a week to go and Griff is taking Darber up to New York for a quick examination. I resigned to Ban Johnson in a ten-word telegram that still owes me eight words. Ban gave me a year's vacation with pay on the line. He was tough but intelligent.

"Griff used his influence to drop me in a spot where I manage to get around the country and do some scouting for Griff on the side."

"Did you dig up Travis?" I asked Cramer.

"No, but he's a sweetheart. And here comes another sweetheart."

It was Griff with a now gray Darber. They were arm in arm with a beautiful woman who I knew was the Dazzler.

I couldn't tell whether they were steering Darber or not until I fou myself without asking question looked all right.

They didn't have much time the opening game of the series an ordered quickly. The Dazzler h the menu to Darber and he o landlocked salmon in aspic, m tawny soup, Black Sea caviar and dish apple pie.

When he laid the menu down I might take another cup of coff casually picked up the menu. on the card in very small type landlocked salmon, mulligatawny Black Sea caviar and the apple knew Darber's troubles were o I took chocolate cake, which I on under great mental stress.

It was an okay lunch and I ren Griff that I traveled with his team it looked as if they had been b back by Frank Buck.

"And, Griff, after all these ye said, "you have a shortstop who c his weight without going on a die

"That's okay if I had Walter Jo with him," Griff laughed. "And I use Milan, too."

"How about next year, Griff?"

"Cramer has gotten together th est crew of youngsters I ever saw,' said. "It will be a breeze."

"You're out of baseball, Darb said. "What are you doing?"

"Remember Jack Graham on th Star?" Darber asked. "He quit w sports to coach in college. He's dent of the college now. And I' public relations counsel among things that Griff lined up for me.'

"Griff's a fairy godmother with bag full of magic wands," I said, everything is setting as pretty nurse's cap. You folks are st where storybooks end. Can I ask Mrs. Cramer, if the former umpire good a provider as your dad?"

"Things are going nicely," Cram swered for her as he rapped on woo picked up where her dad left off.

"It was his job then," Cramer s at the Dazzler. "It's my job now.'

AND that's the way it is. Every is as pleased as a cat on a fish w An umpire marries a newspaper daughter, the newspaperman goes to college and a tough old ba manager plays Cupid because a figures it's either his job or the guy's. Outside the dining room a ers' band starts up with Take Me to the Ball Game, and Griff pay check and we stand up to go. All e Cramer and the Dazzler.

"Haven't you got tickets?" I a Cramer.

"Yes, we have," the Dazzler pr for him.

"Aren't you going out?" I spok rectly to the ex-umpire.

"We are," the Dazzler answered.

Well, I knew whether the old pire was a mouse or a man. He wa big for a mouse. I give it one mor

"I have a taxi waiting, Crame said.

"We'll walk," she said.

"What? It's ten miles to the ball Cramer, you can't walk," I warned "and see the ball game."

"We're going to see the Relu Dragon." The Dazzler made on those tight mouths like a fellow d ing lemonade without swallowing seeds.

As Griff, Darber and I start ou the ball game I look back and see luctant ex-umpire being towed off t equally unwilling dragon. And I denly realize that any girl who ca through an entire season of the W ington team must be tougher than a man's gloves.

And that the ex-ump's trouble second have reached home.

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

at particular type of plane. The d also recommends speeds safe h for other maneuvers. These mendations, if followed by both ctor and student, guarantee against ing of wings, ailerons or tail sur-

Of the 45 different types of air- s tested for use in the secondary g of the C.P.T. Program, 31 re- l the approval of the C.A.A. in- rs and 14 were rejected.

nation is blanketed with a net- k of radio airways and to it in part is due the safety and regular- cross-country flying in fair weather ul. But there have always been rawbacks to this system—static hantom courses. The transmit- ations operate in a wave band be- 200 and 400 kilocycles. Your hold radio operates between 500 ,000 kilocycles. In static-produc- nditions, reception is limited by nount of the atmospheric disturb- and pilots often have complained when they need the beam most can't hear it. Then too, in moun- us country, the beam develops the menon of splitting up into a y of courses, and if the pilot is not toes he could blithely follow one would lead him smack dab into the f a hill.

years the CAA and its predeces- gencies have been aware of these encies and they now feel they have nated them through use of ultra frequency transmission in a band 119 to 126 megacycles—short wave

Short wave is tricky but at last it een brought under control for di- nal use.

test airway has been established en New York and Chicago, with mitting stations 100 miles apart, and the short-wave beam signals, of the same characteristics as those of intermediate transmission, plow right through static and do not split up. Airliners and other regular users of this New York-Chicago radio airway need only provide a short-wave receiver.

If, after exhaustive tests, the U.H.F. airway lives up to present expectations, other stations will be erected throughout the country until finally all of the old intermediate transmitters are replaced.

BECAUSE of the limitations in operating planes from carriers, battleships and cruisers, Navy aircraft are different in many respects from the Army's. For example, the use of folding wings. Space aboard a carrier is as valuable as it is on Broadway. The smaller the plane, the more they can pack aboard. Torpedo and dive-bomber planes cannot be very small, so the wings are hinged about halfway out on the span. When the pilot lands on the carrier deck, he pulls a lever to engage a hydraulic pump. Safety locks automatically release, the wings break in the middle on each side, raise up and fold over the pilot's head like a tent, all the while he is taxiing up the deck to the parking area forward. This folding-wing device also permits greater ease in moving the planes about in respotting them for take-off.

Seaplanes are catapulted off battleships and cruisers and cannot land back on these ships. But they do come down on the water alongside, are hoisted aboard and put in cradles on deck. Sailors unfasten a few bolt locks on each side and push the wings back along the fuselage. The airplane is then small enough to be tucked out of the way.

F. R. N.



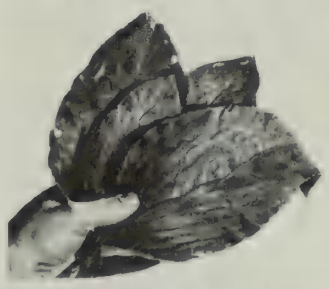
"This'll give you a rough idea of what I have in mind"

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

*Pup gets cup! He's "top dog" since something new has been added! And say! Something new has been added to a famous cigarette, too! Gives you a great new flavor!*




Something
**NEW***
has been added!



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**Same familiar pack—but NEW Old Golds!**

P. Lorillard Company, founded 1760—blenders of fine tobacco since George Washington's day





Byron Nelson, tense and jittery with the knowledge that his P.G.A. title hangs on his shot, addresses a simple 30-inch putt on the 38th green at Denver



The putt that any duffer could sink when the pressure is off rolls a few inches past the cup as Vic Ghezzi steps up for his chance at the title



Ghezzi, visibly fighting for control, taps the ball, which strikes the back of the cup, wobbles around a bit and drops to make him the new P.G.A. champion

# GREEN FREEZE

## By Ralph Trost

**A little white ball thumbs its dimpled nose at a big husky man, who just stands there shaking. Ain't golf wonderful?**

BYRON NELSON, defending champion, lined up his putt on the 38th green at Denver this summer in the P.G.A. final with Vic Ghezzi. Both balls stood thirty inches from the cup. It was the second extra hole of a slam-bang, nerve-shattering battle, with a tense gallery gathered around the green by the lake. After what seemed an age, Nelson finally tapped the ball—and it went by the cup at the right! Ghezzi, clamping down his nerves with an effort, hit his shot. It struck the back of the cup, wobbled around like any duffer's effort—and dropped in, for the Professional Golfers Association title.

For twenty years as a sports writer I have been watching strong men literally quake with fear at the prospect of making a two-foot putt. It seems the simplest thing in the world to tap that little ball into a cup amply large enough to swallow it. But when even the greatest of golfers haven't been shaking, they have been freezing so hard they have had to be moved. Nothing in any sport is worse.

I was present on that historic day when Pirnie had a *two-inch* putt to make to quali Winged Foot, Mamaroneck, New York, for the tional Open. He took careful aim, hit the squarely on the top—and it never moved! I Pirnie had decided to knock his brains out o spot, no brother golfer would have interfered. knew exactly how he felt. Pirnie had the jitter muscular heebie-jeebies. But the freeze is worse.

Tom Boyd, a huge Irishman and a fine g was playing in a winter tournament at Corpus C Texas, when the freeze struck him. He got his planted in front of the ball and for the life o couldn't lift it over the ball and get it back wh should have been in the first place. He stood like a strange hulk of sweating, olive-skinne After an interminable period of perspiring frig he took a deep breath and by sheer strength of acter got the putter to *(Continued on pag*



*Bet your friends and win your bet!*

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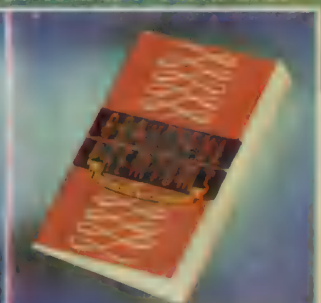
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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.






Field exploration has revealed millions of acres of land suitable fo ing rubber in South and Central America. Above, Dr. J. T. Gr Carl LaRue examine a soil-boring they have made in a Nicaragua

# Bringing Rubber Home

## By J. D. Ratcliff

**Largest U. S. import is rubber. What would happen if the supply line should snap? This problem government scientists have been working on and they have just about got it licked**

STAKE off a triangle with points in Mexico, Peru and the Amazon Delta. In this man-sized chunk of earth one of the strangest group of explorers ever assembled has worked quietly for the past year. They haven't sought publicity. Fact is, they have done something unheard of among explorers. They have actually tried to avoid publicity! But they have been writing an adventure story t have repercussions around th The men: the rubber exploratio sent out by the United States ment of Agriculture.

They have visited nearly ev where it might be possible to g ber. They have slipped throug streams in the Mato Grosso, at snakes festooned from ove trees. And waded through sw Colombia and worked their v the Andean watershed. They made headlines like other visi men. And they haven't drunk t speeches, and attended banq the shiploads of good-will amb we have been dumping in Sout ca's lap. This, perhaps, expla popularity. They are promisi Rubber is the largest United S port. Tropical America can and these men have been show

**age: The Department ure specialists direct- rvey that will give l States a close-to- ce of rubber supply**

ime Brazil produced nearly t of the world's rubber. Na- eir *estradas*—trails—that led ber trees scattered through Such a casual industry mpete with efficient planta- in the Middle East. Brazil's world market shrank to less ent. Sumatra, Java, Malaya, ylon and other Eastern ports e rest of the world's rubber. has been giving Washing- xe case of the jitters. What y annexed the Netherlands Vhat if the Japanese navy e rubber life line stretching s from Singapore to Akron? ht be disastrous to a country nes well over half the world's ction. It is a very real threat -dollar industry; and to the 100,000 men.

e, of course, several outs. l build a synthetic-rubber in- the cost would be terrific. ew handling machinery that tics would require, the bill omething like a billion dol- nermore, synthetic won't do s that natural rubber does. as been finding this out. As s last year—the last de- igures available—less than of Germany's rubber de- synthetic sources. The rest stock piles, reclaimed scrap outside supplies brought in e runners.

ngs us back to our explorers. For some time representatives of government and industry have been dreaming a rosy dream of rubber culture in South and Central America. The relatively short haul through protected waters would eliminate danger of a stoppage of supplies. In addition, it would give us something to trade with our good neighbors. Something big and important.

We spend more for rubber than for any other import. This year we will spend more for it than for *all* imports from Central and South America. If the rubber trade could be brought back to the Americas we wouldn't be needing good-will ambassadors. Trade—and not tea, speeches and movie actors—breeds brotherly love among nations.

These points were discussed last year at a meeting held in the office of Secretary of Agriculture Wallace. Present were representatives of all the large rubber companies, as well as government experts. The men who sat in on this historic discussion decided that there had been enough talk. It was time to get to work and someone had to take the initiative. The United States government was elected. Congress was asked for an appropriation of $500,000.

Congress listened attentively and duly voted the funds—in June last year. This was the easy part of the work. The hard part was answering the thousand questions presented by that fabulous plant, *Hevea brasiliensis*.

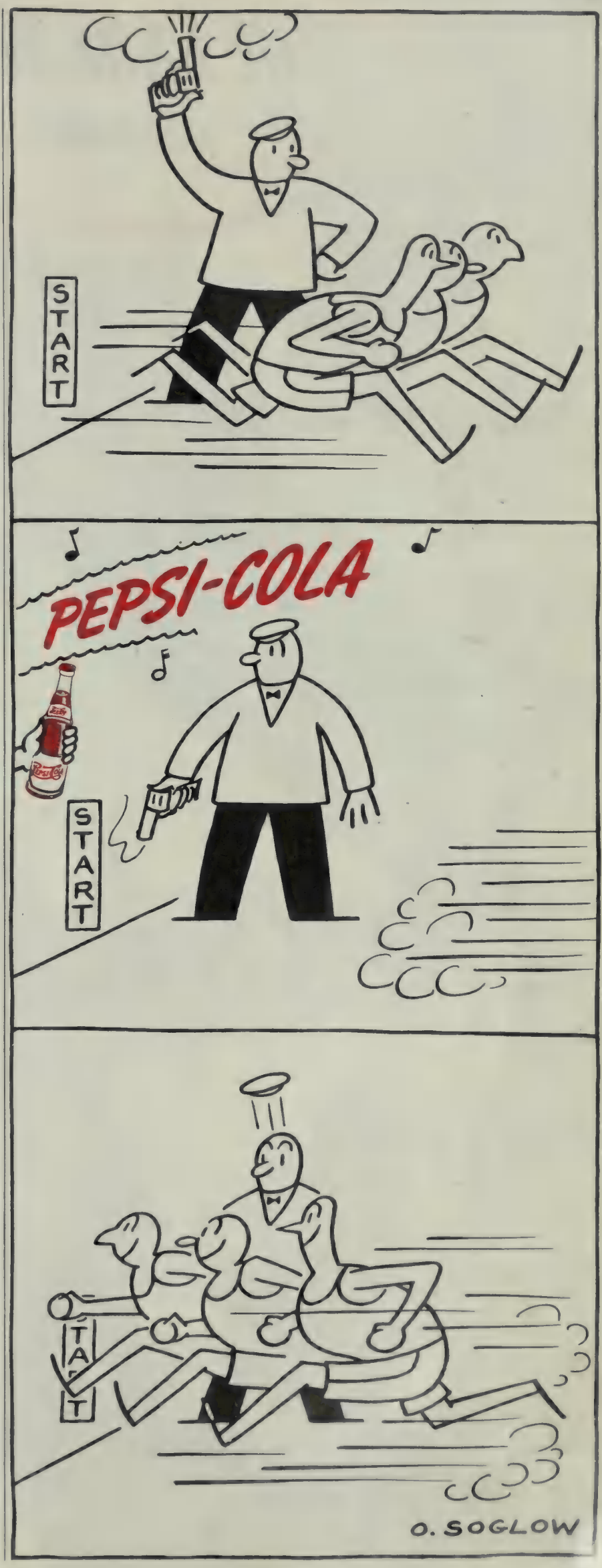
This is the rubber plant—no relation of the Assam rubber tree found in funeral parlors. It is a plant which built hell-roaring boom towns; and in good time fed them back to the jungle. It is a plant which lured tens of thousands of Chinese to Malaysia and which caused a devastating trade war between the British and Dutch.

*(Continued on page 58)*

**climate studies help to determine rubber-planting possibilities. r. Mark Baldwin tests acidity of water in a Honduras river**

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It includes switchers. More than 5 are on duty in freight yards today.

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**GENERAL MOTORS**
**LOCOMOTIVES**

# Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 19

ing brilliance and clarity in the
And the girl—
s, here was life. All there was, all
could be, of life, of youth, of sheer
ıg vitality. The face was alive and
yes . . .
much life! Such passionate youth!
then, was what Amyas Crale had
in Elsa Greer, which had made
›lind and deaf to the gentle crea-
his wife. Elsa *was* life. Elsa was
ı.
superb, slim, straight creature,
ant, her head turned, her eyes in-
: with triumph. Looking at you,
ıing you—waiting . . .
:cule Poirot spread out his hands.
id, "It is a great—yes, it is great."
redith Blake said, a catch in his
"She was so young—"
rot nodded. He thought to him-
'What do most people mean when
say that? *So young.* Something
ent, something appealing, some-
helpless. But youth is not that!
ı is crude, youth is strong, youth is
-ful—yes, and cruel! And one
more—youth is vulnerable."

ROT followed his host to the door.
; interest was quickened now in
Greer, whom he was to visit next.
would the years have done to that
›nate, triumphant, crude child?
looked back at the picture.
›se eyes. Watching him . . . watch-
im . . . telling him something. . . .
›posing he couldn't understand
they were telling him? Would
·al woman be able to tell him? Or
those eyes saying something that
·al woman did not know?

Such arrogance, such triumphant anticipation—

And then death had stepped in and taken the prey out of those eager, clutching young hands . . .

And the light had gone out of those passionately anticipating eyes. What were the eyes of Elsa Greer like now?

He went out of the room with one last look.

He thought, "She was too much alive."

He felt—a little—frightened. . . .

THE house in Brook Street had Darwin tulips in the window boxes. Inside the hall ■ great vase of white lilacs sent eddies of perfume toward the open front door.

A middle-aged butler relieved Poirot of his hat and stick. A footman appeared to take them and the butler murmured deferentially, "Will you come this way, sir?"

Poirot followed him along the hall and down three steps. A door was opened, the butler pronounced his name with every syllable correct.

Then the door closed behind him and a tall, thin man got up from a chair by the fire and came toward him.

Lord Dittisham was ■ man just under forty. He was not only a peer of the realm; he was a poet. Two of his fantastical poetic dramas had been staged at vast expense and had had a *succès d'estime*. His forehead was rather prominent, his chin was eager, and his eyes and his mouth unexpectedly beautiful.

He said, "Sit down, M. Poirot."

Poirot sat down and accepted a cigarette from his host. Lord Dittisham shut the box, struck a match and held it for Poirot to light his cigarette, then he himself sat down and looked thoughtfully at his visitor.

"It is my wife you have come to see, I know," he said.

Poirot answered, "Lady Dittisham was so kind as to give me an appointment."

"Yes."

There was a pause.

"You do not, I hope, object, Lord Dittisham?" Poirot hazarded.

The thin, dreamy face was transformed by a sudden, quick smile. "The objections of husbands, M. Poirot, are never taken seriously in these days."

"Then you do object?"

"No. I cannot say that. But I am, I must confess it, a little fearful of the effect upon my wife. Let me be quite frank. A great many years ago, when my wife was only ■ young girl, she passed through a terrible ordeal. She has, I hope, recovered from the shock. I have come to believe that she has forgotten it. Now you appear and necessarily your questions will reawaken these old memories."

"It is regrettable," said Hercule Poirot politely.

"I do not know quite what the result will be."

"I can only assure you, Lord Dittisham, that I shall be as discreet as possible, and do all I can not to distress Lady Dittisham. She is, no doubt, of a delicate and nervous temperament."

Then, suddenly and surprisingly, the other laughed. He said: "Elsa? Elsa's as strong as a horse!"

"Then—" Poirot paused diplomatically. The situation intrigued him.

Lord Dittisham said: "My wife is equal to any amount of shocks. I wonder if you know her reason for seeing you?"

Poirot replied placidly, "Curiosity?"

A kind of respect showed in the other man's eyes. "Ah, you realize that?"

"IT IS inevitable," Hercule Poirot said. "Women will *always* see a private detective. Men will tell him to go to the devil."

"Some women might tell him to go to the devil too."

"After they have seen him—not before."

"Perhaps." Lord Dittisham paused. "What is the idea behind this book?"

Hercule Poirot shrugged his shoulders. "One resurrects the old tunes, the old stage turns, the old costumes. One resurrects, too, the old murders."

"Faugh!" said Lord Dittisham.

"Faugh! if you like. But you will not alter human nature by saying faugh. Murder is ■ drama. The desire for drama is very strong in the human race."

Lord Dittisham murmured, "I know —I know . . ."

He rose and rang the bell. "My wife will be waiting for you," he said brusquely.

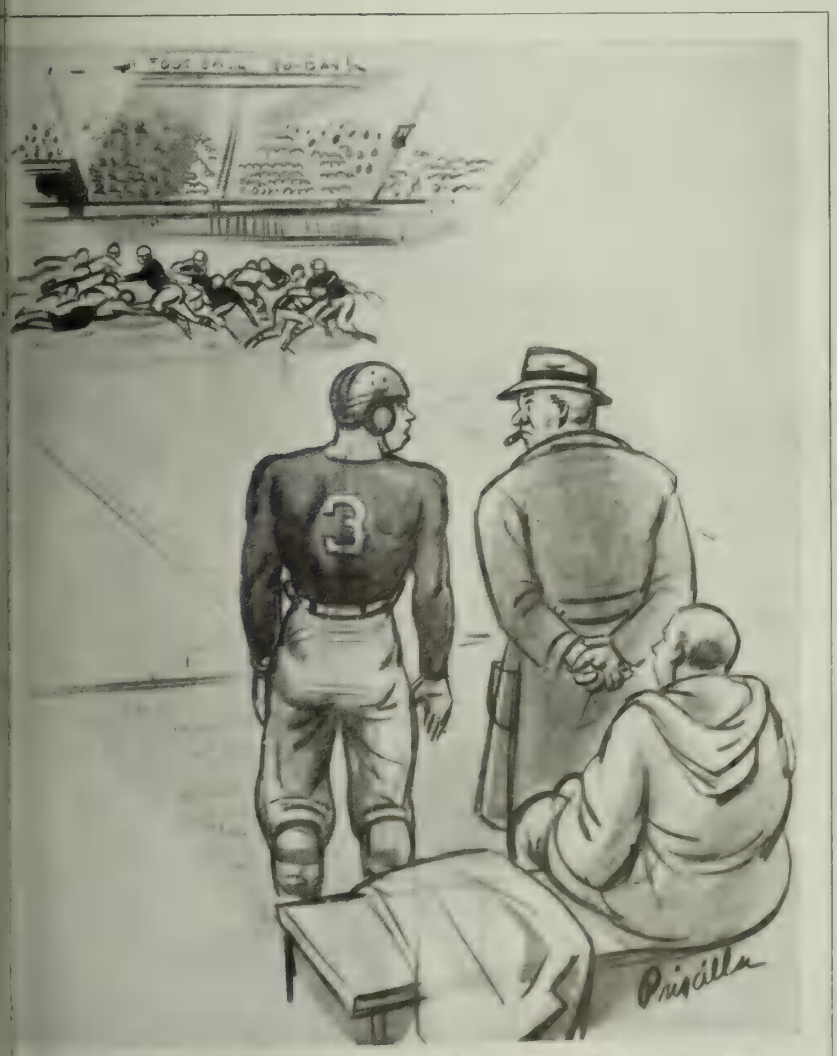
The door opened.

"You rang, my lord?"

"Take M. Poirot up to her ladyship."

Up two flights of stairs, feet sinking into soft-pile carpets. Subdued flood lighting. Money, money everywhere. Of taste, not so much. There had been ■ somber austerity in Lord Dittisham's room. But here, in the house, there was only ■ solid lavishness. The best. Not necessarily the showiest nor the most startling. Merely "expense no object," allied to ■ lack of imagination.

It was not a large room into which



**"To be honest, I don't see any sense in putting me in with them leading fifty-four to nothing and three minutes left to play"**


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*the most honored watch in Football*



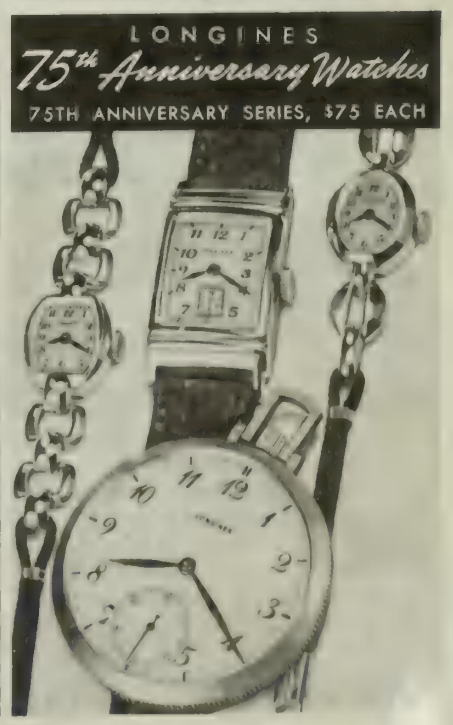
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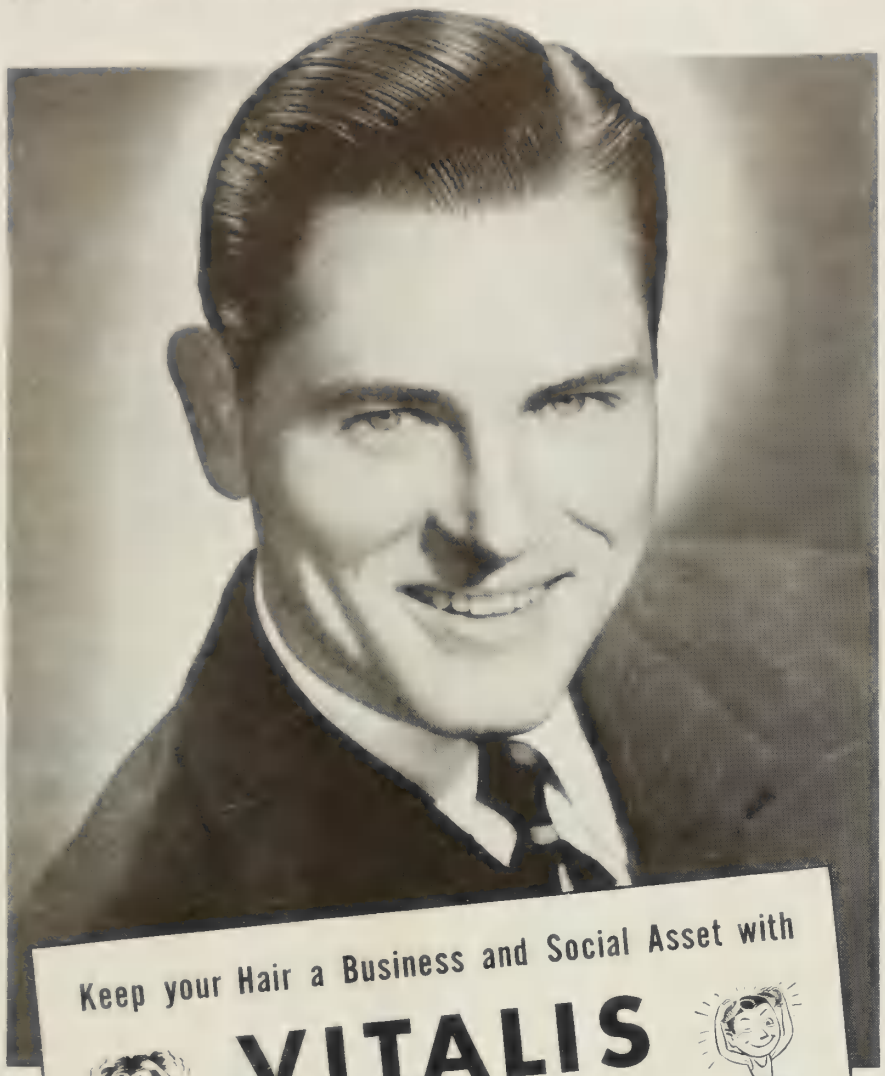
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A man is proud to be seen with an attractive girl, and she takes pride in a well-groomed escort. So give yourself the advantage of handsome hair! Get Vitalis today. Let Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" help keep your hair an asset socially and in business!

*A Product of Bristol-Myers Company*

**USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"**


Poirot was shown. The big drawing room was on the first floor. This was the personal sitting room of the mistress of the house, and the mistress of the house was standing against the mantelpiece as Poirot was announced and shown in.

A phrase leaped into his startled mind and refused to be driven out: *She died young. . . .*

That was his thought as he looked at Elsa Dittisham who had been Elsa Greer.

He would never have recognized her from the picture Meredith Blake had shown him. That had been, above all, a picture of youth, a picture of vitality. Here there was no youth—there might never have been youth. And yet he realized, as he had not realized from Crale's picture, that Elsa was beautiful. Yes, it was a very beautiful woman who came forward to meet him. And certainly not old. After all, what was she? Not more than thirty-six now, if she had been twenty at the time of the tragedy.

He felt a strange pang. It was, perhaps, the fault of old Mr. Johnathan, speaking of Juliet . . . No Juliet here—unless perhaps one could imagine Juliet a survivor—living on, deprived of Romeo. . . . Was it not an essential part of Juliet's make-up that she should die young?

Elsa Greer had been left alive. . . .

SHE was greeting him in a level, rather monotonous voice: "I am so interested, M. Poirot! Sit down and tell me what you want me to do?"

He thought: "But she isn't interested. Nothing interests her."

Big gray eyes—like dead lakes.

Poirot became, as was his way, a little obviously foreign. He exclaimed, "I am confused, madame, veritably I am confused."

"Oh, no; why?"

"Because I realize that this—this reconstruction of a past drama must be excessively painful to you."

She looked amused. Yes, it was amusement. Quite genuine amusement. She said: "I suppose my husband put that idea into your head. He saw you when you arrived. Of course, he doesn't understand in the least. He neve I'm not at all the sensitive sort o son he imagines I am."

Poirot thought to himself: "Yes is true. A thin-skinned person not have come to stay in Ca Crale's house."

Lady Dittisham said, "What is i want me to do?"

"You are sure, madame, that over the past would not be pain you?"

She considered a minute, and it Poirot suddenly that Lady Ditt was a very frank woman. She mig from necessity but never from c

Elsa Dittisham said slowly: "N *painful.* In a way, I wish it were."

"Why?"

She said impatiently, "It's so —never to feel anything. . . ."

And Hercule Poirot thought, Elsa Greer is dead." Aloud he sai all events, Lady Dittisham, it my task very much easier. Have good memory?"

"Reasonably good, I think."

"And you are sure it will not pai to go over those days in detail?"

"It won't pain me at all. Thing only pain you when they are ha ing."

"It is so with some people, I kn

Lady Dittisham said: "That's Edward, my husband, can't under He thinks the trial and all that terrible ordeal for me."

"Was it not?"

Elsa Dittisham said, "No, I er it." There was a reflective, sa quality in her voice. She went on: how that old brute Depleach we me! He's a devil, if you like. joyed fighting him. He didn't g down."

She looked at Poirot with a sm hope I'm not upsetting your illu A girl of twenty, I ought to have prostrated, I suppose—agonized shame or something. I wasn't. I care what they said to me. I wanted one thing."

"What?"

"To get her hanged, of course, Elsa Dittisham.

He noticed her hands—bea

**BUTCH** **By Larry Reyn**



**"I seen a photo of the guy's kid on the dresser. Like a dope, I remarked about it"**

# Know your M's



*1. This is a M_____*



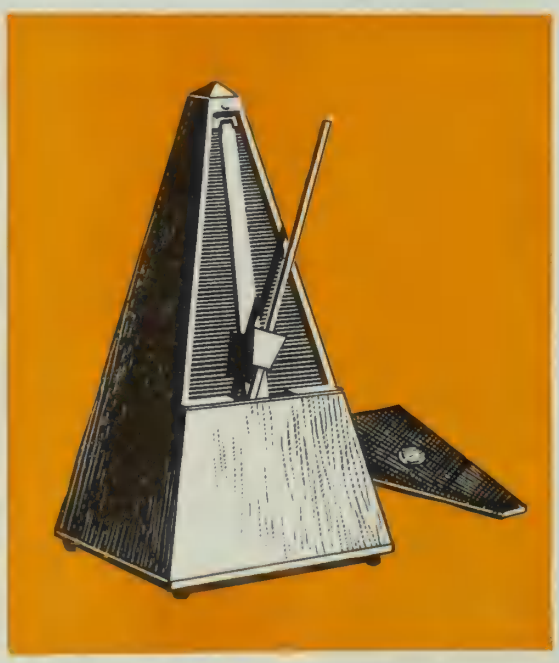
*2. This is a M_____*



*3. This is a M_____*



*4. This is a M_____*



*5. This is a M_____*




*6. This is M_____ & M_____*

The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

**ANSWERS:** 1, *Mammoth;* 2, *Mortar;* 3, *Macaw;* 4, *Monkey;* 5, *Metronome;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense . . . for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

## —Know Mattingly & Moore

*Blended Whiskey—86 Proof—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore*

The Best of 'em is

**M&M**

## "By the way, Dr. Jekyll, whatever happened to Mr. Hyde?"



"Who, me? . . . Hyde?"

"Uh! Huh! You know what I mean. I can remember when you, my handsome hero, didn't have a pleasant word for anyone. You were thin as a rail and jumpy as a cat. You even used to . . ."



"Used to *what*, Nan?"

"*Mope at people*, like this!"

"Hey! Stop it! I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency. Ain't that something? It means a shortage of the vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S, took two cakes a day in cool tomato juice, and in a few weeks . . ."

"In a few weeks . . . my good-natured Dr. Jekyll. But, what's this about tomato juice?"

"Oh! That's the new way to take yeast. Look! Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass, and drink. It's delicious!"






Ever read the FLEISCHMANN label? This is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the important Vitamin B Complex are *natural* sources, such as yeast and raw liver. Remember, if you bake at home, that three of the vitamins in FLEISCHMANN'S, $B_1$, D, and G, are not appreciably lost in the oven, they go right into the bread.

**Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast For Natural Vitamin B Complex**


hands but with long, curving nails. Predatory hands.

She said: "You're thinking me vindictive? So I am vindictive—to anyone who has injured me. That woman was to my mind the lowest kind of woman there is. She knew that Amyas cared for me—that he was going to leave her—and she killed him so that *I* shouldn't have him."

She looked across at Poirot.

"Don't you think that's pretty mean?"

"You do not understand or sympathize with jealousy?"

"No, I don't think I do. If you've lost, you've lost. If you can't keep your husband, let him go with a good grace. It's possessiveness I don't understand."

"You might have understood it if you had ever married him."

"I don't think so. We weren't—" She smiled suddenly at Poirot. Her smile was, he felt, a little frightening. It was so far removed from any real feeling. "I'd like you to get this right," she said. "Don't think that Amyas Crale seduced an innocent young girl. It wasn't like that at all! Of the two of us, *I* was responsible. I met him at a party and I fell for him. I knew I had to have him—"

"Although he was married?"

"Trespassers will be prosecuted? It takes more than a printed notice to keep you from reality. If he was unhappy with his wife and could be happy with me, then why not? We've only one life to live."

"But it has been said he was happy with his wife."

Elsa shook her head. "No. They quarreled like cat and dog. She nagged at him. She was—oh, she was a horrible woman!"

She got up and lit a cigarette. She said with a little smile: "Probably I'm unfair to her. But I really *do* think she was rather hateful."

Poirot said slowly, "It was a great tragedy."

"Yes, it was a great tragedy." She turned on him suddenly; into the dead, monotonous weariness of her face something came quiveringly alive. "It killed *me*, do you understand? It killed me. Ever since, there's been nothing—nothing at all." Her voice dropped: "Emptiness!" She waved her hands impatiently. "Like a stuffed fish in a glass case!"

"Did Amyas Crale mean so much to you?"

She nodded. It was a queer, confiding little nod—oddly pathetic. She said, "I think I've always had a single-track mind." She mused somberly. "I suppose—really—one ought to put a knife into oneself—like Juliet. But—but to do that is to acknowledge that you're done for—that life's beaten you."

"And instead?"

"There ought to be everything—just the same—once one has got over it. I *did* get over it. It didn't mean anything to me any more. I thought I'd go on to the next thing."

Yes, the next thing. Poirot saw her plainly trying so hard to fulfill that crude determination. Saw her beautiful and rich, seductive to men, seeking with greedy, predatory hands to fill up a life that was empty. Hero worship—a marriage to a famous aviator; then an explorer, that big giant of a man Arnold Stevensen, possibly not unlike Amyas Crale physically—a reversion to the creative arts; Dittisham!

Elsa Dittisham said, "I've never been a hyprocite! There's a Spanish proverb I've always liked. *Take what you want and pay for it, says God.* Well, I've done that. I've taken what I wanted—but I've always been willing to pay the price."

"What you do not understand," Poirot said, "is that there are things that cannot be bought."

She stared at him. "I don't mean money."

Poirot said: "No, no; I unders what you meant. But it is not ev thing in life that has its ticket, so m There are things that are *not for s*.

"Nonsense!"

He smiled very faintly. In her was the arrogance of the successful hand who had risen to riches.

Hercule Poirot felt a sudden wa pity. He looked at the ageless sm face, the weary eyes, and he rem bered the girl whom Amyas Crale painted.

Elsa Dittisham said: "Tell m about this book. What is the pur of it? Whose idea is it?"

"Oh, my dear lady, what other pose is there but to serve up ye day's sensation with today's sauce?

"But *you're* not a writer?"

"No, I am an expert on crime."

"You mean, they consult you crime books?"

"Not always. In this case, I ha commission."

"From whom?"

"I am—what do you say?—wo on this publication on behalf of a terested party."

"What party?"

"Miss Carla Lemarchant."

"Who is she?"

"She is the daughter of Amyas Caroline Crale."

Elsa stared for a minute. Ther said: "Oh, of course, there *was* a c I remember. I suppose she's grow now?"

"Yes, she is twenty-one."

"What is she like?"

"She is tall and dark and, I t beautiful. And she has courage personality."

Elsa said thoughtfully, "I should to see her."

"She might not care to see you."

Elsa looked surprised. "Why? I see. But what nonsense! She possibly remember anything abo She can't have been more than six.

"She knows that her mother was for her father's murder."

"And she thinks it's my fault?"

"It is a possible interpretation."

Elsa shrugged her shoulders. stupid!" she said. "If Caroline ha haved like a reasonable human bei

"So you take no responsibility?"

"Why should I? *I've* nothing ashamed of. I loved him. I would made him happy." She looked a at Poirot. Her face broke up— denly, incredibly, he saw the girl c picture. She said: "If I could you see. If you could see it fro side. If you knew—"

Poirot leaned forward. "But is what I want. See, Mr. Philip E who was there at the time, he is w me a meticulous account of every that happened. Mr. Meredith the same. Now if you—"

Elsa Dittisham took a deep b She said contemptuously: "Those Philip was always stupid. Mer used to trot around after Caroline- he was quite a dear. But you have *any* real idea from *their* acco

He watched her, saw the anim rising in her eyes, saw a living w take shape from a dead one. She quickly and almost fiercely: "W you like the *truth?* Oh, not for p cation. But just for yourself—"

"I will undertake not to publish out your consent."

"I'd like to write down the truth She was silent a minute or two, t ing. He saw the smooth hardness cheeks falter and take on a yo curve; he saw life flowing into h the past claimed her again.

"To go back—to write it all dow To show you what she was—"

eyes flashed. Her breast heaved
nately. "She killed him. She
Amyas. Amyas, who wanted to
who enjoyed living. Hate oughtn't
stronger than love—but her hate
And my hate for her is—I hate her
ite her—I hate her. . . ."
came across to him. She stooped,
and clutched at his sleeve. She
irgently: "You must understand
*must*—how we felt about each
Amyas and I, I mean. There's
hing—I'll show you."
whirled across the room. She
nlocking a little desk, pulling out
ver concealed inside a pigeonhole.
n she was back. In her hand was
ased letter, the ink faded. She
it on him and Poirot had a sud-
oignant memory of a child he had
n who had thrust on him one of her
ires—a special shell picked up on
eashore and zealously guarded.
o had that child stood back and
ed him. Proud, afraid, keenly
l of his reception of her treasure.
unfolded the faded sheets, and

sa—you wonderful child! There
was anything as beautiful. And
m afraid—I'm too old—a middle-
ugly-tempered devil with no sta-
in me. Don't trust me, don't
re in me—I'm no good, apart from
ork. The best of me is in that.
, don't say you haven't been
d.
it, my lovely, I'm going to have
ll the same. I'd go to the devil
u, and you know it. And I'll paint
ure of you that will make the fat-
d world hold its sides and gasp!
razy about you—I can't sleep, I
eat. Elsa—Elsa—Elsa—I'm yours
er; yours till death. AMYAS."
teen years ago. Faded ink, crum-
paper. But the words still alive,
ibrating. . . .
looked across at the woman to
n they had been written.
t it was no longer a woman at
n he looked.
was a young girl in love.
thought again of Juliet. . . .

"May I ask why, M. Poirot?"

Hercule Poirot considered his answer to the question. He was aware of a pair of very shrewd gray eyes watching him out of the small, wizened face.

He had climbed to the top floor of the bare building and knocked on the door of No. 584 Gillespie Buildings, which had come into existence to provide so-called "flatlets" for workingwomen.

Here, in a small cubic space, existed Miss Cecilia Williams, in a room that was bedroom, sitting room, dining room and, by judicious use of the gas ring, kitchen—a kind of cubbyhole attached to it contained a quarter-length bath and the usual offices.

MEAGER though these surroundings might be, Miss Williams had contrived to impress upon them her stamp of personality.

The walls were distempered an ascetic pale gray, and various reproductions hung upon them. Danté meeting Beatrice on a bridge, and that picture once described by a child as a "blind girl sitting on an orange and called, I don't know why, Hope." There were also two water colors of Venice and a sepia copy of Botticelli's Primavera. On the top of the low chest of drawers ,were a large quantity of faded photographs, mostly, by their style of hairdressing, dating from twenty to thirty years ago.

The square of carpet was threadbare, the furniture battered and of poor quality. It was clear to Hercule Poirot that Cecilia Williams lived very near the bone. There was no roast beef here. This was the little pig that had none.

Clear, incisive and insistent, the voice of Miss Williams repeated its demand: "You want my recollections of the Crale case? May I ask why?"

It has been said of Hercule Poirot by some of his friends and associates, at moments when he has maddened them most, that he prefers lies to truth and will go out of his way to gain his ends by means of elaborate false statements, rather than trust to the simple truth.

But in this case he proffered no specious explanation of a book to be written




"Here's a dress I'd like the queen to have"

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● **AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER** — Plays ten 12" or twelve 10" records. Nothing to chip, crack or scratch valuable records. So simple a child can load and unload.

● **ADMIRAL "LIFETIME" NEEDLE** — No needles to change. No record wear.

● **RECORD ALBUM COMPARTMENT**—Complete with three 12" and two 10" Deluxe albums. Value $10.00.

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Also Auditorium electro dynamic speaker . . . push-pull audio system . . . airplane dial . . . luxury walnut console cabinet, etc.

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Model 15-D5 Mahogany Plastic

78-P5

77-P5

79-P6

78-P6

79-C5

74-M5—This new Admiral has everything! Open the doors . . . out slides the "Slide-A-Way" phonograph with automatic record changer. Plays twelve 10" or ten 12" records. Has Admiral "Lifetime" needle. Big powerful superhet radio has special Audio Circuit developed by Admiral. Record compartment provides space for albums.

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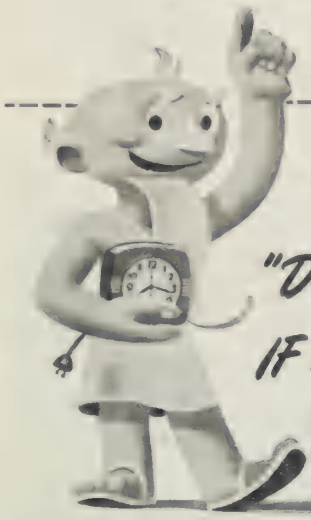
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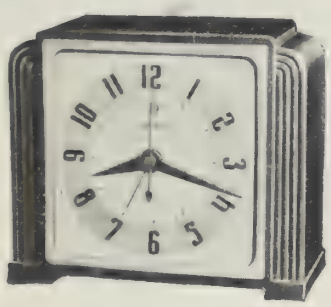


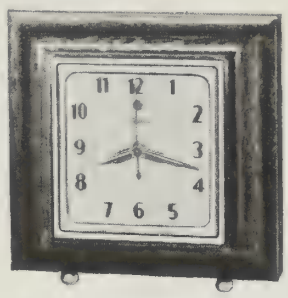
FATHER TELECHRON SAYS

"DON'T ROAST THE COOK— IF THE ROAST ISN'T RIGHT!"

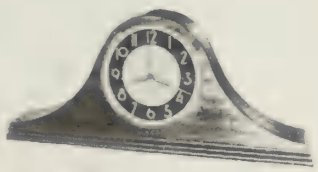
Just put **BUFFET** on her kitchen wall! Choice of red, blue, black, white, green or ivory plastic case. Accurate, attractive, and only **$3.50**



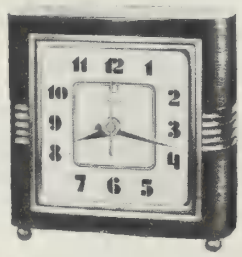
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on bygone crimes. Instead he narrated simply the circumstances in which Carla Lemarchant had sought him out.

The small, elderly lady in the neat, shabby dress listened attentively. She said, "It interests me very much to have news of that child—to know how she has turned out."

"She is a very charming and attractive young woman, with plenty of courage and a mind of her own."

"Good," said Miss Williams briefly.

"And she is, I may say, a very persistent person. She is not a person whom it is easy to refuse or put off."

The ex-governess nodded thoughtfully. She asked, "Is she artistic?"

"I think not."

Miss Williams said dryly, "That's one thing to be thankful for!"

THE tone of the remark left Miss Williams' views as to artists in no doubt whatever. She added, "From your account of her I should imagine that she takes after her mother rather than after her father."

"Very possibly. That you can tell me when you have seen her. You would like to see her?"

"I should like to see her very much indeed. It is always interesting to see how a child you have known has developed."

"She was, I suppose, very young when you last saw her?"

"She was five and a half. A very charming child—a little overquiet, perhaps. Thoughtful. Given to playing her own little games and not inviting outside co-operation. Natural and unspoiled."

Poirot said, "It was fortunate she was so young."

"Yes, indeed. Had she been older the shock of the tragedy might have had a very bad effect."

"Nevertheless," said Poirot, "one feels that there *was* a handicap—however little the child understood or was allowed to know, there would have been an atmosphere of mystery and evasion and an abrupt uprooting. These things are not good for a child."

Miss Williams replied thoughtfully, "They may have been less harmful tl you think."

Poirot said, "Before we leave subject of Carla Lemarchant—li Carla Crale that was—there is sor thing I would like to ask you. If a one can explain it, I think you can."

"Yes?" Her voice was inquiri noncommittal.

Poirot waved his hands in an ef to express his meaning.

"There is a something—a *nuanc* cannot define—but it seems to me ways that the child, when I ment her, is not given her full value. Wh mention her, the response comes alw with a vague surprise, as though person to whom I speak had forgot altogether that there *was* a child. N surely, mademoiselle, that is not na ral. A child, under these circumstan is a person of importance, not in hers but as a pivotal point. Amyas Crale n have had reasons for abandoning wife—or for not abandoning her. Bu the usual breakup of a marriage child forms a very important point. here the child seems to count for v little. That seems to me—strange."

Miss Williams said quickly: "Y have put your finger on a vital point, Poirot. You are quite right. And t is partly why I said what I did just n —that Carla's transportation to dif ent surroundings might have been some respects a good thing for l When she became older, you see, might have suffered from a certain l in her home life."

She leaned forward and spoke slo and carefully:

"Naturally, in the course of my w I have seen a good many aspects of parent-and-child problem. Many c dren, *most* children, I should say, su from overattention on the part of t parents. There is too much love, much watching over the child. I uneasily conscious of this brooding, seeks to free itself, to get away and unobserved. With an only child thi particularly the case, and of co mothers are the worst offenders.

"The result on the marriage is o unfortunate. The husband resents c



FRITZ WILKINSO

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**HOST**: In some things, flexibility is built in. Take fencing foils, fishing rods, bare feet, and Bostonian Shoes.

**GUEST**: Yes, that new Tred-Flex idea is a honey. How do you suppose Bostonian makes a leather sole so pliable?

**HOST**: By treating leather and fitting it together in a new way, I hear.

**GUEST**: However it's done, I know that ten steps broke mine in completely. It's like walking barefoot with your shoes on.

**WIFE**: If that's not a man for you! No mention of Bostonian style, yet they're also the best-looking shoes you ever wore.

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Bostonians

FIT RIGHT - FEEL RIGHT they're Walk-Fitted


ing second, seeks consolation—or rather flattery and attention—elsewhere, and a divorce results sooner or later. The best thing for a child, I am convinced, is to have what I should term healthy neglect on the part of both its parents. This happens naturally enough in the case of a large family of children and very little money. They are overlooked because the mother has literally no time to occupy herself with them. They realize quite well that she is fond of them, but they are not worried by too many manifestations of the fact.

"But there is another aspect. One does occasionally find a husband and wife who are so ill-sufficient to each other, so wrapped up in each other, that the child of the marriage hardly seems very real to either of them. And in those circumstances, I think, a child comes to resent that fact, to feel defrauded and left out in the cold. You understand that I am not speaking of *neglect* in any way. Mrs. Crale, for instance, was what is termed an excellent mother, always careful of Carla's welfare, of her health, playing with her at the right times, and always kind and gay. But, for all that, Mrs. Crale was really completely wrapped up in her husband. She existed, one might say, only in him and for him." Miss Williams paused a minute and then said quietly, "That, I think, is the justification for what she eventually did."

"You mean," Hercule Poirot said, "that they were more like lovers than like husband and wife?"

Miss Williams, with a slight frown of distaste for foreign phraseology said, "You could certainly put it that way."

"He was as devoted to her as she was to him?"

"They were a devoted couple. But he, of course, was a man."

Miss Williams contrived to put into that last word a wholly Victorian significance.

"Men—" said Miss Williams, and stopped.

As a rich property owner says, "Bolsheviks," as an earnest Commun says, "Capitalists," as a good hou wife says, "Black beetles," so did M Williams say, "Men."

From her spinster's, governess' li there rose up a blast of fierce feminis Nobody hearing her speak could dou that, to Miss Williams, Men were t Enemy!

Poirot said, "You hold no brief men?"

She answered dryly: "Men have t best of this world. I hope that it w not always be so."

HERCULE POIROT eyed her spec latively. He could quite easily vis alize Miss Williams methodically a efficiently padlocking herself to a raili and later hunger-striking with resol endurance.

Leaving the general for the partic lar, he said, "You did not like Am Crale?"

"I certainly did not like Mr. Cra Nor did I approve of him. If I had be his wife I should have left him. Th are things that no woman should p up with."

"But Mrs. Crale did put up w them?"

"Yes."

"You think she was wrong?"

"Yes, I do. A woman should hav certain respect for herself and not su mit to humiliation."

"Did you ever say anything of t kind to Mrs. Crale?"

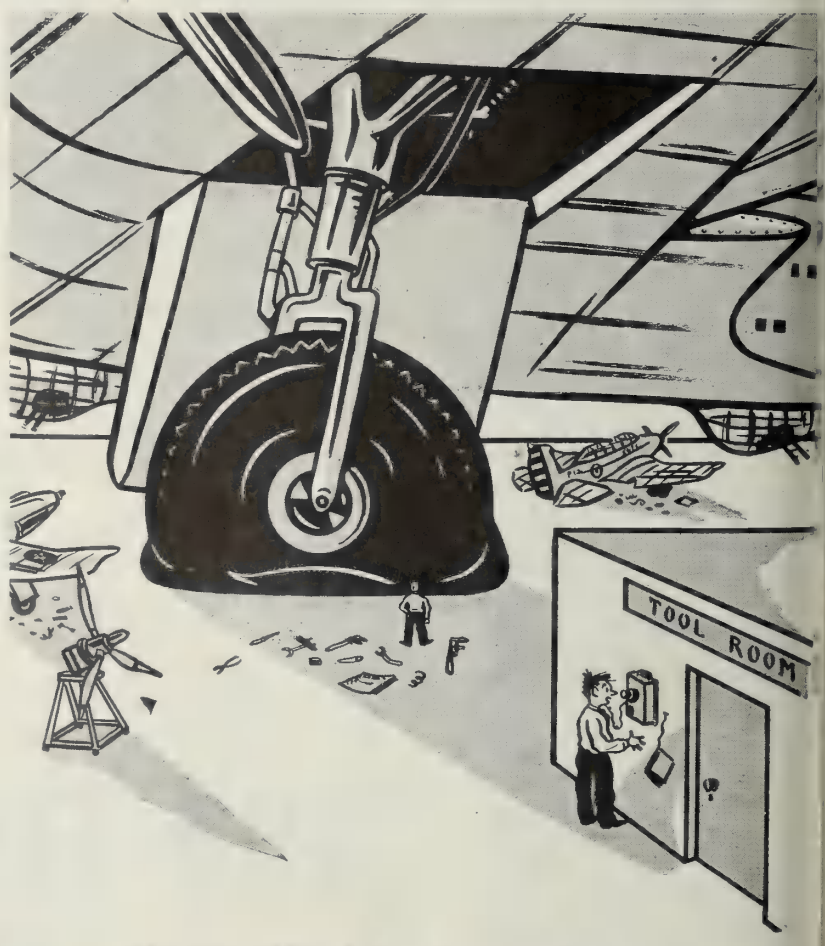
"Certainly not. It was not my pl to do so. I was engaged to educ Angela, not to offer unasked advice Mrs. Crale. To do so would have b most impertinent."

"You liked Mrs. Crale?"

"I was very fond of Mrs. Crale." T efficient voice softened, held warr and feeling. "Very fond of her a very sorry for her."

"And your pupil—Angela Warre Poirot leaned forward, his eyes fi hard on Miss Williams'.

*(To be continued next week)*




**"I'm sorry, Alice, but my leave has been postponed indefinitely. I've got to change a flat tire"** GERALD GREE




**ANGELA CUMMINS**
Chesterfield's
Girl of the Month

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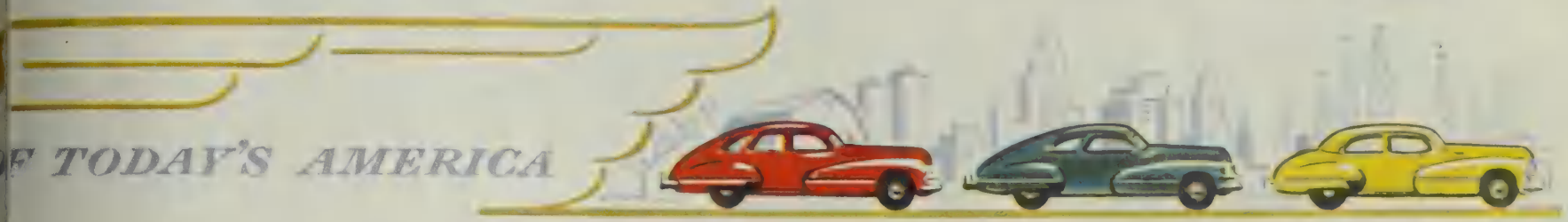
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## *STABILIZED* QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL

THE OIL OF CHARACTER

## Russian Women at War

Continued from page 18

es, and in the east housewives nhesitatingly left their kitchens ıto the mines. At a place called nda five hundred volunteered as within the first week of war. In v the women are to be seen driv- ıst of the busses, trolleys and often with red-varnished nails look odd on hands holding big ; wheels. (Incidentally, Russian e the only ones I ever met who ike red fingernails. They are con- r reproaching me for not lacquer- ıe.)

e are women enrolled in the po- rce known here as the militia. mes they direct traffic, but they are on duty in the streets to der. One I interviewed, Natalie ıa, was a servant girl until she interested in social work and self elected to a minor post in the ɔviet. It was in 1929 while serv- re that someone suggested she makings of a militiawoman. It a good idea and she promptly up. After a month's training, g duties and how to shoot she to get practical experience and is ull-fledged lieutenant. "Are you shot?" I asked. "You bet," she ed, patting the revolver on her udly. "What's more, I'm a good ith a revolver, rifle, automatic d machine gun."

n she came into the room, wear- e regular blue uniform of the , except that instead of breeches ots she had on a skirt and oxfords, cked her heels together and sa- martly. Before sitting down she ff her cap, displaying a haircut ust have been perpetrated on her ıe fifth columnist. It looked like ıort bob from in front but was l straight across at the back, with ck clippered to a whiteness that n startling contrast with the r-brown face.

told me that she lives with her r and her seven-year-old child; ısband is at the front and their en-year-old adopted son is with altic fleet. "I wish I had thought ıg his picture," she said, speaking the latter. "You have no idea how handsome he looks in his blue uniform."

Like all the militiamen, Natalie Petrovna is on duty eight hours a day. Now that war is on she must remain on call another eight hours in case of emergency. Sunday is her day off, but this week she joined the "Voskresenie" (group volunteers who work Sundays giving their pay to the war fund) and helped unload freight cars in a railroad yard. Her job is to stand on the street, rifle in hand, keeping an eye on things. She says the war has done one good thing—it is keeping people too busy to have time to get into much trouble and she has not had to pull in any drunk for disturbing the peace since the twenty-second of June. Twice in recent weeks she has picked up suspicious characters. One girl who for no definite reason aroused her mistrust was found to have forged papers. The second was an old man whom she noticed in a streetcar because he was talking too much and asking a great many questions of his fellow passengers. She demanded to see his papers and when he couldn't produce any she arrested him. He turned out to be an escaped prisoner from Murmansk, who either had odd tastes or treacherous intentions, for his pockets were filled with flares. When I expressed astonishment at her being able to spot dangerous characters at a glance she explained it by saying, "As a militiaman one develops an instinct."

### You Get Used to Bombs

The moment the air-raid siren sounds, all militiamen must report at the stations with their steel helmets. Natalie Petrovna was on duty one night when a high-explosive bomb struck a house near by. She called for assistance to form a cordon around the house as crowds must not be allowed to form and panic must be prevented. She then helped carry out the wounded and what furniture was left intact and, when there weren't enough ambulances, commandeered passing cars to carry the victims to the hospitals. "What do you do when you see that a bomb is going to fall near you?" I asked. "I step back a few feet," she replied. "We are not




"He says he's only experienced in firing blanks"


# HOW I RETIRED ON A LIFE INCOME OF $150 A MONTH



### To men of 40 who want to retire in 15 years

"FIFTEEN years ago I made a discovery that changed my life. I believe it will interest you.

"At that time, I was worried about myself and my future. I seemed to be living in a circle. I used to dream of being able to relax and enjoy life, without money worries. I longed for security.

"But dreams like that seemed hopeless. I wasn't rich. I probably never would be. Like millions of others, I would simply live and work and die—spend a lifetime making ends meet.

"But that was 15 years ago. Now I have retired on a life income. I have no business worries—my security is guaranteed. I can work or play, as I like. Each month the postman hands me a check for $150 and I know that I will receive another $150 every month as long as I live.

### Here's What Happened

"My friends are envious. They want to know how it was possible. How, without being rich, I ever managed to retire on a life income. The answer is simple: When I was 40, I discovered the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

"The minute I read about this Plan I realized it was just what I needed. It showed me how to get an income for life beginning in 15 years. It showed me how to get immediate protection for my family in case I did not live until then. It even included a disability income for me if, before age 55, total disability stopped my earning power for six months or more.

"Best of all, the cost of this Plan was within reason. In fact, the Plan called for far less money than ordinary investment methods would require to get the same income.

"Today, at the comparatively early age of 55, I have the things I want—life-long security and freedom to do as I please. I can laugh at the worries that used to haunt me. With an income of $150 guaranteed me for life, I can be sure of comfort and happiness in the years ahead."

This story is typical. Wouldn't you like to make sure of your own future?

Wouldn't you like to find out, for yourself, how the Phoenix Mutual Plan works? You can get the facts, without obligation, by sending for the booklet offered below.

### Send for Free Booklet

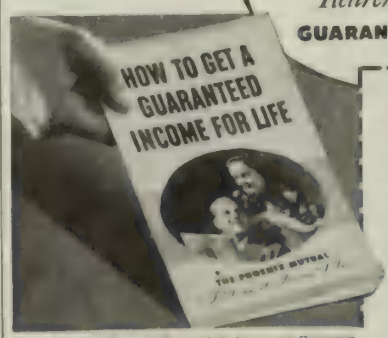
Send the coupon and you will receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about the Phoenix Mutual Plan and how to qualify for it. This booklet explains how to get a life income of $10 to $200 a month or more, starting at age 55, 60, 65 or 70. It shows how the Plan can protect you against emergencies, and how you can fit the Plan to your own needs. Don't put it off. Send the coupon for your copy *now*.

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WALK-OVERS

Need no breaking-in

allowed to do more than that." I pursued the subject by asking if she wasn't scared during raids. "No," she said, "one gets used to them very quickly."

When the head of the British military mission, General Mason MacFarlane, returned from a trip to the front he told correspondents that he had seen four women very far forward in the lines. One was a clerk, another a chauffeur, the third a nurse and the fourth a telegrapher. The last doubled in brass that evening by cooking a goose which had been killed for the general's supper. The nurse, he said, had greatly distinguished herself by her courage when she carried wounded men off the battlefield while under fire. She is only one of many nurses who are writing a heroic chapter in the story of this war. Every day the papers publish stories of nurses' exploits at the front, and one in the north even earned the praise of Marshal Voroshilov when she carried six wounded men out of occupied territory.

### Women at War

So far it has been the definite policy to send men doctors to the front in preference to women, but nevertheless there are many working in the first-aid stations and field hospitals. Also they have plenty to do behind the lines. It is possible to get a picture of their activities from the story told me by Lydia Alexandrova, who is head of her department with a staff of twelve doctors in a hospital for wounded soldiers which used to be a clinic until civilian patients were evacuated to another Moscow nursing home at the end of June. There are a hundred beds in her section, some filled with men so badly wounded that they were flown directly from the field in special planes. Many of those who were in base hospitals first have been wounded twice, once on the battlefield and once when the base hospitals were bombed. According to her the only things they want read to them are the newspapers, as they are eager for the latest news from the front, and talk of nothing but getting well quickly so they can return to fight.

She is on duty from nine in the morning to two-thirty in the afternoon except twice a month when she takes twenty-four hours' duty. Sunday is free and she spends the time at home with her husband, who has volunteered for the People's Army because he is over military age, and her children—an eighteen-year-old daughter who is studying to become an aeronautical engineer, and twins, aged eleven, who help edit their school paper and write rousing articles about patriotism and the duty of everyone to help his Fatherland. When the regular hours are over Lydia Alexandrova spends several more working in the laboratory and during the time when the raids were on insisted upon remaining nights at the hospital as she wanted to be on hand to see her patients moved down to the cellar and help keep their minds off the noise of bombing. If, however, she is caught at home during a raid she immediately joins the sanitary corps of her house. That's what might be called a full schedule.

Women who feel they would be most useful as nurses but haven't the necessary training join the sanitary corps, whose members work in the first-aid stations in the cities and are attached to battalions at the front and do first-aid work. I know three girls who put in an eight-hour day at regular jobs as typists and clerks, then go off to medical classes for training to become nurses. Three nights a week they serve as unpaid volunteers in one of the hospitals where they fetch, carry, dress and wash patients and generally assist the nurses. Once they were given leave from their offices to go with their sanitary corps when it accompanied a battalion from the city part way to the front, where it picked up its own experienced sanitary corps. The idea was to have the girls on hand just in case any slight accidents occurred on the way. They were very much disappointed because they hadn't a chance to get any practice, since no soldier so much as stubbed a toe on the trip.

Two nights a week the girls join the street and roof watchers of their apartment houses. I couldn't quite figure out when they got any sleep and said as much. They shrugged that question off as unimportant. "On quiet nights we get a chance to sleep in the hospital," they said. It's true they didn't look tired and their clear eyes and pink cheeks offered ample testimony of the Russian woman's remarkable stamina.

There are even female veterinaries attached to the army. Recently I read a story in the paper about one who went right up within a few miles of the front to look after the tired and wounded horses of the Red army battery. While she was there she cooked for the men and at night amused them with funny anecdotes and the story of her life.

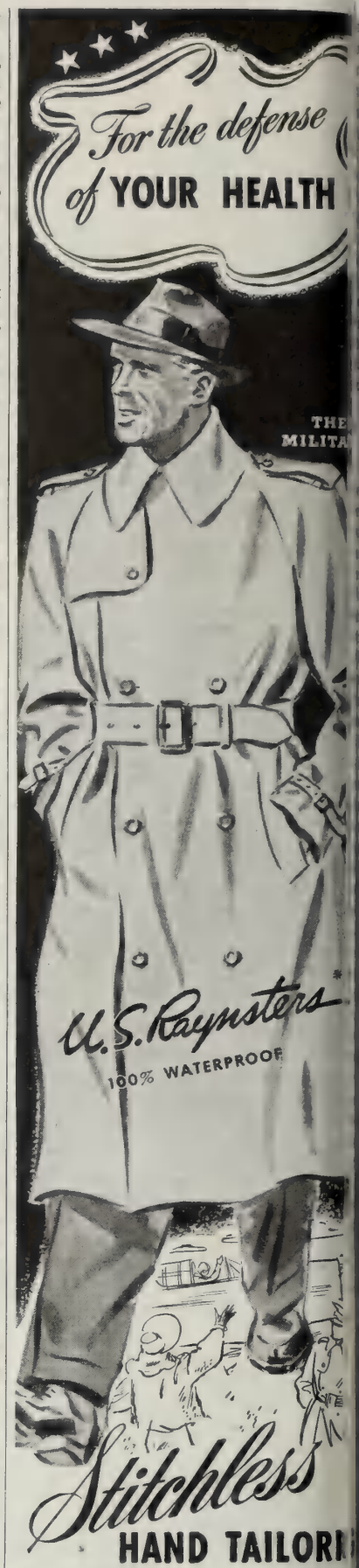
Women pilots who were already in the air force when the war began are now being allowed to stay with it, in some cases even seeing active service at the front. No exact figures on their number can be obtained, but it apparently is small. Four or five have already distinguished themselves and have been awarded decorations for bravery. Others are staying at the home airdromes in various capacities. Captain Urasova, whom I met, is an instructor. She has the Badge of the Order of Merit, given her because of competence both as instructor and flier and she also wears the Parachute Badge pinned on the breast of her khaki tunic, showing she is a qualified parachutist.

At the age of twenty, after having worked three years in a textile factory, she decided to take up flying and entered the school for army pilots. It was a step which led not only to a military career but to the acquisition of a husband, for she married her instructor. He is now a colonel flying at the front, which makes her very envious as more than anything else in the world she wants a chance to take her pursuit ship up against the Germans. Unlike the militiawoman, Captain Urasova carries pictures of her husband and child, which she produced, asking me to note the Order of Lenin, which her husband was wearing. I inquired whether she had continued to fly while expecting the child, and she replied she had during the first five months, after which she was given a desk job. Somehow the idea of having to buy army officers' maternity uniforms struck my sense of humor. She laughed with me about it but explained that hadn't really been necessary since Russian tunics are full. All she had to do was keep punching holes in her Sam Browne belt.

### Girls Who Fight Fires

Women are not excluded from the regular fire brigades. I know two female fire fighters, Valentina and Katie, who are nineteen and twenty-one. Valentina is a good-looking girl with a magnificent complexion, who looks very smart in her blue uniform and high boots. Katie is plump and snub-nosed and brims over with vitality and enthusiasm. They both think fighting fires the most wonderful job in the world. Theoretically they are on duty twenty-four hours, with a layoff period for the succeeding twenty-four, but during the period of raids they often stayed on much longer. Valentina during a fire stays on the telephone to keep the firemen in touch with the sta-

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owever, if there is a very big fire
o goes out and helps with the
On the second night of the July
he was given a chance to take
ve part when a house burned
ne in the morning until six.
girls are the only women in their
nies, although there are several
acting in the capacity of clerks
lephone operators with whom
nare rooms, for they live at the
I started to tell them about the
American firemen slide down
hey have hurry calls, but they
pted to say their firehouses also
oles. According to Valentina
down poles is a fine idea but it
girl's clothes.

**ncendiaries Are a Cinch**

e drives a fire engine and tests
es for the brigade. She considers
lucky because during the month
he Germans were flying regu-
ver Moscow her company hap-
to be called out in every raid.
vhile at a fire, the street where
ked continued to be a target and
ncendiaries fell around her truck.
ne aid of another chauffeur Katie
m all out, getting badly burned
leg during the process. She was
ited to notice it at the time and
realize she had been hurt until
back to the station. She thinks
make as good fire fighters as
not better, and considers herself
llent driver and mechanic. Her
she says, is very fine and in per-
ndition; she knows because she
fter it herself. "I've been in the
partment only ten months," she
e. "Before that I drove a bus.
a more interesting job because
full of variety and thrills. Be-
just love to ring a bell." ARP
s act as volunteer fire fighters.
ally every woman in Moscow can
l to be a member of ARP since
ne at some time takes her turn
roof or street to deal with bombs.
hen I was watching a raid from a
r I saw a girl dash into the street
n incendiary had fallen and, find-
hing close at hand to put it out
xcept street refuse, she grabbed
apped it over the bomb and sat
n it with a look of triumph.
sses and ballet dancers take their
oo as roof watchers and between
rehearsals attend fire drills in the theaters. There were fifty-six actresses in five Moscow theaters who studied to become trained nurses and had finished their courses by the end of September. On nights when they weren't acting they went to the hospitals to get practical experience in caring for the wounded. Others are doing their bit by traveling up to the front with their companies to put on shows for the soldiers. One troupe has just returned from Odessa; another recently got back from the Gomel area.

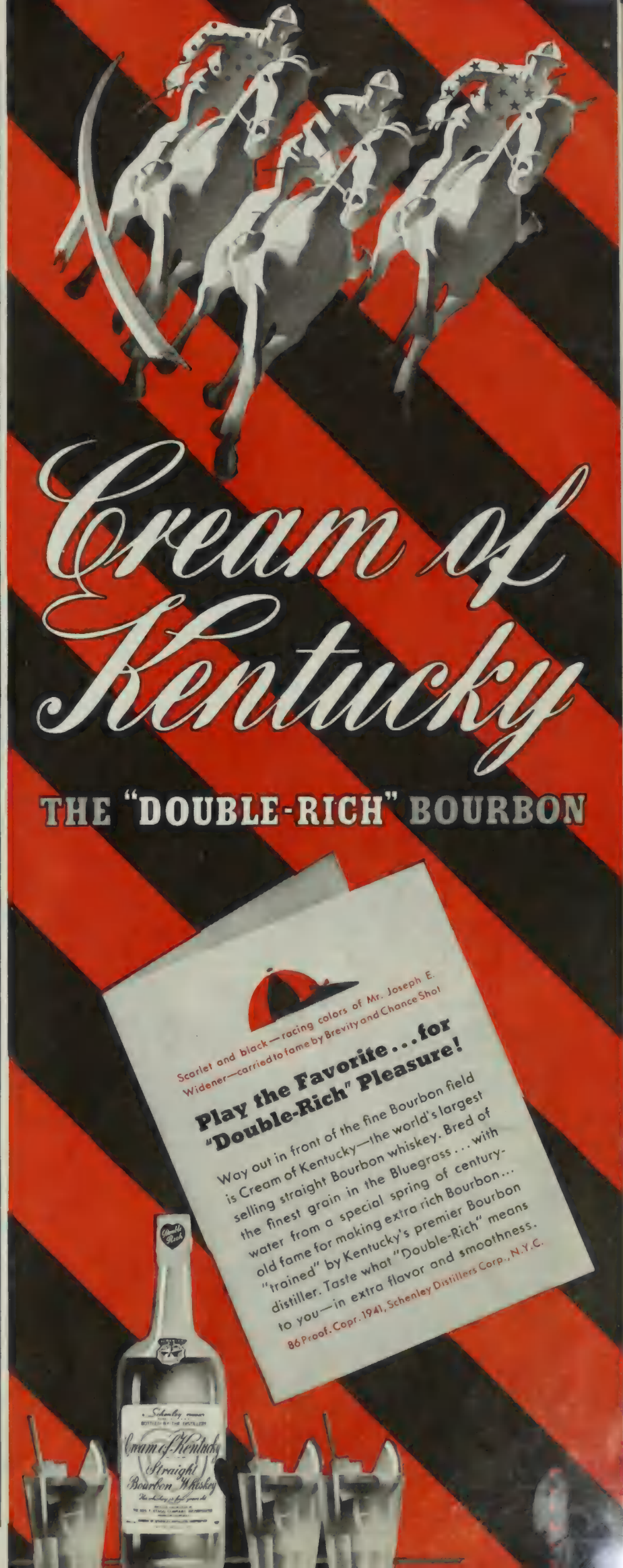
I spent a couple of hours one afternoon with Maritta Chaginian, the popular author of fifty-eight books, who besides continuing work on her thesis for a degree in philology and doing her regular writing, writes articles for the papers explaining Naziism to the Russians. She is soon bringing out a small book on Rosenberg, a criticism of his theories. We talked about the war work being done by women and she told me that her daughter, who is six months pregnant, has insisted upon taking her turn on the roof and has helped put out several incendiaries. Chaginian herself enlisted for the same kind of work in her house but was turned down because of deafness. She was indignant at first but since then has had to admit maybe there was some point in refusing her services as one night when she was sitting in the cellar reading an American detective story (her favorite air-raid reading matter), she was jolted off her chair. She turned on a neighbor, crying, "Stop pushing me." The man looked surprised, as he was entirely innocent; the jolt had been caused by the explosion of a bomb across the street which Chaginian had not even heard.

Five ARP workers were brought to a press conference one afternoon to tell the foreign correspondents about their work. All had been decorated and one held the record for extinguishing sixty-six incendiaries one night. Another was a very young girl with a pudgy face and a high, child's voice who looked as if she should have been out with the other kids skipping rope. Instead she works in an electrical plant and wears the uniform of a regular ARP worker—blue skirt, full-belted khaki tunic and forage cap. When we asked her what she would do if a German parachutist landed on her roof she answered, "I'd break his neck." No one doubted for a moment that she would.




**"I think we better call Mr. Gilroy. He likes to handle these important matters himself"**

SAID BOTH

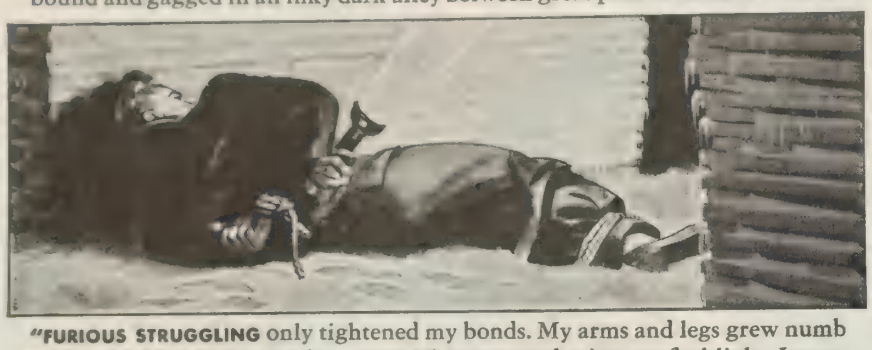



# "I WAS BOUND AND GAGGED AND LEFT TO DIE!"

*A true experience of* JOSEPH J. KARES, *Charlestown, Boston, Mass.*



**"THUGS HELD ME UP** one bitterly cold night as I left our docked lumber ship," writes Radio Operator Kares. "After taking what cash I had, they left me bound and gagged in an inky dark alley between great piles of stacked lumber.

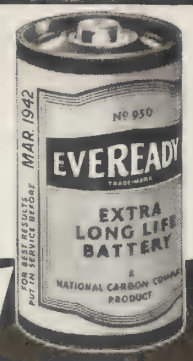


**"FURIOUS STRUGGLING** only tightened my bonds. My arms and legs grew numb with cold. My plight was desperate! Then, remembering my flashlight, I managed to reach it . . . started flashing SOS against the top of the lumber.



**"FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR** I kept signaling. Half dead with cold . . . about to give up hope . . . I was at last rescued by two officers from my ship. If it hadn't been for those dependable 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries I would have been a goner.

(*Signed*) Joseph J. Kares"




*The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.*

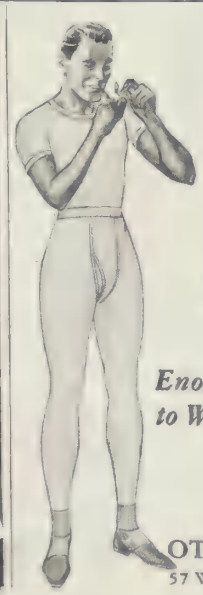
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*Enough Extra Warmth to Ward off the Shivers*

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# Surprise in Armor

Continued from page 15

to yell words above the motor's grunting, the two soldiers relapsed into silence.

A hand reached in through the driver's door and beckoned. Dimly a voice shouted:

"Come outta that, Terry, and stand by to tow!"

The driver climbed out through his doors, which opened like horizontal cellar flaps, while MacGinnis went up the turret. Outside all was pitch-black, with now and then a drop of rain. Behind them, in the dark, MacGinnis and Terry, the driver, could hear the pounding of hammers as the crew of a disabled tank took out the towing clevis and attached their towing cable.

"Tank behind us is in the ditch or over a culvert," decided Terry. "These damn' things will stick if you look at 'em."

"Well," suggested MacGinnis, "let's go get the rear clevis workin' before the sergeant comes back an' takes away our appetite for even a chocolate bar."

THE towing cable of the forward tank was run back and attached to the cable of the disabled one, then, climbing back into his seat, assisted by MacGinnis repeating the sergeant's signals through the side door, Terry snaked the ditched tank back to the road again. Then the towing cables were strapped into place and the crews prepared to descend into the lower regions to take their places again. From the darkness appeared the sergeant, and seized MacGinnis by the arm.

"LeClaire's tank hit a concrete milepost, it knocked him cold an' the tank commander hit the gun and *he's* cold, too. So me and Red are gonna take over the tank. Tell Terry. We ain't far from bivouac. We got the maintenance truck behind us, the rest have gone on. You act as tank commander, see, an' when you see two parallel blue lights close to the ground, that's the battalion bivouac. There'll be somebody there to meet you."

"Sergeant," faltered MacGinnis, "I ain't had much service. I'll do as you say. My father was in the last war, an' he says, 'Use your discretion about doin' what some second looey tells you, but when a sergeant speaks, you just co-operate.' So now, whatever you say, I'll do, but I never guided a tank in my life, an' after dark, with the brigade loose in this part o' the country an' operatin' without lights, I just as soon not be in a tank turret directin' the driver."

"A'right," the sergeant said. "I'll go first. You folly me."

The two tanks lurched forward, tracks clattering, engines panting, down the road to catch up with the column.

A hand tugged at MacGinnis' coveralls, where he stood in the turret. He bent down. Dimly he could see Terry's goggled face looking up at him in the glow of the radio dial. Terry, seeing that he was observed, touched his goggles. MacGinnis obediently wiped them with a piece of waste. Terry signaled impatiently that that was not the trouble, then returned to his controls, and MacGinnis saw him pull back the steering lever that threw the tank to the right and off the road. Clank! the long gear-shift arm went into neutral. The roar of track and motor died.

"I can't see a dad-blamed thing!" roared Terry's voice up the turret. "Why don't you give me a signal once in a while? Yuh playin' solitaire up there or readin' a book or what?"

"I can't see nuthin' neither!" protested MacGinnis. "So how coul read a book?"

"Ah, don't be no dumber than was born! When did you see the ot tank last?"

"Not since we took off."

"You ain't! Why didn't you do so thin' about it? You dope! What a cruit! What'd yuh think we come here for, our health? Just whadd think we're doin' out in this neck o' world this time o' night—snipe hunti

MacGinnis crawled down out of turret and leaned over the driver.

"Why, it's to prepare us for war, see if we could live with no chow that chocolate bar the colonel inven an' to meet the enemy in the shap them five milishy divisions. The c nel's got a plan, I heard tell, tha pretty near perfect, about a pene tion an' then wide envelopment, c the envelopment comes from behind enemy, instead of in front of th Guy sleeps next to me in the barra he's the striker for a major, was t in'—"

"Ah, bolts an' nuts!" With a gest of reach, Terry swept the switch o and cut the motor. Silence that hur once ensued. "Listen, MacGinnis," c tinued Terry, his voice ringing nov the steel walls, "you pay attentio what you're doin', an' stop wande in your mind like a pasturin' jackas a field of oats! We were right clos bivouac an' we probably run by it! shoulda been in long ago. We had e miles to go an' we've gone ten by speedometer. The sergeant an' the in bed by now, you cluck!"

MacGinnis at once projected him from the turret, like a grub from a b and listened.

"Nah!" he called down again. " outfit ain't bivouacked. I can hea Maintenance is still behind us. I hear 'em, too. G'wan down the courageously. My father was in last war. 'Always go courageously, says, 'if you want to get somewher

DIMLY MacGinnis could see the la like form of the driver project i from the door and hold on to the non, while he listened. All about th coming in waves like the beat of ocean on the shore, was a steady vi tion of sound, the thunder and the of the armored brigade on the ma Tracks clanking, motors throbbing backfiring, four hundred armored n sters were surging forward through streaming darkness.

"They are too, bivouackin'," Terry. "The outfit don't make all noise on the march!"

"Well, if they're bivouackin', we find 'em, then, can't we?"

Terry climbed all the way out, stood on the lap of the tank.

"That ain't the point," he announ "That noise we hear is what they the bulk of the brigade. Our regi was to turn off to the west, so they c do that envelopment you spoke abo

A third voice spoke from the d ness: "Hey, what's the matter with guys, broke down?"

"Who wants tuh know?"

"Maintenance. If you're broke d say so, an' let's get at it. If you dump the lead outta your britches let's get on. We wanna get to slee night, strange as it seems!"

"Just keep on your coveralls, yuh?" barked Terry. "This stupe I in the turret went to sleep an' I t we lost the column. They turne west somewheres."

"I never went to sleep. I didn't



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no column. You stopped an' cut your motor. You got rattled, so there. My father said that when a guy got rattled, he was already three-quarters licked."

"Pay no attention to him," advised Terry. "He's a psychological case, like the medicos say. The regiment has swung west, an' we come straight on. I figure if I turn around an' go back we can find the turn."

"There ain't no left turn," said the maintenance man. "I wasn't asleep, I was watchin'. If they turned off, they went cross-country. I heard the bivouac area was Eelbeck. Let's get there an' get to bed."

A wild burst of rain ended the council of war. The maintenance man ran back to his truck, Terry climbed into the tank, and MacGinnis slid halfway down the turret.

"Keep your eye peeled!" admonished Terry. "I gotta button up my doors, or drown. Now, kid, it's up to you. If I go off the road or over a cliff, or smash this tank, you'll regret it! An' what I mean 'regret' with a capital 'R'. Jumpin' James! An' all this for a chocolate bar!"

THE motor was started, the gears clanked, the patient tank shook its head and settled into the collar to haul its fifteen tons along the streaming road.

The road was unpaved, and the swift rain soon turned it into a butterlike consistency. The tank banged and lurched out of deep potholes dug by preceding traffic. They had, thank heaven, plenty of gas.

The motion of the tank became easier after a time; it lifted and fell to the inequalities of the road with the easy rise and fall of a small boat over moderate waves. When he was certain of the motion, and that it did not change to the violent thump and jar of the potholes again, Terry cut the gas, put the gear shift into neutral, and pulled on MacGinnis' leg.

"Hey, MacGinnis, we're off the road. We're goin' across country. I can tell by the motion."

"I know it. It's all right. You can't run into no ditches here. I was scared to death on that damn' road. This is a good wide field by the looks."

Terry raised his head to look up the turret.

"You dish-dashed fool!" he called. "You ain't got the sense God gave a bedbug. This is no time to go wanderin' around fields. It's late! We're due in bivouac. Why didn't you stop me the minute we got off the road? Whaddyuh want to do, promenade around these turpentine swamps the rest o' your life?"

"I see lights," admonished MacGinnis. "I'm directin', ain't I? I thought we could cut across country. There's a string o' lights over there, that's the main highway."

Terry cut the motor. "Climb out an' open my doors!" he ordered. Then, when it had been done, he climbed out and looked about him.

All around was blackness, palpable, almost. Rain hissed on the hot mufflers, and rattled on the armor. There was no sound of the other elements of the brigade.

Terry spoke his feelings, blue flame, splashes of fire, like a cold tank backfiring.

"Show me that road where you seen all the lights!" he demanded.

There were no lights now. Maybe they turned the lights off at one o'clock or something. Those small towns did. Or then maybe it had come on to rain so hard that you couldn't see the lights. At these thoughts of MacGinnis', Terry sneered.

"Applesauce!" he raged. "Them was the lights of a bunch of motorists held up by a column. They was goin' home to bed. You know my thought on this? We're lost."

There was a silence. The rain, which had ceased for a time, once more fell heavily.

"I can't go on," said Terry. "I can't. I'm too tired."

Pause.

"Well," said MacGinnis, "I ain't had but about five hours on a tank, but if you'll say so, I'll drive for you."

They re-entered the tank.

"Wind her up!" crisply ordered Terry. "You can't fall off no cliffs, nor hit no tanks in front account of because there ain't no tanks in front. If we get stuck, we c'n spend the night like I planned to anyways. Let's go!"

The motor subsequently woke to thundering life, the gears clanged into position, and with a growl of tracks the tank lumbered into the night, tossing its head like a plow horse as it crossed the furrows. The road where MacGinnis had seen the lights was not far away, not more than a field or two. He kept his door open despite the streaming rain that ran down his windpipe.

The crew of a tank in motion are celled in from one another and the world outside by more than steel. With the roar of the motor and the beat of the tracks, speech is impossible. The driver can see little, even with the door open in the daytime. The man in the turret, who guides the beast as the front man of a stage horse guides his fellow, can see in the daytime, but not at night. The only perception that can register on the tank crew is the cracking of trees torn down by the ponderous march of the pachyderm of steel.

The crackling of wood, and the brushing of the branches under the belly of the tank apprised MacGinnis that he was entering woods, big timber by the sound. But he had seen no woods! There had been no woods between him and the lights he had seen on that road, else he could not have seen the lights! Crrrrack! Down went another tree.

In such circumstances, it is better at night to have a man dismount from the tank and, walking ahead, feeling with his hands if he cannot see, lead the willing monster between the trunks it cannot knock down. A tank is steered by two huge levers, and the gear shifted by another one almost as big as the reverse lever of a locomotive, and requiring almost as much strength to operate.

MACGINNIS' hands flew from one lever to the other, as he thought he felt the track biting into a tree. The rain beat in remorselessly, to the point where he finally had to drop his door in self-defense. It seemed to him that he was at the bottom of the sea. He had felt the descent of the tank going downhill, the speed had increased so that he had not had to use his accelerator to keep the engine revolutions high, but there had been no corresponding climb on the other side. He could not tell now whether he was still in the woods or not. Well, what did Terry say? MacGinnis put the tank into neutral and turned. The turret was empty.

MacGinnis was out of the seat like an eel, he had a flashlight out of its socket, and, shielding it with his hand, he swung it into the turret. No, Terry was not hiding there. The turret was "buttoned up"; that is, the cover had been closed. Then MacGinnis found Terry, a tumbled heap in the hole behind the driver's seat. He was alive, there was no sign of blood on him; he had fallen down the turret and had the wind knocked out of him. Or maybe worse. The first thing to do was to open the turret and get some air in there. Then to find out where they were. But the turret would not open. The latch was not locked, yet some invisible force held down the lid.

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cGinnis did not have strength
gh to open the driver's doors alone.
he bethought him of a canteen.
ater from which he emptied over
's face, to the detriment of the
nal equipment with which the floor
e tank was strewn. Terry opened
es, fumbled for his helmet, looked
ly upward at the white steel walls,
visibly returned to himself.
ut out that doggone light!" he
ed.
he turret's buttoned down," soothed
Ginnis. "No one can see us. I hit
e. Musta knocked you cold like
e LeClaire when he hit the mile-
"
o hittin' no tree knocked me cold!"
ed Terry. "I got crowned! My
et's down around my ears. Some-
onked me with a crowbar!"
hey couldn't!" protested MacGin-
"You buttoned up the turret!"
didn't button the turret! Open it
's I can get some air!"
can't," said MacGinnis. "It seems
t's tied down on the outside!"
Vell, let's get outta here! I feel like
Let's go! I'll try to guide you
okin' out the pistol ports."
acGinnis obediently threw in the
h. The motor stalled. He started
notor again, but each time he en-
d the clutch the motor would stop.
erry," said he, "we're stuck!"
rry at once lay down again upon
ile of equipment on the floor. Mac-
is climbed out of his seat and fum-
e across the tank.
What are you doin' now, before I roll
to die?" demanded Terry.
'm tryin' to find somethin' on the
o," answered MacGinnis. "Some
c or somethin'. I ain't goin' to sit
alone in the dark an' just listen to
elf be frightened."

E chilling wind that comes before
e dawn awakened the colonel of
Ginnis' regiment in his "black" tent
e depths of the regimental bivouac.
ead of burying his head beneath the
kets again, he leaped out like a
ng man eager to run a race, and
ed on his boots.
Torbert!" he called. "Come, get up!
re to be queen of the May. Come
the blitzkrieg takes off! I'm goin'
it the defending infantry in the solar
us. Rouse out! Come on, Torbert,
get up those lazy umpires, and let's have a cup of coffee!"

Shortly a knot of sleepy officers gathered in the black tent, rubbing their eyes and sipping gingerly at scalding coffee.

"Gentlemen," began the colonel, "we are some two miles on the enemy flank in concealed bivouac. This regiment will attack just at daybreak, generally west. The brigade will simulate a withdrawal, the enemy will pursue, thus getting stretched out in front of us, then we hit their command installations, their communications, and when we're right smack behind them, the bulk of the brigade counterattacks. Armored-force tactics, gentlemen!"

The umpires made notes on their score sheets. In maneuvers, since no one gets killed, umpires have to pass on the probability of success of a projected attack, and decide who wins an encounter, based on the disposition of the forces, and the weapons employed on both sides. Their chief was a hard-bitten colonel, who chewed upon a cigar.

"We'll allow it!" he said decisively. "They didn't have a single outpost nor road block, nor antitank measure that I saw. And I was out on the roads until midnight. All right, let's hear your attack order."

"Have it all written out for distribution!" smiled the colonel. "Have some more coffee? We heat it over an alcohol stove, sir. Tasty, don't you think at this time of the morning? . . . Yes, orderly, what is it?"

An orderly stood there, like an attendant slave in the darkness. He held aside the tent door. Three shrouded individuals entered. They wore campaign hats, on which blue bands could be made out in the light of the gasoline lantern.

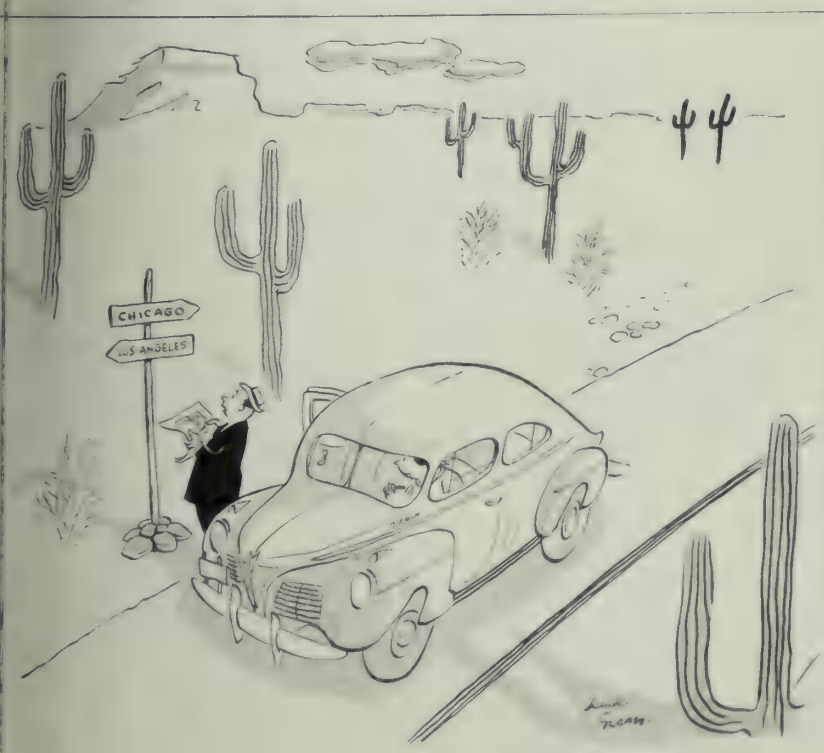
"Colonel Mell?" smiled their leader. "Landers is my name. Chief of staff to General Collins."

"Yes, but you men are Blues!" expostulated the colonel. "What's the matter? The maneuver off? What are you doing here in my post of command? Dammit, I've a good mind to take you prisoner!"

"No," smiled Landers. "We regret to inform you that you are ours."

"What is this folly?" thundered the colonel. "I'm in my own bivouac!"

"About to be bombed from the air,




**"Hmm-m, Chicago the other way. That probably explains why the sun rose in the west this morning"**



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taken under artillery fire, and destroyed. In addition we have every exit covered by antitank weapons."

"We'll run 'em down!"

Landers smiled. "I have my umpires present. May I present them for conference with yours?"

The coffee turned cold while Colonel Mell waited. The umpires muttered together. Finally the hard-bitten senior spoke:

"He's got you, Mell. You surrender or wait attack?"

"Never! Bring on your ding-donged attack! I don't believe it!"

"You'll hear the planes in a minute," said Major Landers, consulting his watch. "The artillery umpires will be here fifteen minutes after the batteries open fire. If you want to inspect the antitank measures while you're waiting—"

"I didn't see any last night," said the senior umpire.

"We kept them concentrated, sir, to be emplaced about the bivouac under cover of darkness."

Colonel Mell, held by the maneuver rules, could not leave the tent until the first planes appeared overhead. He beat upon the table in his impatience. His language smoldered like a burning coal.

"Got a piece of that famous Ration Z chocolate of yours?" smiled Major Landers. "I'd like to try it."

The colonel paid no heed. He was listening for the drone of planes overhead that would mark the destruction of his regiment.

A quarter of an hour passed.

"Where are your planes?" asked the senior umpire.

"Well, they'll be here any time!"

"Colonel Mell now planned to be moving from bivouac," continued the umpire, "according to his order. Go ahead, Colonel, you're released. See where the planes catch you."

"Well, the first thing I do is to declare Landers and all this bunch of jokers prisoners!"

"Allowed."

"But the artillery—"

"Where is it? Produce the smoke pots and the artillery umpires! I don't see any. Nothing is simulated in this maneuver. Produce 'em; if not, then we don't count 'em!"

"Well, sir," pleaded Major Landers, "the antitank guns are emplaced. I can show them!"

"And I can show you what a hundred tanks will do to them!" exulted Colonel Mell.

Five minutes later, with the roar and thunder of an advancing hurricane, the armored regiment burst from its bivouac to the assault.

ABOUT eight-thirty that same morning, two command cars, one bearing the white flag that marked it as an umpire vehicle, steered across a field toward where a lone tank rested, all enmeshed in telephone wire, much like a fly imprisoned in a spider's web. Gnome-like tank soldiers were already busy about it, snipping the wire, hacking with axes at the enveloping strands.

"What happened here?" demanded Colonel Mell, getting down from his car.

"He knocked down a telephone pole, sir, in the dark, an' kinda got wound up in the wire." Thus explained a sergeant who directed the untangling operation.

The senior umpire got down from his car, accompanied by the disgruntled Major Landers. The ground told its own story. A trunk telephone line here cut across open country. Two telephone poles were down, one underneath the tank. Their wires had finally caught and held the impetuous monster. After all, even a tank cannot tear down ten lines of telephone wire and a mile or so of poles. But the tank revolving sprocket, and the lower track had drawn this wire tightly over turret to driver's doors, imprisoning the crew.

Major Landers turned pale, the

"Sir," he cried, clutching the umpire's arm, "I protest! This done on purpose! No wonder tl tack on the bivouac didn't com We were going to telephone the ai instead of using radio to start tl tack. The Germans used comm circuits in Flanders; I guess we It was to preserve secrecy! So C Mell goes and destroys the comm circuits! That's forbidden!"

"Well, he didn't know your pl why would he wreck the telephon tem? What's the crew got to sa

First out was Terry. Then Ma nis. Both reeled from stiffness a got down, and regarded the gro officers with apprehension.

"What happened here?" aske colonel.

"Sir," replied Terry, "I do not I was knocked cold by some enem

"I couldn't go no further, sir, MacGinnis, "account it's against lations to move a tank with no observation in the turret. So I s too. Anyways, we couldn't get o was tied in."

IT COULD be seen also that th true. The sheaf of wires on th phone pole's crossarm had been in the running gear of the tank, down across the bow, and then sli the turret as the tank advanced wire catching beneath the lid of tl ret which opens forward, had sla it down upon the head of the unsu ing Terry. More of the same, wi help of one of the recumbent pol finally stalled the tank.

"And look," cried Major La "there's the umpire wire all tang with the rest of it! That's wh artillery attack didn't come off e

"H'mmm." The senior umpire grave. "Didn't you see the red t those umpire lines?" he asked M nis. "You should have known th pire lines followed the comm poles. How can we run a maneu the umpires have no telephones

"Sir, there was lights here," saic Ginnis. "I thought they was a When I got here they were gone was the road."

"Probably signal-corps trucks ing the umpire lines," said the umpire. "Being neutrals, they keep their lights burning. Well, i have happened in battle. My stands." He coughed. "But I really know who's going to pay f destruction of property, two pole phone, and some miles of wire."

Major Landers turned like a ing hawk. "Why didn't you m your radio if you were lost?" manded.

"We ain't radio operators, sir, one of us!" answered Terry. "V receive, but it's somethin' else a run a transmitter. You have t beat it, an' that."

"You men run along now a some breakfast!" growled Colone "The less questioning here, the b

"We ain't hungry, sir," replied Ginnis. "We had the Ration Z late bars that the other men in th hadn't eaten, sir. We ate the meals straight and liked them fin

The colonel strolled away, the smile of the inventor on his calm tenance.

"You liar!" marveled Terry, wh officers had gone. "It was the ser sardines we et for breakfast! Wha you say it was that chocolate ba

"Huh. Do you want us to find a poles and wire on our pay roll? I have a father in the last w nuthin'!"

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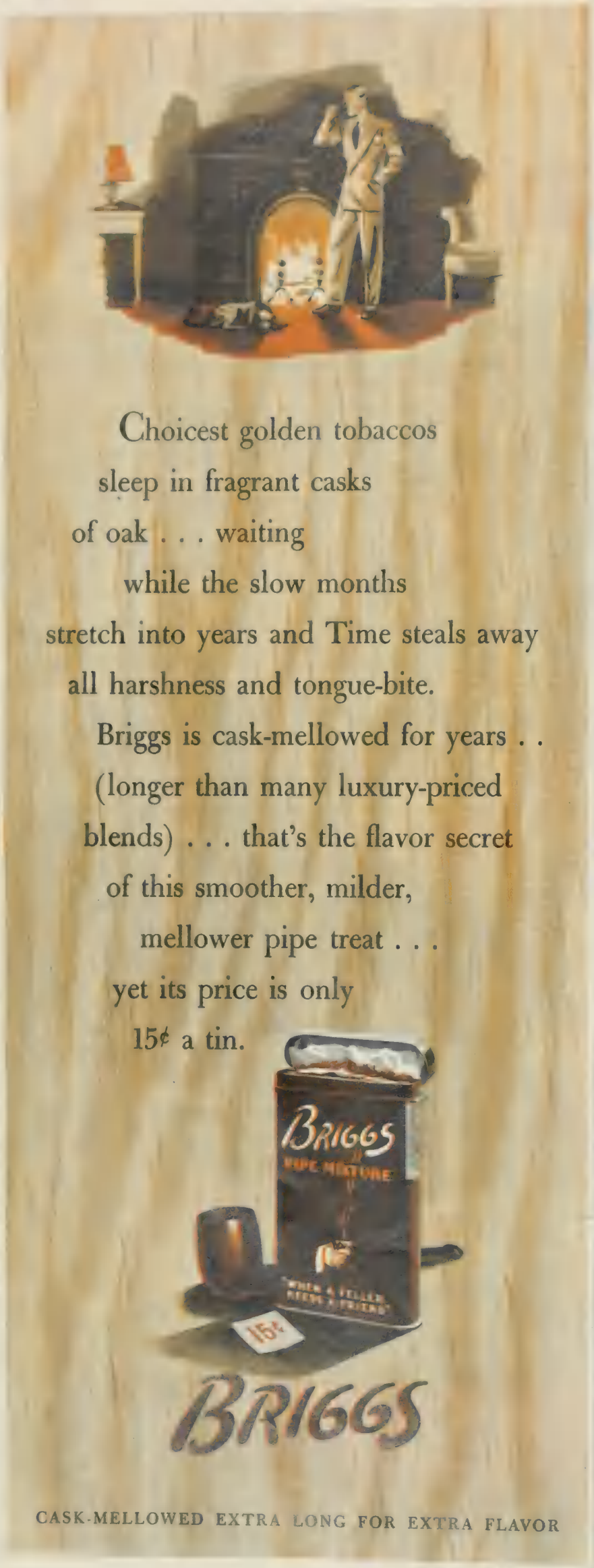
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# Bringing Rubber Home

Continued from page 35

Growing rubber consists of a great deal more than simply sticking a seed in the ground and waiting for it to grow big enough to tap. Bringing Hevea back to the Western Hemisphere—its original home—posed a thousand problems.

What areas had the 80 inches of annual rainfall needed? (Denver has 14; Chicago, 32; New York, 43.) What localities had a mean temperature of 72 degrees? And good soil, available transportation and adequate labor supply? What could be done about rubber's chief bugaboo—the leaf-blight disease? This disease, unknown in the East, had wrecked previous efforts at plantation culture in the Guianas and Trinidad. It doesn't hurt wild trees growing in the jungle—they are too widely separated. But when trees are packed tightly together on plantations it goes through them like influenza through an army camp.

Fortunately, the U.S.D.A. had a man thoroughly equipped to handle the job: Dr. Elmer W. Brandes of the Bureau of Plant Industry. He is forty-nine, grayish and biggish; looks something like OMP Director Knudsen. Most of his professional life has been spent solving problems of tropical agriculture. He has worked with diseases of bananas and other fruits. His biggest achievement was conquering the sugar-cane mosaic disease.

Brandes had the rubber campaign perfectly planned long before Congress voted money. He knew where he could put his hands on soil scientists who had worked in Sumatra, pathologists with experience in Liberia, and plant breeders trained in Java. He began recruiting by telephone the day Congress made funds available.

From the University of Michigan he got Dr. Carl D. LaRue, botanist with wide experience in British Malaya. H. H. Bartlett of Michigan knew Sumatra rubber culture. E. C. Stakman of Minnesota was ■ plant pathologist. C. B. Manifold, of the Department of Agriculture, had studied rubber-growing in the East. The big rubber companies sent along top-ranking technicians. Altogether, twenty men joined up.

In the jungle, their chief job was to find spots suitable for rubber culture. With soil augers they took soil samples. Microscopes told the story sect pests and plant diseases i area. Types of vegetation disc told the experienced botanist w mean temperature of the area w how much rainfall it had.

Out of this exploration work one solid fact: Immediately to th of us we have millions of acres capable of growing rubber—times as much land as is planted ber in the Middle East. Much already cleared and available f mediate planting. For the bette this land was formerly plan bananas but abandoned when struck the crop.

### Seeds via Army Bomber

Whenever party members fou teresting specimens of wild growing in the jungle they ga seeds—large, mottled affairs th like pecans. These had to be h quickly because rubber seed power to germinate in a few time. This fact had been plann in advance. While exploration were poking around the Amazon waters and through Central Am swamps, other men had been busy ing and fencing land for nu Twelve of these were established tered from Haiti to Peru. Seed rushed to them—sometimes by bomber.

Meanwhile, plant breeders wer in three experiment stations: Brazil, one in Panama, one in Rica. There are a few facts abo ber culture you must know to stand what they are up to. Rubbe are as unalike as human beings tree will be disease-resistant; a will not. One tree may produce pounds of rubber a year, while a produces 50 pounds! Poets ma their ideas about who can make but so have plant breeders. A breeders are out to produce a made tree having all desirable acteristics.

To get a high-yield tree they grafting. They take a pea-size (which would have eventually into a branch) from a high pr Four or five inches from the


"They can't be blasé. Nobody can look that bored and not mean it
JOHN A

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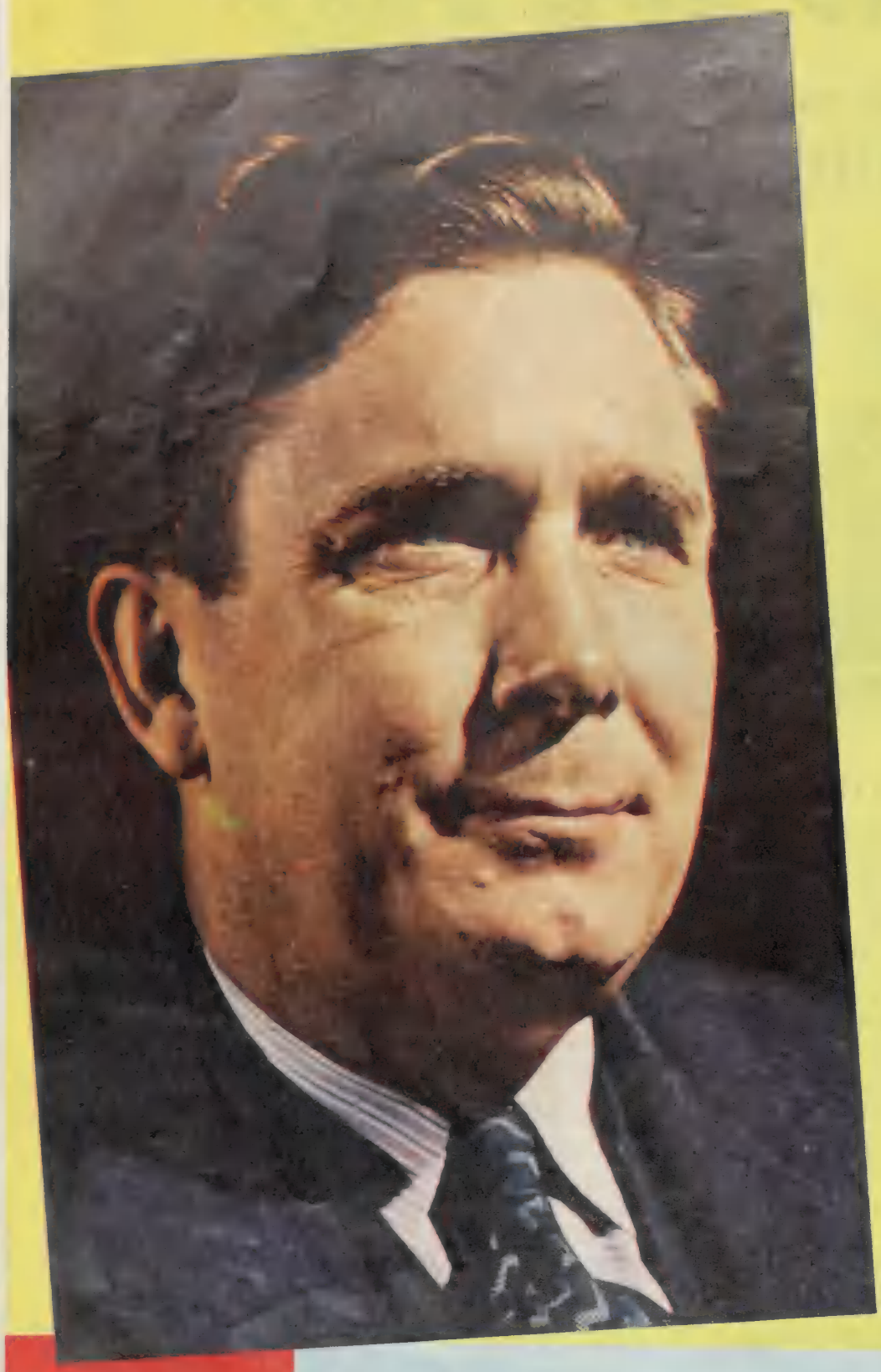
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Wendell Willkie believes he knows the answers; sparing neither facts nor names, he lashes out ruthle at the defense bunglers and the frictionists who are p ing politics with national safety.

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graft this on the trunk of a low- seedling. If the bud takes hold. ld tree is lopped off. The bud s the new trunk.

plant breeders have ■ mass gh-production budding material ible. And it is fortunate that they In 1933 an embargo was placed portation of seeds and budding ial from the East. Before it went ffect the Goodyear Rubber Com- moved samples of its best ma- to a 2,500-acre plantation in the pines. In 1935 and 1936 the com- moved part of this stock to ex- ental plantations in Panama and Rica. Represented in these ngs are some of the finest rubber- cing trees in the world—the result years of careful selection.

this is available to the govern- researchers. It should supply with the high-production features d in the rubber tree they are put- ogether. The fact that they have aterial should give South America nendous advantage over the East. bly 80 per cent of rubber grown East comes from seedling—not rafted—stock. It produces an ge of 350 pounds of rubber per The new trees now in the making d produce six times this amount. spread should more than offset in- ed labor costs on this hemisphere re there are no Chinese or Java- willing to work for 25 cents a day. odyear's foresight and wisdom in ing its planting stock out of the rgo belt has one ironic twist. Bra- milarly locked the door—when it oo late. In 1876 Henry Wickham, tish planter, slipped out of Brazil a half ton of rubber seeds, and hem to London. The Kew Garden houses were hastily emptied of ble plants, and rubber culture be- Out of the original collection of , only 2,000 germinated. Every on the nine million acres in the h and Dutch East Indies traces try to these seedlings. When it what had happened Brazil slapped n embargo—too late. Plantation re thrived in the East; and drove aphazard Brazilian industry out of nce.

### Blightproof Rubber Trees

e next problem of the plant breed- leaf blight. This tree sickness is own in the East. Wickham's seeds t carry it and extraordinary pre- ons have kept it from slipping in importation of the original seed- tock. But it is widespread in South Central America.

has thwarted efforts in the past ow rubber on a plantation basis in Guianas and Trinidad. And it has a curse to the vast Ford planta- now struggling in the Brazilian e. Ford started operations in 1928 2,500,000-acre tract on the Tapajos r, a tributary of the Amazon. Be- ed for five years by lack of mois- and by leaf blight, plantation gers finally decided to move. y miles downstream they chose her site and started again. The ,000 blight-resisting trees now ing should be in production by

e plant men know that they can l almost any degree of resistance the new plants. Here, again, they lots of good material with which ork. For the better part, it comes old plantations that have been de- ed by blight. One derelict planta- in Costa Rica, for example, had surviving trees out of an original cing of 36,000. The trees still stand- hust, of course, have a high degree sistance to leaf blight. Otherwise, would have perished.

Breeding this resistance into a line is tricky business but it can be done precisely and positively. Trees—like barnyard stock—are selected for mating. Platforms are built around them and cheesecloth bags are placed over blossoms—to avoid accidental matings. Then pollen from a wanted parent is introduced under the blossom covering.

Resulting progeny is tested for resistance—by spraying with the spores which cause leaf blight. The leaves of some will shrivel, blacken and drop off. Others that have inherited the characteristics of their parents will go untouched—and these are the interesting ones.

### The Groundwork is Done

The job of producing the wanted tree, and persuading people to make large-scale plantings, is admittedly large. It will take time. Seedlings must stay in nurseries for one year; and four years more on plantations before tapping can begin. But the important point is this: The groundwork is completed. Promising seedlings are already available. Earlier exploration parties filled files with the facts they gathered, but the present one wrote its report in trees.

Co-operating countries have responded enthusiastically. Brazil put up $175,000 for a big research laboratory at Belem. Mexico, Peru, Haiti and others similarly appropriated funds and assigned their best scientists to the job.

Meanwhile, plans are afoot which promise a short-range solution to America's threatened rubber shortage. This is cultivation of guayule. This tough, spidery bush grows in semiarid regions —from Texas south to Mexico and west to California. These bushes are harvested like hay and fed into ball mills which pound them to pulp—the rubber being extracted by flotation. Mexican guayule once supplied about 7 per cent of the world's rubber requirements!

Estimates indicate that it can be produced for 25 to 30 cents a pound (as opposed to 20 cents, the present price of Hevea rubber). Even at this higher price guayule represents a good hedge against a rubber shortage, and efforts are being made to get the government to finance a 45,000-acre experimental plantation.

This project, along with the one in South and Central America, makes it apparent that rubber is on the way home. Several million seedlings are already growing in nurseries. Distribution to big plantations, and to small native farms, will begin in a few months.

It is hoped that balance between large and small producers will be fairly even. Hoping to encourage native growers, an educational campaign is already under way. Small landowners are being taught the rudiments of rubber culture. And field demonstrators are showing how to prepare latex for the market: how rubber is coagulated from sap; how it is squeezed through wringers that look like ordinary clothes wringers; and how the resulting sheets are smoked.

Successful termination of this widespread effort doesn't necessarily mean the end of rubber culture in the East. With uses of rubber constantly expanding there should be room for all. Big Army trucks, remember, have as many as ten wheels which require tires. Big tanks need half a ton of rubber; and farm machinery is beginning to run on rubber-tired wheels. Yet, even after considering these things, there is every indication that the greatest agricultural upheaval in history is beginning. The stakes are enormous.

The scientists working on the problem have no doubts about the outcome. Dr. Brandes is very confident about the whole thing. "It is just another job for scientific agriculture," he says.


TODAY'S BIG HEAD-LINE



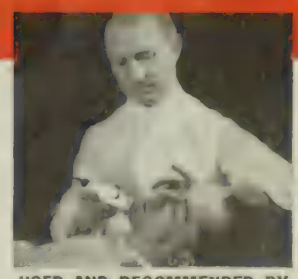

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## The Fight Goes On

Continued from page 21

developed. In a few had come dishonest, racketeering leadership.

The history, however, of capital, of industry, of finance, in their own periods of rapid expansion, had shown the same kind of faults, the same excesses, the same irresponsibility—even in greater degree.

Enemies of labor were quick to condemn in 1937. From familiar circles came the old cry of the Tories: "Something drastic must be done to curb labor; it is getting too powerful." Of course what these people really want and strive for is to return to the good old days when labor was unorganized and weak, and starving for jobs. It used to be so easy to bargain with one man who had a family to support when fifty other men wanted the same job. You could always reason with a starving applicant for a job. But it is so inconvenient to bargain with a strong, united group of employees who know that they are entitled to a fair share of the profits of an industry.

From a few hysterical sources came even the demand that federal troops be called out to put down the strikes.

### Plants Must Be Kept Busy

I consider the calling out of federal troops during a strike, except in a national emergency, one of the most dangerous things that can happen in a democracy.

Similar demands to use the Army came again during the strikes in some of the defense industries in March and April, 1941.

I have always felt proud and gratified that during my service as Governor of New York and as President of the United States, up to June, 1941, after the full unlimited national emergency had come, I have not once called out the militia or the troops in a labor dispute.

As of the date of writing this note, in July, 1941, the single exception I have made in all my public service was in June of 1941, when I directed the Army to take over the struck plant of the North American Aviation Corporation, which was engaged in making airplanes for the defense of the United States. This was a vital spot in our armament program which, in the interest of our national existence, could not be permitted to remain idle. Besides, the responsible leaders of labor in the United States all realized that this was not a bona fide labor dispute, but a form of alien sabotage, inspired and directed by Communist forces, interested not in the advancement of labor, but in the defeat and overthrow of the United States.

The history of strikes in 1937 and in 1941 has justified the validity of the calm, sensible, peaceful approach to the settlement of strikes.

### NOTE ON THE LEND-LEASE BILL

IN THE decade since 1931, international lawlessness practiced successively by Japan, Italy and Germany has been casting a lengthening shadow over the world. Repudiation of solemn treaty pledges, invasion of independent countries, bombing of civilians, enslavement of captive peoples—those are the principles which have seemed to guide the aggressor nations.

The policy of our government has been consistently designed to keep war out of the Americas. Clearly this will become impossible if the last European bulwark of democracy, Great Britain, falls before the Axis powers. For over a century, Britain's fleet has been standing guard in the Atlantic Ocean, complementing our own fleet in an almost consistently friendly fashion, and helping to give us in 1941 the naval protection which we otherwise would not be able to build quickly enough for the present crisis. We now understand that one of the ways in which we must defend America is by enabling the British fleet to stay on guard so as to preserve the integrity of the seas.

Our defense policy has had to be developed in response to the spread of international brutality. In my message to the Congress on January 4, 1939, I proclaimed the need for methods to curb the aggressors. Even before the outbreak of the European War, I urged the repeal of the embargo upon arms and munitions contained in our Neutrality Act, which operated to the detriment of peace-loving nations and for the benefit of the dictators. But those who claimed "better private information" about the danger of war refused to act to remove this handicap to the democracies.

When Hitler plunged Europe into war, I again asked, and this time secured, the repeal of the arms embargo. Yet, as the cruel forces of lawlessness crushed nation after nation, America's peril became greater and greater. We needed time to expand our productive facilities to meet the threat of aggression in this hemisphere. We needed time to build up our land and naval defenses. And time was fast getting short, with aggression on the quick march which modern warfare had developed.

In June of 1940 it became clear to me that it was necessary immediately to send to Great Britain much more than the matériel which she and France had ordered in America, and which was then coming off the assembly lines. Accordingly, in that month we sent to Great Britain more than $43,000,000 worth of our surplus stocks of rifles, machine guns, field artillery, ammunition and aircraft. This was equipment which would have taken many months to manufacture and which, with the exception of the aircraft, had been produced during the World War period at a cost of $300,000,000. Most of this matériel would not have been usable if we had kept it much longer. It arrived in Britain after the evacuation at Dunkirk, where great quantities of guns and military supplies had been lost by the British. No one can tell how much of an effect these supplies had upon the success of Great Britain's resistance in the summer and fall of 1940.

### Efficient Production for All

Since June, 1940, this government has continued to send surplus war materials as well as matériel which had been produced by private manufacturers. As part of this supply was the fifty old-age destroyers turned over to Britain in September, 1940.

As 1940 drew to a close, Britain's financial assets reached a dangerous low point. In her heroic fight to repel the Nazis, her gold reserve and dollar exchange assets left small leeway for additional purchases in this country. Action became imperative to bolster her position and at the same time strengthen our own defenses.

In my annual message to the Congress (January 6, 1941) I pointed out that a mere loan of dollars would

quick and as productive of results
oan of war materials, to be repaid
d after the close of hostilities. By
facturing war supplies for all the
racies, we could fit our own needs
heirs, and could provide more
nt and speedy production for all

suant to these recommendations,
end-Lease Bill was introduced
ne Congress on January 10, 1941,
R. 1776 and S. 275. . . .
r several days of debate, the
of Representatives passed the
Lease Bill on February 8th by a
f 260-165. The Senate opened de-
on February 17th, and amended
assed the bill on March 8th by a
f 60-31. The bill was then returned
House for concurrence in the Sen-
mendments, which was obtained
arch 11th by a vote of 317-71.
gned the bill (Public No. 11, 77th
ess) on March 11, 1941. Within
minutes thereafter, army and
war materials were speeding on
way to Great Britain and
e. . . .
he first five months of the year
we have sent more than twelve
as many airplanes to Britain as
d in the first five months of 1940;
than ten times as many aircraft
s in the same comparative peri-
During the first four months of
ear seventeen times as much ex-
es and ninety times as much am-
ion and firearms were sent to
n as during the first four months
40. . . .

**How Lend-Lease is Working**

hould be borne in mind that lend-
orders, although they are based
e requirements of a foreign gov-
ent, are actually United States
nment orders, and are treated the
as any other United States defense
act. When they are delivered pur-
to a lend-lease contract, they can
nsferred to the custody of a for-
government only with the consent
e President.
e Act made possible the placement
ders on the basis of requirements
itted by those countries the de-
of which the President deems
to the United States. As of May
941, over $4,275,000,000, or 60 per
of the $7,000,000,000 appropriated
e Congress for lend-lease orders,
already been allocated for specific
oses.
addition, as of June 11, 1941, $75,-
00 worth of defense articles have
dy been actually physically trans-
d by the Departments of War,
, Treasury, Agriculture and the Maritime Commission under the provisions of the Lend-Lease Act. These defense articles consist of aircraft, water craft, ammunition, explosives, ordnance equipment, clothing and medical supplies, signal and chemical equipment, machinery, agricultural products and raw material and metals.

In order to carry out the operations under the Lend-Lease Act, I established, by executive order dated May 2, 1941, the Division of Defense Aid Reports in the Office for Emergency Management. This division provides a central channel for the clearance of transactions and reports, and co-ordinates the processing of requests for aid under the Lend-Lease Act. It also maintains a system of reports and accounts, and acts as a clearinghouse of information for agencies participating in lend-lease operations.

Under the Act, actual purchasing operations are carried on by each department operating in its own field, in the same way as for any other defense contract. The Division of Defense Aid Reports acts as a co-ordinator, and its work falls into six categories, namely: processing of requirements, fiscal accounts, statistical operations, transportation co-ordination, liaison between governmental agencies and foreign governments, and legal problems.

The general procedure is as follows: The request from the foreign government desiring defense aid comes first to this division on formal requisitions and is then forwarded by this division to the proper procuring agency of the United States Government. This agency determines whether the items called for should be supplied from stock on hand, whether they should be supplied from existing contracts, or whether new contracts should be executed for them.

The division thereupon proceeds either to secure presidential authority to transfer the articles to the foreign government, or secures an allocation of funds so that the procuring agency may actually place a new contract for the defense items. Even such allocation of funds, however, still requires the approval of the President before the defense article can be transferred to the foreign government.

Of course, as of the time of the first report and as of the time of this writing, the lend-lease operations have really only just begun. When they are operating in full swing, and when the defense industries of America are functioning at their full expected capacity, America will really be performing the function which its Congress and its people have outlined for it since last January, of becoming "the great arsenal of democracy."



"At last I have some clothes my brother-in-law isn't gonna wear"

COLIN ALLEN

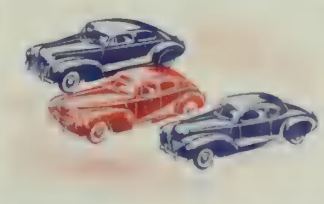

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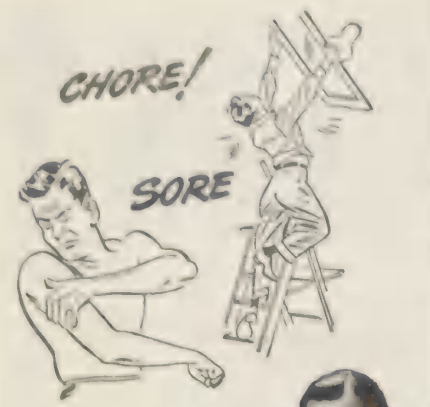
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# Mr. Brown Goes to Town

Continued from page 22

But if that was part of Brown's showmanship, the painstaking coaching work was what provided the crushing football squads. The systems in the two junior highs were also under his direction, with the result that a steady flow of material was poured into his high-school teams. In a survey made last year it was established that only Minnesota and Columbia, among the colleges, bettered the equipment of the Massillon team, which spends $7,000 every season on uniforms and paraphernalia. Each player has three playing suits and a practice suit.

As a coach Brown is a strict disciplinarian. A player caught having a date with a girl during the season is bounced. Smoking and drinking are of course taboo and the boys must be in bed at ten o'clock week nights and eleven on Saturday. Any Brown players who lay on the field to rest during a game would be yanked immediately and never used again. They are not allowed to take a drink of water during the game.

"It's psychology," they explain. "The other guys look at that bunch and think they're supermen."

Behind the Massillon team is a Boosters Club of 1,000 members that supports the players. They found a boy from a destitute family, who was living a life of squalor. They rescued the family, put it on its feet and later kept it going while the boy attended Ohio State. When L. W. St. John, athletic director at Ohio State, congratulated the boy on his arrival, the kid said:

"Mr. St. John, if it hadn't been for Paul Brown, I'd have been down here in Columbus before this, but in another institution."

He was referring to the state penitentiary.

Five athletes turned out by Brown were All-America candidates last year. One of the five, Eddie Molinski of Tennessee was an almost unanimous choice for the 1939 All-America. Other headliners last year were Mike Byelene and Jim Miller of Purdue, Charley Anderson, the giant colored end at Ohio State, and Don Snavely of Columbia. Miller will be captain this year at Purdue.

### Right into the Lion's Den

Brown's influence on Massillon is extraordinary. On a recent trip out there we tried hard to find somebody who would knock him but it was impossible. They think he is a great guy and the greatest football coach in the world. The idea that he might fail in the Ohio State berth that has been a nightmare for every coach that has tackled it is scoffed at.

The campaign for him aroused some resentment in quarters where it was felt that he was being fobbed off on Ohio State but that all disappeared when Brown met the interested parties.

"Won 'em over in five minutes time," they say proudly in Massillon.

He has a good personality, speaks well before public gatherings and possesses an astonishing knowledge of football. Around Massillon the folks know him as "Pee" Brown and he keeps open house for all fans and players. Football in Massillon is like politics in New Mexico; they work at it all year round. One of the features of the Boosters Club meetings were nights when Brown ran off motion pictures of the games and explained the strategy of the combats. As many as 2,500 people attended those evenings, with the result that the average spectator at a Massillon game knows as much about what is happening as the opposing coach.

In taking over the Ohio State job, he is certainly entering the lion's den. Nowhere in the country is the yearning for victory so great as at Columbus, and nowhere is a coach criticized so harshly when the team loses. When hearts break in that neighborhood they break with a loud report and there have been plenty of occasions for it.

There was the day in 1926 when 90,000 people saw Michigan take a pathetic 17-16 victory. The state almost died in 1935 when Notre Dame snatched an 18-13 victory away in the last few seconds in what many contend was the most exciting football game ever played in America.

### Strictly High-School Stuff

Schmidt came north from Texas with a great reputation for razzle-dazzle football but eventually succumbed like all the others. Not the least remarkable thing about the accession of Paul Brown was his decision to stand or fall with his high-school associates. With him he took Widdoes of Otterbein, McGranahan of Mt. Union and Heisler of Miami, his assistants at Massillon. With that group of men from small colleges, whose only coaching experience has been in high school, he is facing the best men in the Middle West. Among his opponents will be Harry Stuhldreher, also a Massillon boy, who now coaches Wisconsin.

From last year's Ohio State team he loses such stars as Don Scott, Jim Langhurst and Charley Maag. Despite that and a schedule that calls for games with Missouri, Southern California, Purdue, Northwestern, Pittsburgh, Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan, you can get plenty of bets around Massillon that he won't lose more than two games the first year. After the third year they will perish of chagrin if he ever loses one again.

Brown has two sons—Robin, nine; and Mike, five. Mike can't read as yet but he likes pictures and when he saw the heroic deeds Superman could do with a sheet, he stripped one off his bed, climbed a ladder to the garage roof and leaped off. A month later they removed the cast from his broken leg. It happened just before one of Massillon's big games and it made Papa Brown wince when Mike said:

"I'll bet you're glad it was me instead of Horace Gillom."

They tell that story around town with a wry smile but nobody denies that subconsciously young Mike had hit on something. They take their football seriously in Ohio and nobody fears that Paul Brown's strict training will work any less effectively at Ohio State than it did at Massillon. They contend that the college men will be eating out of his hand.

"What do you think all those high-school coaches recommended 'Pee' for?" they demand in Massillon. "Just to get him out of their hair?"

The answer could be yes but it probably isn't. We found general agreement over Ohio that Mr. Brown was going to put Ohio State on the map. In that event, the only one to feel sorry for is Bud Houghton, who was left behind in Massillon to coach Brown's old team. All he has to do to get a reputation is win *all* his games forevermore. And the folks in Massillon are certain he can do it.

"Why shouldn't he?" they yell, "with all those whiz-bangs coming up from junior high. What's the use of losing when you can just as easily win?"

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# Green Freeze

Continued from page 32

e. But he still couldn't lift it. All ucceeded in doing was knocking the backward off the green and into a !

'ild Bill Mehlhorn was even more rtunate at Dallas. He got his putter en behind the ball, found himself ble to move it and finally gave it a fic and terrified jerk. The ball car- the hole on high and landed out on fairway.

Took me a thirty-yard chip shot to back," reports Bill sourly.

hese incidents are amusing enough etrospect but they are tragedies for essionals who have big money rid- on every shot. Johnny Revolta, posed to be a deadly putter, started ournament at Greensboro, South lina, with a spectacular 30-foot for a birdie on the first green— then took five putts on the second n and bumped himself right out of money.

Each of those extra ones cost me t $150," says Johnny, "not to men- the agony."

aul Runyan and Horton Smith are rded as the greatest putters in the e today, with Craig Wood joining pair in the spells when he is hot, Runyan is as jittery about his put- as if he had taken up the sport last nesday. He reported for the Na- al Open this year with a grotesque er featuring the paddle grip. It ed something like an oar degraded rdinary purposes. The U.S.G.A. e him take an inch off the grip and lid well with that, but it was plain he was unhappy. Runyan is so ful about his work on the greens on short putts he is down with his almost to the sod, holding his ds almost down at the club head nudging the ball gently along.

e Turnesa went along for years, banging the ball into the cup, and suddenly everything went black. He couldn't hit the ball and the hole ned to be a mirage. From being one he superb putters of golf, he turned one of the worst. As a last resort ried putting one-handed—and won Long Island Open in that strange ner, putting on the highly tricky ns at Lakeville!

mong historians it is maintained that the greatest exhibition of putting ever given was by Walter J. Travis at Sandwich, England, when he captured the British Amateur crown in 1904—the first time it was ever won by an American. His performance was so phenomenal that an American friend made a small fortune by betting that Travis would get his putt down no matter where it was on the green. Travis consistently canned putts from as far away as forty feet. The English refused to believe the evidence before their eyes and kept doubling the bets. If it had lasted long enough the empire would have been broke.

### Mr. Jones Outdoes Himself

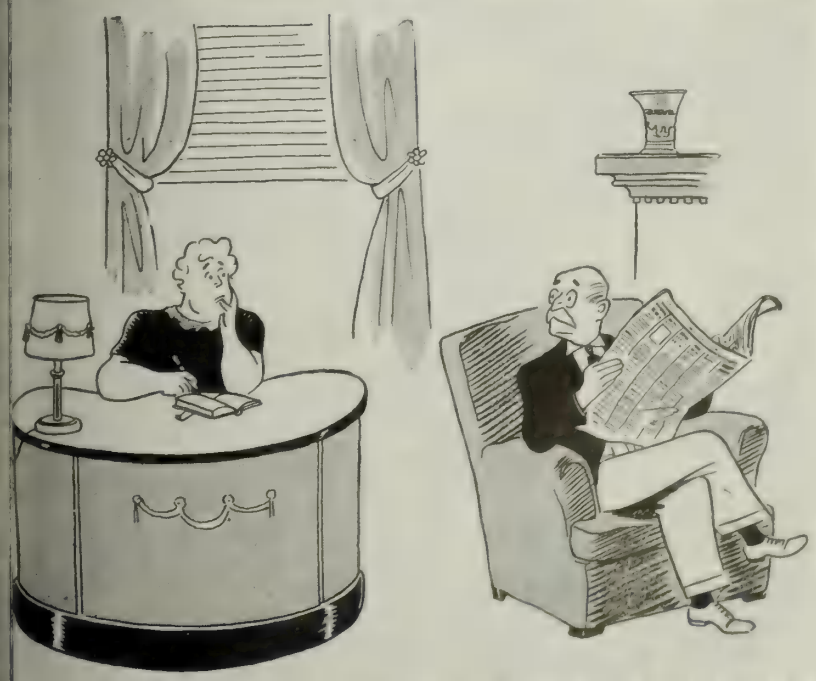
The world's longest putt was made by Bobby Jones at St. Andrews in Scotland the first time he won the British Open championship. The Scottish greens are so large that they are often used for two holes. Bobby, simply hoping to get close on an approach shot, took his putter 100 yards away and gave the ball a bat. It not only rolled up close but it rolled in.

The nearest approach to that was Walter Hagen's disgusted putt of 250 yards on a sand course in Phoenix, Arizona. The fairway had been burned so hard by the sun that it was like cement. Having tried several iron shots that had given indications of never stopping, Hagen took out his putter for the next attempt and whacked the ball severely. It almost holed out, the ball stopping a foot from the cup!

The most distracted of putters has been Leo Diegel, who twisted himself into a knot on every green and looked like a picture of terror over every inch-long putt. On one occasion when he was leaving to play in England, he went to a New York sporting-goods store, sat down among thousands of putter heads, carefully pulled off the little cotton sock that encased each one and finally selected sixty-eight, which he had shafted for his trip. To all remarks about this, Mr. Diegel had one answer.

"How do you think I'd feel if I got over there and found I had forgotten the right one?" he asked miserably.

The saddest case of all is that of Ralph Guldahl, who found a rusty-



"I don't know why I bother to keep a diary—I never have time to read it!"

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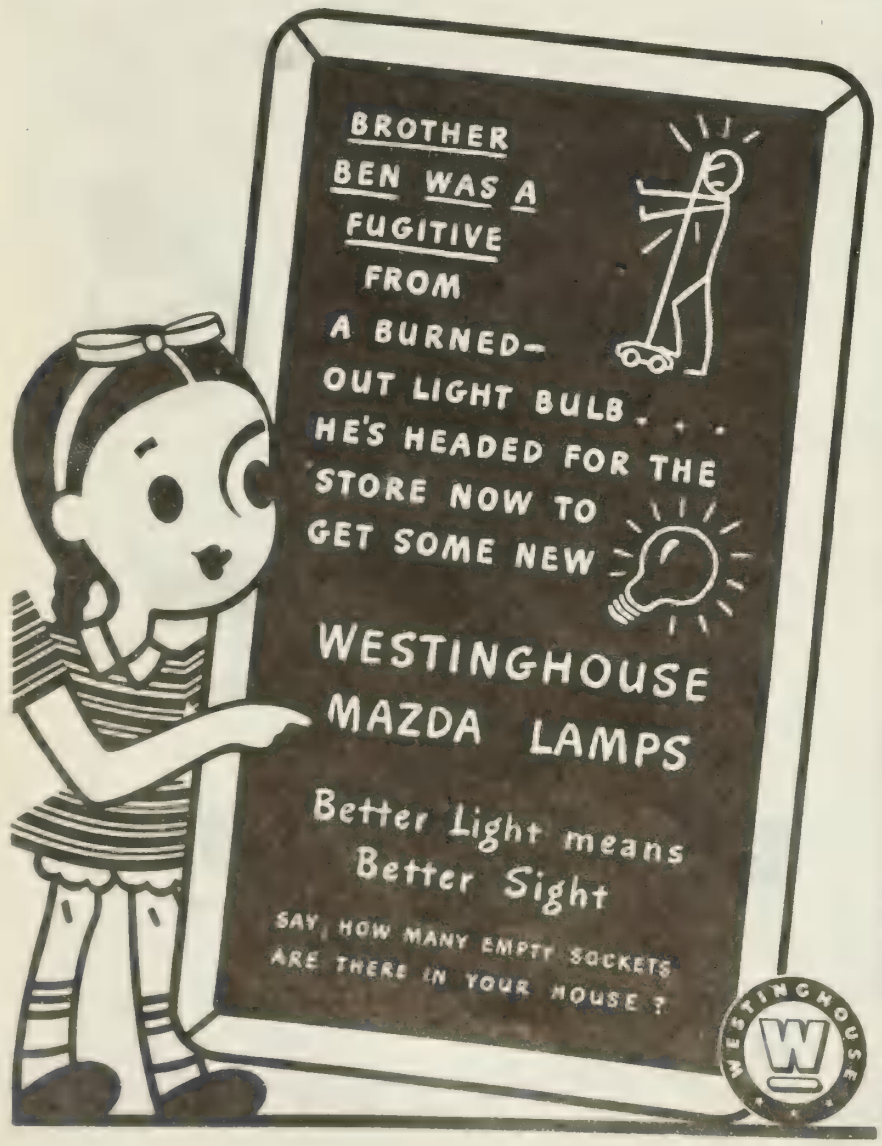

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bladed putter while rummaging around his attic and went on to win the opens at Detroit and Denver with it. Like all golfers, he had a moment of aberration and presented the club to Vic Ghezzi. Later on he regretted it and tried to get it back.

"I'll *pay* you for it," he moaned. "I haven't won anything since I lost that old wreck."

Johnny Rogers, who started the school of tremendous hitters and is reputed to have taught the art to Jimmy Thompson, once came east with a putter that he regarded as perfect. It was a gas-pipe putter a mile long. When he started a money match with Tommy Armour, he was putting with the handle somewhere around the top button of his shirt. As he lost, he kept whacking pieces off the shaft. When he finished he had lost all his dough and was putting with the same club, now about four inches long.

### Shut Your Eyes and Swing

Bob MacDonald, the big, tall Scot with the magnificent swing, has been called the world's greatest "yipper" around the green. Yipper means jerker, a nervous gent. Alex Smith, another Scot, is the fastest big-time golfer. He fairly races around the course, charging up to the ball and taking a smack at it almost on the run. "If you're going to miss 'em, miss 'em quick," is the Smith motto. MacDonald's putting got so bad that he thought the matter over at length and came to a somewhat heroic decision.

"From now on I'm going to putt with my eyes closed," he declared—and did it. The results were not astonishing, nor were they any worse than they had been, and he had the comfort of not witnessing the horror.

Perhaps the greatest exhibition of putting courage ever seen was given by Johnny Farrell when he defeated Bobby Jones in the play-off for the National Open title at Olympia Fields in Chicago. On one hole when he had a seven-foot putt for a win, he held up his hand at the crowd and the bustling photographers.

"Just wait a minute till I can this putt, boys," he said, "and you can have all the pictures you want."

He was in such control of his nerves and had such confidence in his playing that he never considered missing. He went back and tapped the putt in without a tremor.

In the early days of golf, the gre were merely a continuation of the fa ways, but the new greens are as soft a Persian rug and are tended with eq care. It has always been maintair that Harry Vardon, the old English m ter, was the poorest putter of all great stars, but his record shows that must have been consistent. It was arrival of Bobby Jones and his fam putter, Calamity Jane, that transform the standards of putting. Walter Tra had shown what could be done; Bo did it consistently.

Under present conditions of comp tion, the big professionals don't c sider they are putting at all if they worse than thirty putts for eight holes. Some of them are so much in habit of going around in thirty or that their idea of good putting me less than twenty-five putts a round.

The nearest approach to a per game was turned in by Charles H. Ma Jr., Long Island amateur champion, one-putted seventeen consecutive gre until he came to the home green. drive over the hill wasn't much to about, but he could have reached sc part of the long putting carpet in t Instead he elected to play short, sc would have a simple chip and an e one-putt. But he fooled himself chipping weakly—and then missed putt. His chance for the one absolu pure, nondebatable putting record v glimmering.

However, as is the custom of goli anything less than perfection w have been a signal for moaning ra than congratulation. In the Metrop tan Senior tournament this year Au F. Kammer used up only thirteen p in the first nine holes. Most of the p were sensational, being from as far as forty feet, but when the mem crowded into the clubhouse to acci Mr. Kammer after the match, found him immersed in gloom.

"Did you see those two that hun the lip!" he moaned sadly.

And that's the way it is with gol When the putts go in, that is only is to be expected. When they stay it is murder; it is tragedy; it is hel earth. Your drive may be great, approach may have the finality of fa but the little man with the tally pays off on putts.

And that is why golfers rarely g good night's sleep after a match. confounded little ball acting in confounded stupid fashion!




**"Well, it isn't really so much you that the Navy needs!"** DICK S

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# Sing It Again

Continued from page 20

of Sylvie. That was her gift and her power.

Jed didn't want to take advantage of her. It was only, thought Sylvie, looking at him out of quiet, steady eyes, that he was off on a bum steer. And he was right about himself, in a way. He had rung the gong once and he probably would again. Only somehow or other he'd got the idea that the way to do it was just to sit still and be good like a kid waiting for Santa Claus. And let Sylvie take care of him in the meantime.

I shouldn't let him, thought Sylvie. I shouldn't let him. He'll wait too long and he'll forget what he's waiting for.

Only what could she say, how could she begin, with a fellow as really proud as Jed was, and as really generous? And, she thought, It's all right. He knows where he's going. He's no fool. He's nobody's baby. It's all right.

NEVERTHELESS, she was relieved when they renewed her engagement at Chez Candide and she was sure of the next week's food and rent.

But with the relief she realized that she was tired. Three songs a night made a long assignment. She wasn't feeling just like herself. She wished that Jed wouldn't take it for granted the way he did, the cooking and cleaning up and singing till three. Did he know how much she wanted a good night's sleep?

She was really tired. The night Whit Halsey turned up the way he did she thought for a minute that he must be an answer to prayer.

She had been looking in the hatbox to make sure that she had forgotten nothing.

"Jed," she said, "look at that. A run. My last pair of stockings wrecked. Tomorrow we eat beans."

Jed was reading Variety.

"That's fine, dear," he replied at random. "That's swell. Listen, do you remember that punk, Hymie Bass, that was over at the Club Moro last year? Well, give you three guesses."

At that moment, Whit knocked briskly at the door.

Sylvie opened to him. She had never seen him before, but she smiled and threw the door open wide, for her upbringing had taught her the face of the salesman, the face of the man with trouble to make and the face of the man with a favor to ask, and this was none of them. So it was a friend.

Whit Halsey was a round, bald, red-to-purple little man in a hound's-tooth checked suit with a harmonizing tie and handkerchief. On his finger was a star sapphire in a fat platinum band. His voice was high and excited:

"Hello, hello, Jed. Well, you old so-and-so, did I have a time running you down. Just heard you got hitched. And this is the little bride. Not too late to kiss her, am I? Well, Jed, you sure can pick 'em. My name's Whit Halsey, Mrs. Wallace. Don't mind me."

Sylvie gave him her hand.

"I just recognized you," she said. "Glad to make your acquaintance. Come in, Whit."

He came into the room and looked around. With the bed up, no one could tell that it was the only room they had. The white paint and the draperies made the room look pleasant, comfortably off; but there was no splurge. And it was, after all, a walk-up over a delicatessen. Something, obviously, he still had, but he was far from being in the heavy sugar. Whit began without hesitation:

"I got something for you, Jed."

Well, thought Sylvie, listening, what luck! You couldn't tie Jed for luck. Must have been born that way.

Look at the whole thing. He makes money, and the old gang is outclassed. They're jealous, they're sore. They drop away and never turn up except once or twice for a touch or something.

Then he's broke, and he drops his new gang. Then he meets me. That's my luck, too, but it's luck all the same. He gets taken care of, while he's waiting, reading Variety and playing the piano and waiting. And then I feel that I got to stop work for a while, and what happens?

Well, out on Broadway nobody knows how many musicians are out of work, trying to bluff it, trying to shoulder a way into anything, anywhere. And Jed sits in here, and Whit Halsey has a dream about him or something and runs him down to hand him a job on a plate. He sits and plays the piano half the day and now he can do it with the Horse Marines again for three times my pay.

I never saw luck like that.

Then she turned perfectly white.

"What?" she said. "Jed, what did you say?"

"No soap," he was repeating. "No can do, Whit, no can do."

"Listen, Jed, that's more'n I paid Pink Tyler."

"The money's all right."

"Oh, for . . . Listen, did that—did Toddy Parks sign you on? He said last night he had a surprise for me."

"I'm not going with anybody else, Whit."

The little man turned to Sylvie:

"You tell me, darling. What's *with* him, anyways. What's the dope? Is he sore? It wasn't *me* that walked out on *him*."

Sylvie gathered up her hatbox. Her own voice sounded far away to her.

"You know as much as I do," she said. "So long. I've got to get going. I'm late to a date. And I'm a little sick to my stomach."

WHEN Sylvie came back at a little after three that morning, she thought that she had never been so tired in her life. She sat down at the head of the first flight of stairs with her head on her knees and remained so, motionless, for ten minutes before she could get up and go on. Her hands were cold and heavy and the arm that held the hatbox ached.

She pushed their door open. The lights were still on and Jed was still dressed. His face was small with unhappiness and his mouth pinched in hard. He looked like a child who wants to cry so bitterly that he doesn't dare let go. But she was too tired to give him more than a glance.

"Pull the bed out, will you, Jed? I want to lie down."

He opened it and stood over it, staring down at her, not daring to touch her.

"Sylvie, you're mad, aren't you?"

"I don't know, Jed. Yes, I guess I am. I'm sort of too tired to know, now."

He stood still by the side of the bed looking at her face.

"Sylvie," he said. "Don't be sore, Sylvie. I feel that I'll get it any day now. The song. I mean. You never know when it'll hit you, Sylvie. I should go monkeying around doing a couple of specialty numbers for Whit when any day now I'll get it! Why, a year ago he'd've been scared to come up and brace me for the price of a drink."

Sylvie looked at him, her throat aching with tiredness. If he would only stop talking, she thought. Till morning, anyway.

"I didn't notice he was bracing you

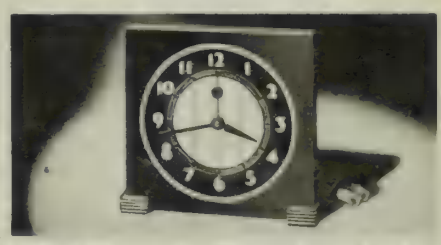
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If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

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Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.


for anything, Jed," she whispered. "Looked to me as if he was trying to give you something."

"You don't get it, Sylvie. Why, any time, now, it'll hit me. It's just about time. I got a feeling. And then I'll make it all up to you, darling. We'll be on easy street."

It was like talking to a drunk, she thought, closing her eyes. He heard what you said and still he didn't. Like talking to a drunk. The words didn't get through.

"Oh, what's the use?" she exclaimed harshly. "Let's get some sleep."

She sat up and began pulling off her clothes. She threw them on the foot of the bed and let them lie there crumpled. Jed stood still, looking at her.

She had always been so orderly, brushing her clothes, hanging them by the open window, emptying ash trays and folding papers, making the room where he had spent the day into a fresh, quiet bedroom. Night after night he'd watched her, tired, perhaps, and late; and maybe he'd been sleeping across the in-a-door bed already or in it; but she'd say, "It's time for us to go to bed," and make the room all clear and quiet.

And now her clothes lay crumpled at the foot of the bed, and where was the kindness and the peace? Jed was frightened. He jerked out the light and got under the blankets. He lay by her side, not daring to touch her.

Then he felt her hand on his shoulder and he turned and held her.

"Look dear," he said. "I was dumb. I'll look up Whit tomorrow. Okay, Sylvie?"

She was so thin. She must've been getting so tired. A steady engagement and all the stuff she did for him. And worrying, too, about whether he was turning into some kind of a punk. There must have been that, too.

"Don't cry. Sylvie, Sylvie, don't cry."

"Oh, Jed, you are good. I always knew you were all right. You are all right, Jed. Everything's all right."

And it would have been, too, except for Whit's going out of town so that he couldn't get him that day. No one knew where he'd gone. No one was very friendly. Jed had been away too long.

Whit was gone for several days. And when he came back, he was sorry:

"Tough break. Rather have you, myself. But I signed Pink Tyler on again."

When Jed told Sylvie she sat for a while without a word, the silver-blond head bent forward, the blue eyes fixed on the edge of the table.

"I'm sorry for that, Jed," she said slowly. "Because you'll just have to find something else. Because, look, I guess I'll have to stop singing in a little while myself."

"Stop singing?"

"Well, look. What I mean is, Jed, I guess I'm going to have a baby."

SHE raised her face then and looked at him full and earnestly. For what he said now would tell her if things were going to be all right, or just nothing, finished, and better not started at all.

He got up and came around the table.

"You feel all right?" he said. "You ought to quit there this week. You got to get your sleep regular."

"What do you mean, Jed, this week? How can I?"

"I'll start around the agencies this morning. Now. What time is it, twelve?"

"Jed, you don't mind? You aren't sore? About the baby, I mean?"

He looked at her, trying to figure what it meant and what it would mean. Responsibility, a child. It didn't come into the picture up to now. It was new stuff. Maybe he was sore in a way, and scared. But there was more to it than that.

"No," he answered. "It's my kid."

His voice was full of tenderness and pride.

But the agencies didn't have anything. The people he looked up didn't have anything. They had resented his success, but they resented still more seeing him running around looking for something, anything.

The nightly story, however, far from alarming Sylvie, seemed to her to be the wholly natural course of events.

"Isn't that the way it goes?" she would say. "Lie down, dear, and take your shoes off. You ought to get a rest and drink some beer before you try to eat. Probably tomorrow you'll get a break."

And the next day:

"Gee, it's typical. My legs ache when I think of it. Do you know how long it was before I got that job at the Candide? Of course I didn't have anything on the ball like you. But I think, good or bad, it all comes down to luck, pretty much the same."

Then there were the less-reputable agencies, the little fellow who offers to get a band together for a night or two and does, at less than union rates. The first break was a nasty little job like that.

"See," said Sylvie. "I told you. Your luck's changed. It's going to be fine, now."

"It's dirty and it smells," he replied. "But it's dough. Beans are a lousy diet for an unborn kid."

That day Sylvie quit at the Candide. She was waiting up to tell him when he got in at four.

"I was just waiting for your luck to turn," she explained, cheerfully. "I told them my husband was in the money and I was going to loaf for a change. Beginning Monday they got Raoul and Margie. How was it out in Queens?"

And she was not at all surprised when he came home the next day, shouting up the stairs:

"Listen, Sylvie, listen. I got a steady job. I mean steady."

"It changed fast, didn't it?" she commented, happy and casual, as he came in the door. "Your luck, I mean. It usually does, once it gets started. What's the job?"

He loved her for being no more overelated than she had been downcast. It showed him how deep her confidence had been.

It was a good job, too. Radio. Sitting at an organ full of trick waiting for a program to end too begin too late or break down al line; just waiting to make it p sure that there should not be o ute of blessed silence during time that the station was offic the air. That was the job, p fifteen-minute sustaining progra Reverie Time.

Sylvie looked at him, at h fident, satisfied face with dou apprehension. At length she pelled to put her misgiving int

"Won't it drive you wacky?" "Now a band is natural to you. well, look, dear, it's a place wh can show off. You're gifted. used to excitement. I'm the on life you ever had.

"Maybe it isn't right, you t solitary all day."

"Nuts," replied Jed.

And he meant it.

SYLVIE expected him to hate she hardly expected him to sti stuck it, and what was more, he to like it. They were respectabl bers of the middle class, the b of America, a man who worked lar daytime hours with Sundays a woman—occupation: housewi

"Gosh," said Sylvie, "home w like this, as the old song says."

Jed looked at her sitting acr him at the supper table. Her white apron hiked up in fro and her color was higher than to be. He was not used to things into words, and still he that he could express the way you feel good to look at her, the As if things were quieter and portant than they used to be, so

"What do you mean, never li he said. "It was just like this, o rooms and more kids."

It was what she loved to hea that unsuspected strange backg his, so unfamiliar to her.

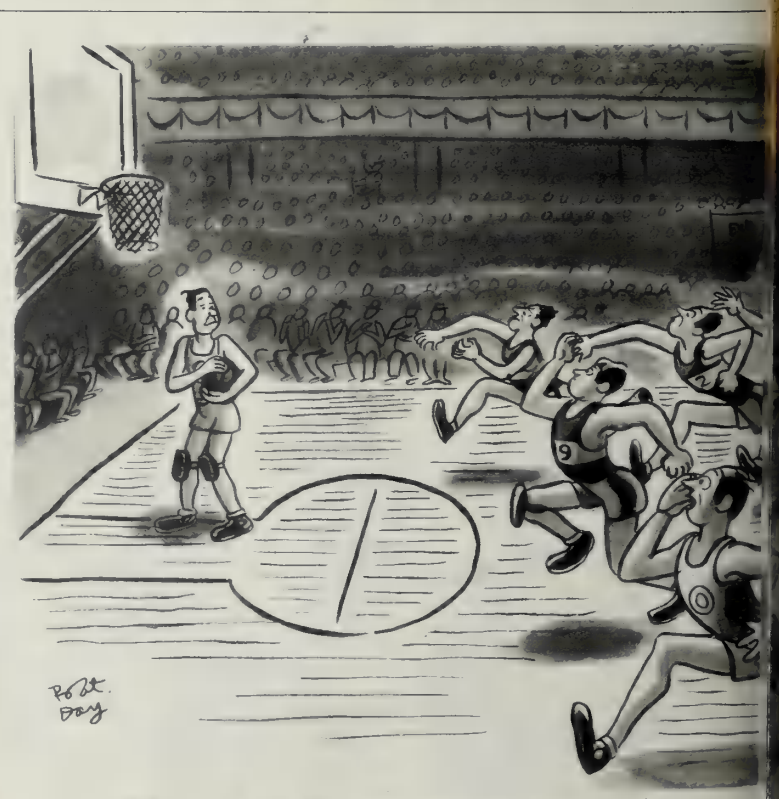
"Go on, Jed. Was it honest Fidelity?"

"Fidelity, Illinois."

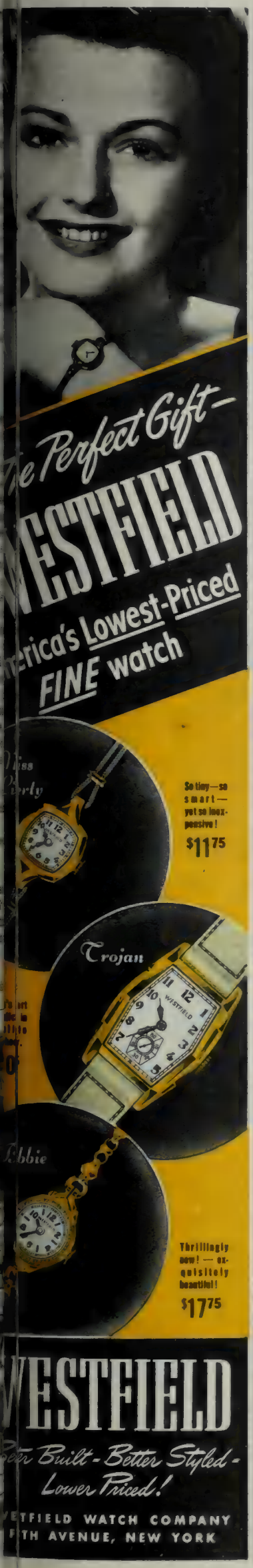
"Some difference to me, isn't ing up in show business? It w nice and comfortable, thou vaudeville went and died on u traveling."

"Could your Ma cook?"

"Not her. Pop could make



"The moment will never be more opportune, Blake!"




coffee, but mamma couldn't boil water. She was lovely, though. She was a real good mother, Jed. She always thought about keeping me fixed up pretty and making us laugh when the bookings weren't so good and everything like that."

"Sure," he replied gently. "Sure. Only what I always want to know is, how'd you learn to cook stew and sew a curtain and like that?"

"I don't know. I always liked to watch people, wardrobe mistresses and cooks in boardinghouses and people. Or maybe I'm just a natural. Pop said he had a bohunk grandma used to live on a farm out in the country someplace."

Jed rubbed his cheek with the flat of his hand.

"You're wonderful," he said. "You're beautiful and you're wonderful. Tell you what, after the kid comes we'll look up a place with a yard and I'll commute."

"Oh, Jed," said Sylvie. "I'd like that. I'd like that."

I knew it would come out all right, marrying him, she thought; but I certainly never expected it to come out as all right as this. I suppose it's the kind of folks he's from.

DAY by day serenity rose in her. Her confidence, her joy, were something to see. The doctor told Jed that she was perfect, that she was the way God meant all women to be, and that it was a shame that most of them had forgotten how. Jed said that the doctor wasn't telling him a thing. For three seasons of a year, they were completely happy.

Everything feels so solid, Sylvie used to think. I never knew that being alive could feel so solid. I guess I never did like excitement much.

There was no excitement, right up to the finish line. The child, their son, was born easily and well after Sylvie had been three hours in the hospital. He was named Jeremiah Wallace and like his father he would never admit it.

"We'll call him Jerry," Sylvie said, when he was a day old. "Hello, Jerry."

She smiled at him and at Jed, and settled herself to sleep. Then she opened her eyes again.

"I like having a private room," she whispered.

And she slept.

The private room had been a surprise. Jed had saved for it without telling her. The money to pay for it was all in the bank. That was what made it good, that was why she liked it so much. It meant nine months' love and care and patience. It meant that things had been steady for a long time. It meant that they would go on the way they were.

"I like having a private room," she said again, a week later.

It was evening. Jed came to see her every evening, after work. They let him stay to see the baby get his ten-o'clock feeding, because it was the only time he could get off all day and because it was a private room.

"I'm glad," said Jed. "I thought you would. It never seemed right to me, the idea of you stuck in a room with a lot of strangers, not the way you like it quiet."

"It was awful good of you."

"I liked keeping it for a surprise."

Jerry sighed, full to repletion. He hiccoughed once, gently, and smacked his lips. The dark blue eyes half-opened and closed again.

His father regarded him tenderly.

"Dead drunk," he said.

"Best boy in the world," said Sylvie. "Nobody in the world has a boy as good as Jerry."

She lifted the small, warm weight a little upward on her arm and breast and began to chant, slowly and tunelessly.

"Oh, Mamma hen has a very nice chicken, but it's not as nice as Jerry."

An electric silence trembled over the chair at the side of the bed, but she did not notice it.

"And mamma cow has a very nice calf, but it's not as nice as Jerry.

"And mamma sheep has a very nice lamb, but . . ."

A loud cry filled the room. Jed had sprung to his feet. He stood over her, waving his hands at her.

"Shut up! Sylvie, shut up! I got it! I got it!"

He began to pace around the room, muttering, scowling, flapping his hands at her for silence, but not looking at her at all.

Then he began to sing.

At the first notes, at the first line, Sylvie knew. He'd got it, all right. He'd got it.

*"Oh, mamma hen got a very nice chick*
*But it's not so nice;*
*And mamma cat got a very nice kit,*
*But it's not so nice;*
*And mamma sheep got a very nice lamb*
*But it's not so nice,*
*Oh, it's not so nice-a like-a you."*

She tried to speak, to say something, but still the hand flapped at her.

"Wait a sec, Syl. Hold on, hold on. It's *not* so nice, it's not *so* nice, yeah, that's better. . . ."

"You got it, all right, Jed."

"You bet, Sylvie. You bet. I got to get going. Want to look up a bunch and start working out a good arrangement while it's hot."

He began again:

*"Oh, mamma hen she got very nice chick,*
*But it's not so nice. . . ."*

The nurse, coming in for Jerry, turned her head. She tapped her foot and hummed after him.

"Say, that's cute," she remarked. "Never heard it before."

This particular patient's husband was a quiet young man whom she had always tended to overlook. Now, to her complete confusion, he drew back, handed her a single spank of remarkable force and precision and gave vent to a shout.

Then he spoke. "No," he said. "You never did. But you will, sweetheart, you will."

He leaned over the bed, kissing his wife, hitting her shoulders with rough, excited hands.

"I told you," he said. "I told you, I always told you. Tops on the Hit Parade. Jed Wallace does it again. It's Not So Nice. Everything I promised you, beautiful. Mink coats, go everywhere, everyone fighting to get near you. Oh, boy, Sylvie, we'll kill them. You too, Jerry. Papa's going to show you life."

HE WAS singing again as he ran out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

"Is he crazy?" said the nurse. "I mean it, should I get someone to chase after him?"

"Not a chance," said Sylvie. Her fingers stroked the back of the child's head as she relinquished him, sleeping.

"Not a chance," she said.

She closed her eyes.

"See you later, Jerry," she whispered. "And don't let it get you. Something we did once, we can always do again."

She heard the excited voice, she saw again the sharp, wild brightness of that well-loved face.

I guess that's life, she thought. Always being ready to do it again.

She sighed. Her lips puckered softly, and the ghost of a new-born tune went around the room.





# Mercator Island

**By John P. Marquand**

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

**"Never mind that wrench," Mr. Kingman said. "Do what you can with the one you've got"**

*The Story Thus Far:*

HAVING resigned his commission in the Navy, where he has not been recommended for promotion, Bob Bolles buys a sixty-foot schooner—the Thistlewood: after which he cruises aimlessly about in the Caribbean.

In Kingston, Jamaica, Captain Burke, an American naval officer, tells him that he is searching for a crated airplane, left by a French vessel in some out-of-the-way Caribbean port. The plane, according to Burke, contains a remarkable war mechanism of which there is no duplicate. . . .

In the pay of the Kingmans—Malcolm Kingman and his wife, Helen, who say they are New Yorkers—Bob takes them, together with Oscar, Mr. Kingman's valet, to Mercator Island, which they seem eager to inspect. There they find part of the crate in which the plane had been shipped. After which, a "Mr. Moto"—a Japanese who owns a little shop in Kingston—suddenly appears on the scene. He says that he has come on a motor launch, which has returned to Kingston. He says that he is trying to find the same thing that has drawn the Kingmans to the island: the airplane with its valuable apparatus.

Listening to the Japanese and Kingman, as they talk, Bob gathers that the Kingmans are agents in the pay of the Vichy French government: he gathers, furthermore, that he is in peril; the two men calmly discuss the advisability of doing away with him, and finally decide to spare him—for the time being, at least.

Bob has a one-man crew for the Thistlewood: Tom, a colored boy. Acting on Bob's orders, Tom had swum ashore before Kingman and the others had landed. He swims back to the boat and sails away.

Inspector Jameson (a stowaway on Mr. Moto's motor launch) is on the island. He suddenly appears and arrests Kingman on the charge of being an accessory to the murder of Charles Durant, a spy, whom (so he asserts) Oscar had strangled. Kingman does not submit to arrest—he knocks Jameson unconscious, gags and binds him. Then Oscar, angered by something Bob says, shouts: "You shut your mouth or I'll shut it for you!"

"Here," Mr. Kingman says quietly. "What's the trouble here?"

## VII

OSCAR was still scowling. "By damn," he said, and he stabbed the muzzle of his rifle at Bob Bolles. "He talked to the Yap."

Mr. Kingman laughed. "All right, Oscar, let him talk," he said. "Perhaps you can have your fun with him later. Bob, I'm leaving Helen here to reason with you. She's a very sensible girl and a nice girl, isn't she? We've got to find some way of getting that boat back. I'd like a painless way. She wants to try to help you, Bob, don't you, my dear? And, Moto, you and I'd better start looking for that plane. We'll go down and try that sugar factory. Are you ready?"

Mr. Moto bowed. "It has been so pleasant. We have stayed so long," he said. "Yes, all ready."

"Well," Mr. Kingman said, "then everything is hunky—hunky-dory, isn't it? Oscar, keep an eye on Mr. Bolles. If he makes a jump for it, you know what to do. And if you get a chance give that policeman a little water. We may need him later. You never can tell. Come on, Moto."

Mr. Kingman and Mr. Moto walked out on the terrace.

"Heigh-ho," Mr. Kingman was humming, "heigh-ho."

Bob Bolles stood listening to their footsteps and then he said, "It's nice to be rid of him for a while. I wish I had a gun."

Mrs. Kingman was holding her sunglasses delicately between her thumb and forefinger. "Don't talk that way," she said. "You see, he knows I care about you. He's awfully, awfully clever."

"Care about me?" Bob Bolles repeated. He was utterly surprised. It was all so strange, given the time and place.

"Let's go out on the terrace," Mrs. Kingman said. "I don't like it here, and be careful. Oscar's watching."

THEY walked across the terrace and sat on the stone railing, while Oscar sat in the shadow of the gaping window, holding his rifle. Bob could see Mr. Moto and Mr. Kingman, like two old friends, walking down the old avenue in the direction of the sugar factory—a logical place to look, since there had been nothing in the house—and he watched them disappear beneath the trees. When he looked at the blue of the sea and the waves on the reefs, when he saw the blackish-green contours of the island and its red volcanic earth, he could almost believe that he had been asleep, that Inspector Jameson had never appeared, that there had been no talk of sudden death. But parts of it were still with him, and last of all, that amazing speech of hers. It came so suddenly that he could hardly believe it.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

She was sitting on the rail beside him, looking not at him but straight ahead of her at nothing.

"Yes," she said, "of course I mean it! It happened somewhere on the boat, I suppose, or somewhere in Kingston. How do those things happen know. On the beach this m don't know. But he knew. H through everything. There time to be nice about it. H if he can. And he says you ca Do you?"

He heard her question, but answer immediately. Someh never thought of it that thought that he had been puzz and sorry for her, but there something else. All at once to see it perfectly clearly.

"Why, yes, I do," he said, mention it, but I don't know

"Nobody knows why," she were probably lonely, and I for you at first. Nobody kn But that's why he left us here

"It's funny," Bob said. told you anything I've thou you, and this doesn't seem time or place, but listen—"

He was still surprised by it found it hard to believe.

"Yes?" she asked. "What

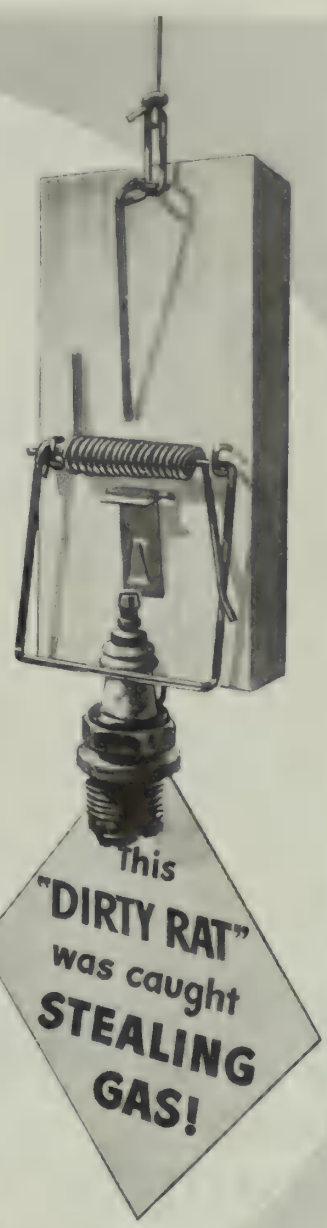
"If I can get Oscar's rifle him—go up and talk to him get behind him—we can get yet."

His instinct had always direct action. In his present ing would have made him pletely happy than to get his Oscar. If he could get near was strong enough to handle haps because she was sitting he felt a complete confider

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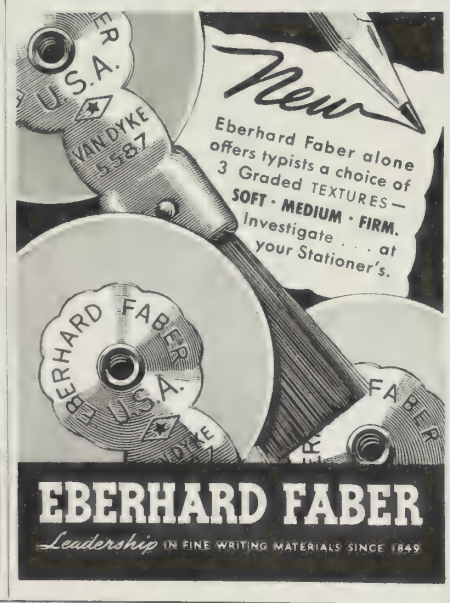

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## LAVORIS

**For a Clean Mouth and a Sweet Breath**

Daintiness is half a woman's charm


strength. Once he was through with Oscar, he could untie Inspector Jameson. Jameson was stupid, but he was a good stout man. If he was not armed, and probably he was not, at least they would have Oscar's rifle between them.

"Come on. What do you say?" Bob asked. "Get me near enough so I can jump him and we'll bust this thing wide open."

From the way she looked he might have been telling her that she was beautiful, and she was almost unbelievably pretty. In spite of everything she still looked like a girl who was on a pleasant picnic. She seemed to be smiling at her own thoughts, staring straight ahead at nothing.

"No, dear," she said. "We might—but I'm not sure. I have to be sure. I'm going to play it another way. It's Mac I'm interested in. It's Mac—and that part on the plane." She looked down at her dark glasses. "You see, that's what I'm here for. I want that part of the plane."

"But you can't get it," Bob began. "When he gets back—"

"You're wrong there, dear," she answered quietly. "I think I can. At least I'm going to try. That's what I'm here for. Wait. We'll both wait and see."

HE KNEW then what it was he had always seen in her. It was something that had nothing to do with him, something he'd never be able to touch. She had warned him of it down there on the beach.

"Nothing's going to stop you, is it?" he asked. "I can see that. I guess I've always seen it."

"That's true, dear," she said. "Nothing's going to stop me."

"Well," he answered. "I guess that's why I love you. I said I didn't know, but that's why."

"It's sweet of you to say it," she answered, "because it's so impossible, and we can't think about ourselves now, not at all. You've never seen a man like Mac, but you know a little what he's like now, and he's going to be worse. He's got to get off this island or he'll be hanged. That was a mistake he made in Kingston. He's desperate, I think."

"All right," Bob said simply. "I hope to God he is. I'm pretty desperate myself."

"Listen, please," she said. "When you sent Tom away you must have arranged some signal to call him back. Mac knows it. Everybody knows it."

"Suppose he does," Bob asked. "Then what?"

"He's going to ask you and you've got to tell him."

"Oh, no, I won't," Bob said.

"You've got to, dear, or he'll make you. You don't believe it, but you'll tell him in the end. I know. I've seen it. Please—no, wait. I'll tell you something else."

"What?" Bob asked.

The insistence in her voice changed into a note of grimness: "It won't change what's going to happen. It won't do any good."

"What's going to happen?" Bob asked.

She shook her head. "I can't tell you that yet. Don't you see? I can't bear to have him hurt you. It's so unnecessary. Please, tell him."

Bob looked down at the gray stone of the terrace. "You're not just trying this on me? Saying that you care about me to make me tell?" he asked.

"No," she answered quickly. "Please, please, don't think that. It makes me sick. I hate all of it. I wouldn't do that, dear."

"All right," he answered. "I didn't think you would. I'm glad you wouldn't. Let's get this straight. You're working for what you believe in and I'm not trying to stop you. Well, you before—I don't know what it i want on that plane, but I guess I've the ace card. None of you are to get it off this island. Either I or the British will. That's flat, isn'

She was silent for a moment and eyes met. Hers were deep and like the colors on the sea, and she not hurt or angry with him.

"I thought you'd say that," she "You're too honest not to."

"Then, let's forget it," Bob tol "It doesn't do any good—that si you or me—and the rest of it—wh rest of it is as out of place as the Jameson looked. But let's talk abo rest of it. Suppose we did live

"Yes," she said, "let's talk abou rest of it. I knew I couldn't mak do anything else. That's why I you, dear. There isn't anything le to talk about something else, bu awfully sad."

But she never told him why i sad. Instead she was gay again they seemed to be entirely by t selves, although Oscar sat there w ing them. She was asking him the island and about the trees, a told her about how he had bough Thistlewood. He never remem how long they sat there talking, s ingly alone together—until she sai

"It's over now." Oscar was o feet listening. A voice was calli the distance. It was Mr. King voice and Mrs. Kingman slipped from the stone railing.

"Oscar," Mr. Kingman was calli

"I think they've found the pl Mrs. Kingman sounded breathles unsteady. "It's all over. He'll wa suitcase with the tools. Yes, th found the plane."

OSCAR signaled Bob Bolles wit muzzle of his rifle, and Bob w along the terrace to the front o house with Helen Kingman beside When he stood by the stone stai that led from the front door and l across the open space he saw tha Kingman and Mr. Moto were far the drive. When Mr. Kingman them he waved his hand and sh again.

"Come on," he called. "Every come. The tools in the suitcase, We've found it!" The case was Oscar had put it when they had ascended the steps, a heavy, pra piece of luggage with Mr. Moto's board suitcase and his raincoat ju side it.

"You pick it up," Oscar said, an picked it up. Its weight told him t was certainly full of metal. Then walked across the open space t Mr. Moto and Mr. Kingman. moment he wondered why Mr. and Mr. Kingman were both there, it would have been as easy for o them to have gone to the house, b most at once he understood the re Neither one of them could have le other. They had evidently been s bling through the undergrowth, for clothes were stained with mud and and they both looked hot and w Mr. Kingman was paler and his was drawn and thin. Mr. Moto's was thrust a trifle forward and his were beady and restless.

Mr. Kingman pushed back his helmet and rubbed his sleeve acro forehead. "By jove, it's hot work said, "as—as hot as hell. It's in sugar factory—in a cellar on the e it, under the old chimney arch. been crawling through those confou vines. It is very annoying to thin had a full equipment, axes and e thing, on the boat."

"Is it all there?" Mrs. Kingman a Mr. Kingman nodded.

"All there. Not crated. They





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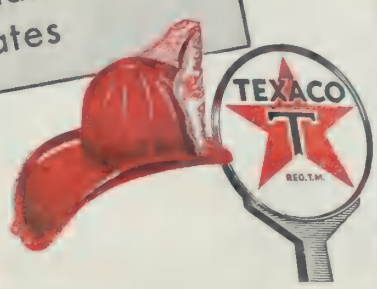
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have broke her out to cut down on the weight when they carried her—one of the newer convoy pursuits—BCS-38-B. That is right, isn't it, Helen?"

"Yes," Mrs. Kingman said.

"All right," said Mr. Kingman briskly. "Then let's get going. You first, Bob. Let Oscar follow Bob, my dear. You'll see the path by the ruin, Bob. You'll see where we went through."

Then Mr. Moto raised his hand. "Excuse me," he said. "May I ask a question, please? From the house where you left, there was nothing on the sea?"

"*Nein*," Oscar said hurriedly, "it was all clear."

Mr. Moto glanced at his wrist watch and looked happier. "I think that is very nice," he said. "There should have been at least smoke by now. At least I do not think the American ship is coming." The gold in Mr. Moto's front teeth glistened. "Does it puzzle you, Mr. Bolles?"

"I never said a ship was coming," Bob Bolles told him.

"Thank you," Mr. Moto said. "Perhaps we may go now," and they walked along beneath the tall trees—Bob Bolles first, then Oscar, then Mrs. Kingman, and Mr. Moto and Mr. Kingman brought up the rear of the party, walking side by side. There was a path down by the ruins of the sugar factory which Mr. Moto and Mr. Kingman had broken through the brush and Bob took it, stumbling over logs and stones. Mr. Kingman was right—it was fearfully hot in there.

THE sugar factory had been built on the side of a hill and he could see the remains of its chimney through the brush. The floor of the factory had been supported by masonry arches and those arches were still intact, making shadowy caves. Before Bob Bolles saw the plane he saw a gap in the undergrowth toward the right which must have been certainly recently opened, but which now already was being choked with vines. The plane must have been wheeled up the avenue, and then through this opening to the sugar mill. A few steps farther on he saw its nose jutting out from beneath one of the arches, with a tarpaulin lashed tight over the engine.

Although he had been prepared to see a plane there, it was startling to see it, with all its paint still almost new, with the transparent plastic of the hood still shining above the observer's and the pilot's seats, for all that new beautifully co-ordinated mechanism was so completely out of place beneath the stone ruin in the middle of the jungle. It stood there in the greenish shade as lonely and as fantastic as a surrealist picture. The ferns and vines, all the rank unconquerable vegetation of the tropics, were already creeping up to it and it was already stained by the weather.

Bob's eye took in the line and the details of the construction. He was fitting those details into classifications based on his own experience. In a combat plane, of course, the accent was always on speed—speed in flight and speed in climbing. Such a machine would live or die by its margin of speed and maneuverability over its opponent. The plane looked fast, very fast, and yet there seemed to be nothing revolutionary or radical about the general design and nothing which he could see that was unusual about its method of construction. In fact, now that he looked at it, he had a puzzled sense of disappointment, for he had seen other models which were as good or better. Very little of the stressed duralumin skin was flash riveted, just the nose section and the entering edge of the wings, and the split trailing edge flaps were mounted in the old-style manner. There was nothing in the body design worrying about, but the motor hi beneath the tarpaulin might tell a ferent story.

The weight of the suitcase dra on his arm reminded him that he still holding it and he set it down. he did so, he saw that Mr. Moto Mr. Kingman were both watching as though they hoped to read some revealing in his expression.

"Well," Mr. Kingman said, "wh you think of her, Bob?"

"Just standing here," Bob Bolle swered, "I don't see anything new. good, but not too good."

Mr. Kingman nodded and Mr. bobbed his head.

"Thank you," Mr. Moto said. confirms Mr. Kingman's first im sion. I think as we are as far as th may as well consult Mrs. Kingman please."

Mr. Kingman nodded again an Moto bowed.

"If I may ask Mrs. Kingman, pl he said, "Mr. Kingman tells me th has withheld her information up t point, which is very, very right, hope so very much you will feel f tell us now, without our makin trouble, Mrs. Kingman. We know definitely now what new p is, I think."

Mrs. Kingman sighed, as thoug did not like the question. "Do you me to tell now, Mac?" she asked seems to me—" She stopped and l at Mr. Moto.

"My dear," Mr. Kingman sai know Mr. Moto's being here is e rassing, but we have to get the thing, whatever it is. We shall m the other details later."

"Yes," Mr. Moto said, "later."

"You can't keep it to yoursel longer, my dear," Mr. Kingman soothingly. "You understand t don't you? We must know—right

"Yes," Mrs. Kingman said, and she laughed.

"Please," Mr. Moto asked her, is so amusing?"

"It's only amusing," Mrs. Kin answered, "because none of yo fools. You must have had you ideas all this time. It's on the r of course, a type of turbo superch Get it off, and you can leave th of it."

MR. MOTO and Mr. Kingma tened, their attention comp absorbed by what she said, an pause which followed when she ha ished showed that they both had le what they wished to know. It ma end of all the mystery. It placed cards upon the table. Somehow there by the ruined sugar mill that ern jargon sounded strangely c place. The words somehow con an element of anticlimax and it s to Bob that a little of the antic was reflected in Mr. Kingman's although he could not be entirely

"So that's it, is it?" Mr. Kin said. "Something new in turbos

"Yes," Mrs. Kingman answere new design."

Mr. Moto said nothing, but his traveled back again to the plan Bob Bolles saw that he was look the pilot's seat.

"Low octane gas, I suppose," Kingman said.

"Yes," Mrs. Kingman answered, low," and Mr. Kingman nodded.

"Pretty soon we'll be burning sene. Well, that's exactly wh need, what, Moto?"

"Yes," Mr. Moto answered car "a variation of the Root invent suppose. Very, very interesting. old superchargers are so diffic think."

Bob Bolles was thinking tha

were complicated, but not the e behind the words, for all s were simple. They were talk- device for forcing a mixture of and air into the cylinders of nal-combustion engine, a de- ncrease the efficiency of the ex- mixture which made the engine out of that simplicity came an s complication. It took you a labyrinth of theories on which ines were based. It meant the of speed, it meant the margin of power, and the efficient use of le fuel, for which the flying as always struggling. Given a ign, it might mean almost any- t was one of those secrets which, n in time, might give a warring ommand of the air.

right," said Mr. Kingman, and looked up at the sky through the "Let's get over with this—this We've got some work ahead of it's getting late. Open up that , Bob. Here's where you come b Bolles turned his head from le.

re do I come in?" he asked.

an idea of ours," Mr. Kingman —a cracking good idea." Mr. ughed behind his hand.

this way, please, Mr. Bolles," he Mr. Kingman and I are both so us." Mr. Moto paused to laugh . "I am so afraid Mr. Kingman erhaps make some very serious with the motor if he worked and Mr. Kingman is so very fraid that while he is working the motor I might be tempted –liquidate the situation. Excuse is so very funny."

said that before," Mr. Kingman, d Bob Bolles noticed that his as growing edgy.

Moto placed his hand before his and coughed again. "I have one uggestion to make, please," he We are getting so very near the our—ah—association and I have o very, very tempted, so sorry times that I have made the ent. I have counted at least four nities when I might have ended ."

't be so sure," Mr. Kingman. "Would you like to try it now?" Moto's hand dropped carelessly e right-hand pocket of his soiled oat.

would be so foolish, don't you he said, "until we have finished siness here? I only suggest we at we are looking for and walk the house upon the hill. Now hould see a vessel coming—it is er which still worries me, please, n still not sure about Mr. Bolles ay have to co-operate further."

ahead," said Mr. Kingman. "Go

if everything is clear," Mr. Moto , "as I hope so very much it will He paused and nodded at Mr. an.

"Then the—the sky's the limit. Is that what you mean?" Mr. Kingman asked. "That's all right with me—when we get to the mainland."

"Thank you," Mr. Moto said. "I only wished that we understand everything so very clearly. Now, Mr. Bolles, you are to work on the plane. Take out the—ah—supercharger, please, and listen to me carefully: Mr. Kingman and I will watch everything you do. We will be so very interested. You must break nothing, make no mistake."

"He won't," Mr. Kingman said. "I know how to take a motor down. You understand, do you, Bob?"

Bob Bolles squared his shoulders.

"So sorry for you if you do not," Mr. Moto said before Bob could speak.

"I'll get it off for you," Bob Bolles said, "if you'll get that trained seal of yours to put down his gun and give me some help."

"Seal?" said Mr. Kingman. "What trained seal?"

"Oscar," Bob Bolles said. "He can do everything but balance a ball on his nose."

"You shut your damned mouth," Oscar said, and Mr. Kingman gave a shout of laughter.

"You're a—a good egg, Bob," he said. "Oscar, get the cover off that engine and do everything that Mr. Bolles says. I'll be watching. Get moving, Oscar."

"Trained seal," Mr. Moto said half to himself. "Why is he like a seal? I do not understand."

"I'll take Oscar's rifle, Mac," Mrs. Kingman said. It seemed to Bob Bolles that a shade of perplexity crossed Mr. Kingman's face.

"What?" he said. "What's that, Helen?"

"I just said I could hold Oscar's rifle, Mac," Mrs. Kingman said.

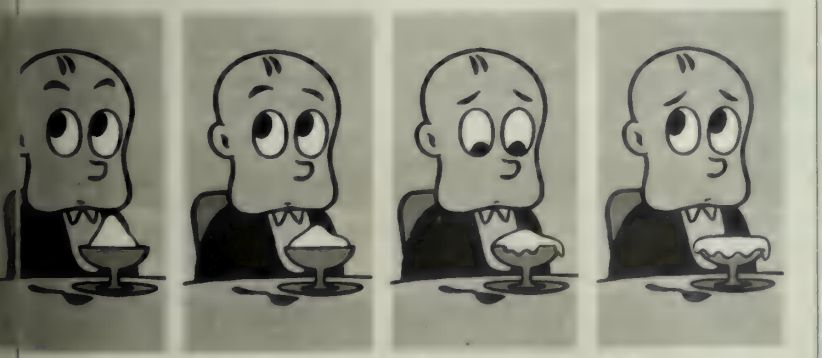
"Why, of course, my dear," Mr. Kingman answered. "Unload it, Oscar, and give it to Mrs. Kingman. I mean nothing personal, oh, no, of course not. It's just in case you might do something you'd be sorry for. Get the cover off, Oscar. Open up those tools, Bob."

Bob Bolles opened the case. It was beautifully fitted with a set of tools: socket wrenches of all sizes, a kit that any ground mechanic would have been proud of.

"Hello," Bob said. "It's made in Germany!"

"Don't talk," Mr. Kingman told him. "Get to work."

OSCAR had ripped the tarpaulin off the engine and Bob picked up the tools. He was familiar enough with the business, for he had been through it often and he had seen it done by others many times. While he and Oscar dragged up some stones from which to make a platform on which to work, and when he asked Oscar for a hammer and handed Oscar another screw or nut, most of his actions were mechanical. After he had unfastened the quick, detachable latches and had opened the engine-compartment cowling, the whole



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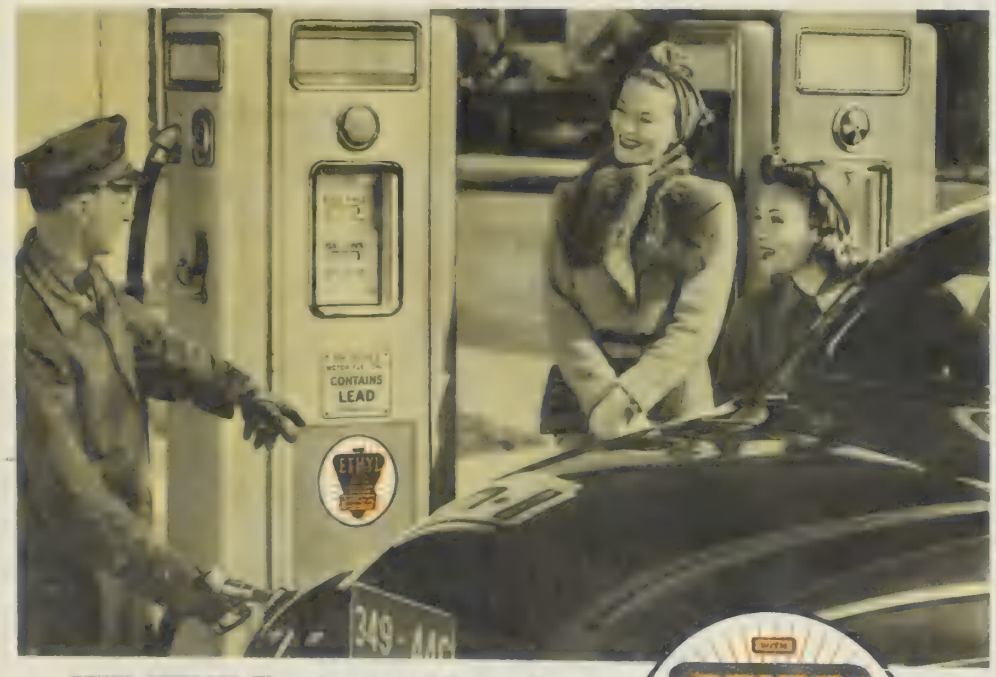
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maze of mechanism was exposed behind the cylinders. The whole space up to the fire wall, protecting the pilot's compartment, was crisscrossed with braces, wiring, piping, fuel pumps and generators. He began dismantling these obstructions, groping through the center of the mass for the turbo supercharger. It was not an easy job, for the tools in that German kit were in metric sizes, always a little too tight or too loose. He looked down once at Mr. Kingman from where he was standing.

"Too bad you didn't bring American tools," he said.

"There was every reason why this engine should be metric," Mr. Kingman answered. "The plane was for the French. These confounded English inches—some day the whole world will be on the metric system."

"I suppose it will," Bob said, "if boys like you run it," and he searched among the tools for a ratchet-head, socket end wrench.

"Just get it out," said Mr. Kingman. "Get it out."

PERSPIRATION was streaming into Bob Bolles' eyes and his face and shirt were smeared with grease.

"He does well, I think," he heard Mr. Moto say.

"Yes," Mr. Kingman said, "he knows his job. I do not like liquid cooling."

"Fetch that hammer, Oscar," Bob Bolles called, and if they said anything further he did not hear it for a while. The pipes and the wires were cleared and the turbo supercharger was in front of him.

He did not hear their voices, because he was too much concerned with a dull, bewildered surprise of his own. It was modern, but he had seen the whole thing before. It was all like a book or a picture he had known; that piece of mechanism which they wanted had already been shipped across the water in hundreds of other engines. There was something wrong somewhere. He knew it, because he had examined the very type before. There it was—heavy and bulky, about the size of a man's hatbox. He could see the outlines of the twin housing and the intercooler. The finish was already scorched and chipped and scaling from the heat of the test runs. If they wanted that supercharger, they were mistaken. He knew they were mistaken. If they wanted it, he was face to face with a secret he must keep. There was something else in that plane—certainly something else. Still holding the wrench, Bob looked down at Mr. Kingman and rubbed the perspiration from his eyes.

"Well, there it is," he said. "Do you want to see it?"

"We'll see it when it's off," Mr. Kingman said.

Bob looked down at the octagonal bolts which were holding it. There was certainly something else and it was not there in the engine. There was something they did not know about. He turned his head away from them, hoping they would not see any change in his expression.

"This end wrench keeps slipping," he said. "Do you mind if I look in the cockpit for a minute?"

"What for? What is it you want?" Mr. Kingman asked.

"There ought to be some tools," Bob Bolles said. "If I could get an end wrench that fits—"

"Very well," Mr. Kingman said, "but hurry, you understand?"

Bob Bolles climbed slowly into the cockpit. He knew that they were watching him and he could not stay there long. His legs felt weak and watery. Since it was not in the engine, it would be on the instrument board, as sure as fate. He would only have a minute to look at the complexity of the dials, just

a minute, as he peered down ins
it did not take a minute to see
eye was trained so that he saw it
instantly. He made an effort t
his face immobile and not to st
hard. Right there in the cock
the end of everything, a secret t
worth dying for, and they m
know it. It was there by the
something which he had heard
but which he did not know
When he saw it, his mind was say

"That's it. Don't let them kn

If he had had a hammer, h
have smashed it, but he did not
hammer. If he could get his h
something— His mind was still
ing to him. The words were in
head, just as though someone el
speaking:

"Night combat. Beam 21 A."

That plane could fight by n
well as it could by daylight. Y
not need eyes to point its guns.
were in front of him, right there
panel.

"Never mind that wrench," Mr
man said. "Do what you can w
one you've got. It's getting late

"Just give me a minute, won't
Bob Bolles asked. It was there
in front of him. He could have s
it, if he had only had a hammer.

"No," Mr. Kingman said, "get
there. It's getting late."

"Wait," Mr. Moto said. "
Mr. Bolles has found something.

"Yes, I have," Bob answered,
picked up a piece of cotton wa
wiped his face with it. "This is
thing I've been wanting."

"Come on," Mr. Kingman said
out of there. We're waiting."

Then he was back at the engin
straining at the bolts, and he
bered that Mr. Kingman was
him to hurry. He could und
their impatience, because the
the sky was growing deeper a
shadows were growing longer.
wanted to be finished before th
black curtain of the tropical
should come down on them. Bu
ing mattered, so long as no one
stood the meaning of those dials
cockpit. He was thinking of all
about a fighting plane which co
low every motion of the enemy
dark. He had heard of it—and
had seen it. It would make
bombing as dangerous as day
ing. He had heard of it, without
ing it.

"All right," he said. "Give me
Oscar."

THE turbo was heavy. He an
carried it down between them
it carefully on the ground—a
unimpressive object, which
unfamiliar with engines coul
identified.

They stood in a little group
at it, while Bob Bolles wiped the
from his face and hands. He
they would have known, but app
they did not, for both Mr. Moto a
Kingman seemed entirely satisfi
all their attention was focused u
thing on the ground.

"Very nice," said Mr. Moto.
you so much, Mr. Bolles."

"Yes," said Mr. Kingman, "m
genious, entirely a new design.
there's no use waiting any longe

"No," said Mr. Moto, "none

Then Bob's eyes met Mrs. Kin
It occurred to him that he must b
ing very badly—his shirt nothin
than a wet rag, his face a sm
grease.

"Oscar," Mr. Kingman said,
the tarpaulin and swing that thi
Mr. Bolles can carry it." And
ute or two later Bob had the thi
rude sack over his shoulder.

"It is so necessary to get bac

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Moto said. "I should like to see if the horizon is clear."

"All right," said Mr. Kingman. "We can leave the tools here. Come ahead, Bob."

But Mr. Moto still hesitated as though something careless in their haste disturbed his conscientious sense of order and his hesitation seemed to annoy Mr. Kingman.

"What is it now?" Mr. Kingman asked impatiently. "You said we ought to hurry."

"So sorry," Mr. Moto said. "Are you so very sure we have everything?"

Mr. Kingman's voice was hearty and positive. "There isn't another damned thing here," he said, "that isn't on any other ship. That's so, isn't it, Helen?"

"Do you think we'd come away out here and leave what we want?" Mrs. Kingman asked Mr. Moto. "Of course we have everything."

"But the controls, please," Mr. Moto said, "the instruments."

"Really, Mr. Moto," Mrs. Kingman told him, "you're not being very sensible. Our intelligence has been over every specification."

"It was only a question," Mr. Moto said. "So glad to take your word. Do you agree with them, Mr. Bolles?"

"Yes," Bob Bolles said, "absolutely. There's nothing novel about the design or the equipment. And now I'd like to ask, since you've got the supercharger, what else do you want with me?"

His question appeared to make them forget the plane. It met with a moment's embarrassed sort of silence.

"Keep—keep your shirt on," Mr. Kingman said. "You're going back with us to the house. We'll take up the matter of the boat next."

IT WAS the beginning of sunset when they reached the old avenue again. They walked back in the same order as before, except that Mrs. Kingman walked beside him. Bob Bolles glanced over his shoulder. Oscar was just behind them, his rifle ready, and some paces farther back came Mr. Kingman and Mr. Moto. The sky was growing red with the setting sun and there were purple colors in the hills, now that the bright glare of the day was going.

"Look at the sky," Mrs. Kingman said. "It's growing pink like wine and water. When I was a little girl—"

"You lived on Park Avenue, didn't you?" Bob Bolles said.

"No," Mrs. Kingman answered, "perhaps I'll tell you sometime. When I was a little girl my father would put a spoonful of wine in my water glass. The color was just like the sky. Bob—"

"What?" Bob Bolles said, because she seemed to be waiting for him to say something.

"You should learn to live in the present, always in the present, like the rest of us. Just the moment—nothing more."

"I've got a good deal to think about," Bob Bolles said.

"Don't," she told him. "Think about the sky."

He was trying to hear what Mr. Kingman and Mr. Moto were saying.

"Heigh-ho," he heard Mr. Kingman humming, "home from work we go."

They were nearly at the top of the rising ground. The walls of the ruined manor house, stark against the sky in front of them, were also changing color with the sunset, and then the sea and the harbor lay below them. There was nothing in the harbor, nothing on the horizon.

"Very well," Mr. Moto said. "I am so very much relieved. I do not think that we will be disturbed until tomorrow."

"Yes," said Mr. Kingman slowly, "it looks all—hunky-dory. It's about time that we—we simplified matters, isn't it, Moto?"

"Yes," said Mr. Moto softly, "I agree to that."

"All right," Mr. Kingman said. "Oscar, light up a little fire inside there and put some coffee on. We'll all do better with a little wine and coffee and chicken."

Oscar looked at Mr. Kingman questioningly and Mr. Kingman nodded.

"It's all right, Oscar," he said. "Bob, you can set that thing down now, gently, very gently. It's too heavy to be stolen. It will be safe right here."

Oscar crossed the terrace and disappeared through one of the gaping windows inside the house and Bob Bolles set down the canvas bundle he had been carrying. Although the weight was off his shoulders, his muscles still ached and his back was still bent and all at once he felt deathly tired. He could see that the sun was dropping fast. There would be a few minutes of twilight and then it would be dark.

"Now," Mr. Kingman said, and Mr. Kingman did not look tired at all, "it looks as though we must begin to simplify matters. You had your chance to talk to Bob, Helen. Did you get any satisfaction out of him?"

There was no doubt what Mr. Kingman meant, although his voice did not show it, but there was no doubt that Mrs. Kingman understood, because she looked deathly ill.

"Answer me, Helen," Mr. Kingman said. "Can he get the boat back?"

But Mr. Moto answered before she could speak and his voice was as smooth as silk.

"There is no need for Mrs. Kingman to answer, please," he said. "We no longer have necessity for Mr. Bolles, I am so very much afraid. So sorry, when he has been so helpful. Yes, the boat will come back, when a fire has been built upon the beach."

Something seemed to catch Bob Bolles by the throat. He never thought that it was fear as much as blank astonishment that Mr. Moto seemed to know almost everything. He could not imagine how Mr. Moto could have guessed it.

"What the devil!" Mr. Kingman said. "Did he tell you, Moto?"

Mr. Moto looked childishly pleased and he gave one of his short artificial laughs.

"Oh, no, please," he said. "When your little boat came in I was so interested to watch. I saw a black man slide from her into the water and swim to land. It did not seem to me correct. When he came to shore I stopped him. That was all. It was not necessary to be rough with him. He was so very much afraid. He told me that he was to take the boat away. Oh, yes, he told me everything."

"Why the devil didn't you tell us sooner?" Mr. Kingman asked.

MR. MOTO'S whole face broke into a happy smile. "So many things, Mr. Kingman," he said, "that I do not tell until necessary. Please, I wish so much to make use of Mr. Bolles as long as possible."

"Well," said Mr. Kingman, "that's about all we need of him, isn't it?"

"Yes," Mr. Moto answered, "I am so afraid I really think so."

Mr. Kingman looked troubled and Bob could almost believe that Mr. Kingman did not like any of it. "It's a little—tough," he said. "You—know too much. Anything you want to say, Bob?"

When Bob Bolles thought of it, there seemed to be absolutely nothing. He was thinking of the plane by the sugar mill. He would have liked to have had the chance of getting to the plane again, but there was no chance. They had used him. They had driven him like a horse, until they were finished with him.

"No," he said, "to hell with the whole lot of you!"

*(To be concluded next week)*

1/2 PRICE SALE

79¢ TRANSPARENT PLASTIC BACK Pro-phy-lac-tic HAIR BRUSH




REGULAR VALUE $1.79 BOTH FOR 89¢

*Limited time only!*

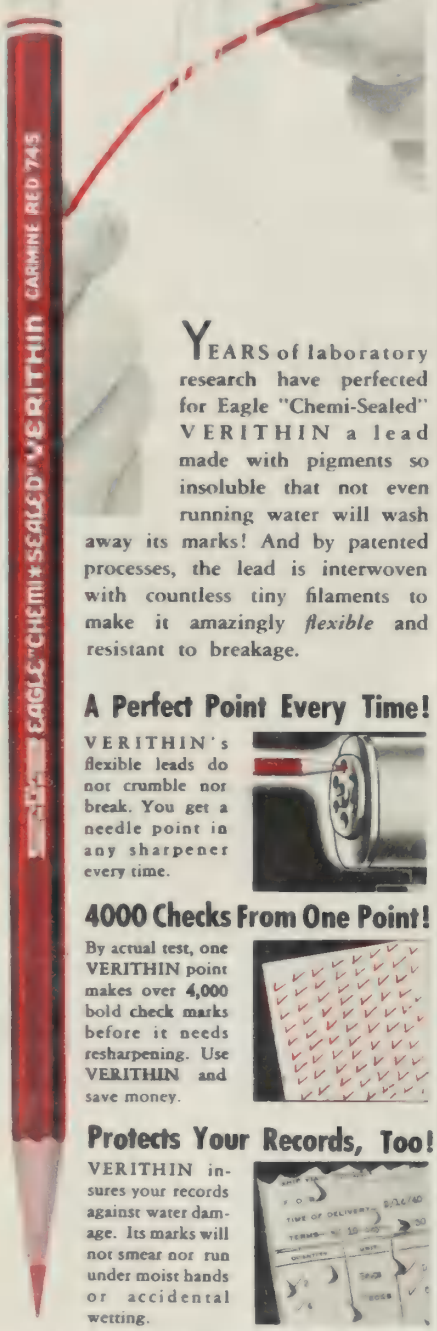
Bargain Combination Offer includes 79¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush and $1 size Wildroot-with-Oil or Wildroot Regular Formula (non-oily)...a $1.79 value. Both for 89¢! Genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic Hair Brush has gleaming *transparent* plastic back and handle. Famous 3-Action Wildroot-with-Oil grooms the hair . . . relieves dryness . . . removes loose dandruff. Get both brush and Wildroot from your drug store today at special 89¢ price! If dealer's stock is exhausted, send 89¢ to Wildroot Co., Buffalo, New York.

PROFESSIONAL APPLICATIONS AT YOUR BARBER

# Our New Army

Continued from page 17

This FLEXIBLE INSOLUBLE LEAD solves your COLORED PENCIL PROBLEMS




YEARS of laboratory research have perfected for Eagle "Chemi-Sealed" VERITHIN a lead made with pigments so insoluble that not even running water will wash away its marks! And by patented processes, the lead is interwoven with countless tiny filaments to make it amazingly *flexible* and resistant to breakage.

**A Perfect Point Every Time!**

VERITHIN's flexible leads do not crumble nor break. You get a needle point in any sharpener every time.



**4000 Checks From One Point!**

By actual test, one VERITHIN point makes over 4,000 bold check marks before it needs resharpening. Use VERITHIN and save money.



**Protects Your Records, Too!**

VERITHIN insures your records against water damage. Its marks will not smear nor run under moist hands or accidental wetting.



*Made in 30 Brilliant Colors . . .*
WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE on your business letterhead, naming your dealer, this publication, and the color you desire.

*10¢ EACH* *less in quantities*

EAGLE "CHEMI-SEALED" (SUPER BONDED) VERITHIN COLORED PENCILS

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK
EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO

whose cotton, fences, watermelons and other fragile possessions were rendered extinct by the 130,000 men ranging over southwestern Arkansas for two weeks before tangling with the 3d Army. But there's at least one claimee who undoubtedly won't be able to collect. What he wants is dough to pay for damage that was done to his house. So many soldiers, he asserted, came to see his daughter that the front steps caved in and the porch fell off.

Claims officers may be in Louisiana until next July 4th discussing dollars with the disgruntled. Into Alexandria, even before the fracas began, strolled a Negro leading a mule, which he tethered at City Hall. In Mayor W. George Bowden's office he reported that a soldier had somehow stabbed the "hard tail" with a bayonet. "Soldier man said yo'all would pay me," the Negro explained. "We," the mayor told him, "don't pay Army claims. Is the mule dead?" The owner wrinkled his brow. "Naw, suh, he ain't daid—but he sho is pow'ful low down."

MANEUVERS brought manna to small-store owners, most of whom maintained a decent level of prices. Between Alexandria and Winnfield a gang of soldiers literally bought out a grocery store; and, having done so, advised the owner it was against the law to keep a store open when there was nothing in it to sell. The more than slightly flabbergasted merchant allowed maybe it was so, and locked up the place.

MOST of the troops agree that the real enemy in Louisiana wasn't the 2d or 3d Army (and vice versa) but the chiggers. General Lear himself declared that chiggers—sometimes known as red bugs—were a real menace, causing infections which kept the Medical Corps scrambling. Most widely used antichigger substance was sulphur, either taken internally or dusted on shoes and clothing (Collier's, Aug. 30th). Trouble with the internal treatment—which makes a soldier so nonfragrant that the pests won't have any truck with him—is that it often causes dermatitis, which is worse than a barrel of bugs. No two soldiers seemed to agree on a prepared ointment. A Kentucky lad itched his way into an Alexandria drugstore and asked the clerk what sort of a remedy he had for insect bites. "What kind of insects?" asked the pill roller. "Don't make no difference," groaned the soldier, "I'm bit by 'em all."

FARM boys from the cotton belt figured out how to beat chiggers at night. Fifteen minutes after a Mississippi unit had moved into town there wasn't an inch of cotton bagging or plow line, or a hoe handle left in any of the stores; and half an hour later every man had a hammock rigged between trees and above the chigger line.

Unless cold weather discourages them, chiggers will be disturbing the personnel of the 1st, 2d and 6th Army Corps, just starting their chores in the Carolinas. In addition, the boys will have to contend with seed ticks—cute little devils the size of a pinhead and black as the ace of spades. But perhaps by that time the new googus compounded by a St. Louis chemical company and being tried on 10,000 men in the field will prove to be as good as it's said to be, which is plenty.

WEARY soldiers raved about Southern hospitality. Half a dozen 35th Division boys are still talking about the elderly couple who turned their house and icebox over to them, then retreated to a relative's home for the night. One lady stood in her front yard and carnival-barked a dinner invitation to whom it might concern. Twenty soldiers responded and the lady was left without a vittle to her name. Getting a bath was often more difficult. One soldier from Camp Jos. T. Robinson took a bath in his raincoat. What he did was dig a hole in the ground and line it with his coat to make a reasonable facsimile of a tub. Sounds pretty unsatisfactory. It is, rather.

ONE of the saddest men in the whole Army was Pfc. Charles Goulding, of Camp Shelby's Co. A, 102d Antitank Btn. While he was maneuvering in Lake Charles he received a Railway Express notification that a twenty-five-pound package was being forwarded to him from Hattiesburg, Miss. Just before the package reached Lake Charles, Pfc. Goulding marched out into the field. When he returned to Lake Charles the package had been shipped back to Hattiesburg. Next day he got a card from a young lady in LaCrosse, Wisconsin, asking him how he liked the case of beer. As he keeled over Pfc. Goulding informed his parched pals that the name of the donor was a military secret.

IT WAS cute of the Fourth Corps Quartermaster's publicity office to publish mess-hall menus in advance, so that families could eat at home what son Joe was eating at the same time in camp, but the idea went into a dive when the boys in the field read about it in isiana paper. To the paper som later came a package containing t sandwiches wrapped in an u letter. The letter: "It was inte to read the menu in youre paper 2 that was to be serve to the thir Sept. 4. We are sending you one lunches that was ser Sept. 4. There seams some mix up in the mer lished in youre paper one used by the third Army on th In case some one there failed to of these at the restaurant they m one free of charge." The packa marked Non Perishable.

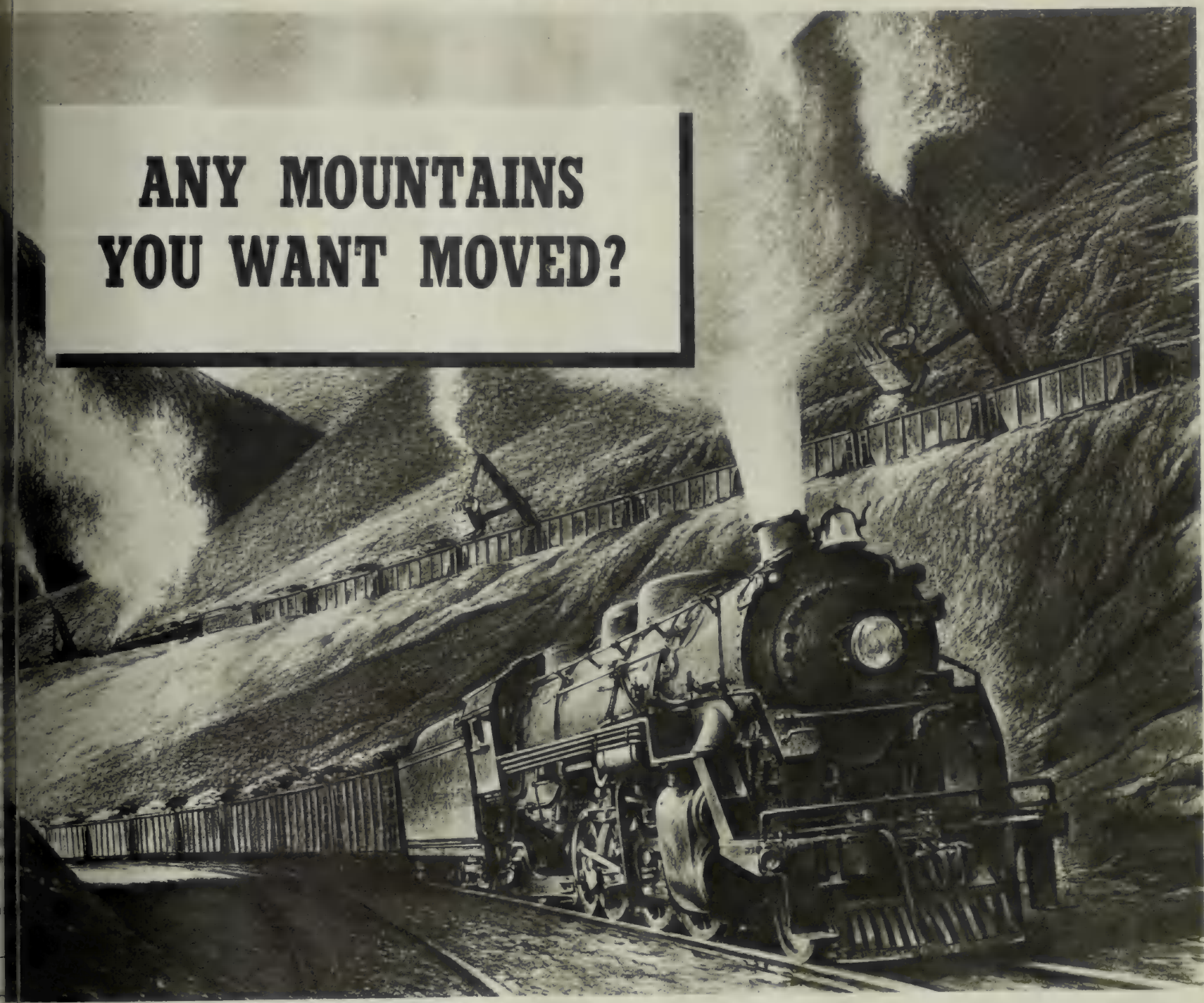
"THIS," writes Sgt. Clyde V. Jr., a Marine at Camp Ellio HQ, San Diego, "is written in b that not inconsiderable corps of raphers, clerks and typists who a cerned with answering the innu How-Is-My-Boy inquiries. You sure your readers that their lovers and relatives are perhap cared for in the various branche service than when under the pr wings of the home folks—thus official desks for more importa ters. Field training is not well for letter writing, and failure from Dear John does not mean i ing disaster. By the same token, no sense in John's writing ho details of his last headache clearing away of correspond curred as a result of such new relieve many clerks for line d other military matters. If a bo enough to be drafted or wise en enlist, then he's old enough ar enough to know when to write, find the post office, and when t in out of the rain."

OR GET out into it with a soap.




"They seem to prefer any sort of game that dice come with"

BARBARA SH




IF it's a penny postcard you want to send to a friend in the next town, the railroad carries it.

If it's a mountain you want moved, the railroad moves it.

And for the past year, the railroads have had mountain piled on mountain and still have kept them all moving.

First, the defense program doubled and redoubled far beyond the government's own estimates.

Consumer buying, rising to a ten-year peak, meant a marked increase in traffic.

The demand for ships brought a vast shift of tonnage from water to rail.

The strike dislocated the movement of the vital coal traffic; thousands of coal cars stood idle for weeks and then had to do double duty to catch up.

All these the railroads are moving—without congestion or tie-ups.

Then, on top of it all, came a bumper crop of grain—and all of this for which storage can be found, the railroads are moving.

And the railroads are preparing to move still greater mountains. In the past two years they have put in service nearly 200,000 new and rebuilt cars. The schedule calls for 120,000 more in 1942—150,000 more in 1943, if the materials it takes to build them can be obtained.

Railroad transportation is one problem this country hasn't needed to worry about in the present emergency. The railroads have been able to handle the job so well for two reasons—one is that they entered the emergency period at the highest state of efficiency in railroad history. The other is that they have had the cooperation of government departments and shippers in making the most effective use of all available equipment.

**BIG TRAVEL BARGAIN**—$90 coach fare, $135 Pullman ($45 extra for one or two passengers in a lower berth) for Grand Circle Tours of U. S. **Ask your local ticket agent.**

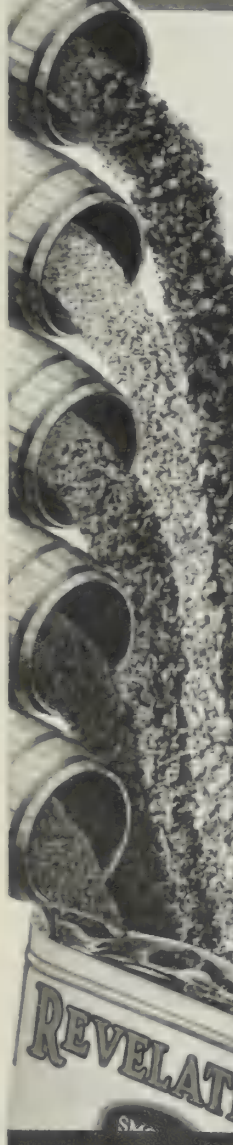


**ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS WASHINGTON, D. C.**

# CIRCLES END FOR 80 YARDS!

## —but couldn't skirt the "bite zone" in his pipe!



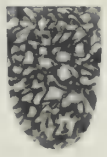

## 5 Different Tobaccos Cut 5 Different Ways—

**means no "bite-zone" with Revelation!**

**Perique** (champagne of tobaccos)
+
**Burley** (cool burning
+
**Carolina** (adds sparkle)
+
**Virginia** (rich flavor)
+
**Latakia** (spicily aromatic)



**Ordinary mixture:** Particles of tobacco, all cut same way, mat down—retain heat—often cause soggy heel.



**Revelation:** Five different cuts pack perfectly . . . porous, so your pipe "breathes"—burns more evenly, coolly.

NO matter how much you smoke, this sweet, cool, no-bite mildness *stays that way* right down to the bottom of your pipe bowl!

FIVE finer tobaccos—a real, balanced *blend*—make REVELATION spicily rich, gloriously *different, infinitely finer!* Each individual tobacco supplies its own special flavor and aroma. Each is cut its own special way to make ALL FIVE *blend* best, *burn* best, *taste* best!

For *real smoking comfort* plus *more smoking enjoyment*—a combination straight and near-straight "mixtures" can't possibly duplicate—*try* a tin of REVELATION today!

15¢ POCKET TIN

REVELATION
PIPE MIXTURE

*A Product of PHILIP MORRIS*


# Harold L. Ickes on That Oil Shortage

Continued from page 13

braced ourselves for a deluge of messages demanding the end of "Ickes' Curfew."

Messages came, all right—from the filling-station operators themselves. BUT, of some 700 received the first two days, all but three insisted that the curfew be retained.

"It is the first time that we have been able to live the lives of normal people," they told us.

From the individual stations and from associations representing literally thousands of dealers, the word came. AND, from the Middle West we are now receiving dealers' pleas:

"Why can't we have the 'curfew,' too?"

Anyhow, voluntary curtailment failed. So, on August 15th, we got supplies to filling stations cut 10 per cent under July. Later, this order was extended through September. We did not like to force this reduction, despite the fact that some people love to picture us as demoniacal sadists, thrilled at opportunities to make people unhappy. We sincerely wish that everyone could have brimming tanks. But it just can't be done until we can get more oil. We prefer to be unpopular now, and make sure that nobody who burns oil goes cold this winter.

### We Suggested Pipe Lines

But, important as conservation is, the really great task has been to get the oil. If you believe some of the things in the papers, you may think that nothing whatever was done until Senator Maloney and his committee began their oil investigation. Well, I will outline some things that we did before Mr. Maloney and his colleagues even got the hearing-room benches warm.

More than a year ago, the President asked me to survey facilities for transporting oil to the East. I found that, while they were then adequate, an emergency would cause a transportation deficiency. I suggested then that one or two pipe lines be built to the seaboard region.

Shortly after I became Petroleum Co-ordinator, I urged the oil industry to build a pipe line to deliver 250,000 barrels of crude oil daily from Texas to New Jersey—the equivalent of fifty tankers. The suggestion was not unanimously applauded. Several large companies feared that such a huge pipe line would too greatly assist small Southwestern producers to get their competitive products into the rich Eastern market.

Nevertheless, word got out that a big pipe line was being considered. And who do you think immediately popped into the picture? Why, our old acquaintance, the Association of American Railroads—that fabulously financed propaganda and legislation-influencing agency.

The A.A.R. master minds raced onto the scene like cats after a fishcart—lawyers, backslappers, corridor-whisperers and statistical prestidigitators—and they swung into action with everything from dollars to diatribes.

And why? Well, I do not want for a moment to impugn motives carelessly, but may I mention this: A pipe line delivering 250,000 barrels of oil daily from Texas to New Jersey would approximate 25,000 tank cars moving continuously between the same points. That is a lot of railroad business.

Be the motives what they may, the A.A.R.'s $60,000-a-year president, Mr. John J. Pelley, promptly got up a good head of steam—not on oil but about oil. The Battle of the Lobby

"Shortage?" Mr. Pelley inqu effect. "Tsk-tsk. Why, if th needs oil, we can haul all you w

The newspapers and the M committee quickly concluded t Pelley could solve the problem i minutes by waving a wand an ping up 20,000 tank cars—may 30,000. In fact, so unhappy w Pelley in the thought that so wasn't doing right by the Eas that he hinted the railroads mig go so far as to reduce freight r oil below existing exorbitant This, he made plain, would enta corporate sacrifices, but the r would gladly bear the cross, pur patriotic action in the public

Oh, well . . . Let's see ab matter of tank cars. To begin w back on June 25th I formally u oil companies to use any availa cars, even though such transp would be about six times as ex as a tanker movement under ra existing. We asked tank-car companies for a complete repor available. We also asked Mr Budd, Commissioner of the Div Transportation, Office for Em Management, for this informatio

On August 20th—two months Mr. Budd reported to Mr. R Davies, Deputy Petroleum nator, that some 18,000 cars were able." Mr. Davies discovered, h that Mr. Budd had made no count of 18,000 actual, idle cars. the figure was a mathematical tation, highly theoretical. It mean that 18,000 *additional* ca available: it meant that *if* ca tions were brought to maximu ciency by all concerned, the eq of the *capacity* of 18,000 ad cars might be achieved, *if* the were right.

Mr. Pelley reached into his pulled out 22,000 idle cars. B it developed, he meant "idle for four hours or more." Which m actly nothing, for a car can be long before it is waiting to be l unloaded, is undergoing repairs, steamed out so that it can car ferent product, is being held fo a company to which it is under or for other reasons.

### Estimates Don't Transport

Nevertheless, on August 2 Davies telegraphed these estim the oil industry and renewed th exhortation that cars be utilize

Now, the Petroleum Co-or office cannot give orders. It recommend. But this second tank-car use we implemented thority from the Department o to the industry to form, in effec so that the added cost of rail tra tion might be fairly spread.

Let us be frank about the The oil industry did not respon tensively as we had hoped. Davies called leading compan sentatives to Washington on ber 4th. They finally gave, in their pledge to use tank car fullest extent possible. Other meeting with railroad traffic ex obtained rate reductions for th New York haul. These cuts bro freight on crude oil from $2.08 to $1.37; on gasoline from 5. per gallon to 4.16 cents.

So, we hope that the railr right: That they do have 22 cars—even though it will cos

es $250,000 more daily to move
00 barrels of gasoline from Texas
i would by tanker.
ut it was a little amusing, when
ca d a showdown with increasing
ar s for actual cars instead of "es-
te" that a tank-car executive
ne:
*N* are *dizzy,* looking for cars."
e the information presented to
S ate committee, together with
fu calculations of the additional
nc being delivered daily to the
t ast as the result:

AI Y INCREASES OBTAINED

rg l legislation permitting heavier
in of tankers. This, plus new tank-
ar increased efficiency in opera-
ans .....60,000 bbls.
rc ght about fuller use of existing
e- l pipe lines .....20,000 bbls.
b ned greater use of barges for
in oil .....10,000 bbls.
bt ned additional movement of oil
ru: .....15,000 bbls.
in uraged greater and more effi-
t e of tank cars. By December
it hoped this may produce trans-
at n *capacity* equivalent to 10,000
c s .....73,700 bbls.
L AIN IN TRANSPORTA-
O CAPACITY .....178,700 bbls.

he our program started, the total
sp tation deficiency was calculated
53 00 barrels daily for the balance
hi year. Thus, the shortage has
i ore than halved, and we are
zi every facility to continue re-
ng t. Deliveries of 70,000 barrels
il ily will be made by January by
n pipe lines: The Southeastern,
i rt St. Joe, Florida, to Chatta-
a and the Plantation, from Baton
ge Louisiana, to Greensboro, North
li a. Under consideration is a
o l to extend the latter line to
er Norfolk or Hampton Roads—a
an of 250 miles.
he biggest project of all is the pro-
d $80,000,000 National Defense
I he—the bogeyman of the A.A.R.
n g 1,580 miles from eastern
as Bayonne, New Jersey. Planned
el er 250,000 barrels of crude oil
y, t can be stepped up to 350,000
el daily. It could be finished in six
th if steel were available. It
ld have an initial capacity of ap-
ri ately fifty average tankers. As
w s being written, eleven oil com-
ie had agreed to build the line at
r wn expense—and I don't think
fey'd spend $80,000,000 if there
e o shortage.

**Wh a Pipe Line Should Be Built**

he dvantages of such a line are tre-
de s.
ir it would avoid the hazards we
ld face, in the event of attack, in
in tankers in convoys over 2,000
s open sea between the Gulf and
N th Atlantic.
ec d, it would avoid the loss of both
l d oil that would occur from fur-
s king of tankers.
hi , it would avoid burdening other
sp tation facilities already being
d t ever-increasing degrees. It is
e pty half the time returning for
th load.
he most striking comparison of
T e increased transportation rates
ch il companies would have to pay
m e 200,000 barrels of oil daily
n xas by tank car would just about
f *the pipe line in one year.*
he proposed line is not a "big
p y" plot. Any company may
ic ate. The railroads violently op-
ed his pipe line—just as they con-
ed to the Senate committee that
y ve fought the Plantation and Southeastern pipe lines. Who, then, wanted it? The War Department. The Navy Department. The Office of Civilian Supply. The Office of Production Management. The Petroleum Co-ordinator. The President of the United States. All have so gone on record. Most important of all, if the reports reaching my office are true, the people want it, although necessary steel is scarce.

This does not mean we do not want the other facilities also. We do. We are building tankers. We are using barges and railroads and tank trucks. The efficiency of all existing means of transportation has been increased.

Meanwhile, what part can the public play in alleviating the situation? The first thing that the public can do is realize that there *is* a shortage.

Figures are dull, but let me mention just a few as to storage on the East Coast on September 7th the latest figures available as this is written) as compared with September 7, 1940:

Gasoline: Down 2,000,000 bbls.
Light heating oils: Down 1,000,000 bbls.
Heavy fuel oils: Down 3,000,000 bbls.
Crude oil stocks: Down 2,800,000 bbls.
Total decline: Nearly 9,000,000 bbls.

These are the official figures of the American Petroleum Institute and the United States Bureau of Mines.

**Here's How You Can Help**

In the face of these shrinking reserves, demand for petroleum products during the rest of this year is expected to be up 10 per cent over the same period last year, or 19,000,000 barrels over deliveries. If this deficit were supplied out of reserves, it would mean this to the public:

Gasoline stocks at the end of the year would be about 4,000,000 barrels below normal.

Light heating oils would be about 3,000,000 barrels below the level necessary to assure the heating of homes for the balance of the winter.

Heavy industrial oils would be exhausted before the end of winter.

So to you who drive automobiles I plead again: Minimize unnecessary driving, hasty getaways after stops, racing to stop lights, speeding. Have your engines adjusted to prevent waste. If you in the East, alone, will do these simple things, you can cut gasoline consumption by at least 1,260,000 gallons daily. If all of you will save, we can build up our gasoline reserves and free precious tanker space for the delivery of heating and industrial oils.

You who heat your homes with oil: If you will get your heaters adjusted to maximum efficiency, you can save at least 10,000 barrels of fuel oil daily.

With these voluntary steps by the public, the oil shortage this winter can be alleviated so that, barring further complications, we hope no one will suffer. Otherwise, there is danger of further restrictions.

My job is to make as sure as may be that all essential needs for oil are met. If demands are increased, we must be ready to supply them. We cannot gamble today with our country's security tomorrow. Obviously, this may result in inconvenience—even economic loss—to many people. But every American is willing to make the small sacrifice necessary.

When I became Petroleum Co-ordinator, I knew that my actions would be misrepresented by those who had their reasons for so doing. I knew that I would be criticized, condemned, ridiculed. And I was right. However, in view of all of the circumstances, I have no choice except to conduct my office in conformity with what I believe to be the facts. There is a job to be done. I intend to do it.


# SAVE GAS
## -and conquer CARBON too!

"I see they are talking about saving gasoline again," said a motorist the other day. "But if everybody did what I'm doing, we wouldn't have to cut out so much driving and still we could save gas, sometimes as much as 10 per cent."

• • •

"What's your secret?" he was asked. This was his answer:

**IN 1094**
**CERTIFIED ROAD TESTS**
**MACMILLAN**
**RING-FREE**
**MOTOR OIL**
**increased gasoline mileage an average of 1.3 per gallon!**

• • •

Competent automotive engineers will verify the fact that at 40 miles per hour on a level road 50% of the horsepower developed by the engine is used in overcoming internal friction in your motor.

Therefore, any oil that gives you a greater reduction of friction in your motor is bound to give you increased gasoline mileage by delivering more power to your driveshaft. There is nowhere else for this released power to go!

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**500 MILES**
**OF FREE GASOLINE**

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**REMOVES**
**CARBON**

The *continued* use of RING-FREE offers ECONOMIES in both Oil and Gasoline Consumption. In the operation of an automobile it is always true that partly consumed gasoline and oils are bound to form carbon. But you are not bound to sit idly by and let it get thicker and thicker.

You turn the tide against carbon when you put in RING-FREE. Its secret refining process—a patented process—retains in the oil a solvent which keeps ahead of the formation of carbon. You conquer carbon!

Almost at once you will find the benefit of RING-FREE—in added acceleration, in greater smoothness of driving, in increased zip and pep. And as you continue to use RING-FREE you will save in added mileage, in wear and tear and in your repair bills. Start using it today!

MACMILLAN
RING-FREE
MOTOR OIL

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• • •

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# Second Lesson

## By John Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



**No woman can ever bring two men together unless one of them is honest enough to admit the truth**

IT WAS early in January when Hurry-Up McCrinnon came to the Squaw River Dam. "Pile-buck," his ticket said, and if that doesn't mean anything, then, "Wharf Dock, Bridge and Jetty Builder" is the way it reads on the union card. He went out with the swing shift —4 P. M. till midnight—and he met Tommy Ireland on the working deck.

"How'd you get here?" Ireland said.

He knew, of course, for he'd requisitioned a man to fill his shift. And McCrinnon was a man, in spite of his white hair and his fifty years. Big-shouldered and solid, he looked at Ireland, waiting. His mouth was set in a hard grin, but his eyes were cold, watchful.

Ireland said, "I'd rather have a four-year-old kid or a beer-hall blonde around, McCrinnon. But you're here an' you can stay as long's you do your share."

"That's big of you," McCrinnon jeered softly.

They were building trestle, working high. It was something more than a hundred feet from the deck to the bottom of the hole, and that distance would grow with the passing of each day. Wind boomed out of the gorge above the dam, sleet-laden, strong. It was just dusk and already there was a thin coating of ice on the calk-scarred plank of the pile driver.

Hurry-Up McCrinnon went to work. And, as always, the other pile-bucks watched, withholding judgment until they knew the man. McCrinnon did his part and more. He had a deft hand with an inch-and-a-half manila line; he could use a crosscut saw, a top maul. He walked a six-inch stringer without a downward look. When the shift was an hour old, the inspector came to stand beside Ireland.

"That new guy knows his stuff," he said.

"He should," Ireland replied.

"You worked with him before, eh?"

"I have," said Ireland. "And what's it to you?"

**Ireland cried, "Coming, John! He threw himself onto the b reaching. Too late! Their fi brushed—and then Worth was**

"Nuthin'." The lanky inspect ored under Ireland's stare. "I w makin' a little talk."

Ireland didn't bother to answ was watching McCrinnon again *run a hundred jobs,* Ireland t *Now he's pile-buckin'. He mu money bad. . . .*

"Ain't that McCrinnon?" the man asked. "Ol' Hurry-Up M non, the guy that was the big pus High Dam?" He tipped his head was back in thirty-three, thirt Seems I remember some troubl

"You remember too damn' Ireland said.

But all of it was real again, up at him out of the past: Th Dam and Karen. . . . She'd bee teen then; he'd been twenty-t youngest of the rigging bosse they'd ridden, on Sunday, up t row, winding cliff trail to rea high plateau. They lunched v gentle wind made a thigh-de of the grasses. Towering cloud sailed across the hills and o the awful emptiness of the gorge far down, was the foam-streake ing river. And thrust into it f far shore was the stubby finge cofferdam. . . .

"It looks unimportant from Karen said.

"Ten million bucks went in It'll be the biggest of its kind on of this man's world."

"Maybe it's too big."

"Hey!" he said. "This's Your father's the super dow You've been around constructi you were knee-high to a ja mer. You cut your teeth on a glove. You—"

"That's just the trouble."

HE LEANED back, pillowing on crossed arms. "I like yo he said lazily. "It's red and ye red. It's dusty fire in the su smiled at her. "You're a love gadget. Let's get married."

"A steel man was killed yes

"I was talking about love. ber?"

"And I was worrying out louc

"You're afraid I'll be next." cold was inside him then, dra the muscles of his stomach. "I jobs are highball, Karen, but thi let that thought go, for a frown tiny lines between her eyes. " safe as long as he remembers handholds and footholds in trouble."

"You will be careful, Tom?"

He took her hand. "I'm care ways. And I've got a good cre know high-line work. They'll ever." . . .

But they didn't. And the s whip of that cable was s Tommy Ireland would never fo was in the glory hole, where the tions were being poured, lookin saw the main line tighten befo ready; saw the cliff tower sway snap and lunge of it, and cr though made of matchwood guys let go. And then the rig shaken loose by the last of tha steel. Terror in a single cry, and faint. Hurtling bodies, etc against clear sky, tumbling over, arms and legs wide-throw the long way from the cliff tow bottom of the glory hole. . . .

Ireland didn't move; he cou the echo of that cry still ra head. *That was Shorty,* he thou



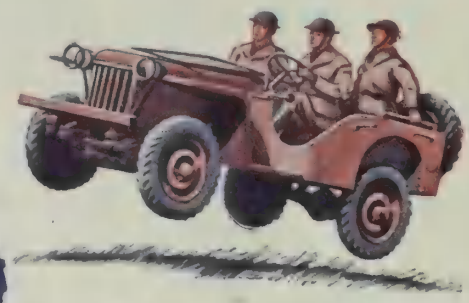




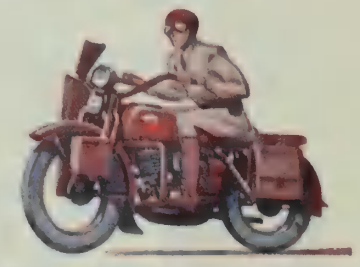
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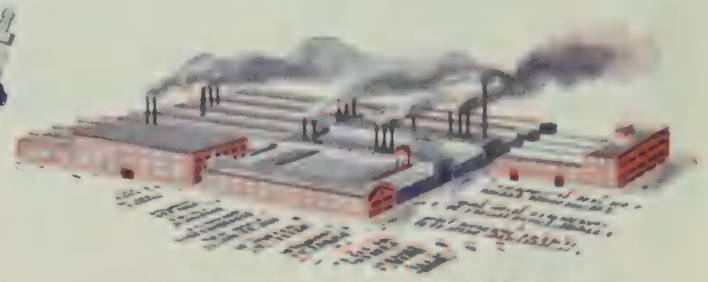
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'THAT 'STOPPED-UP NOSE YOU HAD YESTERDAY WOULD HAVE FLOORED ME, BETTY. NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE HERE TODAY."

"ME, TOO. BUT I USED MISTOL*"



*MISTOL DROPS WITH EPHEDRINE

FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE SUFFERING THE DISCOMFORTS OF A HEAD COLD

Copr. 1941, Stanco Inc.


*night we split a beer, and he showed me a picture of his kids.*

Shorty Edwards, Mike, the Finn and Cocky Ryan—gone where good riggers go. Not men, but a red mess on the floor of the glory hole. Ireland closed his eyes but that was worse than the other, for then he could see them falling again. . . . Men closed in around him and someone thrust a flask into his hand. "Drink deep, guy! You need it!" The raw whisky burned and stung, but it could have been water for all the help it was.

"That damn' operator—" a mucker began.

"He jumped the gun," Ireland said, and with the clear shock of awakening anger he knew exactly what had happened. "He's like everybody else on his highball madhouse—afraid he'll be fired if there's a shutdown. He thought the main line was ready, but he didn't dare take time to make sure. He opened the throttle."

The mucker said, "An' now he will get canned!"

"Sure." A hard-bitten foreman cleared his throat: "But that ain't goin' to help them riggers. Irish's got the right slant. This's a haywire job. It's high-ball, an' God help the man that gets in the way."

Ireland said, "Front-office trouble."

"An' it ain't goin' to change."

"Maybe it will," Ireland said. "Maybe—"

He placed the flask on the jut of a near-by form and carefully wiped his palms on his faded shirt. The men were silent, held so by the pallor of Ireland's face, the harsh set of his mouth. They watched him turn away.

"Mad!" the mucker said. "An' nine feet tall!"

The pink-and-white clerk guarding the office of superintendent of construction felt the same way. His head jerked up at the crisp, biting sound of calks in polished wood. He yelled, "Hey! You can't—" and then hoped Ireland hadn't heard. He sat quite still until Ireland had passed.

ONE wall of the room held a bank of windows. In front of these McCrinnon stood, the wash of sunlight falling across the brown mask of his face. Solid and tough, about forty, he had the shoulders and chest of a hard-rock miner.

"Irish," he said. "I'm glad you weren't on that tower. I saw it all from here. I—"

"You killed my men!"

"Are you crazy?" McCrinnon asked.

"Crazy?" Ireland's voice was cold, bitter: "You're the one who's crazy! No sane man would drive a job the way you do. You howl for speed and more speed, and to hell with what happens to the men!"

"I'm just the super, Irish. I take orders—"

"Nobody with guts would do what you've done."

"Go on. Get it out of your system."

Ireland said, "Come away from that wall!"

"You're going at it wrong." A muscle jerked in McCrinnon's cheek. "You—" He stopped then, for Ireland was moving in, fists cocked, mouth thin and savage. "I'm coming," McCrinnon said.

The pink-and-white clerk brought armed watchmen, but they came too late. The hurricane had struck and passed on. McCrinnon sprawled face-down in the wreckage of a table; and Ireland stood against the wall, his battered hands limp at his sides. Slowly, he turned his head to look at the gun in the watchman's fist.

"You won't need that," he said.

The watchman said, "You sure played hell!"

Ireland moved past him to the door. He met Karen there—a breathless Karen, whose eyes were wide.

"Karen." His voice broke on harshness. "He got what he rated. He killed my men with his crazy driving!"

"You didn't—" She was looking past him at the inner room. The blood went out of her face.

"I won't work for him," Ireland said. "Not ever. I'm leaving, Karen. You can come with me, or you—"

"Let me by!" she cried.

Heavily, he said, "You know what you want. . . ."

That was the last the High Dam saw of Tommy Ireland. He shied away from construction, knowing his name would be written large on a hundred blacklists. He worked the woods until one of the big guns of building passed that way; he shipped as a deckhand on a harbor tug. And he changed, growing taciturn. He seldom smiled.

He was twenty-eight . . . twenty-nine. The headlines screamed of National Defense. Shipyards sprouted up like mushrooms along the river. Every pile-buck, rigger and bridge man on the coast was working. Tommy Ireland went out to Squaw River to push a gang of pile-bucks, to build trestle. . . .

THE swing shift was three hours old when Jensen, one of the engineers, came out along the catwalk. Giving Ireland a cheerful grin, he said, "Some view you got from up here, baby."

"If you like views," Ireland said.

Floodlights spilled white glare down into the ragged pit, a hundred feet below the trestle deck. Power shovels, cats and drillers worked there, cutting into the belly of the island, going deep into bedrock for the foundations of the No. 2 powerhouse.

"I talked to the chief," Jensen said. "No soap."

"Did you show him how the rock crumbled?"

"I did everything but sprinkle it on his head. He says you're full of balloon juice, and I think he's right." Jensen smiled. "How come you're short a man tonight?"

"I'm working a full crew."

"Not by my count," Jensen said.

McCrinnon was missing. Ireland found him, after a ten-minute search, on the floor of the hole, standing by one of the big shovels. He lifted his head at Ireland's call.

"What're you doin' here?" Ireland demanded.

"Nothing very important."

A grease smudge lay across McCrinnon's mouth, looking oddly like a purple fist bruise. Memory stirred in Ireland, and with it came tired anger. *He's too old to be working high,* Ireland thought. *I ought to fire him now an' get it over.*

"I'll get back on the job," McCrinnon said.

"An' stay there," Ireland snapped. "You're paid to build trestle. Do your loafing on your own time."

McCrinnon smiled faintly, nodded and turned away. Ireland stared after the man. "He knows," Ireland whispered. "The old goat knows I'll keep him around as long as there's a chance that I'll see Karen. . . ."

Through the following nights, McCrinnon was never away from the trestle during shift time. Even when things were slack he was there, making a point of it, the ghost of a grin haunting his hard mouth. But the lunch hour was his own; he spent it prowling the glory hole.

Nor was that all. Jake Grosset, a chunky, smiling rubber ball of a man who captained the night guards, and who was "Joe College" to every bull-neck on the job, came to Ireland. "That old guy hangs around after shift," he said. "I thought I better check with you about him."

"What does he do?" Ireland asked.

"Nothing—that's what gets me. He just watches the men down in the hole.


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GENERAL ELECTRIC

es he's here till pretty near
The office's afraid of sabotage,

innon's no spy, Jake."
But I'll keep an eye on him."

y was just another day until
I had finished breakfast—
ft men rise late—and went into
lobby. The girl was standing at
while the clerk explained that
ound bus had gone, that there
be another until evening.
e to be back before then," she
l.
I said, "I run a bus."
rl turned to look at him. "You
e said, as though to fill the
A thoughtful shadow passed
er eyes. For perhaps ten sec-
hesitated. Then: "I'll ride with
here's room."
'll be just the two of us."
, she replied, "How clubby!"
at was all she said until Squaw
s far behind. Ireland drove fast
.
n," he said, at last. "Why did
e?"
sed the bus, Tom. Why else?"
d I," he said, "the bus, the boat
turn in the road. When I miss
go first-class. Remember,
—"
s over and done, Tom."
" he said jerkily. "Yesterday's
nd I can't change that. But
till today and all the tomorrows.
n't we start over from here?
w?"
night try," she said soberly.
ks, Karen."
ad climbed steeply to the hills
swung wide to pass a laboring
blue-and-white bus. Somehow
ion and the strain were gone.
looking up at him, smiling.
ve got new freckles. Six of
haven't changed, have you,

"Not where you're concerned."

"But what about Dad?" she asked, grave again. "I want you two to be friends. You were wrong about that—thing at the High Dam."

"That accident was your father's fault," he said raggedly. "I can't change my mind about it. Sorry."

Fiercely she cried, "Stop this car!"

Hot color burned in her cheeks, and her eyes were blazing. He touched the brake, halting the heavy coupé.

"It would never work," she said. "You can run from everything but the past." She fumbled with her purse, and then opened the door. "We passed the bus on the hill; it will be along in a minute."

"I'll take you on into town."

"No, Tom. And we want no loose ends. Here"—silver coins spilled from her hand to the seat—"is my fare. One way. I'm paying for my ride!"

THE days went on. A dozen bents were added to the trestle—spidery legs striding far into the deepening glory hole. Storms howled out of the gorge and the sullen river climbed to its winter level.

"Another pump," Ireland said. "A big one."

"There's always some seepage, Irish."

An inspector stood beside Ireland on the catwalk, body slanted against the gusty strength of the wind. Far below, half obscured by the driving rain, a labor gang skidded a heavy pump in place against the north wall.

"The carpenters move in tomorrow, Irish."

"Yeah? An' I've got a guy to see."

Ireland headed inshore. He had gone but a little way when Johnny Worth, a pile-buck, hailed him: "We're out of sixty-penny spikes, Irish."

"Send for more." Ireland's voice was harsh: "An' don't sit around till they come. Find something to do."

Quietly, Worth said, "We'll keep her movin'."

Afterward, Ireland remembered that




"Two gallons of gas and two thousand gallons of water, please"

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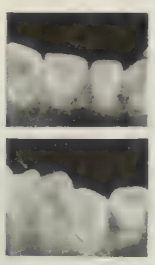
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FOR FIRMER GUMS — CLEANER TEETH


matter-of-fact promise. He was on the catwalk again. Directly below, McCrinnon and Johnny Worth crossed a needle beam. They were halfway between bents—walking the narrow edge of a three-by-twelve, a hundred feet in the air—when it happened. Ireland saw Worth's up-turned face twisted by swift, awful fear. He saw the beam tremble; saw one end pull slowly away from the piling to which it was nailed. . . .

"Back," he shouted. "Go back!"

They tried, and death was but a breath away. Carefully they pivoted. Carefully!—for a jerky move would kick the beam end free. Ireland scrambled back and down to meet them. McCrinnon was nearest the still solid end. Tools slipped out of his hands, hurtled down through light and shadow. A metallic clang came up from below. And the needle beam fell. . . .

Both men jumped. McCrinnon caught the sash brace, his hands slapping the wood almost at Ireland's feet. Worth caught it too, but the inward swing of his body slammed him hard against a piling. One hand slipped off the brace, and he hung there clawing for a new hold, his whole weight dragging at the grip of the remaining hand. Ireland had dropped to straddle the brace. He leaned out to grab McCrinnon's forearms in an iron grasp. Savagely, he heaved the man up.

"Get him!" McCrinnon gasped. "Get—"

Ireland cried, "Coming, Johnny!"

Hs threw himself onto the brace, reaching. Too late! Their fingers brushed—it was that close—and then Worth was gone. Horror on his brown face; his mouth open in a silent scream. . . .

"Oh!" Ireland whispered. "Oh, oh!"

McCrinnon said, "Why'd you pick me?"

"You were closest. I couldn't get to him."

THERE was a space marked "Cause of Accident" on the blue form, and here Ireland wrote: "Piling had rotten patch beneath outer shell where it could not be seen. The nails used were not long enough to go through rot to solid wood. . . ."

The timekeeper said, "Finished, Irish?"

Ireland signed the form and pushed it across the counter. "They were out of sixty-penny spikes. They used thirties instead. I should—"

The timekeeper said, "Tough!"

Raw wind met Ireland at the office door. The graveyard shift had taken over. Another crew was building trestle. From the glory hole came the deep muttering of many engines.

"Irish." It was Jake Grosset, the guard, stocky and square in a rain-streaked slicker. Troubled lines framed his mouth. "I was wonderin' if you—"

Ireland said, "Not now, Jake."

He went past the man, moving toward the glory hole. Johnny Worth was gone, killed by the same drive that had taken the four at High Dam. The highball pattern had repeated. It was something a man could control—that was the hellish part!—but you forgot. The pressure came all down the line, from the contractor, the engineers, the super, the bridge boss. Gradually, you were caught in the quickening pace, driving your men. Nine times out of ten thirty-penny nails would have held. But that was the margin of safety, and you'd thrown it away. You'd used up your luck, and Johnny Worth's.

"Ireland," a flat voice said. "Hello."

That was McCrinnon, coming out of the deep shadow. For a long ten seconds he faced Ireland, hostility in the set of his mouth, bitter judgment in his eyes. "So you never highball a job," he said bleakly. "What do you call it when you won't let your men wait for proper gear?"

"Take a sock at me. I rate it."

"That won't bring Johnny back."

"No. But it'll even things up a little."

McCrinnon's mouth jerked. "What makes you think I want to even things up with you? I learned the hard way. Now it's your turn to sweat blood. I'm goin' to watch." His hand came up. "Maybe you'd like to know there's goin' to be more hell around here. An' soon!"

"You mean the cofferdam?"

Surprise showed in the flick of McCrinnon's eyes. "Yes. I worked a mine up here, years back. You can't trust this rock; the seepage proves it. First they had one pump. Then two. Now they got six, an' still they can't handle the water. The sheet piling ain't deep enough to hold. The dam's goin' to go!"

"How long have you—" Ireland stopped, for he knew, suddenly, the answer to his own question. "You weren't hiding out that first night," he said. "You were checking seepage. And that's why you've been hangin' around after shift."

"Maybe," said McCrinnon. "So what?"

WIND plucked at Ireland's slicker; rain stung his lifted face. He could hear the suck and snarl of water along the island shore, where it eddied before plunging down the intakes of the No. 1 powerhouse. Here—where the powerhouse butted against the island—there was but a narrow strip between the sheet-piling walls of the hole and the river. A twenty-foot strip of strange gray rock. . . .

Ireland wheeled to look down into the glory hole. It was a sheer drop of a hundred and eighty feet to the bottom now. In the morning, carpenters and steel men would move in to build forms on the floor of the pit. . . . And if the north cofferdam gave, it would go suddenly.

"There'll be five hundred men in the hole," said Ireland. "Maybe six. They'll be working three shifts."

"Not for long."

The words got to Ireland with the impact of a savage fist. It was like hearing a surgeon say, "Cancer," in a dry and quiet voice.

"This rock crumbles under long pressure," McCrinnon said. "And the river's undercut the bank here."

There was no hope of getting an order for work on the cofferdam. Ireland had tired, nagged by doubt born of experience, of watching the seepage grow from day to day. He'd talked to a dozen of the engineering staff, and, finally, to the chief engineer. That frowning man had listened—impatient, restless, harassed by the constant ringing of his phone. "We'll spend no more money for piling," he'd said. "Our tests show that rock's all right. You're a foreman, Ireland, not an engineer. It might be wise to remember that. . . ."

"The contractor," Ireland said. "He might—"

McCrinnon shook his head. "I talked to him. He's scared stiff, but he can't do a thing without an order."

And so the old, old pattern was repeating again. Another man was caught in the rush and drive of the work, in the pressure to get things done. Routine tests showed the rock to be good. Why bother to check its endurance under sustained pressure? Sheet piling had held at that depth before, it would again. . . . Thus, unknowing, he cut corners, and threw away the margin of safety. He used up his luck, the luck of the men who would be deep in the hole, trapped there, when the river came bursting through.

"We've got to stop this," Ireland said.

"Go ahead." McCrinnon's eyes held a bleak challenge. "I'm just a pile-buck. I don't carry any weight around here.


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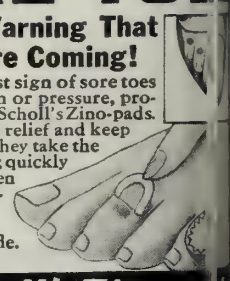


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y, I seem to remember you sayin' with guts could stop this kind of

as right."

ay," said McCrinnon harshly. "I'll you talk the engineer around. Or you want to be the boy with his in the dike!"

make a stab at it. I need some- o read signal and do a simple Ireland's voice was a whip, thin, : "There's danger—enough so need a man with nerve. I'm won- if you're all talk, or if you've got ough to go through—"

t, blind rage darkened McCrin- ace. "I ought to take a swing at will—when this's over!"

you cutting yourself in?" Crinnon said, "Try an' keep me

EE A. M. Ireland left the ramp and ed west along the floor of the The white eye of a flashlight d toward him, and Ireland slipped he shadow of a lumber pile, ing there, until Jake Grosset . The guard's head was bent to ving rain; he looked neither to the or left.

nd crossed the pump platform. ted one hand in brief signal, and f thin wire spilled down the sheer f the cofferdam, unreeling as it From inside his slicker, Ireland wo sticks of dynamite, a pair of n-jawed pliers, tape and a square d silk. . . .

found McCrinnon waiting where in wire topped the cofferdam. e on," he said. "It's done." To- they left the rim, following the of the wire toward the center of and and high ground.

Crinnon said, "The box's along- is rock."

ay. You can start for the other ow."

Crinnon's hand closed on Ireland's "What if somethin' goes wrong. 's plenty of men in the hole. You kill—"

"I'll worry about that."

"You better!"

McCrinnon strode abruptly away. Ireland crouched on his heels in the dark, waiting. Below him, the land fell steeply to the rim where floodlights sent white glare down into the hole. Ireland watched the dip and swing of shovel booms, thinking of what lay ahead—

The compressor-house whistle squalled suddenly—not in a series of short pipings normally used to tell of a blast, but in a long-drawn, warning howl. "He tied her down!" Ireland whispered, and something inside him drew up tight and cold. Down in the hole, men were shouting, running. And Ireland counted. One operator and an oiler for each shovel, a driver for every truck, one man for every jackhammer. . . .

Streaming away from the equipment, they sought the truck ramps, harried by that tireless scream. The first of them gained the far rim, clustering there. Ireland knew that guards must have reached the compressor house; that soon they'd comb the rim, seeking a reason for the alarm; and still he waited, his restless gaze searching the hole. The ramps were empty when, at last, he reached for the firing battery.

"Now!" he whispered.

The blast was faint and muffled—a vague thumping, felt as much as heard. Aching silence came as the whistle choked off; and, dimly, voices rode down the wind. A moment passed. Another . . . And then Ireland saw the first rush of water on the floor of the hole. Swiftly it leaped away from the north wall, foaming and white. Lumber piles burst apart at its touch; went tumbling away. A truck vanished in the flood. The ground trembled. Then the cofferdam ripped open, and the thunder of its crumpling shook the night. . . .

QUIET had come again. The glory hole was a plank-strewn lake when McCrinnon picked his way along the rim, back of the lights. Ireland rolled the last of the black wire into a tight



"I'm homesick!"




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ball; shoved it into his slicker pocket.

"The men . . ." he began.

"All safe, Irish. What about the battery?"

"It's back in the powder house."

"Good." McCrinnon let his breath go in a relieved sigh. "Look at her, Irish. Two sticks of powder made that mud puddle. Two sticks! Hell, man, if that dam'd been right, two cases wouldn't have touched her."

"It's time you went home," Ireland said.

McCrinnon's head came up; his voice roughened: "You ain't fool enough to stick your neck out and tell 'em what happened? You ain't—"

Ireland said, "Go home, man."

"You would!" McCrinnon swore bitterly. "We did a job here—a good job. Just because somebody might get canned, you're goin' to get yourself in trouble. What if one or two guards do get bounced? Ain't that better than havin' a whole shift go to hell? That dam wouldn've lasted another day, an' you know it!"

Ireland said, "Quiet! Here's company!"

The flashlight ray found them then, held steady. Gravel crunched under booted feet. McCrinnon's breathing was suddenly loud as the shadowy figure approached.

"Jake," he said. "Jake Grosset!"

"That's right." The flashlight shone on Ireland's face, McCrinnon's, and blinked out. "We've got trouble to burn around here tonight. Did you see the dam go?"

"I did," Ireland answered.

"A mess." Thoughtfully, Grosset paused. "But it's not as bad as it looks. Once they get new sheet piling in, they can pump the hole dry. The cofferdam's gone, some lumber, some time—that's the size of the damage. Next time they'll build a dam that'll hold."

McCrinnon said, "Nobody was killed."

"I've been afraid of that dam," Grosset went on, softly. "I'm a geology major. I'm working here to get money for my last year. When the seepage got out of hand I sent samples of the rock down to school." He switched the flashlight on, tucking it under his arm so that the wash of light struck upward across his face. "I tried to tell you about that tonight, Irish."

Steadily, Ireland said, "Did you?"

"I knew the dam would go. I was afraid the men wouldn't be able to get out ahead of the water. I sweat cc erable blood, worrying." Grosset' stirred with the hint of a grin; he l squarely at Ireland. "The chief neer's over on the other side now big shot himself. He had the shak I told him the men were safe. I tol I saw it comin' and got to the whis time."

McCrinnon swallowed. "A thing."

"Without that warning, not a would have gotten out of the hole a Grosset paused again, smiling. chief engineer says the new pilin go halfway to China. I though might like to know. Good night two. . . ."

Softly, Ireland said, " 'Night,

McCrinnon said, "Yeah. Now w both go home."

THEY walked in silence up th hill and past the offices, where l windows were squares of yellow night. A guard said, "That was something, wasn't it?" and stood to let them through the gate.

"Well, I'll see you tomorrow, land said.

"I generally have coffee an' a b eat before I turn in," McCrinnor "You might's well come along."

"Thanks, Mac. I—"

"Dad!" Swift footsteps rang frosty walk, and Karen was there pallor beneath the golden tan face. "I heard there was trou came—" She paused and surprise her voice husky: "Tom!"

"Hello, Karen."

"There was some grief," McC said. "But we took care of it. M Irish." He looked at her; his s eyes bright beneath lowered brow was just comin' up for coffee snack."

"If you've room for company land said.

"Of course we've got room."

"He's a big lug," McCrinnon gr "He's got a pine knot for a hea he'll make a hand one of these He'll do to take along." He s fierce glance at Ireland. "I stil sock at you comin'. Remember first time I catch you highballi goin' to collect. With a top mau

Karen laughed and came b them, taking an arm of each. "Co you two. Coffee's waiting. . . ."



"Darling, didn't we see this last year?" A. JOHN K

# U.S. Government Advises Insulation of Homes As National Defense Measure to Save Fuel

## U. S. BUREAU OF MINES ISSUES OFFICIAL BULLETIN INFORMING HOME OWNERS THEY CAN SAVE UP TO ONE-THIRD ON FUEL WITH PROPER MINERAL-WOOL INSULATION

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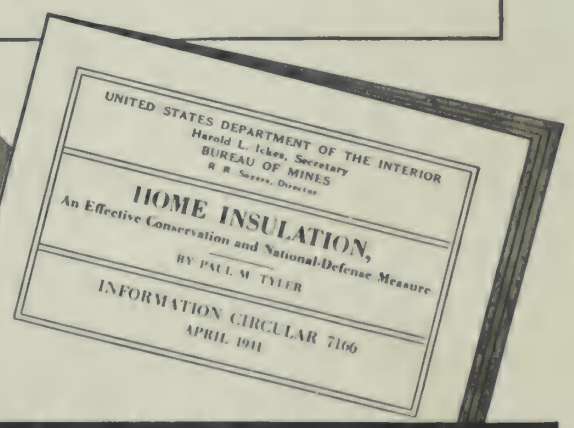


**Snow on the roof tells the insulation story. The house on the left is *wasting* fuel, but the house on the right is saving it.**

**You can see that the heat has "leaked" through the roof on the left to melt the snow, while on the house next door the heat has been kept *in* . . . away from the snow. Fuel bills? Well, if your roof leaks enough to melt the snow on a cold day you're paying out money for heat that you're not enjoying . . . and that now you have no *right* to waste. But a house like that on the right, insulated with "J-M" "Blown" Rock Wool 3⅝ inches thick, has protection equal in insulating efficiency to a wall of concrete *eleven feet thick!***

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# Collier's

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## Open Letter to Georgians

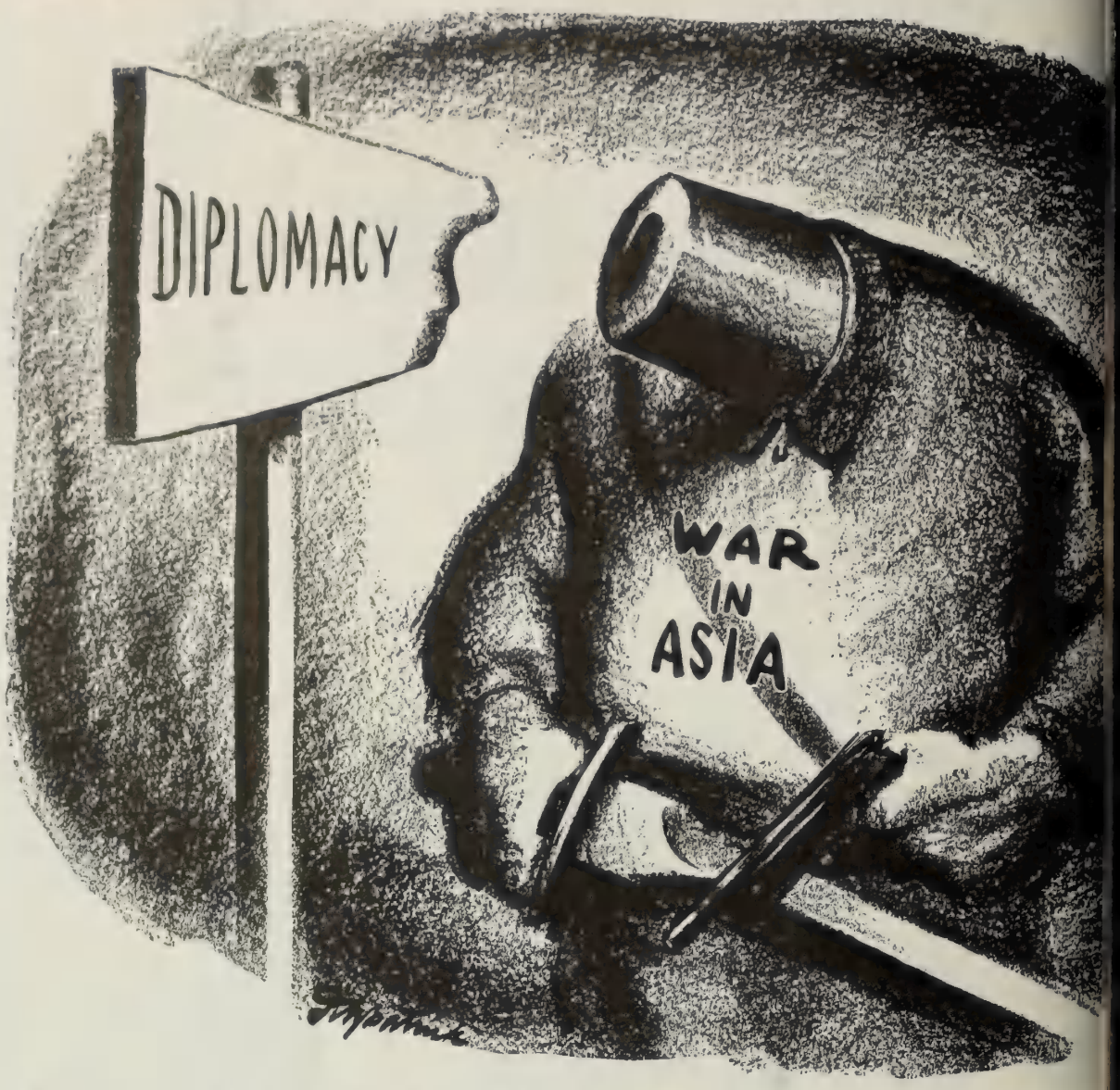
DEAR Citizens of Georgia: You haven't asked us for our opinion: but just the same, our opinion is that your Gov. Eugene Talmadge is doing your great state no good and much harm. Remember what a black eye the Scopes monkey trial gave Tennessee? Well, Mr. Talmadge is doing your commonwealth a similar disfavor.

Intelligent educators in Georgia advocate improved educational opportunities for colored youngsters. They do *not* advocate social equality between Southern whites and Southern blacks. Talmadge accuses them of advocating social equality, and proceeds to hound as many of them out of their jobs as he can. He uses every time-dishonored appeal to race prejudice and passion that has been invented since the War Between the States.

This chicanery hurts you in every conceivable way. It postpones solution of your racial problems—real problems and very tough ones, for all the airy dismissals of them by some Northern intellectuals. It takes your poorer white people's minds off improvement of their own economic condition, and inflames them with profitless hatreds. It diverts much of the mental energy of your intelligent white people (of whom you have plenty) into unproductive channels.

To add insult to injury, Talmadge hasn't even the picturesque full-bloodedness of the late Huey Long. Huey was an economic screwball and a potential American Hitler, but at least he had magnetism and vitality, and made good newspaper and newsreel copy. Talmadge is an unattractive little sourpuss who is making you and your great state look foolish without giving you a run for your money.






## Can't We Talk It Over?

WHEN the first American tanker reached Vladivostok with high-octane gasoline for Russia, having passed unmolested through Japanese waters to get there, it was taken as a sign that Japan was lowering its gun sights on the United States and Great Britain. Japan may re-elevate those sights; we may find ourselves in a Pacific naval war yet.

But at this writing Admiral Nomura, Japanese ambassador to the United States and reputedly a splendid fellow, is doing everything he can to detour such a clash; the fire-eating Matsuoka is out of power in Tokyo; and other signs indicate a Japanese desire to talk things over.

How are the chances? The Tokyo pivot of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis is notoriously the least enthusiastic and sickest of the three just now. Is it possible for the Washington-London Axis, so to speak, to win the Tokyo pivot away from its pals without banging off any guns?

Having put on our head and shin protectors against dornicks from both the interventionists and the isolationists, we proceed to state that we think it would be a great thing if that could be accomplished.

For the interventionists' comfort, we'll say we don't think London and Washington could agree to a physical Japanese taking of the Dutch East Indies, or to a Japanese penetration of Thailand, or to an extension of Manchukuo down into China. It seems inescapable as well as right that China must be secure from molestation as a nation. More than that, China must have an audible and equal voice in any settlement.

For the consolation of the isolationists, we'll say that Japan's geographical position would have to be given its proper weight in any such agreement. After all, Japan is in the far Pacific; we aren't. The Japanese are a vigorous, enterprising, mechanized, manufacturing, overcrowded people. They are entitled to utilize all their political influence in tha world, we believe, and to keep their islands defended. They ought to let other nati trade in that area on a fair-competition b

To come to a workable arrangement easy for either side. It will be chiefly a ma saving all around—which seldom is witho and embarrassments.

The Japanese would have to find s damper the ambitions of their military cliques. Britain might have to relax if n some of its extraterritorial rights on the A land. And above all, both the act and the of selling China down the river would avoided if an enduring Far East peace achieved.

For all these difficulties, we have a hu Japanese would be willing to dicker at thi are badly bogged down in China. The R a large army and a powerful air force p easy invading distance of Manchukuo and bombing range of Japan's house-of- American and British sea and air forces i are strong, while Singapore's muscles are bly by the day.

Is it the highest statesmanship to screws any tighter than necessary on Jap risk a war which may ruin for years to com which for decades past has been our b customer?

We think it would be far higher state try out every hope of wooing Japan Berlin and Rome, and that it would be a achievement if American and British st could succeed in so doing. We cannot se can come of unnecessarily spreading the w already tormented with war or the fear most of its civilized land area.



# Collier's

OCTOBER 25, 1941

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## THE AMERICAN MI

By Walter Davenport

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# You couldn't blame her for writing him "NO"

ICE, solid sort of fellow . . . with considerable charm, ood manners, good looks, a real job . . . and devoted r from the first. Certainly a man to consider when a as ideas of marriage. Yet Eileen found herself writing nite "No" to the invitation to be his guest at one of y parties of the year in Washington. Remembering uble, she simply couldn't bring herself to accept.

**How's *Your* Breath?**

do a man's good points amount to when he is trou- with halitosis (bad breath)? They can count for little face of this unpardonable social offense which any- ay commit at some time or other—*without realizing it.* nsidious thing about halitosis is that the victim may aware of its presence.

u may be unconsciously offending right now . . . may pardizing your chances socially and in business. How not to take advantage of the simple and delightful ution which is right at hand.

ry night and every morning, and between times appointments at which you would like to appear at best, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Your quickly becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

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sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, accord- some authorities, are caused by the fermentation of ood particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces. ine immediately halts such fermentation and over- the objectionable odors it produces. Not only your a, but your entire mouth is the better for using Listerine.

ou don't want others to avoid you for offending in ay, if you want to be more acceptable in the social usiness world, never . . . *never!* . . . omit Listerine eptic. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*




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# THIS WEEK

OCTOBER 25, 1941

SHORT STORIES


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COVER AL MOORE


# ANY WEEK

FRANKLY, we don't know what we'd do if we had to do our own thinking and write brain pieces in this space from week to week, outthinking ourself from column to column. We were discussing this with a daily columnist, a terrific fellow who seizes the latest situation every afternoon and shakes the fight out of it. He told us that it was a very soft job, that all you had to do was to scream a little louder the day after you had released a mess of inferior analysis, thus distracting the attention of the reader from what you said the day before. Besides, he told us, there's so much professional emoting getting into print every day that the readers are always far more muddled than the writers. But all's well. We don't have to think. You readers—particularly you letter-writing ones—are doing a tidy job of it. All we have to do is pick your brains and sit pretty. Even better, most of you are doing the kind of thinking we'd like to do if we had to do some.

For example, here's a trifle from Mr. Beggs Brandt of Billings, Montana. Mr. Brandt refers, somewhat callously, we think, to Mr. Roosevelt's official family as "a stock company that's been playing Uncle Tom's Cabin with phony ice every night for the past eight years." The only changes, goes on Mr. Brandt, have been occasional role switches inside the cast—"Henry Wallace instead of Harry Hopkins as Little Eva and Harold Ickes as Uncle Tom in place of Henry Morgenthau. The only characters who have not switched roles are Simon Legree and the F.B.I. bloodhounds." It's time for a complete change of bill, thinks Mr. Brandt, because "the audience is walking out."



FROM Mr. Dudley Virginius Haddock of Tampa, Florida, we've just received word that it now costs you nothing if you kill a cow on a Florida highway provided that the cow kills you. Hitherto cows and other livestock had all the right of way on roads in Florida's open-range counties, legally permitted to wander at will at all hours. If a motorist crashed into the animal in the dark or if the beast, emerging without warning from the roadside jungle, smacked into the car, the motorist paid—and no nonsense about it either. The law operated on the theory that cows and such can't be expected to understand traffic rules. But Mr. Haddock, widely known throughout the South as Ole Number Nine (after the Memphis, Little Rock and Natchez flier on which he was born), says that the latest Florida legislature has decreed that only if the motorist survives his collision with a stray animal is he liable for full damages to the creature. And yet should the fellow die, his family has no cause for action against the owner of the animal. In the words of Mr. Haddock "in case of death it's jest a doggone tie."

WE HEAR from Mr. J. Dipless of Yreka, California, that something's gone wrong with the war of nerves that the State Department is waging on Japan and Germany. "It's supposed to break down Hitler and the Jap militarists but I dunno. I bet they can stand it longer than I can. I'm beginning to chew rugs too." From Mrs. Laurence Mitting of Haverhill, Massachusetts, and others we learn that "there are too many mystery men, miracle workers, round-the-world gallopers and secret agents around scaring the populace." Mrs. Mitting says that while she was in Washington not long ago she heard that Mr. Roosevelt asked a caller—a sixteen-cylinder industrialist—what could be done to bolster up civilian morale. The industrialist suggested "a little new blood in your official family." Mr. Roosevelt is supposed to have thanked his caller heartily, wrung his hand and replied: "Just the thing. Just the thing. And I have just the man—Harry Hopkins."

WE HAVE a pretty furious letter from another Mr. Hopkins — Mr. Franklin Hopkins of New York City—chastising us for an assortment of light words we allotted to the funny-money schemes that we've been receiving lately. We regret that we can't reprint Mr. Hopkins' letter but give you a hint. He starts off by calling us a "little scarlet harlot of the press" and soars to real depths from there. But we were particularly interested in what Mr. Hopkins is. He is, according to the letterhead, "Advancer of Land Currency." We're not sure what Land Currency is but the letterhead goes on to explain that it is a cure for "debt, credit, riches, poverty, monopolies, prostitution, chance employment, wage slavery, intemperance, destitution, panics, labor strikes, industrial freakishness, extravagance, miserliness, child labor, self-destruction, race suicide, divorce, sex hatred, spinsterhood, feminism, futurism, sartorial freakishness, anatomical freakishness, churchianity, institu[illegible]alism, reform, philanthro[illegible]literacy, crime, dis[illegible]ar." Doubtless [illegible]s that the President meant.

ANOTHER snatch of intelligence comes from Mr. James Street, whose fiction appears in this magazine now and then—too now and th quite a number of our disc readers. Mr. Street dropp Natchez bar that has a pecu tion for young fellows wh nothing but a good poke i will meet their immediat ments. In short a great m ous fights occur in this bar there's a sign over the caught and held Mr. Stre tion: "Count yourself agai you ain't so many."



WHICH stirring item goes a few facts we've gathere George Patrick Torpey, wh geant in the A.E.F., is now in a popular den of iniqu cago. Mr. Torpey has a about the comparative dr ties of the boys of '18 anc '41. He tells us that it t make today's soldier drun to stagger the heroes "Also," says Mr. Torpey, the liquor or the early tr boys of our present Ar when the soldier today there's no fight in him. Irish were the best drink did the most fighting wh drunk. I'm Irish myself to say that the Irishmar today is about the worst c lot. He can't hold it and fend it. The colored soldi drinker and if what he doe on means anything, he fighter. Things have com pass. I don't know wh prohibition or if we've ju but I do know that the can't drink, although I w credit for trying."

AND for some time we'v ber of isolated items ha looking for a chance t We're advised to set the forget them. So: On a ning the Santa Fe River forbidding you to hoid c it. A guy in Pismo Bea advertises Fourteen-Inc A reader tells us that F popular in the Southw on to inform us that Flu skins wrapped in celloph in Dallas."

WELL, that gives you


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# Do you know your best ally against *Cancer?*

THE X-RAY, radium, modern surgery—or a combination of these lifesavers—today offer more hope than ever of successfully treating cancer. Your most important ally, however, is something that you alone may control.

It is *Time.*

By going to your doctor *promptly*—at the first sign that might mean cancer—you make it possible for competent medical judgment and skill:

1. **To determine whether you really have a malignant growth.**
2. **To treat cancer, if you have it, while there is the best opportunity of cure.**

### *Some Common Signs To Look Out For*

The development of painless lumps or other abnormalities in the breast should be regarded with suspicion. Unexplained bleeding is also a danger sign. Unaccountable loss of weight, chronic indigestion, or a "general run down feeling" call for thorough medical examination, too.

When you discover that a mole, wart, scar, skin growth, or blemish is beginning to change in *color* or *size* or *texture*, or to become painful—that *may* mean the start of skin cancer. Open wounds which stubbornly refuse to heal may develop into skin cancer.

Skin cancers, fortunately, are the easiest of all to detect and cure. Most of them, promptly and properly treated, can be cured without causing disfigurement.

### *Some Dangers To Beware Of*

Growths constantly exposed to irritation frequently become cancerous. Amateur razor-blade surgery or medicine-cabinet doctoring of moles and warts often is followed by the development of true cancer.

Cleanliness is especially important in the prevention of mouth cancer. Bad teeth should be cared for or removed. Jagged edges of teeth should be smoothed. Dental plates and bridges should fit comfortably. Some persons have a mouth condition known as leukoplakia—"white spot disease"—which, if untreated, may develop later into cancer. In these cases particularly, the excessive use of tobacco and sharp condiments should be avoided.

Beware of quack remedies and "cures" for any condition which may be cancer. There is just one safe, reassuring thing to do when you notice a suspicious sign or symptom: *have a thorough examination!* To make the most of your best ally—*Time*—have it *right away!*

For further information, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "A Message of Hope About Cancer."

*An interesting 10-minute Technicolor movie on food and health—*"PROOF OF THE PUDDING"*— has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to national nutrition education. See it when it comes to your neighborhood.*

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 111-C, "A Message of Hope About Cancer."

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# MAKING AVIATION HISTORY




There's a quick beat in all our hearts for the members of the U. S. Army Air Corps. Their wings speed them in their watch over American skies in miracle time—the nation's modern Minute Men. Among the Air Corps' most advanced aircraft is our Bell Airacobra—the world's only single engine fighter carrying an armor-piercing cannon. Bell Aircraft has grown to 10,000 loyal employees in meeting the urgent need for Airacobras. Masterfully trained in the important tasks of volume aircraft production, each Bell worker now joins in a faithful pledge that the U. S. Army Air Corps shall be proud of the job that's being done in producing Bell Airacobras.

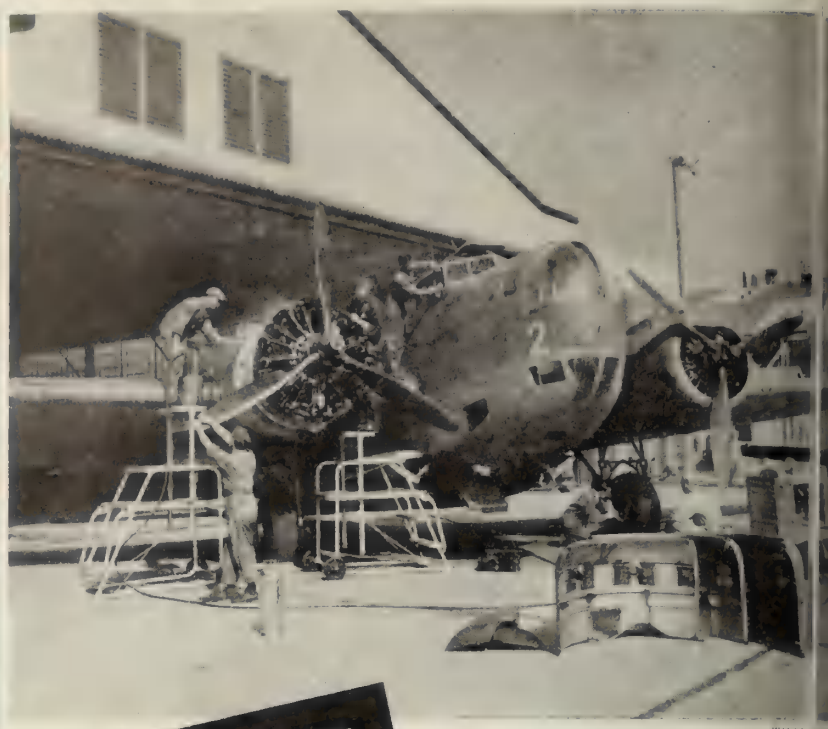
Bell Aircraft

Producers of

THE BELL AIRACOBRA —

"Cannon in Wings"

© Bell Aircraft Corporation, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

WILLI

**Great numbers of planes now** [illegible] **way present a new problem—** [illegible] **Elaborate preparations (see te** [illegible] **necessary for storing bombers**

# WING TALK

AWARE that some day soon the factories will be turning out combat planes faster than pilots and maintenance crews can be trained and squadrons organized, the Army Air Forces (which now include the Air Force Combat Command, a strictly tactical and operational organization, and the Air Corps, devoted to procurement of equipment and training) are preparing for another difficult problem. You would think the answer easy; just store the planes until ready for use.

If there were sufficient storage space for the great number of planes on the way, and there isn't now, that would at least get them under cover. But to have to stake down many of them outdoors means that double attention will need to be given. To prepare them for these outside hangars is a special operation in itself. Oil, to prevent rust, must be sprayed into the engines through the exhaust stacks and spark-plug holes with the valves in an open position. Waterproof-paper covering must be securely fastened over the exhaust ports and the carburetor air-intake scoop. The controls must be locked by a special parking harness. The armament must be covered with a heavy grease. Batteries and instruments must be inspected and the exterior of the plane kept clean. This procedure must be repeated at the end of every thirty days.

Sturdy though they are, these planes, from heavy bombers to tiny pursuits, need this attention, for nobody knows better than the Army the trouble there'll be when the ships are put in operation if they are not kept in tiptop shape.

A POPULAR pastime among the people who go out to the airport to see the planes come in is to count the number of women who get off the airliners. Sometimes a good number get off but they always seem to be in the minority, except when a press agent brings in a plane-load of models. Many surveys have been conducted to determine the proportion of female plane passengers and the latest and most exhaustive, taken by the Air Transport Association, indicates that about one fifth of [illegible] fly the lines wear skirts. The su[illegible] cluded the heaviest traveled rout[illegible] York-Chicago; New York-Wash[illegible] New York-Boston; Chicago-W[illegible] ton; Chicago-Los Angeles an[illegible] York-Los Angeles.

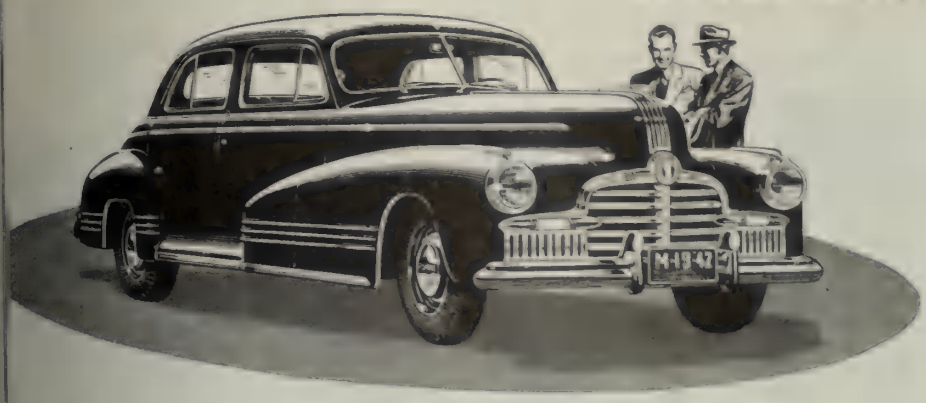
WE TALKED about the Fow[illegible] (or retractable wing) last ti[illegible] there wasn't room to tell of a c[illegible] ment now under way which will [illegible] much to the operators of all kind[illegible] craft—full-span flaps. Flaps, [illegible] brakes in common use, are hin[illegible] tions which drop down from the[illegible] side of the trailing edge of the [illegible] slow the plane for landing. Th[illegible] extend only to the ailerons to a[illegible] terference with these up-a[illegible] movable sections of the win[illegible] provide lateral control.

With full-span flaps runni[illegible] one wing tip to the other, ou[illegible] airliners, bombers and even fa[illegible] pursuiters could retain their [illegible] landing speeds and fly faster [illegible] they would need less wing are[illegible] keeping the wing areas as of n[illegible] could go to lower landing spee[illegible] military will always sacrifice lo[illegible] speed for high top speed beca[illegible] speed means so much in comba[illegible] tions. But commercially, any [illegible] peg the existing landing speeds[illegible] are, or even lower them witho[illegible] ficing the present top speeds, [illegible] welcomed and full-span flaps [illegible]

This is not wishful thinkir[illegible] full-span flaps. Real work is g[illegible] ward on them at the N.A.C.A. [illegible] ries at Langley Field, Virginia. [illegible] can't hurry it along, it's that [illegible]

HERE'S an item we've been s[illegible] cold weather—it's about el[illegible] heated flying suits. The Army [illegible] on contract a large number of [illegible] ments, wired to keep the pilots [illegible] temperatures of from 70 degre[illegible] zero to 60 degrees below. Adap[illegible] the Army's standard summer fl[illegible] the high-altitude clothing [illegible] throughout and the amount of [illegible] plied electrically is controllabl[illegible] gloves go with it. The young p[illegible] take to them without ques[illegible] there's one old-timer who n[illegible]

*(Continued on page 7*[illegible]



# *Even Better* than the Pontiac that won over 330,000 friends last year!



...TORS' MASTERPIECE
...WITH THE LOW PRICE

MORE THAN 330,000 owners of 1941 Pontiacs may be surprised at this—but it is actually true that the new Pontiacs for 1942 are even better cars than the models which they supersede.

They are more beautiful for one thing. Their new, low-swung front-end styling and their long, sweeping front fenders give added smartness to Pontiac's substantial fine car appearance. New fittings and upholstery materials enhance their interior beauty and luxury.

Mechanically, changes are few. However, when they do occur, they represent definite progress. Vital parts such as pistons, crankshafts, bearings and connecting rods remain completely unchanged. Handling ease and riding comfort, on the other hand, have been noticeably improved.

You can buy a new Pontiac this year with confidence that, in addition to new style and luxury, it will give you extra thousands of miles of dependable, *economical* travel. And that is important to farsighted buyers at this time.

[ ONLY $25 MORE FOR AN EIGHT IN ANY MODEL ]

**Pontiac** *with the things you've always liked* - AND 15 NEW ONES TOO!

**Rapid-Fire Production of Rapid-Fire Cannon!**

Charged with building a large number of automatic anti-aircraft cannon for the U. S. Navy, Pontiac is now turning out these complicated weapons with production-line speed and efficiency. This important assignment we regard as our first responsibility.

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

# NOT HOW MANY... BUT HOW GOOD!

The American way of life needs economic as well as military protection. As the big job of arming the nation strains the resources of its citizens, they must be safeguarded from inflated prices, deflated quality, depreciated value in the things they buy and use. It is up to American Business to hold the home front against all these dangerous trends . . . and our unqualified pledge is that we will maintain regular Florsheim Quality at the lowest possible price!

Twenty-five years ago this country went through another National Emergency. Good materials were scarce . . . yet we paid a premium to maintain Florsheim quality, and we refused to accept materials that failed to meet our exacting specifications. And now, if and when necessary, we'll do the same again. If the time ever comes when we can't get all the good leather we need, then we'll make fewer shoes. In 49 years of fine shoemaking we have never sacrificed quality for quantity . . . we have never traded value for volume . . . and we never will!

The ECLIPSE



The RAMBLER

$9.50 and $10
MOST STYLES

THE Florsheim SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · MANUFACTURERS · CHICAGO · MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



# KEEP UP WITH THE W

## By Freling Foster

*Yugoslavian* peasants sometimes teach a performing bear to dance by chaining it on a heated pan, Arabian camel drivers sometimes appease their animal's anger toward themselves by allowing it to bite and shake one of their discarded garments for several minutes, and African natives sometimes find a hippopotamus so sluggish that it will allow them to fish from its back in the middle of a stream.

*One* of the largest structures ever moved was the office building of the Indiana Bell Telephone Company in Indianapolis. In less than twenty-five days in 1930, this 11,000-ton, eight-story structure was turned around on its site, to face north instead of east, so efficiently that none of its thousand employees nor any of its telephone and building services were disturbed.

*In* 1930, the American passenger trains that operated at average speeds of sixty miles an hour or faster covered only 1,100 miles a day. Now such trains travel more than 65,000 miles every twenty-four hours.—*By Joseph Caragol, Caldwell, New Jersey.*

*Of* the hundred thousand prehistoric mounds, earthworks and fortifications still existing in the United States, the largest is the Cahokia Mound in Madison County, Illinois, which has a greater cubic size than the Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt.

*When* a ship is so crippled that it has to be towed to port, all vessels answering its SOS, as well as the one which actually does the towing, are entitled to a salvage award. Even wireless messages that enabled one ship to avoid a shoal and helped another to disengage itself from an ice pack have been held to be salvage services under maritime law.

*The* leaf of the lilac has 200,000 breathing pores per square inch, or a thousand times as many as the leaf of the mistletoe in the same-sized space.—*By Harvey Smith, Lakewood, Ohio.*

*Dry* ice, solid ca… when contacting met… as hammers, chisels… tubes and rings, ma… duce peculiar squeal… also used to disting… imitation and genuin… only the real gems … when touched by it.

*Arctic* foxes, when … smell is enhanced b… detect food at great … long ago, a Spitzb… after having caught … a trap baited with … went back over the … the snow and foun… scented the bait fiv… and, changing its c… in a straight line to t…

*Recent* inventio… checkbook for left-h… a key for typewriters… tip that erases mis… actuating the ribbon … vices, and a fishing r… scale that weighs "th… got away" if the fish… clear of the water.

*The* office of the … eral in Washington … 000,000 records, whic… covering the milita… every one of the … who have served in … the Revolutionary W… *A. Smith, Galesburg*

*The* Volesus, a … Grimsby, England, … lished a world's recc… in the most valuable … fish. It sold for $60,… *W. Robertson, Lond…*

*Our* hydroelectric … reached its peak be… 1939, and Septemb… ninety-six such gia… ects were either com… construction in this …

**Five dollars will be paid … or unusual fact accepte… Contributions must be ac… factory proof. Address … World, Collier's, 250 Park … City. This column is copy… The National Weekly. No … be reproduced without ex… the publish…**

# DEFENSE PRODUCTION LINES NOW RUN *Along Our Highways!*



YOU'RE HEARING a lot about assembly lines ...e days . . how they're being geared up to turn out the ...fense material we need. And, quite naturally, you may ...k of these lines as being housed in factory buildings.

**As a matter of fact, however, our highways are now an integral part of the assembly lines for national defense production!**

...ew products are completely fabricated in one place. ...et metal is rolled in Pennsylvania, made into ailerons ...Michigan, and assembled in completed planes in Ten-...see. Cloth from New England mills is hauled to New Jersey to be tailored into army uniforms. Carbon from Ohio and fabric from North Carolina travel many miles overland to meet in a gas mask plant in Indiana. Timber is logged ...Washington mountains, milled on Puget ...ound and built into ships at Los Angeles.



...h these and thousands more cases, ...sembly lines *begin and end miles apart* . . possibly halfway across the country!

★ ★ ★

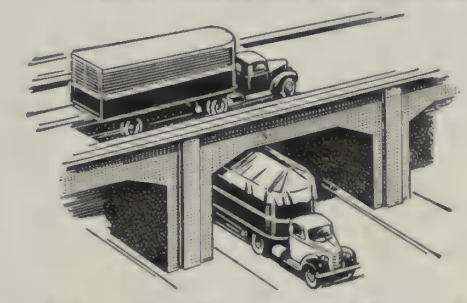
*World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers*

...RUEHAUF TRAILER CO. ★ DETROIT

*Sales and Service in Principal Cities*

...CITIES: DETROIT, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, TORONTO

**And the mid-portion . . yes, the heart . . of these assembly lines is our highway system and America's motor transport industry!**



Motor transport has been assigned this grave responsibility because it has proved its ability to deliver the goods . . and *do it on schedule.* Materials must flow smoothly . . in exactly the right quantities . . at precisely the right time. Production schedules may change on an hour's notice . . and the flow of materials must change accordingly. This hair trigger control, as any manufacturing man will affirm, is the secret of efficient assembly line production.

As schedules call for more and still more speed, America can depend on motor transport to keep things moving on the assembly lines!




# FRUEHAUF TRAILERS

"Engineered Transportation"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

...TOR TRANSPORT IS ESSENTIAL TO NATIONAL DEFENSE

# PHILCO




## . . . brings you thrilling new inventions . . . outstanding new radio-phonograph features for greater musical enjoyment

IN performance . . . in cabinet design . . . in effortless, easy operation, this 1942 Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph sets a new standard for luxurious enjoyment of radio and recorded music!

For one thing, you never have to change a needle or buy one. Instead of the old-fashioned steel needle that *scraped* the record, there's a tiny, rounded jewel that *floats* over the grooves and reflects the music on a beam of light to a photo-electric cell. That's why the tone is so brilliant, so clear, so free of annoying needle scratch. Your records never seem to wear out—they actually last ten times longer!

In radio, you enjoy the glorious reception and superb tone that have made Philco America's favorite radio for twelve straight years! And many models offer you Frequency Modulation—at *new low cost*, through the *exclusive* Philco FM System.

Visit your Philco dealer today and see the 1942 Philco radios and radio-phonographs. He has just the model you want in a wide variety of exquisite cabinet designs at the price you want to pay, with a liberal trade-in for your old radio!

## MUSIC ON A BEAM OF LIGHT

The first basic improvement in record duction since the phonograph was inv this exclusive Philco invention eliminates changing, reduces surface noise and recor 10 to 1 . . gives you glorious new beauty o

## STROBOSCOPE Contr

For the first time Philco engineers have a the sensational Stroboscope principle phonograph. Now you hear your record absolute fidelity of pitch, just as they recorded in the studio!

## TILT-FRONT CABINE

No lid to lift . . . no need to remove deco . . . no unhandy compartments. To pl phonograph you simply tilt the grille fo place your records, tilt it back again. Ar matic light illuminates the turntable.

**PHILCO 1012 "BEAM OF LIGHT" RADIO-PHONOGRAPH.** Philco Automatic Record Changer with Stroboscope Pitch and Tempo Control. Tilt-Front Walnut Cabinet. American and Foreign reception; Exclusive Philco FM System. Home Recording optional. *Yours on easy terms.*

**RADIOS, RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS, PORTABLES, AUTO RADIOS *from* $12.95 *to* $525. SEE AND HEAR THEM**

*Prices subject to change without notice; prices slightly higher Denver and*

LLIER'S
ONAL WEEKLY
OBER 25, 1941



as bowing. "Pray
m my colonel—how
nisable here? Is it per-
atisfactory? Thank you"

# ustache

uy Gilpatric

STRATED BY
BLOSSOM

in he life of Jean-
Guichard, obscure
France—how he
as the saying
thousand deaths

THE Restaurant Aux Gourmets d'Auvergne is one of the oldest and best in Paris. It is hidden in the Rue Brienne, a dark little one-way street where parking is prohibited and whose one way is that which nobody wishes to go. The interior has room for only sixteen tables and is gloomy with walnut paneling, dark red velvet upholstery and deep red Brussels carpet. Here and there are imitation palms whose fronds rattle skeletally when agitated by the breeze from a hurrying waiter's coattails; but, of course, in a restaurant so admirably ordered as Aux Gourmets d'Auvergne, haste is deemed unseemly and such disturbances are rare.

During the early months of the occupation, the Germans kept largely to those boulevard establishments with white marble façades, chromium trimming and undistinguished cooking. The Gourmets remained a sanctuary where Frenchmen could escape at least the visible reminders of their humiliation while seeking that solace in familiar savors which was not to be found in the meager, rationed substance. Most of the people who dined there had been regular clients for years, but whereas in happier times they had merely bowed when entering, or perhaps murmured a formal *Mesdames! Messieurs!* now they paused at one another's tables and talked of the miserable present and the terrifying future.

Monsieur Joly, the proprietor; Lambert, his *maitre d'hôtel;* the waiters, the bus boys and even the little chasseur took full and equal part in these conversations; for here, as throughout all France, trivial social distinctions had yielded to an aching need for fellowship. But great as was this craving for communion, no man dared wholly satisfy it. It was strange, at the Gourmets, to see how guardedly they spoke—whispering, grimacing, gesturing—often changing the subject without apparent reason, or checking themselves in midsentence to glance over their shoulders toward the door.

The pitiful truth was that these beaten Frenchmen did not trust one another. Sold out by their statesmen, their generals and their press, they now saw in every friend and neighbor a spy, an *agent provocateur,* a writer of anonymous letters, awaiting only an incautious word to denounce them to the Germans. The notable exception was Old Mustache.

OLD MUSTACHE—real name, Jean-Joseph Guichard—had come to the Gourmets as waiter in 1903. In those days, he was called Big Mustache. In 1914 he had joined his regiment, was bundled into a taxicab and hustled to the front, where he was shot, bayoneted, blown up, buried alive, gassed and taken prisoner. He came back to the Gourmets in 1918, hating the Germans and all their works. Now, like all other Frenchmen, he hated them more than ever. Unlike most of them, he did not hesitate to say so.

"Pah! What ignominy!" he would chide the little gatherings in the restaurant. "You call yourselves Frenchmen but you behave like worms! Why all this winking and nudging and whispering? Why all this cowardly nonsense

about 'ces *messieurs*'? If it's the dirty Germans you're talking about—well, call 'em 'dirty Germans' right out, as I do, and to hell with the lot of 'em!"

At the beginning of such an outburst, his hearers would laugh nervously and murmur, "Bravo, bravo!" But as the tirade mounted in fury, they would drift one by one to their tables and sit studying their menus or newspapers with elaborate, frowning intentness, to make sure that any *Gestapo Spitzel* who might be present could plainly see that they had no part in the sedition. And at length the old waiter, realizing that his audience was the empty air, would snort through his big white mustache, flick his napkin savagely and move off toward the kitchen with that painful, flat-footed shuffle peculiar to the ancients of his calling.

Several of the more timorous clients had suggested to Monsieur Joly that Old Mustache be discharged in the interests of the common safety, but the proprietor could not conscientiously accede. "He is sixty-seven," he said. "He is married. He has been with us for thirty-eight years. After all, you know, one cannot turn such a man out of the door for being—patriotic!"

Still, Monsieur Joly was worried.

One day at lunch time, when the subject under discussion was French collaboration with Germany, Old Mustache worked himself into a particularly violent tantrum.

"For shame, gentlemen! For shame!" he cried. "Come—why don't you dig up the sacred bones of the Unknown Soldier, while you're at it, and sell them for souvenirs to these bloody bandits of Boches? Surely, you have no souls left to sell! By day, half of you are prating and sniveling of 'collaboration,' while by night the other half are out chalking silly V's on walls, like so many kids scrawling smut where they know the teacher'll see it on her way to school! Frenchmen? You? Pah!"

THERE was the usual nervous laughter; someone said, "Well, the old war horse is feeling his oats again!" while others said, "Sh-h-h!"

"Eh? What's that? You tell me to sh-h-h?" Old Mustache leveled a trembling finger toward the corner whence the cautioning sounds had come. "Well, you poltroons, I won't sh-h-h, I refuse to sh-h-h, I . . ."

"But Jean! Now, Jean! Hold on a minute, old fellow!" Monsieur Joly restrained him. "This bellicose talk of yours is all very fine—when it's just among ourselves! We know as well as you do that it is only talk and nothing more. But when the Germans start coming here—well, then you'll have to cut it out!"

"Right!" cried Old Mustache. "Absolutely! Oh, you'll see, when the dirty swine do come, I won't say a word! . . . I'll—*act!*"

"Act?" Monsieur Joly smiled indulgently and winked at the company. "Act? Why, what will you do, Jean?"

Old Mustache clenched his fists and shook them above his head. "Monsieur Joly and gentlemen!" he said, tensely. "With heaven and yourselves as my witnesses, I swear that when the first German comes into this restaurant, I'll spit in his soup!"

There were cheers and laughter.

"All right, laugh!" barked Old Mustache. "You'll see!"

"Oh, come, Jean!" protested Monsieur Joly. "You really don't mean it!"

"You heard me swear it, didn't you?"

"But you're mad, Jean! Why, they'd shoot you!"

"Of course they'd shoot me—if I were mad enough to let them see me do it! But, heh-heh-heh!" he cackled, craftily. "Please don't imagine I'm quite such a fool as all that!"

"H'm!" Monsieur Joly rubbed his chin and nodded thoughtfully; then he gave a savage chuckle. "Well, yes, by George! Why not? It would be a fine trick to play on the strutting roosters, at that! But—it would take plenty of nerve!"

Old Mustache beat his starched false shirt front resoundingly. "Monsieur, I am a Frenchman!" he declared.

They realized that he was in earnest. "Bravo!" cried somebody. "Oh, what a grand old boy!" Others slapped him on the back. All looked up to him with new admiration and respect, for so low was the morale of these men of yesterday, so filled were they with repressed, seething hate, that they felt keen satisfaction in contemplating this childish project. They spoke of it as "retaliation," as "revenge." But even as they sat there gloating over it, the old mutual mistrust asserted itself. They felt that they had become conspirators in an anti-German plot, and they were uneasy.

"Well, then, it's settled—but mum's the word!" said Monsieur Joly, glancing toward the door. "Please remember, gentlemen—not a hint, not a breath of this to a soul!"

"Oh, talk about it all you want to!" said Old Mustache, recklessly. "It makes no difference to me!"

IN THE days that followed, it was remarked that several old clients no longer appeared at the Gourmets, and it was tacitly assumed that their courage had proved unequal to the strain. To the others, Old Mustache explained his plan. At the rear of the dining-room was a pair of swinging doors that gave upon the kitchen, and concealing them was a high screen. In the narrow space between, the deed could be done with impunity. No one could actually see it; therefore, no one could definitely prove it.

"It cannot fail!" he declared. "I come out of the kitchen. I am behind the screen. An instant—only an instant—and it's done!" But the oftener he rehearsed it and the more he talked, thought and dreamed of it, the less confident he became. He was unable to see how a slip could occur, but—what if one



**The door flapped shut like a coffin lid, and he was alone behind the screen. Now was the time! He retracted his head between his hunched shoulders**

did? Those brutes of Germans w be content merely to shoot him— they! They'd beat him to a pul torture him; they'd beat and tor wife; they'd, they'd . . ."

Still, he had sworn to go throu it; honor and self-respect were a there was no backing down! Out he gave no sign that his coura waning; indeed, he bragged an tered louder than ever. But hi became fitful and his appetit Despite himself he, too, fell i habit of glancing toward the dreading the moment when th gray-green uniform should appe then, one evening, there it was!

The German was a short, dap onel. Behind him came a six-fo poral with an automatic pistol a grenades at his belt. In the chi which followed their entrance, ficer touched his visor politely, three times from the waist an handed cap and gloves to his bod

"I am dining alone," he said fair French to Lambert, who hurrying forward rubbing his har you have no objection, the *Gefrei* stand here by the door."

"Oh, most certainly!" purr *maître d'hôtel*. "He may stand ever you wish, my colonel—ce certainly, sir!" Lambert was t "Pray permit me, my colone about this table here? Is it pe satisfactory, sir? Ah, thank yo

THE table was Number Three, Mustache's station. Feeling t marrow in his leg bones had tu milk, he shuffled over and took hi while Lambert prepared to wr order. The German selected wit deliberation. Throughout the see endless wait, Old Mustache wa that all eyes were upon him—esp those of the bodyguard at the doo giant—that murderer—would shoot a man than look at him simply poke that pistol into yo and *Pam! Pam! Pam!* there yo Yes, and then, if he saw you we squirming a little, he'd kick ou teeth, shove one of those grenade your throat and . . . !

Old Mustache shuddered. H afraid that he would faint. He the soft hiss of a perforated page torn from an order pad and f paper thrust into his hand. "Her *çon!*" came Lambert's brisk, voice. "For soup, *Monsieur le* will have the *crème de volaille.*" as Old Mustache mechanically his acknowledgment, he saw La right eyelid flicker in a scarcely p tible wink.

Somehow, he made the k Dumbly, he pointed to the great pot at the back of the stove wh knew contained the *crème de v* With palsied hands he extended h and received the steaming turee turned and started out. By the t had reached the door, he was tre so badly that he paused for a m and rested the tray on the little s shelf to the right of it. Then, in he pushed open the door with hi It flapped shut after him like a lid, and he was alone behind the Now was the time! He retract head between his hunched sho Now! Now! But—he dare not And even had he dared, it woul been physically impossible—f mouth was as dry as ashes.

As he came from behind the he saw that every French face room was turned toward him. H dered if his own was as pale as Lambert was awaiting him at th man's table to help him serve the

"How'd it go?" the *maître* whispered, putting down the lad

*(Continued on page 27)*

# Hellfire Pass

## By Frank Gervasi

**In Africa the British Tommies' life is not a happy one as they battle the Axis invaders in the desert. Collier's correspondent, who ranged from Cape Town to Cairo, detours now to watch them work under fire**



**Trucks are vital in desert warfare, sometimes joining in the fighting. This one is on long-range patrol duty**

**A British desert outpost antitank unit sets up and camouflages its gun in a rock-and-sand wilderness**

BRITISH COMBINE



THE general sat in what the British call a caravan but what we'd call a bus—a very fancy bus. It had once belonged to Fascist General Gallini and contained a bed with a spring and a comfortable mattress, a table, chairs and curtained dressing room at the rear. It had blue glass windows to filter the desert glare, and awnings. It was now the headquarters of a tallish Yorkshireman with blue eyes, pale yellow hair and a face that seemed hatched out of polished red limestone, its redness accentuated by the loose white woolen muffler the Briton wore about his throat. The general's bus was parked in the desert. We had trouble finding it because first of all, generals commanding divisions don't advertise where they are and, secondly, because it is merely a name on the map. If after reading war stories about the fighting you have formed images of Beau Geste forts and palm trees and streets filled with goats, camels and Arabs, forget them. This place is merely where the road that runs from bad to worse becomes very much worse and where there are some wells the Italians forgot to poison.

Earlier that morning, in the blue-black twilight of the desert dawn, the general had set into motion the mechanics of the British drive against the Germans. When we arrived he got out his map and told us what was happening, what had happened and what the British intended to accomplish. He explained that desert warfare had come full circle, that it is fought from machines which move on caterpillar treads, tires or wings. Lawrence and Allenby would be amazed at what has happened to that once glamorous business known as desert war. It has become about as glamorous as a garage and smells like a garage.

The general showed us where the British tanks and clattering little Bren gun carriers were deployed. He pointed out the disposition of artillery and arranged for us where we could obtain gasoline and petrol on our journey forward into the combat zone. The object of the British operations was to push the Germans back from their positions at Salum on the sea coast and from their well-traced points on the great Libyan escarpment that encroaches upon Egypt from the eastward from Salum to the submarginal Qattara salt marshes like a huge brown glacier.

### The Highway of Invasion

It was obvious that whoever controlled the escarpment, a wilderness of sand and rock and camel thorn brush, dominated the approach to Egypt from the west. But there are no roads on the plateau, only vague desert tracks of yesterday that passed the day before. The wind obliterates the trails within a few hours and you move on the escarpment by compass and sextant. At Salum the escarpment tumbles into the sea. A road zigzags down the blunt face of the plateau through what the Arabs call Halfaya and the British "Hellfire" Pass and connects with the shore road—the highway of invasion of Egypt that leads to Alexandria and Suez.

It was the British, with inferiority in numbers of tanks and other mechanized equipment and until recently in manpower, too, have been able to prevent German control of the Libyan plateau and the Hellfire doorway to the coastal roads a measure of their courage and endurance. They have also proved themselves inventive. They have mounted cannon on trucks and, with these vulnerable, makeshift weapons, have fought and sometimes defeated German tanks. Trucks—the tenders of the dreadnoughts of these sand seas—are as important as tanks. The desert kills trucks.

*(Continued on page 77)*

The Allison Division of General Motors, Indianapolis, is turning out airplane engines for the Army. This shipment goes to Fairfield Air Depot, Osb

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio, manufactures shell casings for the 155-mm. shells, 2,100 of them a day. Here they are being spray-painted



A Pratt & Whitney airplane engine on the production line at the F Rouge plant. Buick and Chevrolet will also produce Pratt & Whitne



# e American Miracle

## By Walter Davenport

**in scapable confusion and shouting we are completing he dous plant, the largest that the world has ever seen. e composite product is just emerging, an industrial fa hioned by large and small manufacturers working in n. While it is built for war, it is our best hope for peace**

li ts of Capitol Hill are low. e nd there a lonesome glow ov a window in the House and of e buildings, but life has fled. s, nce almighty, once full of d portent, sits waiting like a if t the gates of a vast muni- an Presently the call to move th machinery, will sound. Con- u bling like industrial workers pe -ups, seniorities, money and ic will barge in, fill orders. r t the foot of The Hill, blaz- sk s with its roaring light, lies in OPM—the Office of Pro- M nagement—and its new ma- A —the Supply, Priorities and on Board. And at the feet of r cous little carnival of blaze y l its own, squats its mow- n at OPA—the Office of Price tr ion. Remember the days of y eal's youth with its AAA's C' and the rest of its brawling rb s? Al Smith called them ic soup and people laughed th n it was easy to laugh. The d een nothing. Those weak, ay were but thin, insipid con- co pared with these.

t seething city, shadowed by t House, stands OEM—the Of mergency Management. It pe simulating a calm it doesn't OE is the President's eyes and ww ches SPAB, OPM and OPA. Pa sident's hand on them all, c their work, his tongue in if ences. OEM is the Presi-

ir—OEM, SPAB, OPM, e our emergency government. e od is half evangelism and wn. They have fifty-six bil- ar to spend but not a penny for e. That alone is a miracle, but on. Slowly at first, but swifter w k, American industry is re- t their call to arms. Maybe t ink the picture pretty, but t dmit it's a heroic one. Big h s hit the trail. Little Busi- r ll for its life, crowds into co begging for machines, tools, ubcontracts. Plants, facto- ps nd village forges have be- e oon to become or hope to A erican Krupps, Schneider- kodas, Vickerses and Bo- ic if you wish—but wait. a prairie cornfield twelve g is a thundering tank plant or what was a woods a little k -a woods beloved for fam- s thousands of aircraft mo- r before Christmas. Where e made, detonators will grow. owing where gadgets were G out of your office and look Y ll see the major miracle. it on't make you happy. Per- n't rejoice. We've seen it, s ne idiotic reason laughed. " esent rate of increasing mo- ty'll make Mars and all his h look like kindergartners r ear. You who look on with your chest, you who must pay the bill, may have to struggle along without rubber heels, costume jewelry, galvanized water pails, aluminum pots and pans, new refrigerators, motorcars, new cameras, oil burners, saxophones, copper screens and an ever-lengthening list of what they call consumer goods—but you'll be a sight to behold with ships and guns, tanks and planes, bombs and shells. You're asked to stop receiving and to give.

### Back to the Simple Life

In spite of what office seekers and flag-waving sobsters tell you, that standard political mousetrap, the American Standard of Living, is due to lose its snap. SPAB's executive director, Mr. Donald M. Nelson, warns you and bids you be ready. You'll probably benefit thereby. You'll walk more. Already they've reduced the production of private motorcars by half, and don't be shocked if the cut goes much deeper next year. Even if you have a car you'll have trouble getting tires and perhaps spare parts. Walking's good for you. You may have to eat fewer extras—the extras that put that belly on you.

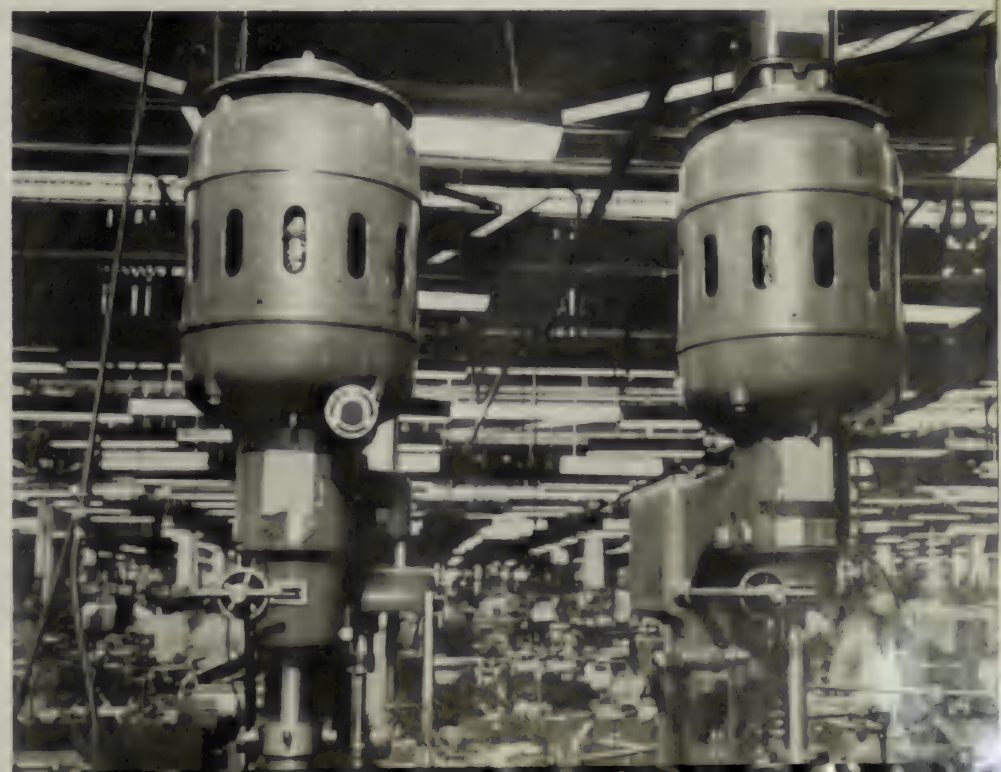
During this thing they call emergency, you'll struggle along somehow with fewer laborsaving gadgets in your office and kitchen. You may have to hire somebody who can add columns of figures in the old-fashioned way because if this goes on the man who sells you computing machines will be out of stock. Similarly your wife, poor soul, may have to beat eggs, whip cream and mix her batters by hand because the metal that went into gadgets will be blowing up Nazis. Maybe you paid no attention, you with your stomachs packed to the burp stage, but three or four years ago the dietitians and doctors discovered that as a whole the hundreds of thousands fed by relief thrived on the simple fare whilst the fat cats made the liver-pill rollers richer and richer. Now is the time for a hundred and thirty million people to find out how simply they can live, how few frills and furbelows they need for happiness, how many pretty things they can do without, how much trimming they can cut off living. Find out for yourself or, what with ships, wings and guns to pay for, it will be found out for you. OEM, SPAB and OPA are not the old political alphabeticals. Very few lame ducks



**Pistons for the new Wright Cyclone aircraft engine are turned out in mass production by the Aircraft Division of the Hudson Motor Car Company of Detroit, Mich. This plant also produces rocker arms in mass quantities**



**An Army truck comes off the assembly line at the Studebaker plant in South Bend. This truck has three axles, with a drive on each of the six wheels**



**The Packard Rolls-Royce machining plant, Detroit, contains $18,000,000 worth of new defense machinery. Two thirds of it belongs to Great Britain, one third to the United States government. Of the two great drill presses in the foreground one is British-owned, one American. They merely drill and tap a temporary hole in the hub of a reduction driving gear**

loll within their doors, political pensioners. These agencies are getting tough. By this time you've probably read the names of several proud corporations who have learned the awful truth. As we left Washington OPM was preparing to crack down on two or three big boys who refused to read the signs, who were using the scarce raw materials they'd get with priority permits for nondefense goods. OPM was getting ready to cut off all their supplies—to put them out of business for a term. Maybe you don't like what's going on in the capital of your country, but you had better get used to it.

### The Realities of War

Nobody in Washington or elsewhere completely realizes the latent possibilities of American industry. A year ago OPM, trying to swing the job alone, was wallowing badly, down at the head, getting nowhere even on paper. Individually its offices were sturdily manned. Gallantly enough, they tried to break through political jealousies and precedent, industrial fear and suspicion, civilian distrust and ignorance—an ignorance that nobody from the White House down made any effort to dispel. From great General Electric and mighty United States Steel down to Joe Kumoninski's two-man welding shop, no one believed it possible that today we'd be turning out approximately 4,500 airplane engines a month, that by next July we should be producing more than 8,000 a month. And if anyone had told you a year ago what Detroit would look like today you'd have called a cop, or at least have advised a doctor. We've just got back from that Chrysler tank plant—started at the rough castings and left the gigantic place in the fifth twenty-eight-ton battler they'd turned out that day. A year ago that plant was a cornfield. These are mere samples that we toss off as we speed the tale along.

Like it or not, this is the path we're taking. We're too far along and the wheels are turning too fast to do anything about it now. You may as well know. Hitler does. You'd better get used to it; we've a long way to go. A year ago America talked with shudders of bottlenecks. Today it's an almost forgotten word. A year ago big industrialists were telling OPM to go to hell. There was a household-utility manufacturer who told OPM that he'd quit making them and turn to munitions when General Motors, Ford, Chrysler and the rest of the big motor fellows quit making automobiles. And not before, he added. Today he's making bombs. We hope he's liking it too. He'd better.

We'll waste no time with bygones. Why OPM didn't crash through under its own steam, its internal bickerings, interdepartmental jealousies, bad guesses and the distrust of industries not represented within its personnel is old stuff. OPA (originally OPACS because it was supposed to look after Consumer Supply too), appeared. OPM and OPA battled each other for the President's smile. Not much except considerable spitting on hands, fussing with shirt sleeves and an assortment of attention-calling noises ensued until the President made it quite clear that he had abandoned all hope of preserving all the benefits of peace and at the same time fighting Germany.

It wasn't until then (and there's no specific date to mark the day) that skeptical industry began to set aside its distrust of the White House. As long as the distrust lasted, as long as industry feared that it was going to be taxed out of its last cent of profit and as long as the belief flourished that in labor disputes the White House was going to align itself blindly with labor, management was halfhearted. Nothing suggestive of the present speed was noticeable until the government took over the strike-paralyzed North American Aviation Company. Not until then were the manufacturers convinced that the President had sacrificed most of his political romanticism to the realities of war.

The temper of the country has changed, not that there is any perceptible increase in the desire to shoot or get shot; but much of 1940's pessimism is gone. A year ago the consensus was that when stocks of essential raw materials which we import were exhausted, plants would close—defense and civilian contracts would be broken by mutual consent. A few unquenchable optimists assured us that our scientists had seen to all that—that government and private chemists and metallurgists had been working for years on substitutes for imported stuff. If no rubber, tin or manganese came out of the Far East, they said, we'd have *ersatz* to take their place. Well, they were partly correct. The chemists and metallurgists did lots of commendable thinking and mixing. Many times they produced substitutes superior in strength and lighter in weight and altogether more desirable than the original. The only trouble is that most of the materials which went into those substitutes are now on the scarcity and priority lists along with the stuff they were to replace.

Of course if we get into a real brawl with Japan and have to lick her before we can get rubber, tin and manganese, we may be in a nasty spot. But what we're getting at is that neither labor nor management seems to be worrying much about that. A year ago the prospect, remote as it might be, would have found them weeping into each other's beer and willing to cry quits. All the country needed was a little leadership. We have two statements about the airplane industry that separately or together give you a pretty graphic picture of what's happened. They're not so very dissimilar, either, although the figures we got in Washington are slightly larger than the ones we have from the industry itself. Let's get a little perspective on it first.

### The Assembly Line Speeds Up

You'll remember, perhaps, the early statistics on Hitler's plane productivity. We won't try to cite them all, contenting ourselves with saying that it was generally agreed a few months ago that we had about as much chance of producing planes at Hitler's rate as Mahatma Gandhi would have of going six brisk rounds with Joe Louis. It's entirely possible that the figures from Germany were accurate. These present figures we have from the airplane industry have it that our two largest manufacturers of military engines—the Wright Aeronautical Corporation and Pratt & Whitney—alone are on the verge of a monthly output equal to the total production of all of Germany's huge plants. It took Germany seven years to reach her present rate. Two years ago we were manufacturing only about one tenth of her production. Of course you're going to have to get along somehow without a lot of things you had before, but a year hence we should be making Hitler's producers look juvenile. When Ford, Buick, and Chevrolet too begin turning out Pratt & Whitney engines and Nash gets tooled up to produce engine parts—oh, well, say it yourself. Before we have a look at the government estimates, we'll give you the latest advices from England. Britain's aircraft engine production today is about 1,800,000 horsepower monthly. What that means in plane numbers we don't

*(Continued on page 74)*














...t the Chrysler Tank
...l, in Detroit, the Ar-
...new 28-ton medium-
...anks are reaching the
the production line
...e ready for shipment
...various supply depots.
...months ago, the site
...thundering tank fac-
...as a prairie cornfield

...on Fastener Co., Mead-
..., which normally em-
...bout 4,000 workers, will
...without raw supplies.
...a technician is test-
...tic materials that may
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...dille has two other in-
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...y also makes other
...e cases. Army truck
...equipment and parts
...son airplane engines

...APHED FOR COLLIER'S BY
...AND W. EUGENE SMITH



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF



**BOMBS AT BARKSDALE.** At the only U. S. Bombardier School, near Shreveport, La., Army and co-operating Navy fliers a few weeks ago showed top-ranking generals and 4,000 officers of the 2d and 3d Armies what the highly publicized but still secret bomb sight can do. With incredible accuracy 45 airplanes dropped 360 demolition bombs, each weighing 100 to 1,100 pounds, onto a 1,000-by-2,000-foot range only 1,500 yards from Barksdale's hangar line. Thirty tons of explosives chewed thirty-foot craters in the Louisiana loam, sprayed the surface with lethal bomb fragments and blasted orderly rows of six-ton, World War I tanks hauled from Rock Island (Ill.) storage

**An 1,100-pound demolition bomb in the Barksdale target range left). Captains Daniel Todd and Fleming examine the resultant**

# OUR NEW ARMY

PARTICIPANTS in large-scale mock wars give you a funny look when you refer to maneuvers as games. Unfortunate, too, was the choice of the word umpire for judges and co-ordinators, because "game" and "umpire" connote pop bottles and Bronx cheers—and the Louisiana war was no ball game. Nothing was missing but live bombs and bullets. Fatigue, mud, dust, heat, rain and bugs in difficult terrain added up to field conditions only toughened soldiers could take. The Second and Third Armies took it last month and the First Army is taking it now, in the Carolinas.

A man, exhausted and sweat-caked with grime. doesn't smile when he tells you the bridge on which you stand was destroyed last night; an infantry colonel looks almost grim as he describes the effects of yesterday's attack by a squadron of A-20's. (Secretly amused by this is your correspondent, who, strapped securely in the broiling, screaming, glass-enclosed nose of one of those very bombers, helped "mow down" the colonel's men.) Realism is the watchword of maneuvers, and realism is what the men get. In one phase of the Louisiana battle dive bombers blitzed an armored force encircling the town of Zwolle while "enemy" airplanes dropped propaganda leaflets into the streets of the town choked with men, horses, guns, tanks and every type of military vehicle. "Your commanders," the leaflets read in part, "are withholding from you the terrible fact of your impending defeat. . . . Rout, disaster, hunger, sleepless nights in the forest and the swamps are ahead of you—unless you surrender . . ."

The spectacle was unique in U. S. military history. Seldom during the previous week had the men slept, shaved, or eaten. The action had been a grueling maneuver milestone. But the weary officers and men were still willing and able, and an observer might well boast that what this country now has is the nucleus of as fine an army as men and *matériel* can contrive. The spirit will continue to be high as long as the service is endowed with the type of individual, who, told by a general to "Put down that gun, sentry! I'm General Snafu," slaps down the general's ears with, "Nuts; I don't recognize you—keep your shirt on until I call the sergeant."

INCIDENTALLY, there has been a lot of loose talk lately about Army morale. Brass hats who know their jobs will tell you that good morale stems from good discipline. Nobody likes the idea of selective service and the Army has tried to soften the measure by handling the boys with suède spats. Result: A "Will-you-do-right-face-please?" command from too many officers and an "Oh-well-I-suppose-so" response from too many men. If, as a lot of experts believe, this country is to police the world for the next ten or fifteen years, selective service will come to be a natural experience for lads not at this moment old enough even to join the Boy Scouts, and there'll be an uncompromising maintenance of strict discipline by officers trained to enforce it. There will be some changes made when the 1941 maneuvers are post-mortemed. The Army of 1942 will be a humdinger—and the streamlined job of 19 be something for the critics t quiet about.

MEANWHILE, Congress migh a few bills designed to give t and file a better break in the m this and that. A bill now und sideration would present ever with a ribbon for his year of servi cluding field maneuvers) and hig feel it should be given to him a or two before he's discharged, months later. Three other ite being advocated in some quarte Free franking privileges, (2) a r differential, and (3) extra subs for men with dependents. (1 postage for men in the service is planatory; (2) the flat-rate railro for the soldier on leave would eli the justified gripe of Pvt. John M who has to pay three times as m get home from his distant post his brother, Pvt. Joe Messkit, w assigned to a post within yelli tance of Ma's cooking; and (3) t with dependents wonders why h get at least an extra forty-two day to send home to his family. would cost plenty, of course. have a mulling machine hand these thoughts into it and se gives.

## WASHINGTON

PORT OF EMBARKATION, Troop movements are milit crets but the fact that men ar transferred to distant posts stea in numbers is evidenced by re terations of Seattle's water fro end has been pretty well rope the Navy; at the other end th has taken over what used to and offices of a luxury-liner Furthermore, the Army has ta the long-idle, $2,500,000 Ford Seattle and is jamming it to with supplies. Transports, offi the Navy, move in and out of t docks and there is a resultant usual mingling of soldiers and on duty together. It leads to t table discussions of the respecti of each service, but the Army wins by pointing out that the N to get an Army man to be its s

McCHORD FIELD, Tacom Chamber of Commerce i about it but everybody knows air base was built in one of the places on the coast; in fact, ju from one of the two major spo Pacific Highway where yellow vapor street lights are nece winter to keep motorists on the

THE Army Air Corps tries hurt anyone's feelings on th of weather, which may be w manding Officer Col. William recently told Tacoma Kiwani the foggy field offered the be tunity possible for blind-in flying.

Actually, there were times ter when planes couldn't lan Chord for a week at a time. Th squadrons will be able to tak land at any time on a spot Col. Crom has picked out at E arid eastern Washington; an the Douglas bombers (need miles of visibility for a landin take off in McChord fog an tough getting back, can high- the Ephrata layout.

*(Continued on page 2*

# atan's Blacksmith Shop

## oark Bradford

TRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

**ts of the church's money n v in the hands of Modom -Bar. It happened because hodoo lady is so good at ne evil and B'r Charlie is d of bad at being good**

W S during the season on Little ee Bend when crops are "laid by," ul in the pasture, and everybody it g for the cotton bolls to open so ng an start.

r harlie, the one-legged black- h- eacher, sat in his homemade ni chair under the big china-ball a ruminated. It was past the h r but he had not eaten a mid- m l. He had not forgotten to eat; ad udied his mind and weighed the iv ience of rising to prepare din- ag nst the probable discomfort he d pect by missing it, and he had en he latter.

n kin always eat," B'r Charlie on l, "but you can't always jest

ck g would start in three or four s e knew, and the boys would be- or king up the cotton wagons, and fe ould be full of labor again.

o where he sat, by turning his s htly to right and left B'r Charlie d e a thousand acres of growing n It looked good to him. "Out j t a-growin' and goin' on!" he n ted. "And hit ain't got to have s din' up and down, fussin' and n and all de time."

ne weather, too, was about right. d s and hot nights, with enough ir dew to keep the fields steamy r morrow's July sun.

v de Widow Duck ain't got de k o pray for better weather," he g with satisfaction. B'r Charlie it the way his senior usher took g f spiritual matters which rightly n d to him.

D TURBED him a little when he r d his gaze toward the ram- c cabin of Modom Aw-bear, the o woman. Modom Aw-bear was a n a shame, and a constant source n rrassment to the pastor of Old c Zion Church. More than once he p ached himself into a state of ex- th, trying to bring light into the d souls of some of his parish- s They would listen politely, drop k or a penny in the plate, and then w ur bits to the hoodoo woman to a usband-stay-at-home charm.

inned when he remembered the o "De mens and de ladies got t ime to 'tend to all er dat stuff," e thought, "and dey don't need o Aw-bear's tobies." His mouth e d. "I hope she don't make a p cent all summer."

e was another small speck of gall i soul. It was Uncle Henry, the l tman. With the mules in the u , there would be no feeding to n o and B'r Charlie resented Uncle r having a rest. "Ole devil," he grunted. "Efn I was Giles I'd run him off."

All things considered, however, the world was treating B'r Charlie pretty well. "I b'lieve," he told himself, "I'll go fishin' and git me a bait er fish for my supper. Hot as dis weather is, I bet dem catfish is bitin' like a hongry dog."

The Widow Duck would lend him a pole, he knew, but it was a far piece from his house to that of his senior usher's, and the heat devils were dancing up and down the path. "I'd have to dig me some worms, too, and den dem no-good fishes might not bite, nohow."

Before he realized he had reasoned himself out of a fish supper, a spring-born swamp rabbit—now almost grown—came hopping along the path within easy throwing distance. B'r Charlie had knocked over many a rabbit at greater distance, but he made no move to heave his crutch at this one. Instead, he spoke: "Go 'haid, rabbit. You ain't big enough to take de trouble."

A HUNDRED yards away, Uncle Henry retrieved the rabbit. B'r Charlie watched with growing interest as the lotman picked up his game and brought it directly to where B'r Charlie was sitting.

"Huntin' rabbits, Uncle Henry?" B'r Charlie asked politely.

"Nawp. Dis scound'el was fixin' to run smack over me. So I chunked at him and hyar he is."

"Well, skin him and clean him and drap him on de po'ch," B'r Charlie instructed. "I'll stew him for my supper."

"Not dis rabbit," Uncle Henry said emphatically. "Dis hyar rabbit is fixin' to git stewed but not for no preacher's supper." He chuckled. "Hit's a certain lady down de path a little ways dat's fixin' to stew dis rabbit for *my* supper."

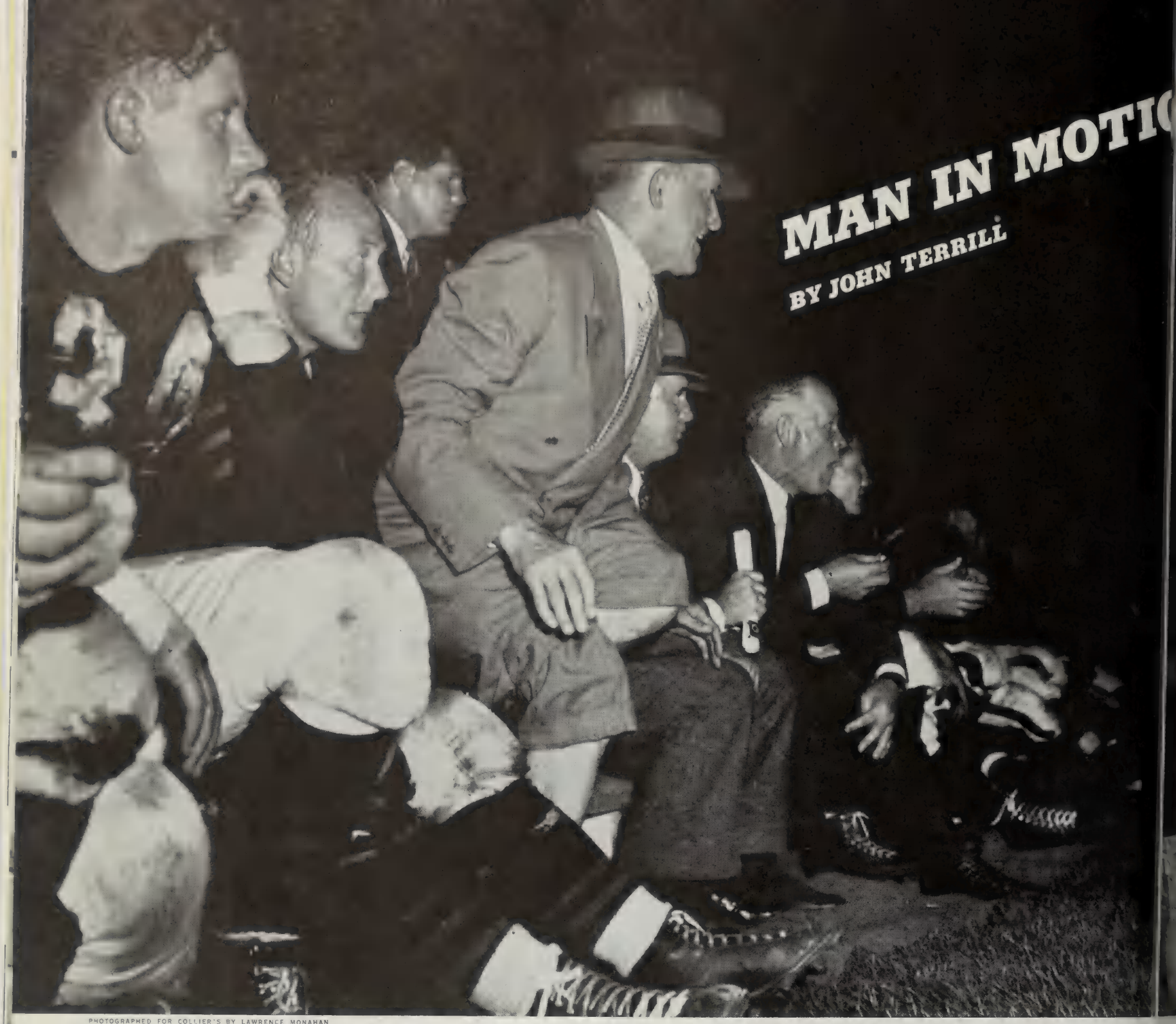
B'r Charlie snorted. "You and dat certain lady! Why, you's so old hit ain't a lady on de place'd give you a pleasant 'howdy,' let alone cook yo' supper."

*(Continued on page 56)*

**"I'll bat off yo' haid," he told her. "Don't make no ju-ju tawk on me!"**

# MAN IN MOTIO

BY JOHN TERRILL



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE MONAHAN

**George Halas works almost as hard on the bench as he did during his playing days when his champion Bears were in the making**

**With blood, sweat and hard practical honesty, George Halas built the Staley Starchworks Terriers into the Chicago Bears. It took twenty years, but today he is rated the nation's best judge of football material on the hoof**

THE Chicago Bears, most powerful football team in the land, are famous for their man-in-motion attack. There can be no doubt concerning the origin of this devastating offensive. The Bears got it from their own founder, father-confessor, president and coach —George Stanley Halas.

George, forty-six-year-old son of a Bohemian tailor from Chicago's West Side, has been using a man-in-motion attack all of his life. His Bears, you recall, gave the Washington Redskins that 73-0 walloping in last season's championship game, but the players were no busier on that memorable day than Halas is any day in the week, in football season or out.

You walk into his snug little office in a Loop skyscraper and George springs out of his swivel chair, grabs your hand and gives you a resounding whack between the shoulder blades.

"Hello, fella! How's it going?" he asks, immediately lunging at the nearest telephone. "Be with you just in a minute, got to make a call." Just as he finishes it, the phone rings and the chase begins. Stick around for half an hour and you might get in a dozen words or so. Without a telephone he would be miserable and helpless. Maybe it is one of his football players needing a little cash against next week's salary. Or the call might have to do with any one of George's various enterprises—a jewelry and sporting-goods mail-order house, one of Chicago's largest laundries or his professional basketball team.

George directs all of his business interests from this cubicle. He works from twelve to sixteen hours a day. All of these enterprises of which George is president and treasurer take up his time, but his main source of happiness is the work with the Bears.

"George would be miserable out of football," his wife says. "He is forever devising new plays, studying formations and looking for new stuff. Football makes the world go around for him."

But it isn't exactly a labor of love, even if George is completely devoted to the game. Halas draws a handsome salary in addition to his stock dividends in the Bears. But there were times when George and his Bears hardly knew where their next touchdown, not to mention pay check, was coming from.

With blood, sweat and hard practical honesty, Halas built the Bears to their present high status. He is dynamic, shrewd, tough as they come when necessity forces, but his integrity has never been questioned. The best guide to that is the respect of the players, ranging from the boys who played football for him back in the early struggling days to the modern, well-paid Bears.

Worshipers at the shrine ism considered George and players nothing better than fians in 1921, when the team from Decatur, Illinois, to C fessional football was not then, but the sport had n the confidence of the put people realized that finall had in Halas one of a sma termined to see the thing clothe it eventually in re He did this by making the match his own fire and spirit Halas is scornful of anyth best. The Bears were the hold daily practices, first a big-league park for their first to hire a college coach have a knothole gang—al moves designed to instill the customers. But the p public had to be shown a to the young promoter b days of flappers and batht

"The newspapers soon go to seeing me around," Hal went to see the sports edit and banged away at them

*(Continued on pag 25)*

# ercator Island

## John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

*Story Thus Far:*

over" for promotion, Bob Bolles, a young Ameri-
val flier, resigns his commission, buys a sixty-foot
he Thistlewood), and, with a one-man crew—Tom,
oy—starts on a long, aimless cruise.
a little money, he takes the Kingmans—Malcolm
nd his wife, Helen, who *say* they are from New
—from Kingston, Jamaica, to an out-of-the-way
cator, which they seem eager to visit. In the course
age, he grows suspicious of Kingman; so, shortly
cast anchor, he tells Tom to swim ashore, hide and
to the boat after everyone has gone ashore. Tom
rder. . . .

cator, the little party—the Kingmans, Bob and Mr.
valet, Oscar—encounters a Japanese, "Mr. Moto."
s them that he has come from Kingston on a motor
h has returned to Jamaica. As Kingman and Mr.
the Thistlewood, with Tom at the wheel, sails away.
two men talk, Bob gathers that they are looking
ane—one left on Mercator by a French merchant
believes that the airplane contains a remarkable
t war mechanism. . . .

her—Inspector Jameson, of Kingston, (a stowaway
to's motor launch) suddenly appears on the scene
ts to arrest Kingman and Oscar on a murder charge.
him unconscious, gag him and bind him up.
n and Moto find the airplane. "Mrs. Kingman"
pears, is a spy *and not Kingman's wife*) is the only
ows what the secret mechanism is. She says, now,
revolutionary type of supercharger.
ows motors. So the Japanese and Kingman force
act the supercharger. While he is at work, he in-
cockpit; there, to his amazement, he finds a radio
will enable a combat pilot to fight as well by night
He says nothing of his discovery. . . .
sure that the Thistlewood will soon return, and
somehow manage to board her, Kingman gives
ck for which he has been waiting. "You know too
ays brutally. "Anything you want to say?"
ws that the man has decided to kill him. "No," he
, "to hell with the whole lot of you!"

### Conclusion

Mr. Kingman still was troubled. His whole
ner was kindly, almost apologetic.
s only that there are too many of us here,
said. "It's only you've got yourself into a
lirty game, and you're in the way. I do hope
, Bob. Oh, well, let's have some coffee and
eat." Mr. Kingman slapped his hand on
s' shoulder. "There's nothing personal, you
d man. Everybody draws—his number
. You'll feel better with a good hot cup of

ere was something personal, and Bob Bolles
All Mr. Kingman's solicitude was a slimy
ockery. He knew that Mr. Kingman was
himself. He remembered Mr. Kingman's
n he had driven the butt of his rifle into
Jameson.
el better if you'd put that rifle down," Bob
laybe we could talk a few personalities."
ingman moved a step nearer to him and
m up and down appraisingly.
ot—not yellow," Mr. Kingman said. "That's
, isn't it? I'd like to oblige you really, old
didn't have any other business. I'm sorry
e you on your boat. We have to make the
at black boy of yours. You'll sail her, won't
o?"
Mr. Moto said, "oh, yes. So sorry we can
without Mr. Bolles."
Bob," said Mr. Kingman, "everybody's sorry
elen will be particularly, won't you, my

Kingman did not answer.
Helen will be particularly sorry," Mr. King-
. "Now come inside. Some coffee will do
l. You'll need it for what's coming, won't
?"
Moto coughed behind his hand. "Excuse,
e said. "I think, ah, Mr. Kingman, that you
being polite. I ask you to be polite. Mr.
haves like a Japanese gentleman."
e?" Mr. Kingman answered. "Why, don't
me telling him I'm sorry? Walk ahead.
ntlemen first. Oscar's boiling up the coffee."
walked inside the *(Continued on page 35)*



**have known that she would do it, for he**
**arm aside with his open palm, snatched**
**rist and wrenched the knife from her hand**

# Murder in Retrospect

## By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



**Mrs. Crale's husband deliberately flouted her and introduced Elsa Greer into her home. He goaded Mrs. Crale beyond endurance**

*The Story Thus Far:*

AMYAS CRALE, ■ well-known English artist, is found dead in the garden of his country estate: Alderbury. Investigation reveals that his wife, Caroline, had given him a glass of beer, shortly before his death; and the beer had contained coniine, a poison.

Caroline Crale is arrested, charged with murder, tried, convicted. One year later, she dies in prison, leaving a letter in which she protests her innocence. The letter—addressed to her young daughter, "Carla"—is to be read by the girl when she reaches the age of twenty-one.

Sixteen years later, Carla (*Carla Lemarchant* to the public) reads the letter. Then, certain that her mother had not been guilty, she induces Hercule Poirot, brilliant Belgian criminal investigator, to dig up the facts in the case and, if possible, *learn the truth.*

Poirot begins by making a list of everyone who had figured, in one way or another, in the celebrated affair. Then he interviews those who are still alive.

Amyas Crale (he soon learns) had been infatuated with a beautiful young girl: Elsa Greer, at the time of his death. He had been painting her portrait, in his garden, when his wife had given him the beer. When he died, he had been alone. On the previous day, some coniine had been stolen from the laboratory of ■ neighbor, Meredith Blake, an amateur chemist. Any one of these persons might have had ■ chance to filch the poison: Blake's brother, Philip; Mrs. Crale; Elsa Greer; and Angela Warren, Mrs. Crale's half sister. All had been guests of Blake when the coniine had disappeared.

Fortunately, the Blake brothers are still living. Both of them promise Poirot to set down in writing all they can remember of the tragedy; and Meredith escorts the Belgian to Alderbury, shows him everything he wishes to see.

Elsa Greer is also alive; she is now Lady Dittisham. Poirot pays her ■ visit. He finds her still astonishingly beautiful. She tells him quite frankly that she had hated Amyas Crale's wife—and that she had loved Amyas. She insists that Amyas had loved her.

But Miss Cecilia Williams (Angela Warren's governess, on whom Poirot presently calls) does not agree with her—Miss Williams tells the detective that the Crales had been ■ happy couple, had loved each other! "You liked Mrs. Crale?" Poirot queries. "I was very fond of her," the woman replies: "*And your pupil—Angela Warren?*" Poirot leans forward, his eyes fixed hard on Miss Williams', as he asks the question.

### VI

SHE was ■ most interesting girl—one of the most interesting pupils I have had," Miss Williams said. "A really good brain. Undisciplined, quick-tempered, most difficult to manage in many ways, but really a very fine character."

She paused and then went on:

"I always hoped that she would accomplish something worth while. And she has! You have read her book—on the Sahara? And she excavated those very interesting tombs in the Fayum! Yes, I am proud of Angela. I was not at Alderbury very long—two years and ■ half—but I always cherish the belief that I helped to stimulate her mind and encourage her taste for archaeology."

"I understand," Poirot murmured, "that it was decided to continue her education by sending her to school. You must have resented that decision."

"Not at all, M. Poirot. I thoroughly concurred in it."

She paused and went on: "Let me make the matter clear to you: Angela was a dear girl, really ■ very dear girl—warm-hearted and impulsive—but she was also what I call a difficult girl. That is, she was at a difficult age. There is always a moment where a girl feels unsure of herself—neither child nor woman. At one minute Angela would be sensible and mature—quite grown-up, in fact—but ■ minute later she would relapse into being ■ hoydenish child—playing mischievous tricks and being rude and losing her temper.

"Girls, you know, *feel* difficult at that age—they are terribly sensitive. Everything that is said to them they resent. They are annoyed at being treated like children and then they suddenly feel shy at being t adults. Angela was in that had fits of temper, would s sent teasing and flare out, a would be sulky for days at ting about and frowning; the would be in wild spirits, clin rushing about with the ga refusing to submit to any thority.

"When a girl gets to that s is very helpful. She needs t tion of other minds—tha wholesome discipline of a help her to become a reaso ber of society. Angela's h tions were not what I would ideal. Mrs. Crale spoiled thing. Angela had only to a and Mrs. Crale always bac The result was that Angela she had first claim upon time and attention, and it moods of hers that she us with Mr. Crale.

"Mr. Crale naturally thou should come first and he He was really very fond —they were good companio to spar together quite a

*(Continued on page )*




# What happened to the fourth Manhattan?

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Cal.

I RECENTLY ASKED a famous photographer to take a picture that ould really do justice to the magnificence of Manhattan Cocktails made h day's Four Roses Whiskey.

He rought us the photograph you see above. We were tremendously pleased with it. But, knowing that, in the past, his Four Roses photographs have usually shown *four* cocktails, we asked, "What happened to the fourth Manhattan?"

His answer amused us—and pleased us. So we asked him to re-enact just what did happen to it—for your benefit . . .



**ith infinite pains** (for our friend is a true n sseur), he mixed the four Manhattans . . . ne-sixth *dry* Vermouth . . . one-sixth *sweet* uth . . . a dash of Bitters . . . and for the re- g two-thirds, Four Roses. Stirring well acked ice, he poured the ruby-gold libation e four glasses. So far, so good.



**Next, he worked out** the composition of the picture, being careful to give the Manhattans and the Four Roses bottle the patrician surroundings they deserve. For this Four Roses, he'd heard, was the very finest whiskey we'd ever made or known in the past 76 years. And that, he knew, meant it was finer than any whiskey *anybody* ever made!



**In fact, (he confided),** this Four Roses made such downright gorgeous-looking Manhattans, with such ambrosial aroma, that . . . well, *he drank that fourth Manhattan!* And now we wish that *you*, too, would discover the satin-smooth perfection, the softly exquisite flavor, of today's Four Roses. Just try this matchless whiskey—won't you?

*r Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore*

# The Peas that bring ...a breath of Spring!



**1. Step right up,** folks, and meet the most charming purveyors of summer sunshine that ever graced your table . . . Birds Eye Peas! Why, the little darlings have spent a life time—just getting ready to leave you wide-eyed with wonder at their garden-fresh goodness!




**2. Bred from specially** selected seeds . . . t life of Riley in the finest soil . . . and then, w reached the peak of goodness, the choice products of this pampering are chosen and .



**3. Our patented process** of Quick Freezi all that just-picked goodness till the mome the first luscious forkful! Winter or summe Peas come to you garden-fresh . . . shelled, w to cook! That's right . . . no work, no wast




**4. You get *all* peas** when you ask for B member—one box of Birds Eye equals 2 lb unshelled peas. And you save *money* as wel Birds Eye Peas now cost much less than or peas! So try 'em this week while they're sp and treat your family to a breath of spring



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FROSTED FOODS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# Man in Motion

Continued from page 20

give us a couple of paragraphs
y before the game, we were su-
y happy. We thought we had hit
k pot."

s is one of those rare persons
ow when to fight, when to com-
e and when to swap bluntness for
fe is an expert in both leagues.

ge was an outstanding football
under Bob Zuppke at Illinois,
ptain of the basketball team and
ball star. He graduated in 1918
degree in engineering, but never
ound to using this knowledge
World War I was still in progress
as joined the Navy. He played
Great Lakes Naval Training Sta-
even in the 1919 Rose Bowl.

### seball Misses a Sure Thing

war was over before George got
ther from home than San Diego,
nia, so the energetic young man
to baseball in the spring of 1919
nt south with the New York
s for a tryout. Little Miller
s liked his dash and fire, but an
nipped his career. George
d a triple off Rube Marquard in
da exhibition game, but injured
sliding into third. Recurring
of the injury handicapped him
nally he was sent to Bonesetter
at Youngstown, Ohio. Reese
ed the ailment, but by this time
ork had completed its roster.
s shipped the rookie to St. Paul.
disappointed youngster finished
son there and then quit organized
l, not interested in playing out-
e big leagues, a typical attitude
n. At loose ends for once in his
orge went to work for the Bur-
Railroad as a bridge engineer,
pro football on week ends at
ond, Indiana.

Staley Starchworks of Decatur,
, hired him the next spring as its
director and asked him to round
trong football team for that fall.
ould foot the bill as an advertis-
ture. Halas, already well known
thlete, toured all the prominent
stern schools and corralled senior
for the 1920 season. George
now it but his first Bears' eleven
the making.

ecruits included Jimmy Conzel-
, ow coach of the Chicago Cardi-
urt Ingwersen, now line coach at
estern; Hugh Blacklock, Mich-
ate tackle; George Trafton, Notre
star who was a mainstay of the Bear line for a decade; and Edward (Dutch) Sternaman, Zuppke pupil like Halas and Ingwersen. The quarterback on that Staley eleven was Charley Dressen, Decatur native and the same cocky little guy who became Leo Durocher's right hand with the baseball Brooklyn Dodgers.

Halas coached and captained this squad to the championship of the Middle West. The players cut up a chunk of cash, amounting to $1,700 each, at the season's end—not bad for kids who had been playing four years in college for nothing.

The company, feeling the effect of a general industrial recession, told George to forget about football in 1921. He didn't. He resigned as athletic director and took the club to Chicago. The club won the professional championship that season, the title game drawing 12,000 at Wrigley Field. Any doubts Halas may have had about the sport's future were erased once and for all by this outpouring of customers.

The league was formed that fall of 1921, but it was a long time before the organization had anything resembling unity and compactness. No less than 38 teams held membership at one time or another—the teams ranging from Los Angeles, California, to Providence, Rhode Island; Duluth, Minnesota; Pottsville, Pennsylvania; and Kenosha, Wisconsin. The league had a hodgepodge of twenty-two teams as late as 1927. Many promoters who thought that they had the "Midas" touch tried their hands, but soon became discouraged and dropped out.

But none of these ups and downs ever affected Halas' faith in the game.

After a victorious season in 1921 the Bears, although prospering financially, went for ten years without a championship. The club netted $1,476.92 in 1922, lost $71.63 in 1923 and cleaned up $20,000 in 1924, when George and Dutch Sternaman, his partner, rejected an offer of $35,000 for the club. Other clubs foundered, died, were reorganized and crawled through the league's first decade, but the Bears had little need of red ink. The public liked the fire and spirit of the pioneering Bears, many of whom played through every game. Back in those early days the young co-owners paid themselves $100 each per game.

Halas himself once suffered a broken jaw in a game at Rockford, but was in there at right end for the full sixty minutes the next Sunday. It is easy to see why young Halas got such a quick and firm hold on the Chicago public. He works harder now than in his playing days, dying a thousand deaths on the bench when the Bears play. He often rushes out to the side lines to give the officials a verbal blasting. Of course, this sort of thing is becoming less frequent nowadays, but George still rants and raves when the Bears lose; especially if, in his eyes, the club really has outplayed the rival. On these occasions he is inconsolable. But he always takes the blame himself if the Bears are outplayed or outsmarted.

In 1924 in Cleveland, Halas became enraged at an official who was spending a good part of the time "walking"—ripping off offside and holding penalties on the Bears. Finally, he rushed out and directed a choice bit of invective at the man in white.

"That'll cost you fifteen more," yelled the official.

Halas cut loose with another blast.

"Fifteen more," bellowed the arbiter.

"Go on, walk your fool head through that brick wall," fumed Halas. The official didn't walk through a brick wall, but he did keep going until he had penalized the Bears back to the one-yard line.

### He Plays—on the Bench

You have to see George in action only once to know that this is not an act. Halas suffers intensely every minute of a close game. Several years ago the Bears were being pushed around by the Philadelphia Eagles. The Eagles marched down the field and set the stage for an important field goal. Halas, completely oblivious to all around him, kicked vigorously with the place kicker. His foot struck a 240-pound lineman on the chin and knocked him off the bench. It is nothing unusual at all for George to push his associates off the bench as he shoves and heaves up and down the boards.

Halas and Sternaman had the Bears moving along smoothly by 1925, but the pro game, in general, was just crawling. It needed a shot in the arm. The Bears and the late C. C. (Cash and Carry) Pyle provided the stimulant in the person of Red Grange, most publicized star football ever has known.

Grange joined the Bears less than a week after completing his gridiron career at Illinois, creating a terrific furor. The collegians cried bitter tears at Grange's action, but his step was praised by many others. Grange played anyway and collected more than $100,000 for his first two weeks of play. Thousands who had never given pro football a thought saw the famous redhead play in all sections of the country and consequently pro football as a national sport received a terrific impetus.

The Grange tour, although it brought the game into focus for thousands, also backfired. The Bears and Grange played too often. The famous star naturally could not live up to advance notices under such circumstances.

But worse times were ahead. In 1926 Pyle, realizing he had the biggest name in football, tried to organize a circuit in opposition to the National League. His league was a dismal flop but it lasted long enough to cut into the patronage of the National League.

The late Joe Carr, president of the league until his death in 1939, summed up the situation in 1926 when he said, "Nobody has made much money in this pro game yet—but a lot of us have gone broke thinking we would."

When the Pyle circuit folded, Halas signed the still great Grange and used him for eight years as a valuable all-



"Now try it once more without aiming" PERRY BARLOW



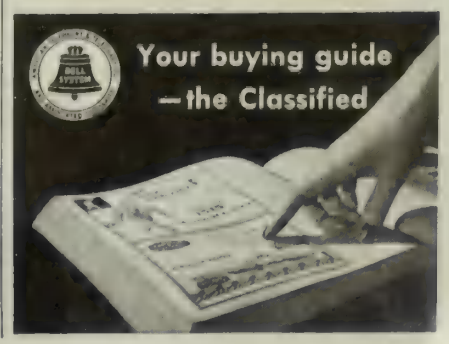




**The sergeant is right!** Take the case of Mrs. M's family. They wanted to go to Maine, so Mrs. M. turned to the Classified Section of her Telephone Directory. In the advertisement of a certain bus line, she saw a statement that they connected with points in Maine. She used that line. There's a moral for you, too!

**Whether you want** to travel by bus, boat or limousine . . . whether you want to buy a refrigerator, a clock, or to have an appliance repaired . . . look in the Classified.

**There you'll find names,** addresses and telephone numbers of local concerns and tradespeople. Also, in many cases, helpful information about the products and services they sell.



# POWER speaks louder than words

NOW 115 HORSEPOWER IN 1½-TON DODGE TRUCKS and 120 HORSEPOWER IN 1½-TON SPECIAL



PLENTY OF POWER—in a truck that *fits the job*—means *extra* performance, *extra* dependability, *economical* operation and *extra long life!*

That's the kind of truck *you* want and *need* today—and that's the kind you get when you get the *right* Dodge *Job-Rated* truck to *fit your job*. See your Dodge dealer . . . *today!*

Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.



DODGE PRODUCTS FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE:
Command Reconnaissance Cars • Field Radio Cars • Troop and Cargo Motor Transports • Weapon Carriers • Army Carry-Alls • Ambulances • Duralumin Forgings for Bomber Fuselages • Parts and Assemblies for Anti-Aircraft Cannons.

Better BECAUSE OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION ENGINEERING

DEPEND ON DODGE Job-Rated TRUCKS


round back and box-office attraction. But even with a talented cast the Bears were something less than sensational in 1928-29. Halas' club lost four games in 1928 and sank to the second division in 1929, winning only four of 14 games.

"I'll tell you why we were so terrible in 1929," said one of the Bears of that period. "Halas and Dutch Sternaman were not getting along. We had two offenses, one designed by Dutch and one by George. Nobody knew what to expect on any play. One day, in practice, two linemen smacked head-on into each other and one was cut up badly. The team had no precision or timing. You've never seen such a mess."

Halas and Sternaman stepped out as coaches at the end of the season, and turned the job over to Ralph Jones. Jones rebuilt the club in 1930 and 1931, experimenting a great deal with the man-in-motion running off the now famous T formation, and then produced a championship eleven in 1932, Grange scoring the decisive touchdown on a pass.

But six dismal tie games and weather even more dismal left the Bears with a season's deficit of $18,000. Apparently convinced pro football was on a dead-end street, Sternaman sold out to George and his associates for $38,000. Jones stepped out as coach to return to college coaching, so Halas took over the reins again himself. This was the old Halas, back in the driver's seat and ready to put on a show—and a show it was and has been ever since.

George was smart enough to know that the public would never swarm the turnstiles to see a tug of war. He whipped his league satellites into line that winter and pushed through the important rule change legalizing a forward pass anywhere behind the line of scrimmage. College coaches sneered at such goings-on and prattled of "glorified basketball" but Halas said:

"We've got an offensive system that is going to revolutionize football systems. No college team and no coach uses it now—but they'll be using it some day. And when they do the forward pass will become a real weapon, instead of a haphazard threat. Colleges now have one chance in ten to complete a pass, we have seven chances in ten."

### The Best for the Bears

George knew what he was talking about and soon proved it. The Bears, paced by the incomparable Bronko Nagurski and Jack Manders and Bill Hewitt, captured the Western division title and then smacked the New York Giants for the championship in the play-off battle, 23 to 21. Never satiated with victory, Halas added new blood in 1934 with spectacular freshmen like All-America Beattie Feathers of Tennessee and the Bears rolled up 13 straight victories.

The good old days of catch-as-catch-can and survival-of-the-fittest are over in the money game, but George still is the same aggressive battler, although in a smoother, more dignified manner. Only last winter the league directors changed the rules to put a curb on Halas' devious methods of obtaining highly publicized college stars. Halas had been in the habit of swapping players to the weaker clubs in exchange for that team's first choice in the draft for the following year. Consequently, he would come up to each draft meeting each year with the first choice for two or three clubs in addition to the choice entitled to the Bears.

Last winter the Bears turned up with Tom Harmon, Michigan's superstar, and Norman Standlee, the Stanford ace. He also has contacts all over the country and gets hundreds of letters every year recommending little-known players as future pro materia rivals were astonished in the 19 meeting to hear Halas take Clyde dog) Turner of Hardin-Simmo lege as his first choice in the Turner was the Bears' num center last season and has no the league.

Some coaches who have see in action say he is at least fiv ahead of his rivals; others descr as the smartest football techn the country. His old coach, Zu Illinois, once said Halas was the try's best judge of football mat the hoof." Observers marvel ability to teach a squad of thir players a multitude of detail sary to efficient operation of th offense. The team has more tl hundred plays.

### Luckman Learns How

Late in the 1939 season ne men were chiding Halas about ure of Sid Luckman, Columbia was drawing big dough, to bur league. Halas just sat there gabbing scribes had subsided.

"No, no, you're all wrong," "Sid is all right. He's been com great. Watch what I tell you. a great quarterback next seas

Those who saw the 73-0 d Washington last December w what Halas was talking abou man, who had needed a full acquaint himself thoroughly Halas encyclopedia of plays a egy, called a "dream" game field general did.

In fact, Luckman was flab when he first saw the Bears' of plays shortly after he had si the pros. Luke Johnsos, one aides, went over the hundrec grams with the newcomer. immediately began pouring tions. He wanted to know halfbacks went on this play, dled the opposing tackles on et cetera, on into the night.

"You don't need to worry that just yet," Johnsos said. ". these maneuvers and you'll c the strategy and assignments He did, but it took the rookie son to digest the fine points complicated and intricate of

But Luckman is getting bet time now, a coach on the fiel passer and fine kicker, Sid a as a ball handler since the terback handles the ball on e exclusive of punts and place his experience and uncanny analyze quickly an opponent's strong points make him inv the Bears. He seldom atten vance the ball himself or thr He recently admitted he w been a "bust" as a pro under wing or Notre Dame system block well enough or fast e explained.

Through the years Halas s game so well that now he can from it. Frequently, his pho rings and some football nu know "who scored the winn down in the 1931 Green Bay such things as this he know football finally has arrived sport. And his pretty wife a daughter and son have the tions along this line—alwa those screwy phone calls. If know the answer all they is to look it up in one of t nine Halas scrapbooks! Th clippings tells the whole st football and also illustrate George had in the sport—el would have saved those tw items on the Staley Starch riers back in 1921.

# Old Mustache

Continued from page 12

sprinkling on a spoonful of s.
rdly cringing with panic and Old Mustache still had sense to that the truth, if he confessed it, bring scorn, derision and exe- Instead of Old War Horse, men all him Old Wind Bag; he would ughingstock for the rest of his And so he drew a quick breath, his parched lips and answered t's question. "Fine!" he mum- Exactly as planned!" As he took ureen and stooped to set it over e blue flame of the alcohol lamp, t gave him a quick, soft pat on k. It was an accolade!
evening, as soon as the Germans e, the Restaurant Aux Gourmets gne became the scene of sub- ut savage rejoicing. It was al- though a victory had been won. len bottles appeared from un- d places; the health of the hero nk, while his frequent melodra- e-enactments of his supposititi- ploit earned him cognac, armag- ntreau and benedictine in large es. Before long, he was pro- g himself the avenger and savior ce. By closing time, he was so uddled that Lambert and one us boys were delegated to take ne. It was only with the greatest y that they restrained him from the Marseillaise in the Rue and assaulting the German pa- the corner. His wife called him old goat and put him to bed s clothes on.

MUSTACHE was awakened by a tering from the kitchen as his pared the bitter brew of burned usts and chicory which nowadays for coffee. His head ached, so d his eyes and reviewed as much uld recall of the previous night's ings. His memory was not only it was full of holes. Of course d remember the German colonel long-planned trick he had set lay on him, but he was reason- rtain that he hadn't played it. ing—something had intervened; at, he didn't know. Still, the Monsieur Joly and the staff had great fuss over him; they had ed him as a hero; they had even im drunk; obviously, therefore, st have pulled off something special. But what? For the life he couldn't remember.
rudently decided to hold his until he could find a clue in the of others. Let them tell him— en he'd tell them! Thus, when e Guichard brought in his break- fast and said, "Well, you animal! A fine mess you made of yourself, last night!" he frowned, looked mysterious and answered, "Gently, my dear! You are talking to a man who deserves well of France!"

"Rot!" cried Madame Guichard, failing to rise to the bait. "How dare you try to give me that kind of eyewash, you shameless old rip?" She placed her hands on her hips, a sure sign that she was settling down to a long, loud session. Old Mustache groaned, got up hurriedly, found his hat and made for the door.

AS HE emerged from the courtyard, he was stopped by Madame Lebihan, the concierge, who was sweeping the sidewalk.

"Ha! Monsieur Guichard!" she greeted him; then, lowering her voice: "Tell me! Is it—true?"

"Is what true, Madame?"

"What you—what you did last night!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps—and again, perhaps not," he answered cryptically, thinking to draw her out. "Just what leads you to believe that I did anything at all last night, Madame?"

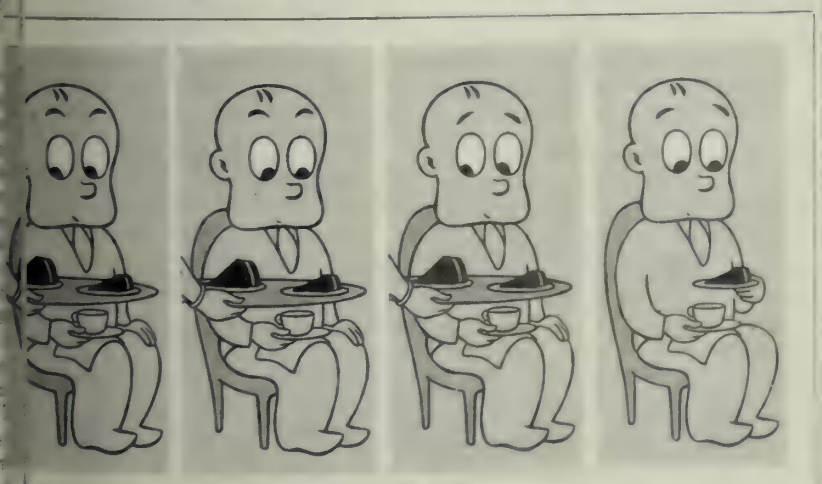
"Well," she said, "I couldn't help hearing what you were saying to those friends of yours who brought you home squiffy and lugged you up the stairs. And now, this morning, Madame Lefauchaux, who delivers the milk, she said—she said, well, she said everybody in the neighborhood is talking about what you did to that German in your restaurant. What I want to know is, is it true?"

Old Mustache bowed. "Madame," he said, with great dignity, "I can only remind you that a real Frenchman cannot lie—and will not boast!"

Madame Lebihan dropped her broom, grasped his hand and kissed it impetuously. "Then you did do it! Oh, bravo!" she cried. "Oh, that's the way to serve those filthy Boches!"

Old Mustache disengaged his hand, raised his hat politely and moved on, still wishing that he knew what act of derring-do had merited this adulation. Certainly—certainly it wasn't the trick he had planned. Well, almost certainly! He went over the whole thing again. He remembered getting the soup in the kitchen. He remembered resting his tray on the service shelf beside the door. He remembered standing behind the screen. He remembered a terrific surge of emotion sweeping over him. But all the rest of it was lost in a complete mental black-out. Strange!

As he turned the corner into the Rue Gouarches, Roger, the postman, came



**Smallest Piece**


## How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson




**Playwright:** He says the play hasn't any "whoosh." Now what does *that* mean?



**Wife:** No "oomph," my crestfallen celebrity. No zip. No pep appeal. And neither has its author! *Now* maybe you'll listen to me about neglecting your *vitamins!* You've got to have them all, you know, and we're making a start right now.




**Wife:** Lesson number one is crisp, delicious KELLOGG'S PEP. It's extra-rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant in ordinary diets—vitamins $B_1$ and D.

**Playwright:** Say! Why didn't you tell me PEP *tastes* so good? You've been holding out on me! Why, it's marvelous!



**Playwright:** (sometime later) And now, my dear, that I've discovered vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become the world's "pep appeal" playwright. Why, Shakespeare himself would be green with envy to read the masterpiece I've started here.

**Wife:** You know what they say: "Where there's pep, there's hope."

## Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin $B_1$, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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# THE AMERICAN SHIRT FRONT: *Bridge Party*




| *Common Shirt Faults* | *Arrow's Remedies* |
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| **1. The tight collar.** | All Arrow Shirts are guaranteed to fit *permanently*. They're Sanforized-Shrunk, fabric shrinkage less than 1%! |
| **2. The messy collar.** | Arrow has made collars since 1861 and no one makes them better. Try Arrow Hitt, Dart, or Dale—all have non-wilt collars. |
| **3. The bunchy midriff.** | Arrow Shirts have the exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit: sloped shoulders, curved waist, tapered sleeves. |

**4.** *Arrow Shirts* have an unbeatable combination of virtues: perfect styling, tailoring, and fit. See them at your Arrow Dealer's today. $2, $2.25, $2.50, $3.50, and $5.

*ARROW SHIRTS*

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, New York


out of ■ doorway and fell in step beside him. "That was ■ great stunt, Monsieur Guichard! Felicitations!"

"Stunt, *Monsieur le facteur?*"

Roger nudged him in the ribs, knowingly. "Oh, I've heard all about it, but you can trust me! The only thing is—are you sure he didn't suspect anything?"

"Who?"

"I mean the bloody, dirty, damned German!" Roger said, speaking from the corner of his mouth. "When you brought him the soup, didn't he—notice anything?"

The soup! The soup! So it had been the soup, after all! Now, Old Mustache knew where he stood! "Monsieur Roger," he said, "a true Frenchman acts not only with courage but with foresight, intelligence and skill!"

"Yes, yes, of course!" the postman agreed. "God knows, a man shouldn't take any chances, on a job like that!"

AS HE passed through the streets, a number of people whom he scarcely knew went out of their way to bid him good morning, their greetings accompanied by little nods or gestures of approval.

His stroll became a triumphal progress; even the policeman bade him good morning. It occurred to him that he might do worse than present himself as candidate for some minor office at the next municipal election, for surely, with this numerous personal following, he could carry the 14th *Arrondissement* in a landslide! The thought was so heartening that presently, whenever a friend or acquaintance approached him and whispered, "Look, Monsieur—is it really true about the soup?" he would draw himself up, cast caution to the winds and cry, "True? Of course it's true! If it's soup these pigs of Germans want—well, here's one Frenchman who's brave enough to give 'em the kind they deserve!" With brows beetling and mustache bristling, he would stalk grandly away, the effect somewhat marred by his fallen arches.

At the restaurant, as elsewhere, he was the man of the hour. Although several of the clients were afraid to speak to him, his tips at lunch and at dinner were far above the average. But every time he came out of the kitchen and passed behind the screen, he was prey to a most peculiar sensation. It was as though part of his brain were asleep. He had to tell himself what he had done, there—and he was able to tell himself only because others had told him.

All in all, it was a grand day. On the way home, he stopped at a bistro to treat himself to a split of mineral water. The evening paper was lying on the wet marble counter and he fell to scanning it idly. He saw ■ headline, GERMAN OFFICER POISONED, and as he read the item beneath, he went slowly cold with horror. For it said:

"The German *Hauptquartier* announces that an officer of the Occupation Forces died early this morning of poison administered to him in a restaurant last night. He passed away in coma and so was unable to reveal the name of the restaurant, although it is believed to be somewhere in the 14th *Arrondissement*. An autopsy revealed the toxic substance to be rat poison."

Rat poison! Rat poison! So that was what he had done—and what he hadn't been able to remember! But—yes—he remembered it now! He could see the little red bottle on the serving shelf by the kitchen door, where he had paused to steady his tray! He could see himself picking it up—could feel the bottle in his hand, hear the squeak of the cork and the tinkly gurgling sound as he poured the liquid into the soup!

He got out of the bistro somehow and staggered down the black street.

Throughout the dreadful n lay listening for the sound c cars bringing the thugs and to the Gestapo. That corporal w them where the colonel had c they'd hunt him down in no ti all those people in the street asked, "Is it true about the so to whom he had answered a affirmative—why, they hadn what he'd thought they mea Unwittingly, he had confessed der to the entire neighborhood as good as dead already!

The thought of death, whil was not as bad as the vision of ings and torture which would precede it. He envied the Ge onel, who had died in coma. I that he, too, could die in cor and why couldn't he? There the bottle of rat poison!

Yes, that was the way—th cheat the Boches—the quick, less way out! He lay there about it until the sky lighten last it was day. Without w wife, he stole out of the flat. ' mets would not open for hou knew that he would be in le of arrest roaming the streets stayed at home.

He walked for miles, blindly, into parts of the city had never been before. He sort of trance, his single luci being to avoid arrest until he to that little red bottle. At le out knowing how he arrived found himself at the head o Brienne.

He slid into the service through the pantry and to th He made for the shelf beside ing doors. The little red bot its usual place. He took it up the cork. As he raised it to trembled so violently that a of the liquid spilled on his h the bottle was full—full to But how could it be full, he'd . . . ? As he stood there he became aware that his as dry as ashes. Dry as ashe ashes?

IN a flash, it all came ba He remembered what he' rather, what he hadn't done hadn't done anything! He cent! But somebody had p German! Who?

He closed his eyes and lea the wall, thinking. It must Lambert! That was it- Should he denounce him? He heard the vacuum cleane in the dining room and the cl verware as the tables were chanically, he removed his his apron from the hook through the swinging doors.

Lambert, in his shirt sleev ting at the cashier's desk, paper. "Hello, Mustache! looking up. "You're early, ing! Did your wife go on again and kick you out of

Old Mustache could only head.

"Well, you'd better watch same!" Lambert chuckled. women!" He slapped the spread open before him. "W out that that German lieu died after eating at the C the other night, was poisone friend he'd brought with him zig!"

"Eh? What's that? He it's a damned good job!" Mustache, with all his accu vor. "If I only had the chanc 'em all!"

"Yes, yes, but go easy wit said Lambert. "Do you wa lot of us pinched?"

# Our New Army

Continued from page 18

### CALIFORNIA

AMP SAN LUIS OBISPO. It as been thumbs down on umbs up here ever since a ivision H.Q. order stated at any soldier caught hitchhik- twenty miles of camp will lose nd get booted back to the post. much like begging" and "dis- is the way the brass hats feel Special highway patrols en- order but often find it impos- ecide whether a guy is asking or accepting one voluntarily im. A soldier with a "gosh- logs-hurt" limp and expres- hardly be charged with and it's a question of reason- t, too, when a couple of sus- aracters say: "Whaddya mean, a ride? Listen, Corporal, we ling along having a little fun a newsreel of Churchill cheer- ne folks after a bombing raid."

ROBERTS, San Miguel. Staff a V. Brewer, Jr., has discov- ay of making the drivers of 3, 53d F.A. thoroughly check s before moving same off the y morning before reveille the gets out, jacks up the rear one truck, unscrews the gas other, sometimes disconnects aft of a third. When the driv- ed to those trucks can't get ted the sergeant just keeps Why?" until he gets the right 'And it doesn't," Sgt. Brewer e nearly so long as it used to."

CALLAN. By the end of the , for the first time since it was his camp will have all the it can handle—6,600 future lerymen. Most come from the t nearly a thousand will be ois, Michigan and Wisconsin. ry training is given in the a mesa near La Jolla (Ho- call it) overlooking the Pa- al firing of the 155's goes on ach below the post.

thing is that the projectiles, sea targets, cause plenty of pire, but every time a soldier line into the surf during the and hauls in a pint-size game in imminent peril of having a den start a pointed conver- h him. A fishing license costs bucks, but two from twenty- slice, so the boys don't go in legalized angling.

RD. One of the 47th Engi- new members took a look at stew in his bowl and headed chen. "Where," he demanded, e and sausage you got menued lletin board?" "You," a cook "are bats." Just before the neone got the idea of consult- lletin board, which undeniably e and sausage. Trouble was, was a duty roster, not a menu. eph Sausage and James Rice names involved. Have some

### SOUTH DAKOTA

MEADE. There's name trou- e, too. The subject is Fay B. mbone player in the Fourth band (of all outfits!). First company clerk gave in to the nd listed the man as Private s Bay Horse. It didn't amuse e officer, who had to issue ntal list to get Pfc. Horse's hay. A sentry, though, topped the whole business one night when our trombone player came back to camp. "Who's there?" challenged the guard. "Private Horse," was the answer. "Advance," said the sentry, "and be mechanized."

### MICHIGAN

FORT CUSTER, Battle Creek. When they put the pinch on Corp. Hank Greenberg (Detroit 5TH DIV. Tigers—remember?) for whiffing his convertible through the fort's main stem at forty-two, Custer M.P.'s brought the public attention to speed laws and how they operate. Army personnel are "grounded" for stated periods, depending upon how far down the accelerator is pushed. Corp. Greenberg was given a housekeeper (clean-up) job for thirty days, with two others of the 2d Inf. Antitank Co., and was thus kept out of the 2d and 3d Army maneuvers. He must have cried his eyes out!

Civilian motorists are punished by being forced to sit it out at M.P. headquarters. For speeding up to thirty-five they sit for an hour; up to forty-five, for two hours; up to fifty, for three hours. If they're caught doing more than fifty they just sit until the C.O. arrives in the morning. It's a long time to sit; and whatever it was they were rushing fifty miles an hour to see or do has to be seen and done later on.

WHEN Fort Custer set up its clothing and shoe-repair depot it began to keep score on the wear-and-tear factor. The average soldier gets three pairs of heavy-duty shoes ■ year, and each pair is half-soled twice before it hits the junk heap. An infantryman on maneuvers can go through a pair in two weeks. Mechanized personnel are easy on shoes, but you shouldn't see what it does to the seats of pants.

### VIRGINIA

CAMP LEE. Members of the 9th Quartermaster Regiment, a colored outfit, got their girls' pictures together the other day and held ■ beauty contest. Names of the judges were kept secret "to avoid complications and pressure." No one was hurt.

SGT. HARRY SWARTZ, attached to the camp G-2, knows from experience about that fundamental rule (innocent remarks can be deadly) of Intelligence work. His lesson started the day he was assigned to fingerprint nurses at the post hospitals, continued when he made a crack about how enjoyable it was to hold the nurses' hands, snowballed when a story based on his remark appeared in his home-town paper, and ended when sympathetic officers gave him a week-end pass so he could straighten things out with you-know-who.

### GENERAL

IF THIS G-1, G-2, G-3 and G-4 business has you biting your hair and scratching your nails, remember the key word "PITS." G-1 is Personnel. G-2 is Intelligence. G-3 is Training and Plans. G-4 is Supply.

THE Army postal service, bowed down by tons of additional mail during maneuvers, doesn't attempt special-delivery service. Spend your special-delivery dimes on Defense Stamps.

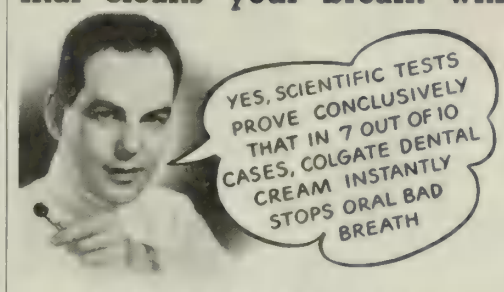
THEY pay off better.

G. W.





**. . . it's time to look to your breath! For Bad Breath is a menace to married love—and even YOU may have it. So play safe! Use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!**




**HERE'S WHY:** Colgate's has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath.






**BESIDES,** Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently . . . makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting liquids, powders and other pastes for Colgate Dental Cream!





# Sales Talk

**By Horatio Winslow**

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

IN THE parked car Mr. Peters' face grew poppy-red while his right hand doubled into a fist. He turned to his wife at the steering wheel and spoke with the severity of an outraged Roman father:

"I know doggoned well why you're taking me out here. Knew it last night. But Rita's made her bed; let her lie on it."

The placid, middle-aged expression on Mrs. Peters' face did not change. "What's that got to do with this, Norvin?"

"You know doggoned well. When Rita got that money from her grandma and went two thousand miles away and married a man she hardly knew, I told her she was making a fool of herself; but she wouldn't believe her own father. Now that this slicker has got her money and she's quit him, she wants to live with us and have me pay for the divorce. And your idea is it won't be so humiliating for Rita if we leave Wisconsin and buy this property and settle here in California."

"You're the head of the house, Norvin," said Mrs. Peters gently. "You know I always let you decide everything."

"And I'm deciding right now. Rita don't live with us any more or anywhere."

"That's your affair, Norvin. But I promised the young man standing there that I'd bring you to look over the property. You won't be obligating yourself and there can't be any follow-up because I told him our name was Smith."

Her husband frowned with a dark brooding that almost dimmed the California sun. "If you've made a fool of yourself by promising, I suppose I'll have to make good. Been doing it all my life. But I buy nothing and I'm through with Rita." He banged the car door behind him. "All right, young man."

The star salesman of Solid Comfort Acres was on the sunny side of thirty. His blond, permanently waved hair shone like an aureole. He had two clear blue eyes that looked squarely at the person to whom he addressed himself; indeed his whole face and demeanor radiated honesty. His duck pants and the white shirt open at the neck contrasted pleasantly with the green tent which was the field headquarters of the corporation.

"Your wife was telling me about you, Mr. Smith. It's certainly a pleasure for me to show our layout to intelligent people because for us this isn't a simple business matter: we like to talk about Solid Comfort Acres because—well, we love the place. I own an acre here myself and expect to start building next month. By the way, what do you think of our Community Clubhouse?"

MR. PETERS stared at the iron rods with fluttering green markers, pricked in the earth to outline a huge rectangle. No clubhouse was visible. Except for the green tent and a half-dozen scrubby oaks the withered fields rolled out in aching monotony. There was no view of the sea and, to the east, the mountains were cut off by a desolate hillside.

"This is the main veranda, sixty-four feet long. You'll certainly enjoy sitting here with that old breeze coming off the sea, and on the table a long, cool drink—" he looked closely at Mr. Peters' face—"you know, lemonade or iced tea or something like that. And, of course, you can always go inside where there's the big auditorium for dances and picture shows; and the music room, card rooms, dining room, library, and, down in the basement, bowling alleys. All air-conditioned."

Mr. Peters said, "Humph."

"And remember this is the sweetest soil in the United States." He scooped up a handful of grayish dust. "It isn't a case here of forcing things to grow; with this soil you have to work to keep 'em from growing. Your avocado trees—"

"I'm not interested in growing anything," announced Mr. Peters decisively. "I've never farmed and I'm not starting now. My working days are over."

The young man's face brightened like the hills under an Easter sunrise. "That's what we like to hear. Solid Comfort Acres was built for folks just like you. We don't want our people to work themselves into their graves. We want 'em to enjoy life; and that's where our Community Service Plan comes in. We plant your lawn, plant your shade trees, plant your avocado grove; and after that we take care of everything without extra cost or charge. When the trees bear, we pick the crop and it's marketed by our Co-operative Sales Agency. All you have to do is to cash the checks. Now let's look at a typical home acre."

As they walked along the burned soil he discoursed, from time to time, fixing Mr. Peters with his honest blue eyes: "Here we are on Prospect Boulevard. Cement with four auto lanes. There's the golf club right across the road, sportiest nine-hole course in the West. And back there's the bridle path. Here's the swimming pool, fifty feet long with an average depth of six. Behind, yonder, is the patio and outdoor barbecue."

Mr. Peters put in an objection: "Isn't all this a pretty expensive proposition? Somebody's got to pay and keep on paying."

The young man became as enthusiastic as a cheerleader: "I'm shaking you by the hand for saying that. It's a good practical question and I'm glad you asked it. Now let's suppose our avocado crop is blighted and a financial

**Mrs. Peters started t the highway, calling protesting salesman, day—we'll be ba**

crisis sends everybody's s curities blooey. No inco body. Well, we've got all out. When you buy here free of cost or charge, a h up, nonassessable shares Comfort Acres Corporatio I'll show you three signe from three world-famous who've examined this pro

IN SPITE of the sun Mr back to the car with his as gaily as any six-year- real proposition, Jenny. I me to go with this youn office and make a down pa anybody wedges in ahead

"Get right into the car, instead of wheeling towa tent, Mrs. Peters turned way, calling back to t salesman, "Some other back—maybe."

"But, Jenny, you don' I just picked out a site—'

"Rita's waiting for us Norvin. And I want yo some nice things to say t whether we decide on California, she's going t till she gets ready to g And we're paying for her see, Norvin, you've just Rita's your own daughte

Mr. Peters' mouth sug a bullhead of his native hoisted into the atmosp

"From now on, Norvin, to sympathize with Rita a sales talk; so did you. Acres is a fake and a sw Rita's husband. I spent cating that young fellov sold you an acre of wort doesn't know me from a I know him. He's the ma Rita."




The Remington "FOURSOME" Shaver—only electric shaver with FOUR cutting heads. Newest addition to the Remington line, used and recommended by 16,000 barbers.

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TWO thoughts stood solemn sentinel throughout all the planning of our 1942 cars.

The first was:—*in their materials these cars must* not *trespass on the current needs of national defense.*

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If you think this leaves only a cramped and stifling byway for engineering to advance in, remember that difficulties are sometimes the spur that real ability needs.

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Indeed, we hope instead that you're skeptical—that you will require these sleek and powerful Buicks to demonstrate their merit under your own hands.

The real way to know what they are, and how marvelously they perform, is to breeze them down a country road or tool them through clotted traffic.

The sure way to gauge their mettle and their inmost goodness is to plump them squ rely the stiffest task your imagination can app

There are great gifts undefeatedly a wor the industry of this nation and not tl lea them is good old-fashioned American ge

We have of course no corner on tha her Buick. But the first mile you drive or of

**BUICK BUILDS FOR DEFENSE**



Our assignment: Building Pratt & Whitney valve-in-head aircraft engines for defense use.

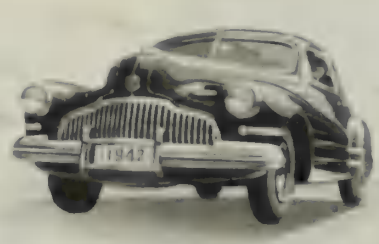


# Brains

et automobiles will make you say that
ily have our share.

y the gorgeous new cars that we not
ace the pack for 1942 but are bold
t believe set an all-time high in all-
motive excellence.

il make you glad—nay, *proud*—all over
a you're living in America—and *now!*



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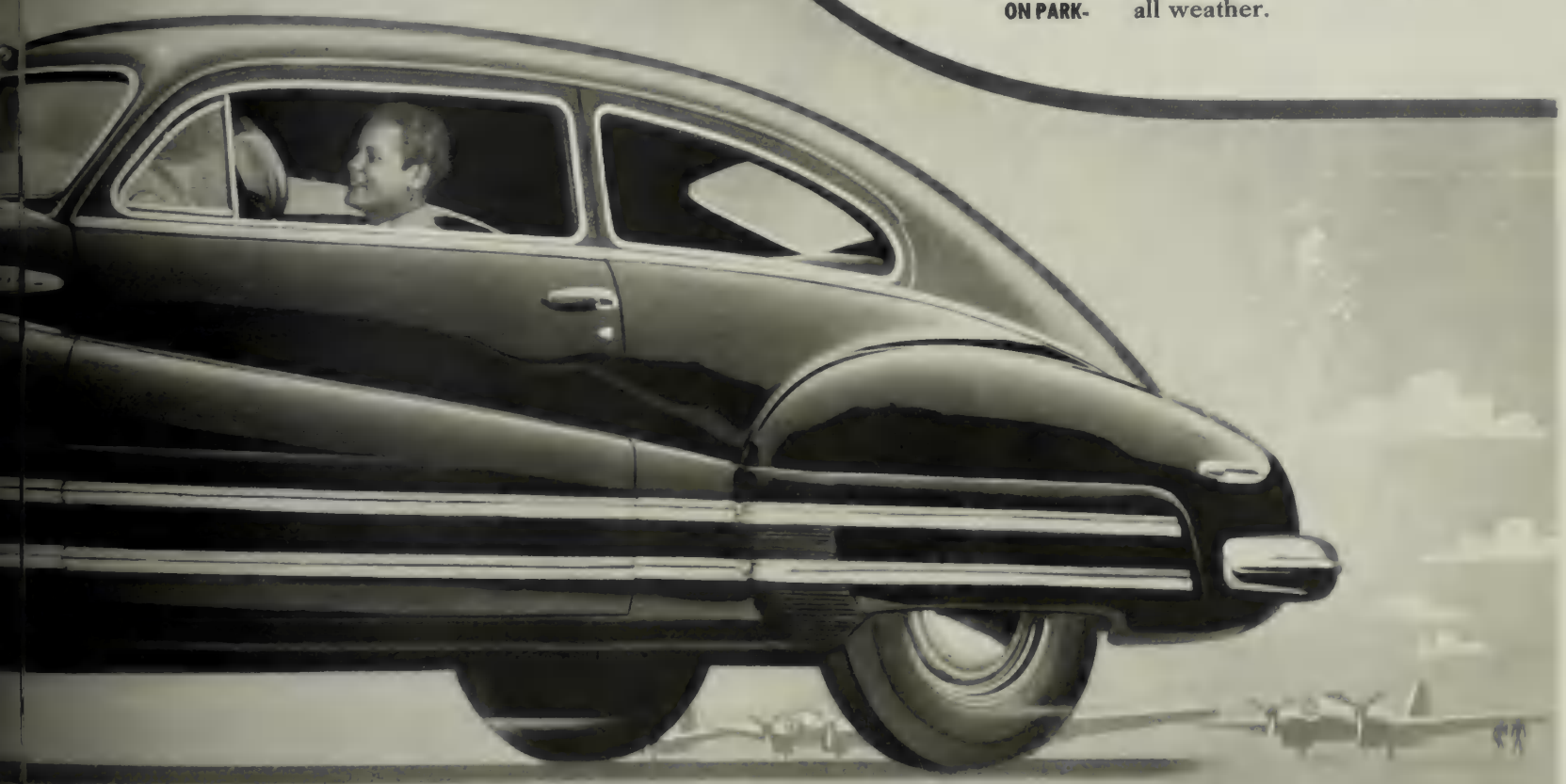
You get **STEP-ON PARKING BRAKE** that goes on with a touch of the toe, locks and releases from dash.

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FOR YOUR GREATER BOWLING PLEASURE

Brunswick

Bowling Equipment

# Mercator Island

Continued from page 21

ıouse.' Oscar had already kin- re in a corner and had piled round it and had placed the on the stones. Inspector was propped against a pile of almost exactly where they had

said Mr. Kingman, "not able to ɔse, were you? Take his gag ır. Let's hear the latest news British Empire. How is it , my dear fellow?"

NE could see that it was not at all with Inspector Jameson. an effort to speak, but he could ke a few inarticulate sounds. ɡman shook his finger at him. " he said. "Don't forget, any- ı say may be used against you. ɔut a little water, old chap? ve me a cup of water."

ngman held the cup in front of Jameson and the big man ɯard it.

:y, yes?" said Mr. Kingman. ou are," and he tossed the con- to Inspector Jameson's face. gag back, Oscar," he went on. oto coughed again. "Please," 'I think that is enough."

" said Mr. Kingman, "that's I thought you Japs were all— boiled. Well, here comes the Let's sit down again," and Mr. ı waved toward the improvised ɔle. "Open up the wine, Oscar. rewell toast for Bob here. You r supper, Bob, I'm going to ask o."

e?" Bob asked.

out," said Mr. Kingman, "any- —if you can make it."

" Mrs. Kingman began, and she

"It's no good speaking about it, my dear," Mr. Kingman said. "You know as well as I do that the—the party must break up now. A little more coffee, Bob?"

"No, thanks," Bob Bolles answered.

"Mac," Mrs. Kingman began again, "I can't sit here—"

"My dear," said Mr. Kingman, "you don't have to. You can walk outside for a while. The wind is rising, isn't it?"

Mr. Kingman looked up through the gaping roof. The wind was sighing about the walls and all the light was out of the sky by then and the stars were coming out. The darkness was closing around them, except for the circle of light from the little fire where Oscar had boiled the coffee, so that all their faces were in shadow.

"Oscar," said Mr. Kingman, "did you bring candles?"

"Ja," Oscar said, "I have light."

Oscar pulled a folding candle lantern from the picnic hamper and lighted it and set it on the stone around which they were sitting.

"Very pretty," Mr. Moto said. "The wind does not blow it. Candlelight is so very interesting."

"Do you know," Mr. Kingman said, "we've all had quite—quite a day? Oscar, have you any cards?"

"Ja," Oscar said, from the shadows near the fire, "I have brought a pack."

"How about a hand of bridge?" Mr. Kingman said. "Bob's an—an A-1 player."

"That would be very nice," Mr. Moto said. "There should be time for one hand, I think." Oscar handed Mr. Kingman the cards.

"As long as there are four of us," Mr. Kingman said, "the stone is a little rough, but it will do. Shall we cut for deal?"

Suddenly Mrs. Kingman's voice was harsh and broken. "You coward," she cried.

"Why, my dear," Mr. Kingman said, "this isn't like you!"

"Making him play bridge!" Mrs. Kingman said.

"Helen," Mr. Kingman said, "please sit down and pick up your cards. It isn't like you."

Mr. Moto picked up his cards. "I should like to say, please," Mr. Moto said, "that Mr. Bolles is very nice."

"He is," Mr. Kingman said heartily, "a—a jolly good fellow."

Bob Bolles looked across at him. Mr. Kingman was his partner. Mr. Kingman still kept one hand on his rifle.

"One diamond, please," Mr. Moto said.

WHEN the bidding came to Bob Bolles he made it a spade. Then he looked up and saw that Oscar had gone. They passed when Bob Bolles bid four spades. Mr. Kingman laid down the dummy and Bob Bolles began to play the hand. It was difficult to keep his mind on the cards, but he played them. He made four spades and one over.

"Well," he said, "that's that," and he stood up and everyone else stood up. Mr. Moto had dropped his right hand into his pocket.

"Bob," Mr. Kingman said, "your sense of cards is excellent."

"Such a nice hand," Mr. Moto said, "and to make the three of diamonds good—so very nice."

"Helen," Mr. Kingman said, "you must be tired. Perhaps a little walk in the air—"

She did not look at any of them. She brushed by Bob Bolles without looking at him and half walked, half ran out into the darkness.

"Well, Bob," Mr. Kingman said after a moment, but his eyes never left Mr. Moto. "Well, the party's over. I guess you'd better be going."

"You mean, you're going to let me out of here?" Bob Bolles asked. "Why?"

"Never mind why," Mr. Kingman answered. "You're free to go anywhere now."

"And what are you two boys going to do?" Bob Bolles asked.

"Oh, Mr. Bolles," said Mr. Moto, "we will talk. I am happy to have met you, Mr. Bolles."

"All right," Bob Bolles answered. "Well, so long." That old desire came over him, that they must not think he was afraid. "Maybe I'll be seeing you."

THE tall window that opened out on the terrace was just in front of them. It framed the blackness of the world outside, a darkness that was accentuated by the candle lantern and the flickering little fire in the space where Mr. Moto and Mr. Kingman were standing. When he stepped through that window out to the terrace, whether he moved fast or slow, his whole figure would be outlined by the light behind him, and Oscar was out there on the terrace. Mr. Kingman had said that he was free to go anywhere, but Bob Bolles did not believe it. He knew too much to be permitted to walk away. Yet he had to move, and the prospect of the black night outside was worse than anything he had imagined, because for a certain space of time he would be absolutely helpless.

As he stepped slowly toward the window, he must have been weighing all the facts and his perceptions were very




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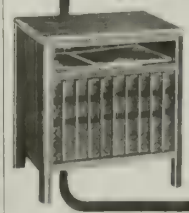
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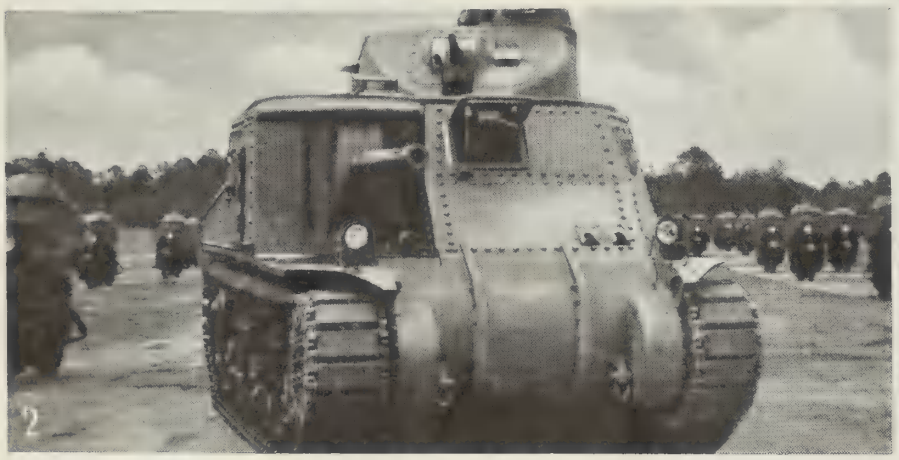
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clear. If he could get out of the circumference of light he might have a chance. He might be able to dart around a corner, but Oscar would not be such a fool as to let him have that chance—he would get him while he was in the light.

Bob Bolles took another step. One more and he would be outside. His instinct was to bend double and to make a dash for it and it was all he could do to control that instinct. He did so, because his common sense told him that the only difference would be that he would be killed running instead of walking. He felt a cold spasm of unadulterated fear but if he was to be finished anyway, there was no use having them realize that he had been afraid. He did not even want to hesitate. He shrugged his shoulders and stepped from the light into the dark. His whole body was braced and waiting. His eyes were unaccustomed to the dark, so for a second everything seemed pitch-black, but nothing happened.

MECHANICALLY he took another step, and nothing happened. He could feel himself breathing in sharp, hard breaths. The sea breeze struck his face and he could hear the wind in the treetops on the slope below the clearing. He could see the outline of the stone railing of the terrace. All the shapes and shadows were illuminated by the stars—a fantastic, monotonous world of light and shade. He had stepped out of the light of the house and he was in the shadow and free from it.

His first sensation was an utter incredulity and then his knees were shaking and then he was filled with a panic-stricken desire—to get out of there, to get as far away as possible. The terrace railing was not thirty feet in front of him, dimly white in the starlight. His one desire was to get to the railing and to leap over it and go. He must have covered half the distance to it in that sort of cloudy progress which one connects with a bad dream, with all his thought focused on reaching the railing, when he saw Mrs. Kingman. She must have stepped from the shadow of the house, but he was not sure. At any rate, she was in front of him, diagonally to his left. She was waving her arm at him, gesturing to him to turn. He had half turned his head when he heard a soft thudding footfall behind him and saw Oscar, a whitish crouching shape. He even had time to see that Oscar was holding a rope in his hands, but he did not have time to turn.

He hardly had time to brace himself before Oscar had sprung at him and had landed with all his force upon his back. Yet even in that instant he understood—he was to be garroted, strangled with the rope. He would have been done for, if he had not turned his head. As it was, his body was thrown forward beneath the impact of Oscar's momentum, but he kept on his feet. He had raised his hand, he had grasped Oscar by the arm. His right hand was holding the back of Oscar's neck, and then with a spasmodic lunge he had thrown Oscar from him. Oscar was catapulting through space, and then he landed headfirst, crash, against the stone railing.

When he analyzed it afterward, he could see that some hideous coincidence had made every factor right—Oscar's momentum, his own forward lunge, the instinctive backward grasping of his arms—everything had fitted into that result, but Bob Bolles did not think of it then. All he saw was Oscar's bulk, crumpled against the railing. He heard Oscar breathing in long, snoring gasps, and then he heard Mr. Kingman's voice from the house behind him.

"There it goes," he heard Mr. Kingman say. "Oscar's very handy. Goodby, Mr. Bolles."

At least he thought that he Mr. Kingman say it, but he wholly sure, for Mrs. Kin snatched his hand. She was p after her across the terrace broad stone steps. They we and he saw that she was hol knife in her other hand.

"Hurry," she gasped, "ov trees!" And she ran beside the clearing from the house.

He seemed to feel no react reality until they were be shadow of the trees. He sto and she leaned against him, him, fighting for her breath.

"His head—" she gasped.

"Yes," Bob said, "I kn pulses in his ears and th pounding, but he could still crash of Oscar's head against and the snoring sound of Osc ing.

"I was going to help you, her say. "The knife—I did help."

He stared dully at the k hand. He could see the blac the dark.

"Thank God," she said. " love you so."

It still was like a dream, bu seem strange when he kissed she drew away from him back at the house. He co black walls against the sky a of the candle lantern, and a he heard Mr. Kingman's vo

"Oscar," he heard Mr. Ki "Oscar!"

"They will shoot," Mrs whispered. "Wait! Where going?" She snatched at h held him. Her hand was ver

"I'm getting to that plan "It wasn't that turbo and y and I'll bet Mac knew it too me!" But she leaned agains still holding fast to his wrist the sharp intake of her brea she was speaking very quic

"Oh," she said, "don't do Because I can't let you, my you see I really can't? Of knew it. But the Japanese know."

He tried to push her awa gently, but she still clung t

"No, my dear," she was that. Please, not that! Y It's what I came here for. Bob, please! I love you so.

THEN a sound from the him start, although he mu ready for it. It was the sha rifle shot, and a second sho almost simultaneously, and he could speak, another.

"You see," he heard h Japanese—he's killed him! he doesn't know. It's mine

Then he wrenched his arm her. "Oh, no, it isn't," he getting back to that plane!

"Bob," she said, "Bob, pl her voice choked in a sob, thrust the knife at him. He ing in a sickening, leaden even in that instant he mu ready. He must have kno would do it, for he beat h with his open palm, snat wrist and wrenched the kn hand.

"Gosh," he said, "you're And then he turned and ran

Yes, she was quite a girl began to run he heard Mr. thin and clear, calling from

"Oh, Mrs. Kingman, it right," he heard Mr. Moto where is Mr. Bolles?"

He looked over his shou he ran down the grassy av could see the faint flic through the gaping win

use. It was faint enough to
le and ghostlike as the lights
-o'-the-wisp in some folk tale.
were accustomed to the star-
hat he saw the walls of the
se against the sky at the left,
s even able to distinguish the
brush where they had beaten
oward it that afternoon. He
it, stumbling, falling and
mself up again.
quite a girl!" he heard him-
again.

was like them, like the whole
them. It was ugly, but ■ part
lear. That work on the plane
for Mr. Moto's benefit, for
ie nor Kingman could have
m to know what it was they
d. They had worked together,
ad been waiting all the time.
ibered when she had asked to
's rifle. She must have been
inish it off right then and to
Moto the supercharger and to
). Yes, she was quite a girl,
id said again she loved him—
sed in the clearing by the
and listened, but he knew it
ie for listening. Then his foot
ainst the case of tools. Of
r. Kingman had left them
use at his convenience he was
ack. Then Bob was on his
nbling for a hammer. Then
ambling into the cockpit. He
re it was, even in the dark,
when he smashed it he was
He was thinking that they
too kind to him—or perhaps
. It would have been better
of them if they had shot him
ng near the beach.
over, but it was not entirely
He left the plane and walked
rd the house. He had smashed
anism in the cockpit beyond
ivable possibility of recon-
They were washed up, they
gh.
never able to judge the actual
d taken him to reach the plane
turn, but it must have been
an he had thought, for when
at the head of the avenue the
till inside the house, but when
l into the opening the light
omeone was carrying the lan-
to the terrace. He heard
l he saw two figures walking
the steps, and then they must
him, for he heard Mrs. King-

he is now. He was out there
es." And then he heard Mr.
ice calling to him:

"Come toward us, Mr. Bolles. No fear of anything any longer, please."

Then as he came nearer, he saw that Mrs. Kingman was coming down the steps, carrying the lantern, and that Mr. Moto was beside her. His Panama hat was pulled over his eyes and his left arm was in a sling, made from one of the picnic napkins, and his right hand was in his pocket.

"It's all right," Mrs. Kingman said. "You don't have to hide any longer."

She looked ill and very tired, but she was smiling at him and there was no trace of resentment in her voice. Instead there was ■ definite ring to it, as though she wanted to make something clear to him, and he understood it. She was telling him as plainly as though she had spoken that she did not want Mr. Moto to know where he had been. He saw Mr. Moto's eyes beneath the shadow of his hatbrim, fixed upon him steadily.

"You were hiding, Mr. Bolles?" Mr. Moto asked.

"What else do you think I'd have been doing?" Bob asked back. "Running around in the woods for exercise? All I wanted was to get out from under."

"Get out from under," Mr. Moto said. "So nice the way you say things, Mr. Bolles."

"Where is Kingman?" Bob Bolles asked.

THERE was a second's silence and Bob Bolles heard the wind sigh past the corners of the house and he heard Mr. Moto clear his throat.

"So sorry," Mr. Moto said. "Mr. Kingman is not with us any more."

Mr. Moto's delicacy made it sound more gruesome, and when Bob Bolles did not answer Mr. Moto continued still more delicately:

"So sorry that it was of course so necessary. He was so nice and so much quicker with his rifle than I thought. So quick, my first—ah—shot I am sorry was ■ little wild. He felt nothing after the second, I am so very, very sure. Yes, for what he was, he was very, very nice. So nice the way he laughed, did you not think so, Mrs. Kingman?"

"No," Mrs. Kingman said, and her voice sounded harsh and strained. "I hated it."

Bob Bolles started to speak and stopped. "Oscar," he began, "is Oscar—"

Mr. Moto's voice cut his own voice off, as he hesitated. It sounded serene and final, devoid of passion or regret:

"He is not with us any more."

"You mean," Bob said, and it made him feel sick, "you mean I killed him?"

"Yes," said Mr. Moto gently. "His




"I can take it or leave it alone—that's why I never bother to leave it alone!"




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# WALK-OVER *Mudhounds*


skull was broken, Mr. Bolles. It saved me so much trouble."

"What about Jameson?" Bob asked. "He isn't—"

Mr. Moto shook his head. "No, the Englishman is well. Still at the house. We have tried to make him comfortable. He has sent you his regards. He says it will be all right for you in Kingston. His people will find him tomorrow. This is no pleasure for any of us, please. Mrs. Kingman and I have reached an understanding and arrangement. I am so very glad. We began to understand each other down on the beach this morning."

"How did you do that?" Bob asked. "You never spoke to her." Mr. Moto's gold teeth glistened in the candlelight.

"So very simple," he said. "A gesture and a glance. This morning when I appeared the look was so plain on Mrs. Kingman's face. She hoped so very much that I would eliminate Mr. Kingman. It was more simple after that."

MRS. KINGMAN stood holding the lantern and Bob saw that she was looking at him, half defiantly, half beseechingly.

"Of course it's hard for you to understand, my dear," she said, "because you will never be like any of us. So much of this must have seemed to you aimless and you could never see behind the curtain. We can be truthful now because there is nothing left to hide. I could not get away from Mac—not from the moment he met me in New York. I could not trust him. I always thought that he would turn on me when he found out what I knew and use it for himself, and I was right, you know."

"Then, why did you work with him?" Bob asked.

"Because he was completely logical," she answered. "Even Charles Durant in New York, and he was one of our best men, went over Mac's credentials and advised that it was all right. But something must have turned up later. Charles must have suspected something. I knew that Mac was out for himself when I heard that Charles had come to Kingston. You told me—you remember."

She stopped, but her eyes were telling him that she was speaking the truth. Both she and Mr. Moto seemed anxious to explain. He could imagine them at some later time sitting together composedly and talking it all over.

"Poor Charles," she said. "All of us must go sometime, but Charles was very kind to me. He was one of our best men."

"Oh, a very nice man," Mr. Moto said helpfully. "We once exchanged shots in Saigon in the dark, but he was very nice. It was so careless of Mr. Kingman not to make it look surely like suicide. And, please, Mr. Bolles, I wish that you would like us. Mrs. Kingman has been very brave. I have so very much respect."

"Yes," Bob said, "I know she's brave."

"This evening at sunset I gave her the knife," Mr. Moto went on. "When Oscar attacked you it was the opportunity we both were looking for. She was to—ah—deal with Oscar when he was dealing with you, Mr. Bolles, and Mr. Kingman—that was my responsibility."

"Bob," Mrs. Kingman said, "I wouldn't have let him kill you."

Mr. Moto laughed in that polite, nervous way of his. There was no humor in it, but it was his way of making matters easier.

"And now it is all arranged. No more little unpleasantness. Mrs. Kingman has been sensible enough to surrender the piece of machinery to me. It still lies by the house, but will be collected in the morning. No need to stand here longer. I am going with you and Mrs. Kingman to the beach. We fire and I shall be so happ you and Mrs. Kingman t schooner will be in by da Just you and Mrs. Kingma shall not go with you."

"You're not going wit asked. "What are you goi

"I have already made a thank you," Mr. Moto sai a wireless in my suitcase— friends on the mainland. coming in the morning ir would prefer you not to might be so embarrassing. to the beach now and I t very lucky, Mr. Bolles."

"Yes," Bob said, and h deep conviction, "I'm migh

Then Mrs. Kingman w "Look," she said, "the mo up! It will be moonlight I love it in the moonlight.

And Bob Bolles could a that she had put it all a and that it was all forgo monstrous, but there was strous in what she said. different again—young ag tiful.

Bob Bolles had admir often enough himself, but was up that night its ligh canny, revealing quality out all sorts of facts that den by the sun. He had that the moon on tropic nified peace and good wil after the heat of the day, the moonlight only mad and wide awake. He kep they walked to the beach the house behind them w in a sort of deadly white would already be walkin the house. The path in was a sort of shadowy bl and the moon was dr warmth from the earth shadows dank and cold made Mr. Moto's face ici was wounded, but he s so genially that Bob belie der was giving him pain.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. M think the moon is very,

IT MADE Bob Bolles w was really thinking, v thing in Mr. Moto's wo very nice or very seriou Mr. Moto was ever any glad or very sorry. Mr tions could not always b that, but he was complete self, and sure of what h He must have learned i of life, and suddenly Bob that he had learned it t was in a new perspecti sense of values was differ that he was like a differe

"Mr. Bolles," Mr. M must not mind it, pleas

"Mind what?" Bob Bo

"That you are so un have killed that man," "When it is over, so un

"You mean," Bob as you mind a thing like th

Mr. Moto laughed in a way. "Sometimes yes no. Mr. Kingman really nice. I hope you are no

"No," Bob Bolles sa bottom of me. I gue tough."

"Oh, no," said Mr. M developing, please. If t I should be afraid of yo Mr. Moto laughed.

"I don't believe it," B makes me feel better to a whole lot better."

And it was true. He himself than he had f The palm-leaf huts by t

# ɐar Ma:
# 'This is ME –
# ɹ PULLMAN!



l, Ia . . . here I am taking my first trip in ul ıan. And every time I take one of my -f ɹt stretches I sure am glad I'm riding m ı. Riding most ways is just riding. But y 'ullman is *living!* And the service, Ma o at all I get on a Pullman . . .



**e a porter . . .** He calls me "sir" and treats me like a king. (I bet he thinks n ch older than 19.) He takes my bags and shows me my berth. He makes . E shines my shoes. He brushes my clothes. He brings extra blankets, llo s, even a drink of water at the press of a button! And, last thing at e ts what time I want to be called in the morning! (Gosh!)



**3. And the bed, Ma!** With *two* pillows, and fresh, snuggly sheets, and a nice soft, comfortable mattress, like the kind we have at home. All mine, Ma! Plenty of room to stretch and turn. Class, Ma? Listen! Two bed lamps, coat hangers, a little hammock to put my clothes in. And even a private air cooler *in my berth!* (What won't they think of next!)



**aw big league pitcher in the lounge!** We got qu ated, talked baseball to bedtime. (Gee, you nic people in a lounge car.) The lounge car, ow is just like a private club for everybody P lman ticket. It's a friendly place, with y airs, free magazines to read, and a porter o mp the minute you clap your hands!



**5. A washroom you can swing a cat in!** You might think, Ma, that a washroom in a Pullman is a hole-in-the-wall affair. But it isn't. It's big and roomy, with hot and cold running water, and a special bowl with a goose-neck faucet for cleaning my teeth. It even has an outlet for my electric razor. And Ma, you can use a million towels if you want! (It's wonderful!)




**6. And what do you think it cost?** Only $2.65 to ride *Pullman* the whole 300 miles; plus my first class railroad ticket. And this'll please *you*, Ma. It's the *safest* way to travel there is. So it's Pullman for my money. For you, too, Ma. From now on we travel in *style!*

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black and deserted in the moonlight. The people must have run into the bush again when they had heard their steps and voices; and they walked past the huts without speaking and down to the beach. The water was silvery in the moonlight and by the breakers there was a fiery phosphorescent glow.

"So very nice, the moon and water," Mr. Moto said. "Now we will build a fire, please. Here are some matches, Mr. Bolles."

There was enough small wood on the beach to build a fire. In five minutes it was burning brightly and all their faces were clear in the firelight.

"If Tom's out there," Bob said, "he won't be able to get through the reef until morning."

"I have a suggestion, please," Mr. Moto said. "I should like so much to be able to close my eyes. It will be so nice if you and Mrs. Kingman will give me your word not to leave the beach. I trust you, Mr. Bolles. Please, I treat you like one of us."

"Don't say that," said Mrs. Kingman. "He isn't one of us."

MR. MOTO sat down and placed his arms across his knees and rested his head upon them. Bob Bolles wanted to ask him if his shoulder hurt, but he did not. Instead he walked with Mrs. Kingman a little distance from the fire.

"Do you think he's all right?" Bob Bolles asked her.

"Yes," Mrs. Kingman answered. "It was in the shoulder. I helped him fix it. It hurts of course, but it's all right. Why, what are you laughing at?"

"I was just thinking," Bob said.

"What were you thinking about?"

"I was just thinking," Bob told her, "what I'm going to tell the boys on the Smedley if I see them."

"Don't," she whispered, and she looked at Mr. Moto sitting near the fire. "Don't talk about it now."

Then they sat down on the sand with their faces toward the sea. They just sat there not speaking for a long while.

"You're not angry with me," she asked, "because I—" She stopped. "The knife—I had to do it," and he knew what she meant.

"No," he said, "you had to. I can see a lot of things more clearly than I ever did before. I never realized before that there are some things more important than any two people or the way they feel. I've always been pretty egotistical, I guess. It's knowing you that's changed me."

"Why!" Her whole face lighted up. Her eyes were sparkling in the moonlight. "I was so afraid you wouldn't see. Why, it's been worth while if I've done that. No matter what happens, it's something to remember."

"I thought you never liked remembering," he told her.

"Not often," she answered slowly, "but there'll be a sort of a past with you. No one can stop that. I can always think how it would be if you were there and how it would have been if I were not just what I am. Yes, I'll love to think about it always."

"I'm sorry," he said, "about what I did—spoiling everything for you. It was just the same with me—I had to."

Her hand closed over his and her grasp was strong and steady.

"Of course," she said. "It's just the same. And no matter where you are, it's something to be proud of, something to remember. If things go bad with you, you must always think—promise me you will—that you did something splendid once. Why, you beat us all, my dear, some very dangerous people. I'm sorry for myself, but not as sorry as I'm proud of you. I'm all mixed up in my mind, because I'm a woman. Women ought to be at home looking after men."

"Everything you say is nev
"and everything you say I lil
"You like it, dear," she saic
it's dangerous to know me.
me back tomorrow."
"Yes," he answered, "if T
anywhere you say."
"It will be Kingston," she s
there will be no trouble for m
will be arranged and you nee
how. It will take a little whi
Kingston, won't it?"
"Yes," he said, "and that
pick us up."
"Oh, no," she shook her hea
have other things to think a
they see the plane. We will
while on the way to Kin
something, after all. You w
again after that. You mus
know my name. You mus
It had come. Perhaps he
it always would, but when h
say it incisively there in the
he felt the injustice of it ver
"Look here," he began.
I see you?" And then he fo
believing all sorts of th
seemed true at the momen
begging her to leave it all. I
ging her to stay with him, b
better, and she was hardly
him.
"Under the trees," she s
you were going to the plar
have waited until your back
but I couldn't. Now, do
stand?"
"That has nothing to do w
me," he told her.
"Oh, yes," she answered,
You see what I was plan
nodded toward the fire, bu
was very low: "He thinks w
we all wanted. I was plann
later. That would have be
portant than you. I can't
from what I am, and you
Don't you see? You'll be
to your country and I'll be
to mine."
"We can chuck it all," he
"Oh, no, we can't," she s
never mean that again—nc
you did tonight. You can
in the eye and you can jus
But there's still a little w
not back yet."
"No," he said, "not yet
tated. "When this war is
will be over some time—I'
for you. I couldn't help it

THE moonlight struck he
turned toward him, jus
she had moved nearer to h
dark.
"You'll wait," she aske
you?"
And he told her he wou
she looked surprised at fi
she smiled.
"It's queer," she said, "I
of that—I mean about son
there might not be war—w
might be lit again. I live i
—all of us have to. Perha
not to look too far ahead."
"I'll be looking for you,
said again.
"Will you?" she asked
"Well, I'll be very glad an
ing for you too. Kiss me,
on leave of absence now
mind Mr. Moto. If he w
wouldn't mind."
He wanted to get away, t
and he was deathly afra
would not come back, bu
saw the Thistlewood just
after he saw the first strea
the horizon. He must ha
island in the dark and hav
ing outside waiting for the
almost as soon as Bob
houette, just beyond the re
under power and began h

hannel. He was afraid at first
n might get into trouble, but
nembered the bearings. Tom
ood sailor. By the time the
lashed, the beach and the wa-
nd it were faintly pink in the
nd all three of them walked
he water's edge. Although Mr.
s most polite, it was clear that
ery anxious to see the last of
s face was several shades paler
could tell that Mr. Moto's
pained him.
aboard and have something to
said.
hank you very much, please,"
answered. "It is so very im-
r you, I think, that you should
my friends arrive. We want
difficulties, do we?" And Mr.
ghed. "Please call your boat-
. Tell him to come ashore at
ase." And Bob Bolles called
cross the water.
on, Tom," he called. And they
ching the dinghy come toward
hey did not speak until the
of the little rowboat scraped
ne sand and until Tom stepped
water and pulled the bow up
ach.

," Bob said, "I guess this is
lby. It's nice to have seen you,
." Then he was aware of a
n Mr. Moto's manner. Mr.
nile had grown more mechani-
eyes had grown more watchful
knew there was something else.
it was not finished yet.
e to have met you," Mr. Moto
ome other time again, when it
nter, I hope. You must step
once, please. The farther you
so much the better for you, I

ght," Bob said, and he turned
Mrs. Kingman. "You'd better
stern," he said. "Tom and I
her off." And then Mrs. King-
e a sharp surprised little cry.
had backed away from them.
erked his automatic pistol from
t.
' Bob said. "What's that for?"
oto stood with his feet carefully
the sand and the clean fresh
tered on the gold of his front
No," he said quickly, "it is all
st a precaution, please, in case
ld be angry at what I have to

' said Mrs. Kingman, "why—
at? Haven't we said every-

Mr. Moto shook his head at her and his voice sounded less polite. "Mrs. Kingman, please," he said, "I kept it for the last. I hope so very much you know what I mean."

"Why, no," said Mrs. Kingman. "What do you mean?"

Mr. Moto looked down at his pistol and back at her. "Excuse me, please," he said. "I think you have been so very nice and clever, Mrs. Kingman, through it all. I should be so sorry if you should leave thinking I was so stupid, please."

"But, Mr. Moto, I don't think you're stupid," Mrs. Kingman said.

"Oh," said Mr. Moto and he laughed, "so sorry I must be so impolite as to disagree when everyone has been so nice. You and Mr. Kingman both thought I didn't know."

"Why, Mr. Moto," Mrs. Kingman said, "know what?"

The gold in Mr. Moto's teeth glistened and he laughed, but not politely.

"It was so clever about the turbo supercharger, Mrs. Kingman," he said. "I know so very well it was not the turbo. Please do not bother to come back to get the rest of what is in the plane. I only want to say my friends and I shall get it, please. The Nipponese Intelligence is not as bad as that. It is Beam 21 Night Combat please, Mrs. Kingman."

"Oh—" Mrs. Kingman began, but Mr. Moto stopped her.

"So sorry to distress you," Mr. Moto said, and he took a short step toward them. "That is all, I think, please. Into the boat at once. You too, Mr. Bolles. Boy san, push it off. Goodby."

The bottom of the dinghy grated on the sand as Tom pushed off, wading beside it. Then he stepped in and picked up the oars and began to row. From the center thwart where he was sitting Bob Bolles could see Mr. Moto still standing close to the water. Mrs. Kingman sat in the stern with her back turned toward the beach. She did not speak, but her face was lighted by a faint, malicious smile and Bob could see that she was very happy.

"Goodby," Mr. Moto called. "So sorry for you, but good luck."

"Tom," Bob whispered, "put your back in it! Row like hell!"

"No," Mrs. Kingman said softly, "don't hurry. It's better he shouldn't know." Then she smiled at Bob and she seemed to have forgotten all about the island.

"Look at the color of the sea," she said.

THE END



**"Now we'll give you a brief resumé of the two touchdowns that were scored during that last commercial"**

THURSTON GENTRY


# "I'm the skeleton in the Greene family closet"



"Uh! Huh! That's what Dad called me, up until a few months ago."

"Hm! Pretty good-looking skeleton, Anne. But what's the horror story?"

"Ah! You should have known me, Bobby. I was scrawny and bony, and my nerves were . . . Ugh!"



"Were *what*, for goodness sake?"

"*Bristly as thorns* — like this! And then I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"Jiminy crickets, what's that?"

"A shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I took two cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S a day in nice cool tomato juice, and before very long . . . "

"Before very long—the girl I see before me now! But what's this about tomato juice?"

"That's the new way to take yeast. Look! Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass, and drink. Delicious!"






Read the label. FLEISCHMANN'S is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the important Vitamin B Complex are *natural* sources, such as yeast and raw liver. Remember, if you bake at home, that three of the vitamins in FLEISCHMANN'S, B1, D, and G, are not appreciably lost in the oven; they go right into the bread.

**Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast**
**For Natural Vitamin B Complex**

# Up from the Rai

**By Kyle Cric**

**Abbott and Costello started in burlesqu and they're still in burlesque—in the movie The corn is the same but the coin—ah, the**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WALL



**Skinny Bud Abbott an Costello are the hot edy team in the mo year both in point box-office gross and pers**

IT WAS ten o'clock at night and the boys were still whooping it up on stage eight at Universal. They had been there since six in the morning and still had four scenes to shoot but the gags were flying fast. Another Abbott and Costello comedy, this one Ride 'Em, Cowboy, and it would be like all the others—funny and full of old memories.

"All right, boys, let's go!" yells Arthur Lubin, the director.

"What's this one about?" asks Abbott.

"Haven't you read the script?" demands Lubin.

"To hell with the script," squeaks Costello. "What's it about?"

"You're in a jallopy and the Indians are chasing you. You lose your hat."

They get set in the car and stagehands begin jiggling the old crate to give the illusion of a wild ride. Costello nods at one of the stagehands and speaks out of the corner of his mouth to Abbott.

"Fame. Think of going home and telling the kids . . . I jiggle the car for Costello and Abbott."

"*Abbott* and Costello," Abbott corrects him sternly.

"An error in printin'," says Costello.

"Never mind. You lose your hat. Don't forget that."

"I lose my hat," admits Costello, getting adjusted in the seat. "Why?"

"Just because you're dumb."

"Smart guys don't lose hats?"

"No."

"You're a smart guy?" says Costello.

"Yes."

"So you're expectin' me to knock your hat off?"

"Yes. Why don't you?"—threateningly.

"I'm not so dumb."

"Come on, boys; let's go," says Lubin easily.

"He wants me to knock his hat off," says Costello, nodding at Abbott.

"I do not."

"You said you was expectin' it."

"I said you were dumb."

"That's different," says Costello, relieved.

"All right, boys; we're turning," says Lubin. "Just that one line . . . 'Where's my hat?' "

They bounced up and down on the seat of the jallopy, the wind machine blows furiously, the Indians appear on another projection screen behind them and gallop madly in pursuit. Lou grasps the wheel with desperation and tries to hold his hat. He loses it. The dialogue starts. Instead of one line, the loss of the hat now becomes an epic event.

"Where's my hat? Who stole my hat? Who's got that hat? Gimme the hat!" squeaks Costello endlessly, grabbing at the wheel, grabbing for his hat.

Abbott is just as steadily howling: "What hat? Where'd you lose it? I ain't got no hat! What hat?"

Lubin looks on complacently. In the early days of association with the wacks he never learned to yell "cut!" never to worry about the script, never to worry about the dialogue, never to worry about the picture.

In the excitement Costello loses control of the wheel and Abbott grabs it. Costello grabs it right back, yelling:

"Who the hell's drivin' this crib!"

That breaks it up.

"The movies," moans Abbott, breathlessly. "Just like a blood transfusion in reverse. They draw it out of you in quarts."

Nothing in the film industry is as hot as these ex-burlesque comics. They started in burlesque and they've never left burlesque; they aren't doing a thing now that they didn't do at Minsky's for $75 a week. Pavlov, the Russian scientist, spent years experimenting with dogs to prove that a certain sensation will produce a definite reaction. He could have done it much easier with Abbott and Costello. Mention in the English language and immediately turn on eight routines covering the subject.

"Corn, gentlemen, corn," sa the straight man. "Every gag to be seven hundred years ol

"Myself," interrupts Cos little fat one, proudly. "I'm

"An artist?" demands Abb at him menacingly.

"I'm in pitchas," explains a pitcha artist."

"Like Barrymore?" pre threateningly.

"More like Boyer," amend

"You wouldn't like a nice teeth, would you?" asks Buc

"Who's astin'?"

"Me."

"I will take your offer sideration," says Lou.

Their first starring film

*(Continued on page )*

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**YOU EVER FLOATED ON AIR?** The closest you'll come on earth to that sensation of complete and utter rest and relaxation—*luxury* comfort—is when you sink gently down into a Beautyrest.

# *So you're going to buy a mattress . . .*



### 1. Let a glass of milk guide you

You can't tell a thing about the comfort of a mattress by just looking at it. For comfort comes from the "heart" of a mattress: The coils inside. And there are two main types of mattress "insides"—the usual type and the Beautyrest.

So let's open up both kinds of mattresses. And see what this glass of milk can tell us about the difference between *common* comfort and *luxury* comfort.



### 2. Springs in an ordinary mattress are joined together

Whoops—over she goes! That's what happens to a glass of milk on any *ordinary* innerspring construction when a near-by spring is pushed down. The coils in such a mattress are all joined together. When you push one down, others around it must go down, too.

Like sinking your fist into a hammock, your body causes this kind of mattress to *sag* toward the spot where your greatest weight lies.



### 3. But Beautyrest's 837 coils act independently

Rest a glass of milk on one of Beautyrest's 837 muslin-pocketed coils—push down any or all individual coils around it—and what happens? The glass stands as erect and steady as before, because Beautyrest coils are *independent* coils.

Because of those *separate* coils, your body is evenly cradled . . . *buoyantly* supported . . . however you lie or turn. That's why only Beautyrest gives you that blissful feeling of *luxury* comfort!



### 4. A 10-year guarantee that's conservative!

If any structural defect occurs within ten full years, your Beautyrest will be rebuilt free of charge. However, it will probably outlast that staunch guarantee.

For, consider this fact: the United States Testing Company tested 17 leading makes on their Mattress Endurance Machines (Cert. Test No. 11760). The Beautyrest lasted three times longer than even the next best make tested!



### 5. Why Beautyrest keeps "fresh" and fresh looking

The Beautyrest has *working* ventilators that keep the insides fresh and clean and sanitary. Hold your hand over one as you sit on a Beautyrest. You'll feel air come breathing out—fresh air being drawn back in, as you rise.

And, thanks to a patented "sag-proof" border, the edges stay firm and even, always. Lumps and hollows won't form, either. So, you need turn your Beautyrest only 4 or 5 times a year!




*This is the Beautyrest label.*

### 6. Is a penny a night too much for luxury comfort?

When you consider that, of the 17 makes tested, none lasted even *one-third* as long as Beautyrest—you begin to realize what a *bargain* it is at $39.50 (slightly more in Canada).

Then, when you figure its cost over the years, on our conservative 10-year guarantee alone, you *know* it's a bargain! *Only a penny a night.* And, no other mattress offers you the thrill of *luxury* comfort!

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, $19.75.




# DEFEN

THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of this great land of ours, every Firestone factory is working 24 hours a day. From these plants comes in ever-increasing numbers a wide range of products urgently needed for the defense of our country, our lives and our cherished liberty.

Famous for 41 years for the unsurpassed quality of its tires and other rubber products, Firestone has now become the world's largest manufacturer of ma ine g links and is one of a eric builders of anti-air ft gu and carriages. Our ill and master craftsn wh notable develc ment contributed so m to safety are now c centr the problem of *na nal*

Eagerly and wh hear entire Firestone ganiz loyally serving ou ounti hour of need. At t same

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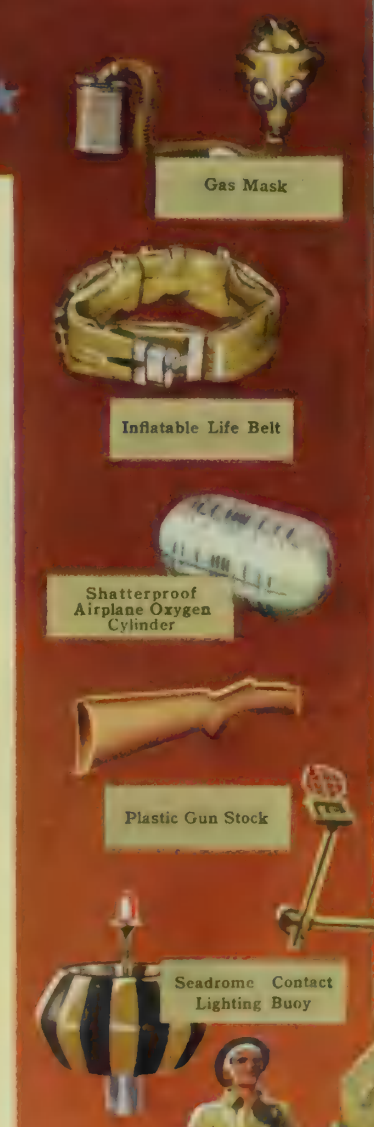
Defense of our country—defense of human lives—defense of America's rubber supplies — all are of vital importance to *you* and to *us!* That is why we of the Firestone organization say "Defense First!"

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# Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 22

e times when Mr. Crale used to resent Mrs. Crale's preoccwith Angela. Like all men, spoiled child—he expected evo make a fuss over *him*. Then ngela used to have a real setvery often Mrs. Crale would ela's side. Then he would be On the other hand, if *she* sup*m*, Angela would be furious. these occasions that Angela revert to childish ways and e spiteful trick on him.
d a habit of tossing off his nd she once put a lot of salt drink. The whole thing, of cted as an emetic, and he was te with fury. But what really hings to a head was when she of slugs into his bed. He had version for slugs. He lost his ompletely and said that the to be sent away to school. t going to put up with all this nsense any more.
a was terribly upset—though she had once or twice expressed erself to go to a large school, hose to make a huge grievance s. Crale didn't want her to go, ed herself to be persuaded—wing, I think, to what I said the subject. I pointed out to it would be greatly to Angela's e, and that I thought it would a great benefit to the girl. So ettled that she should go to –a very fine school on the ast—in the autumn term.
Mrs. Crale was still unhappy all those holidays. And Angela a grudge against Mr. Crale r she remembered. It wasn't erious, you understand, M. ut it made a kind of underhat summer to—well—to ev*else* that was going on."
ing—Elsa Greer?" Poirot said.
Williams said sharply, "Ex-

was your opinion of Elsa

no opinion of her at all. A ly unprincipled young woman." was very young."
nough to know better. I can xcuse for her—none at all."
ell in love with him, I sup-

Williams interrupted with a snort: "Fell in love with him, indeed. I should hope, M. Poirot, that whatever our feelings, we can keep them in decent control. And we can certainly control our actions. That girl had absolutely no morals of any kind. It meant nothing to her that Mr. Crale was a married man. She was absolutely shameless about it all—cool and determined. Possibly she may have been badly brought up, but that's the only excuse I can find for her."

"MR. CRALE'S death must have been a terrible shock to her," said Poirot.

"Oh, it was. And she herself was entirely to blame for it. I don't go as far as condoning murder, but all the same, M. Poirot, if ever a woman was driven to the breaking point that woman was Caroline Crale. I tell you frankly, there were moments when I would have liked to murder them both myself. Flaunting the girl in his wife's face, listening to her having to put up with the girl's insolence—and she *was* insolent, M. Poirot. Oh, no, Amyas Crale deserved what he got. No man should treat his wife as he did and not be punished for it. His death was a just retribution."

Hercule Poirot said, "You feel strongly . . ."

The small woman looked at him with those indomitable gray eyes. She said: "I feel *very strongly* about the marriage tie. Unless it is respected and upheld, a country degenerates. Mrs. Crale was a devoted and faithful wife. Her husband deliberately flouted her and introduced Elsa Greer into her home. As I say, he deserved what he got. He goaded her past endurance and I, for one, do not blame her for what she did."

Poirot said slowly: "He acted very badly—that I admit. But he was a great artist, remember."

Miss Williams gave a terrific snort. "Oh, yes, I know. That's always the excuse nowadays. An artist! An excuse for every kind of loose living, for drunkenness, for brawling, for infidelity. And what kind of an artist was Mr. Crale, when all is said and done? It may be the fashion to admire his pictures for a few years. But they won't last. Why, he couldn't even draw! His perspective was terrible! Even his anatomy was quite incorrect. I know something of what I am talking about, M. Poirot. I studied painting for a time, as a girl, in Florence, and to anyone who knows and appreciates the great masters these daubs of Mr. Crale's are really ludicrous. Just splashing a few colors about on the canvas—no construction, no careful drawing. No," she shook her head, "don't ask me to admire Mr. Crale's painting."

"Two of them are in the Tate Gallery," Poirot reminded her.

Miss Williams sniffed. "Possibly. So is one of Mr. Epstein's statues, I believe."

Poirot perceived that, according to Miss Williams, the last word had been said. He abandoned the subject of art. He said, "You were with Mrs. Crale when she found the body?"

"Yes. She and I went down from the house together after lunch. Angela had left her pull-over on the beach after bathing, or else in the boat. She was always very careless about her things. I parted from Mrs. Crale at the door of the Battery Garden, but she called me back almost at once. I believe Mr. Crale had been dead over an hour. He was sprawled on the bench near his easel."

"Was she terribly upset at the discovery?"

"What exactly do you mean by that, M. Poirot?"

"I am asking you what your impressions were at the time."

"Oh, I see. Yes, she seemed to me quite dazed. She sent me off to telephone for the doctor. After all, we couldn't be absolutely sure he was dead—it might have been a cataleptic seizure."

"Did she suggest such a possibility?"

"I don't remember."

"And you went and telephoned?"

MISS WILLIAMS' tone was dry and brusque: "I had gone half up the path when I met Mr. Meredith Blake. I entrusted my errand to him and returned to Mrs. Crale. I thought, you see, she might have collapsed—and men are no good in a matter of that kind."

"And had she collapsed?"

Miss Williams said dryly: "Mrs. Crale was quite in command of herself. She was quite different from Miss Greer, who made a hysterical and very unpleasant scene."

"What kind of a scene?"

"She tried to attack Mrs. Crale."

"You mean she realized that Mrs. Crale was responsible for Mr. Crale's death?"

Miss Williams considered for a moment or two.

"No, she could hardly be sure of that. That—er—terrible suspicion had not yet arisen. Miss Greer just screamed out: 'It's all your doing, Caroline. You killed him. It's all your fault.' She did not actually say, 'You've poisoned him,' but I think there is no doubt that she thought so."

"And Mrs. Crale?"

Miss Williams moved restlessly. "Must we be hypocritical, M. Poirot? I cannot tell you what Mrs. Crale really felt or thought at that moment. Whether it was horror at what she had done—"

"Did it seem like that?"

"N-no, n-no. I can't say it did. Stunned, yes—and, I think, frightened. Yes, I am sure, frightened. But that is natural enough."

Hercule Poirot said in a dissatisfied tone: "Yes, perhaps that is natural enough. . . . What view did she adopt officially as to her husband's death?"

"Suicide. She said, very definitely




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from the first, that it must be suicide."

"Did she say the same when she was talking to you privately, or did she put forward any other theory."

"No. She—she—took pains to impress upon me that it must be suicide."

Miss Williams sounded embarrassed.

"And what did you say to that?"

"Really, M. Poirot, does it matter *what* I said?"

"Yes, I think it does."

"I don't see why—"

But as though his expectant silence hypnotized her, she said reluctantly: "I think I said: 'Certainly, Mrs. Crale. It must have been suicide.' "

"Did you believe your own words?"

Miss Williams raised her head. "No, I did not," she said firmly. "But please understand, M. Poirot, that I was entirely on Mrs. Crale's side, if you like to put it that way. My sympathies were with her, not with the police."

"You would have liked to have seen her acquitted?"

Miss Williams said defiantly, "Yes, I would."

"Then you are in sympathy with her daughter's feelings?"

"I have every sympathy with Carla."

"Would you have any objection to writing out for me a detailed account of the tragedy?"

"You mean for her to read?"

"Yes."

Miss Williams said slowly: "No, I have no objection. She is quite determined to go into the matter, is she?"

"Yes. I dare say it would have been preferable if the truth had been kept from her—"

Miss Williams interrupted him:

"No. It is always better to face the truth. It is no use evading unhappiness by tampering with facts. Carla has had a shock, learning the truth—now she wants to know exactly how the tragedy came about. That seems to me the right attitude for a brave young woman to take. Once she knows all about it she will be able to forget it again and go on with the business of living her own life."

"Perhaps you are right," said Poirot.

"I'm quite sure I'm right."

"But, you see, there is more to it than that. She not only wants to know—she wants to prove her mother innocent."

Miss Williams said, "Poor child."

"That is what you say, is it?"

MISS WILLIAMS said: "I see now why you said that it might be better if she had never known. All the same, I think it is best as it is. To wish to find her mother innocent is a natural hope—and, hard though the actual revelation may be, I think, from what you say of her, that Carla is brave enough to learn the truth and not flinch from it."

"You are sure it *is* the truth?" Poirot asked.

"I don't understand you."

"You see no loophole for believing that Mrs. Crale was innocent?"

"I don't think that possibility has ever been seriously considered."

"And yet she herself clung to the theory of suicide?"

Miss Williams said dryly, "The poor woman had to say *something*."

"Do you know that when Mrs. Crale was dying she left a letter for her daughter in which she solemnly swears that she is innocent?"

Miss Williams stared. "That was very wrong of her," she said sharply.

"You think so?"

"Yes, I do. Oh, I dare say you are a sentimentalist like most men—"

Poirot interrupted indignantly, "I am *not* a sentimentalist."

"But there is such a thing as false sentiment. Why write that—a lie—at such a solemn moment? To spare your child pain? Yes, many women would do that. But I should not have it of Mrs. Crale. She was woman and a truthful woman. have thought it far more li have told her daughter not t

Poirot said with slight exa "You will not even consider, possibility that what Caroli wrote was the truth?"

"Certainly not!"

Miss Williams looked at P very odd way. "It doesn't n saying this now—so long after see, I happen to *know* that Crale was guilty!"

"*What?*"

"It's true. Whether I dic withholding what I knew at I cannot be sure, but I *did* w But you must take it from definitely, that I *know* Caro was guilty. . . ."

ANGELA WARREN'S looked Regent's Park. He spring day, a soft air wafted the open window and one n had the illusion that one w country if it had not been for menacing roar of the traffic low.

Poirot turned from the win door opened and Angela Wa into the room.

It was not the first time h her. He had availed himself portunity to attend a lectu given at the Royal Geogra had been, he considered, a lecture. Dry, perhaps, from popular appeal. Miss Warr excellent delivery: she neit nor hesitated for a word. S repeat herself. The tones o were clear and not unmelo made no concessions to ro peal or love of adventure. very little human interest ture. It was an admirable concise facts, adequately ill excellent slides, and with int ductions from the facts re precise, clear, lucid, highly

The soul of Hercule Poiro Here, he considered, was mind.

Now that he saw her at cl he realized that Angela W easily have been a very woman. Her features we though severe. She had fin dark brows; clear, intelli eyes; a fine, pale skin. Sh square shoulders and a sli nish walk.

There was certainly ab suggestion of the little pi "Wee wee." But on the disfiguring and puckering t that healed scar. The rig slightly distorted, the co downward by it, but no one realized that the sight of t destroyed. It seemed to He almost certain that she ha that disability so long that completely unconscious of occurred to him that of the in whom he had become i a result of his investigation might have been said to st fullest advantages were n had actually wrested the and happiness from life.

Elsa, who might have h have started with all advant beauty, riches—had done was like a flower overtaken frost—still in bud but with cilia Williams, to outward had no assets of which to b theless, to Poirot's eye, t despondency there and no ure. Miss Williams' life teresting to her—she was s in people and events. S enormous mental and mo

:t Victorian upbringing, denied these days—she had done her that station of life to which it sed God to call her, and that e encased her in an armor im- e to the slings and darts of scontent and regret. She had nories, her small pleasures, ssible by stringent economies, cient health and vigor to en- still to be interested in life.

n Angela Warren—that young handicapped by disfigurement nsequent humiliations—Poirot he saw a spirit strengthened essary fight for confidence and . The undisciplined school- iven place to a vital and force- an, a woman of considerable ower and gifted with abundant o accomplish ambitious pur- he was a woman, Poirot felt h happy and successful. Her full and vivid and eminently .

is not, incidentally, the type n that Poirot really liked. admiring the clear-cut pre- her mind, she had just a suf- ance of the *femme formidable* to alarm him as a mere man. had always been for the flam- nd extravagant.

Angela Warren it was easy to to the point of his visit. There bterfuge. He merely recounted narchant's interview with him. Warren's severe face lighted iatively.

Carla? She is over here? I e to see her so much."

ave not kept in touch with

y as much as I should have was a schoolgirl at the time to Canada, and I realized, of at in a year or two she would gotten me. Of late years an l present at Christmas has only link between us. I im- at she would, by now, be completely immersed in the Canadian atmosphere and that her future would lie over there. Better so, under the circumstances."

Poirot said: "One might think so, certainly. A change of name—a change of scene. A new life. But it was not to be so easy as that." And he then told of Carla's engagement, the discovery she had made upon coming of age and her motives in coming to England.

Angela Warren listened quietly, her disfigured cheek resting on one hand. She betrayed no emotion during the recital, but as Poirot finished, she said quietly, "Good for Carla."

Hercule Poirot was startled. It was the first time that he had met with this reaction. He said, "You approve, Miss Warren?"

"Certainly. I wish her every success. Anything I can do to help, I will. I feel guilty, you know, that I haven't attempted anything myself."

"Then you think that there is a possibility that she is right in her views."

Angela Warren said sharply: "Of course she's right. Caroline didn't do it. I've always known that."

"You surprise me very much indeed, mademoiselle," Poirot murmured. "Everybody else I have spoken to—"

She cut in sharply:

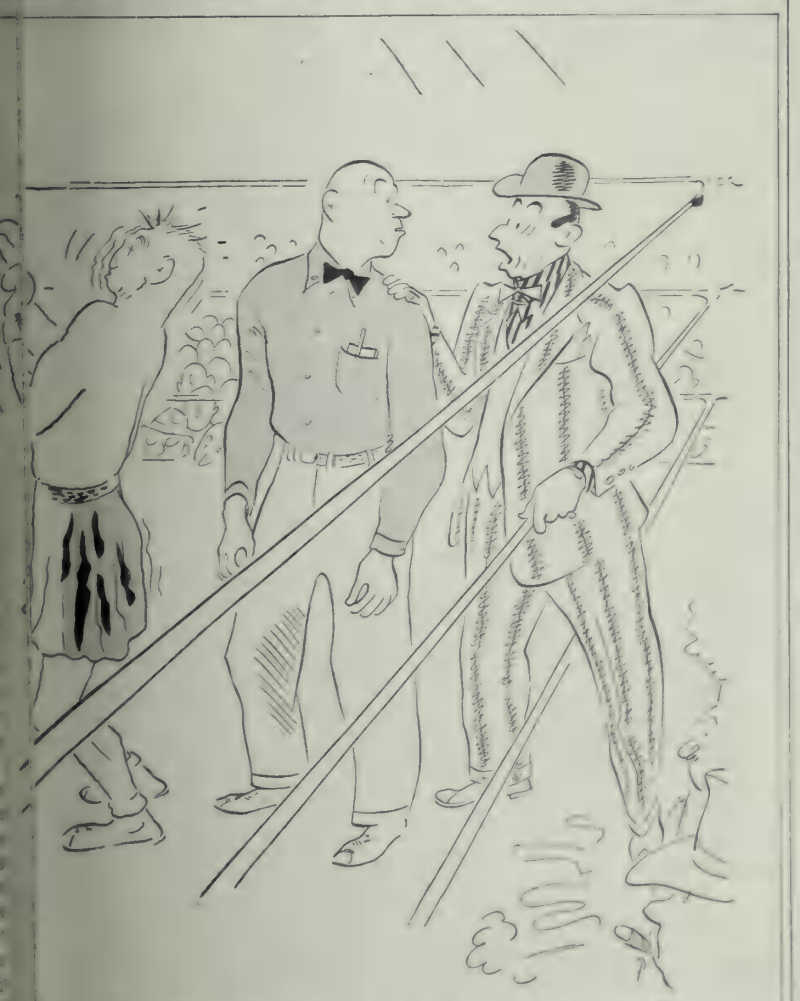
"You mustn't go by that. I've no doubt that the circumstantial evidence is overwhelming. My own conviction is based on knowledge—knowledge of my sister. I just know quite simply and definitely that Caro *couldn't* have killed anyone."

"Can one say that with certainty of any human creature?"

"Probably not in most cases. I agree that the human animal is full of curious surprises. But in Caroline's case there were special reasons—reasons which I have a better chance of appreciating than anyone else could."

She touched her damaged cheek.

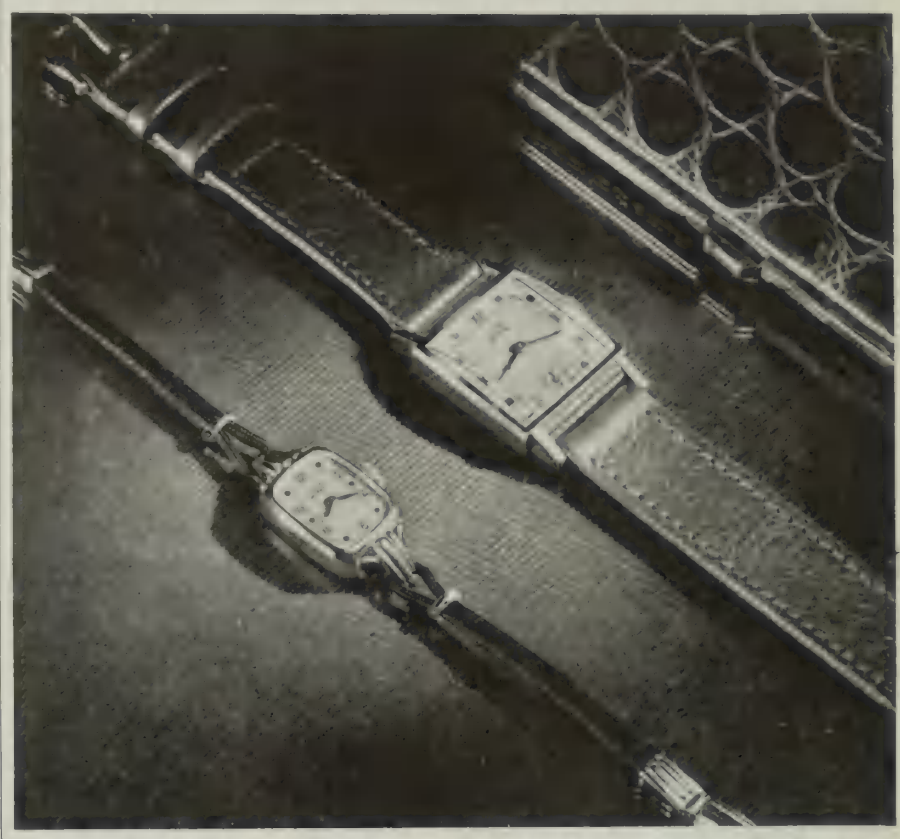
"You see this? You've probably heard about it?" Poirot nodded. "Caroline did that. That's why I'm sure—I



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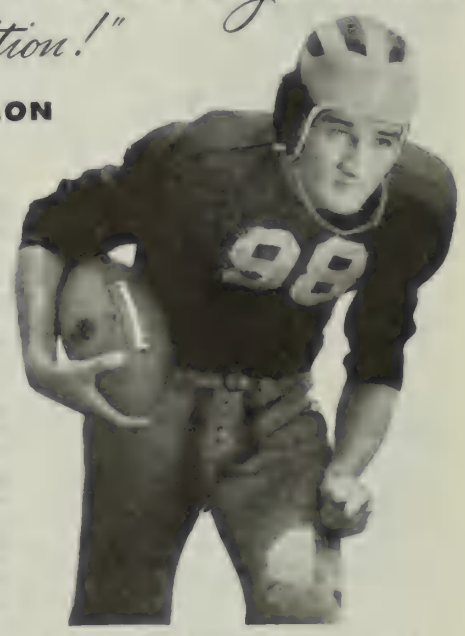
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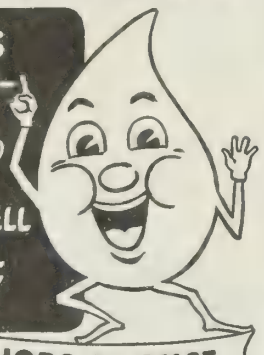
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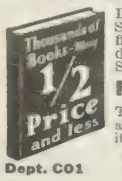


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*know*—that she did not do murder."

"It would not be a convincing argument to most people."

"No, it would be the opposite. It was actually used in that way, I believe. As evidence that Caroline had a violent and ungovernable temper! Because she had injured me as a baby, learned men argued that she would be equally capable of poisoning an unfaithful husband."

Poirot said: "I, at least, appreciated the difference. A sudden fit of ungovernable rage does not lead you to abstract a poison first and then use it deliberately on the following day."

Angela Warren waved an impatient hand.

"That's not what I mean at all. I must try and make it plain to you. Supposing that you are a person of normally affectionate and kindly disposition, but that you are also liable to intense jealousy. And supposing that during the years of your life, when control is most difficult, you do, in a fit of rage, come near to committing what is, in effect, murder. Think of the awful shock, the horror, the remorse that seizes upon you.

"If you are a sensitive person like Caroline that horror and remorse will never quite leave you. It never left her. I don't suppose I was consciously aware of it at the time, but looking back I recognize it perfectly. Caro was haunted, continually haunted, by the fact that she had injured me. That knowledge never left her in peace. It colored all her actions. It explained her attitude to me. Nothing was too good for me. In her eyes, I must always come first. Half the quarrels she had with Amyas were on my account."

Miss Warren paused, then went on:

"It was very bad for me, of course. I got horribly spoiled. But that's neither here nor there. We're discussing the effect on Caroline. The result of that impulse to violence was a lifelong abhorrence of any further act of the same kind. Caro was always watching herself, always in fear that something of that kind might happen again. And she took her own ways of guarding against it. One of those ways was a great extravagance of language. She felt (and I think, psychologically quite truly) that if she were violent enough in speech she would have no temptation to violence in action. She found by experience that the method worked.

"That's why I've heard Caro say things like, 'I'd like to cut so and so in pieces and boil him slowly in oil.' And she'd say to me, or to Amyas, 'If you go on annoying me I shall murder you.' In the same way she quarreled easily and violently. She recognized, I think, the impulse to violence that there was in her nature, and she deliberately gave it an outlet that way. She and Amyas used to have the most fantastic and lurid quarrels."

HERCULE POIROT nodded. "Yes, there was evidence of that. They quarreled like cat and dog, it was said."

Angela Warren said:

"Exactly. That's what is so stupid and misleading about evidence. Of course, Caro and Amyas quarreled! Of course, they said bitter and outrageous and cruel things to each other! What nobody appreciates is that they *enjoyed* quarreling. But they did! Amyas enjoyed it too. They were that kind of couple. They both of them liked drama and emotional scenes. Most men don't. They like peace. But Amyas was an artist. He liked shouting and threatening and generally being outrageous. It was like letting off steam to him. He was the kind of man who when he loses his collar stud bellows the house down. It sounds very odd, I know, but living that way with continual rows and makings up was Amyas' and Caroline's idea of fun!"

She made an impatient gesture.

"If they'd only not hustled me away and let me give evidence, I'd have told them that." Then she shrugged her shoulders. "But I don't suppose they would have believed me. And, anyway, then it wouldn't have been as clear in my mind as it is now. It was the kind of thing I knew but hadn't thought about and certainly had never dreamed of putting into words."

She looked across at Poirot.

"You do see what I mean?"

He nodded vigorously. "I see perfectly, and I realize the absolute rightness of what you have said. There are people to whom agreement is monotony. They require the stimulant of dissension to create drama in their lives."

"Exactly."

"MAY I ask you, Miss Warren, what were your own feelings at the time?"

Angela Warren sighed.

"Mostly bewilderment and helplessness, I think. It seemed a fantastic nightmare. Caroline was arrested very soon—about three days afterward, I think. I can still remember my indignation, my dumb fury—and, of course, my childish faith that it was just a silly mistake, that it would be all right. Caro was chiefly perturbed about *me*—she wanted me kept right away from it all as far as possible. She got Miss Williams to take me away to some relations almost at once. The police had no objection. And then, when it was decided that my evidence would not be needed, arrangements were made for me to go to school abroad.

"I hated going, of course. But it was explained to me that Caro had me terribly on her mind and that the only way I could help her was by going."

She paused. Then she said: "So I went to Munich. I was there when—when the verdict was given. They never let me go to see Caro. Caro wouldn't have it. That's the only time, I think, when she failed in understanding."

"You cannot be sure of that, Miss Warren. To visit someone dearly loved in a prison might make a terrible impression on a young, sensitive girl."

"Possibly."

Angela Warren got up. She said: "After the verdict, when she had been condemned, my sister wrote me a letter. I have never shown it to anyone. I think I ought to show it t It may help you to understa of person Caroline was. If yo may take it to show to Carl

She went to the door, th back she said: "Come with is a portrait of Caroline in

For the second time, P gazing up at a portrait.

As a painting, Caroline trait was mediocre. But Po at it with interest—it was tistic value that interested

He saw a long, oval face line of jaw and a sweet, sli expression. It was a face itself, emotional, with a witl den beauty. It lacked the and vitality of her daughter' energy and joy of life Carla had doubtless inherited fron This was a less positive cre looking at the painted fa Poirot understood why an man, like Quentin Fogg ha able to forget her.

Angela Warren stood at h —a letter in her hand. She "Now that you have seen w like, read her letter."

He unfolded it carefull what Caroline Crale had teen years ago:

"My darling little Angela

"You will hear bad ne will grieve, but what I war upon you is that it is all, have never told you lies now when I say that I happy—that I feel an ess ness and a peace that I known before. It's all ri it's all right. Don't look gret and grieve for me— your life and succeed. You It's all, all right, darling, a to Amyas. I haven't the that we shall be togethe have lived without him. one thing for me—be hap you—*I*'m happy. One has debts. It's lovely to feel

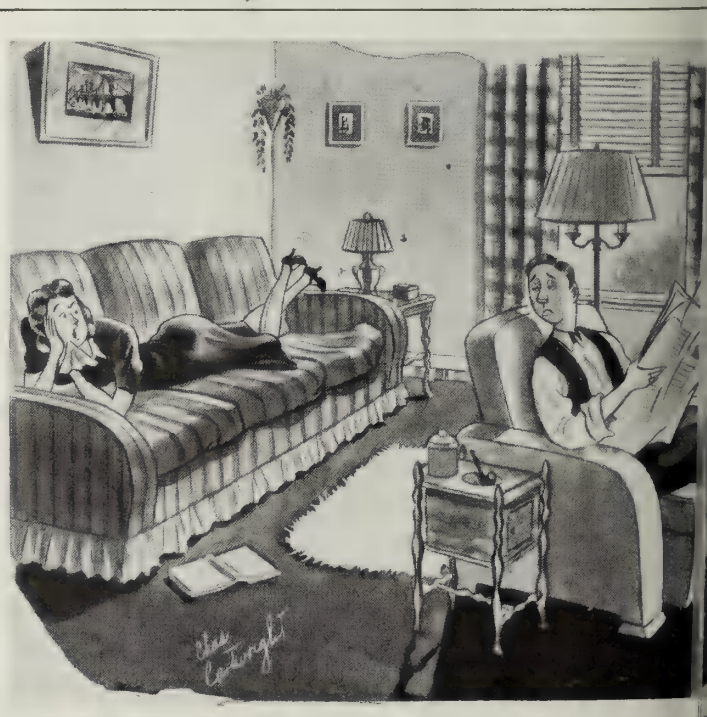
"Your loving

"CARO

Hercule Poirot read it t Then he handed it bac "That is a very beautiful moiselle—and a very rer A *very* remarkable one."

"Caroline," said Angela a very remarkable perso

"Yes, an unusual mind.



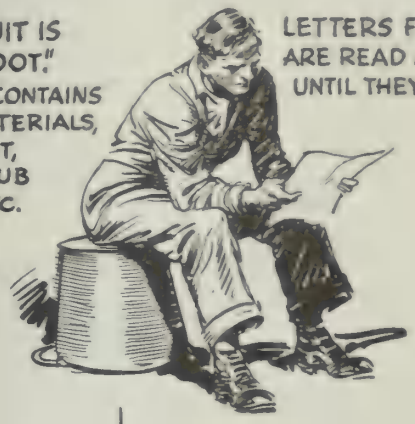
"Aren't you even going to try to guess what I'm mad at yo

# Life among the Leathernecks

## ently sketched in action at San Diego Marine Base by Texaco's artist FRANK GODWIN



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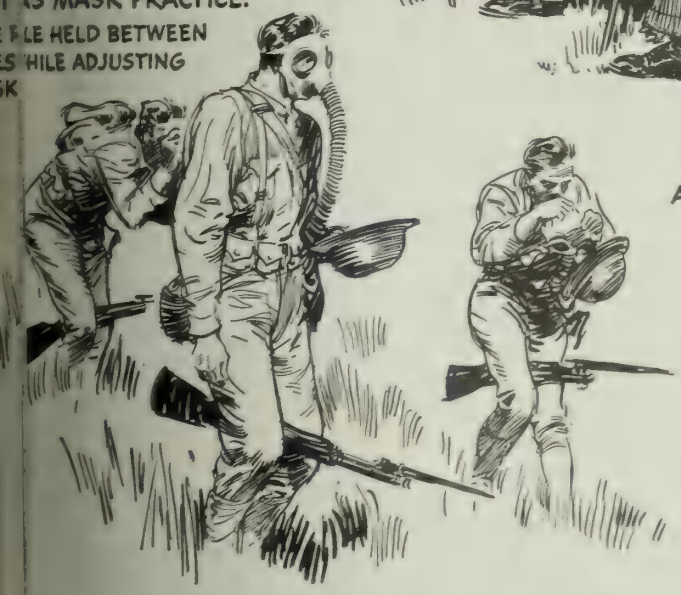
OLD-TIMER WINS PIE-EATING CONTEST—THEN ASKS FOR MORE PIE AS A PRIZE!



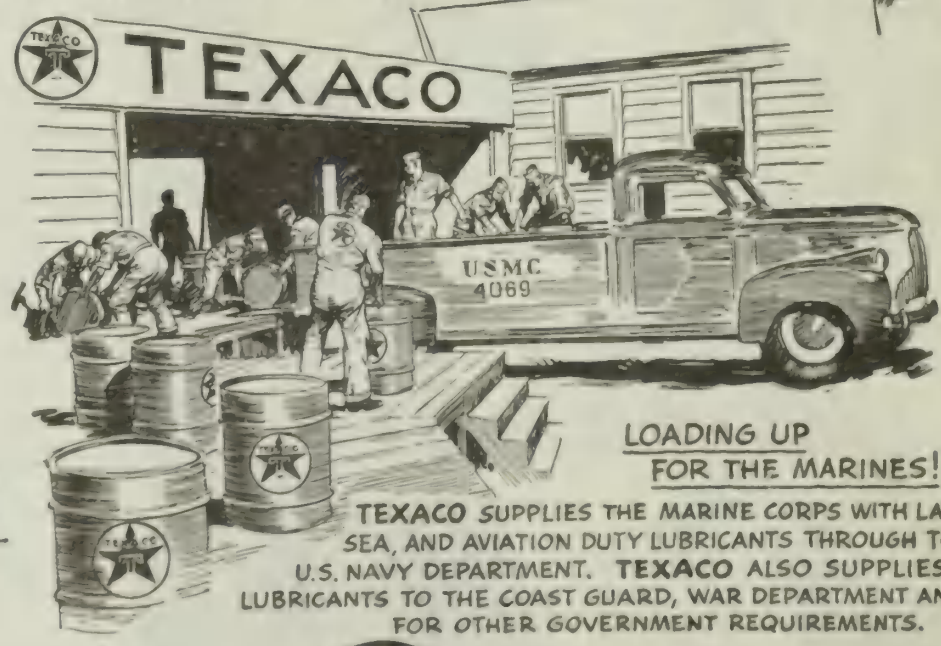


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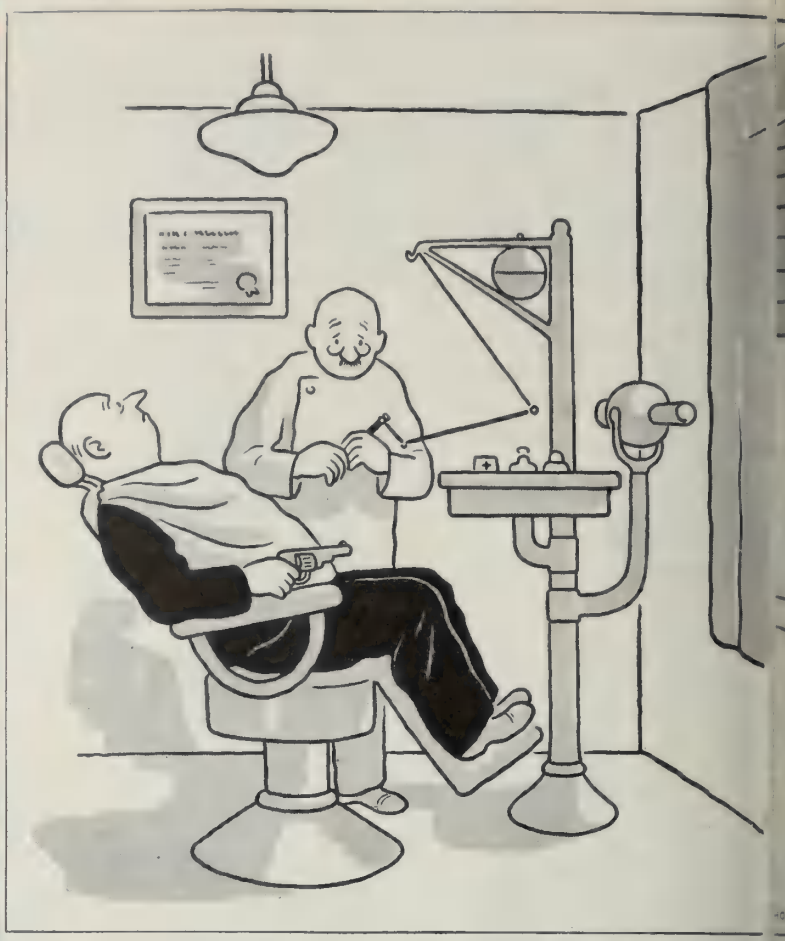
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it that this letter indicates innocence?"

"Of course it does!"

"It does not say so explicitly."

"Because Caro would know that I'd never dream of her being guilty!"

"Perhaps—perhaps. . . . But it might be taken another way. In the sense that she was guilty and that in expiating her crime she will find peace."

It fitted in, he thought, with the description of her in court. And he experienced in this moment the strongest doubts he had yet felt of the course to which he had committed himself. Everything so far had pointed unswervingly to Caroline Crale's guilt. Now even her own words testified against her.

On the other side was only the unshaken conviction of Angela Warren. Angela had known her well, undoubtedly, but might not her certainty be the fanatical loyalty of an adolescent girl, up in arms for a dearly loved sister?

AS THOUGH she had read his thoughts Angela said, "No, M. Poirot—I *know* Caroline wasn't guilty."

Poirot said briskly: "The *bon Dieu* knows I do not want to shake you on that point. But let us be practical. You say your sister was not guilty. Very well, then, *what really happened?*"

Angela nodded thoughtfully. "That is difficult, I agree," she said. "I suppose that, as Caroline said, Amyas committed suicide."

"Is that likely from what you know of his character?"

"Very unlikely."

"But you do not say, as in the first case, that you *know* it is impossible?"

"No, because, as I said just now, most people *do* do impossible things—that is, to say things that seem out of character. But I presume, if you know them intimately, it wouldn't be out of character."

"You knew your brother-in-law well?"

"Yes, but not like I knew Caro. It seems to me quite fantastic that Amyas should have killed himself, but I suppose he *could* have done so. In fact, he *must* have done so."

"You cannot see any other explanation?"

Angela accepted the suggestion calmly, but not without a certain stirring of interest.

"Oh, I see what you mean. . . . I've never really considered that You mean one of the other p him? That it was a delib blooded murder? . . ."

"It might have been, migh

"Yes, it might have been. certainly seems very unlikel

"More unlikely than suici

"That's difficult to say. . face of it, there was no reas pecting anybody else. Ther when I look back. . . ."

"All the same, let us c possibility. Who of those concerned would you say wa say the most likely person

"Let me think. Well, I him. And the Elsa creatu didn't. She was mad with ra died. Who else was there Blake? He was always ve to Caroline, quite a tame ca house. I suppose that *migh* a motive in a way. In a boo have wanted to get Amyas way so that he himself c Caroline. But he could ha that just as well by letting off with Elsa and then ir consoling Caroline. Beside can't *see* Meredith as a mu mild and too cautious. Wh there?"

"Miss Williams? Phili Poirot suggested.

Angela's grave face rela smile. "Miss Williams? really make oneself believe governess could commit Miss Williams was always ing and so full of rectitude."

She paused a minute and on: "She was devoted to course. Would have done a her. And she hated Amyas. great feminist and disliked m enough for murder? Surely

"It would hardly seem Poirot.

Angela went on: "Philip I was silent for some few mon she said quietly, "I think, y we're just talking of *likel* the most likely person."

Poirot said, "You intere much, Miss Warren. May you say that?"

"Nothing at all definite.


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nember of him, I should say
person of rather limited im-
'
limited imagination predis-
to murder?"
ht lead you to take a crude
ttling your difficulties. Men
pe get a certain satisfaction
n of some kind or other. Mur-
ery crude business, don't you
'
think you are right. . . . It is
a point of view, that. But,
ne, Miss Warren, there must
o it than that. What motive
ip Blake possibly have had?"
Warren did not answer at
stood frowning down at the
'
Poirot said, "He was Amyas
st friend, was he not?"
lded.
here is something in your
ss Warren. Something that
not yet told me. Were the
rivals, perhaps, over the girl
sa?"
Warren shook her head. "Oh,
hilip."
is there then?"
Warren said slowly:
u know the way that things
come back to you—after
rhaps. I'll explain what I
nebody told me a story once,
as eleven. I saw no point in
whatsoever. It didn't worry
ist passed straight over my
lon't believe I ever, as they
ht of it again. But about two
sitting in the stalls at a revue,
came back to me, and I was
ed that I actually said aloud,
I see the point of that silly
ut the rice pudding.' And yet
been no direct allusion on
lines—only some fun sailing
ar the wind."
said, "I understand what you
ademoiselle."
you will understand what I
to tell you. I was once stay-
hotel. As I walked along a
one of the bedroom doors
d a woman I knew came out.
t her bedroom—and she reg-
e fact plainly on her face when
ne.

*"And I knew then the meaning of the expression I had once seen on Caroline's face when at Alderbury she came out of Philip Blake's room one night."*

She leaned forward, stopping Poirot's words.

"I had no idea at the *time*, you understand. I *knew* things—girls of the age I was usually do—but I didn't connect them with reality. Caroline coming out of Philip Blake's bedroom was just Caroline coming out of Philip Blake's bedroom to me. It might have been Miss Williams' room or my room. But what I *did* notice was the expression on her face—a queer expression that I didn't know and couldn't understand. I didn't understand it until, as I have told you, the night in Paris when I saw that same expression on another woman's face."

Poirot said slowly: "But what you tell me, Miss Warren, is sufficiently astonishing. From Philip Blake himself I got the impression that he disliked your sister and always had."

"I know," Angela said. "I can't explain it, but there it is."

POIROT nodded slowly. Already, in his interview with Philip Blake, he had felt vaguely that something did not ring true. That overdone animosity against Caroline; it had not, somehow, been natural.

And words and phrases from his conversation with Meredith Blake came back to him: "Very upset when Amyas married—did not go near them for over a year. . . ."

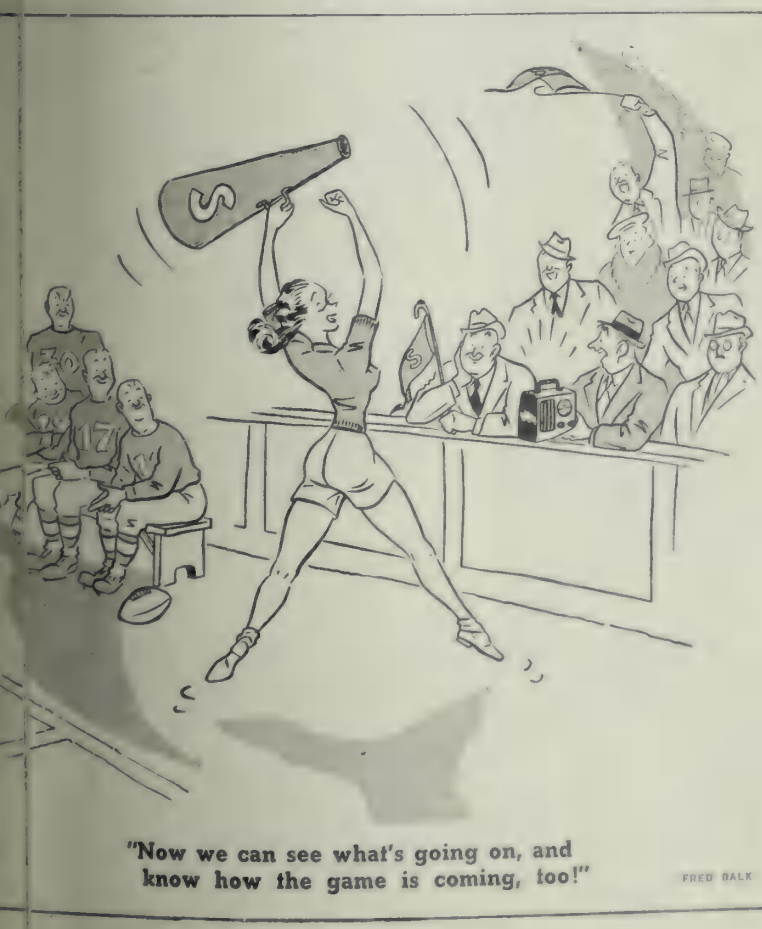
Had Philip, then, always been in love with Caroline? And had his love, when she chose Amyas, turned to bitterness and hate?

Yes, Philip had been too vehement, too biased. Poirot visualized him thoughtfully—the cheerful, prosperous man with his golf and his comfortable house. What had Philip Blake really felt sixteen years ago?

Angela Warren was speaking:

"I don't understand it. You see, I've no experience in love affairs—they haven't come my way. I've told you this for what it's worth in case—in case it might have a bearing on what happened."

*(To be continued next week)*



**"Now we can see what's going on, and know how the game is coming, too!"**

FRED BALK

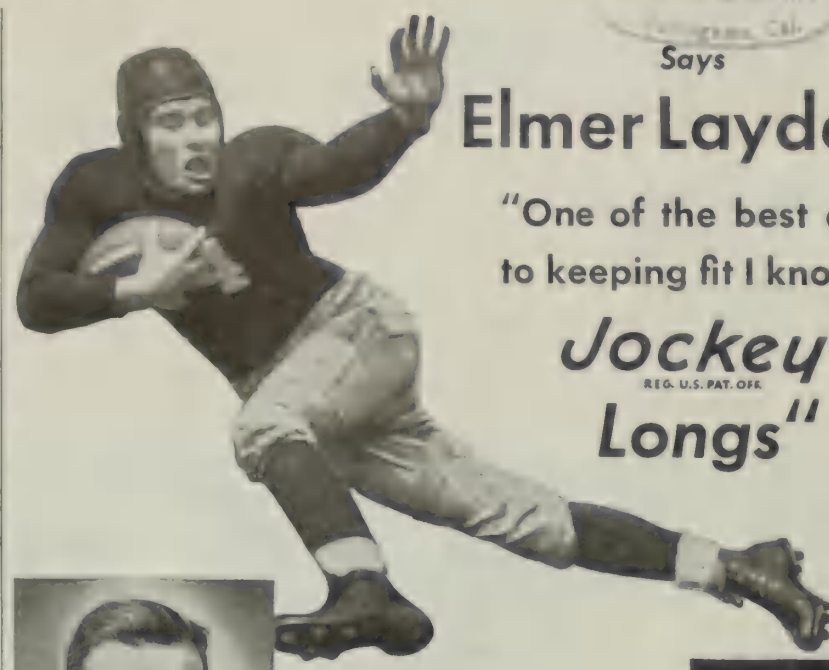

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Elmer Layden

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# The Witness Wouldn't Look

## By William MacHarg

**The Homicide Bureau took a good look at this mystery and came up with an easy solution. Elementary. Hand the case to O'Malley**

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

A GIRL got killed at ■ dinner party," O'Malley said. "Miss Daker her name was. It happened in an apartment building, in her sister's apartment. Six people was there for dinner, and a guy and his wife come in afterward. They was all starting to go home and this one kid got shot. She was twenty years old."

"What more?" I inquired.

"No more. The sister and her husband are named Mr. and Mrs. Suder. A bachelor guy named Mr. Davin was there and a Mr. and Mrs. Alvers. That was the dinner party. The people that come in later are named Mr. and Mrs. Victery."

"At least," I said, "there were plenty of witnesses."

"That's it," he declared. "The whole place was full of people and we can't find nobody that seen the girl knocked off. It had to be done by one of them people, but we can't find out who."



"What's being done in the case?"

"Cops are going to get all them p the apartment and make 'em do over ag claim to have been doing and see if w thing. I got told to go out there."

We went to the apartment. The pol there. Mr. and Mrs. Suder were ther nice-looking people and they had a sm The child was named Doris. She wasn't place had five rooms and was a "railroa all the rooms opening off a long hall. T was a living room and in the rear wa and, next it, the dining room. Betwe bedrooms and, between the bedrooms girl had been shot in the front bedroo Doris' nursery. O'Malley played with

"How was this?" he asked Suder.

"I wish we knew. We'd had dinner and Mrs. Victery came in. We all wer ing room and danced to the radio a drinks. Then they decided it was tim Alvers and I were in the kitchen mixin suggested that we have one more dr parted. Anne—"

"That's the dead kid," O'Malley re

"Anne had left her things in the she'd gone in there to get them and the light. Then we heard the shot. Al out into the hall and everybody else w of us. We looked into the nursery a dead on the floor and Doris was sitt crib and the gun was on the floor."

"Your gun," O'Malley stated.

"Yes. I have ■ permit for it, bec lot of money for my company sometin not carrying it, I keep it in the bureau bedroom. It was there that night."

"Yeah? What ones of them people the gun there?"

"Everybody at the dinner table mu it. My wife doesn't like me to carry a it out of my overcoat and put it in t she spoke about it during dinner."

"NO FINGERPRINTS on that gun, marked to me.

He kept on playing with the little gi to enjoy it.

"You don't know no reason why s want to kill your sister?" he asked M

"I don't."

"No trouble during the evening?"

"No."

"Where was you when it happene

"Mrs. Alvers and I were in the bed putting on her things and we heard the ran out into the hall. Mr. and Mrs coming out of the living room and M out of the bathroom. The colored ma in to serve dinner, was straightening room. She came out into the hall to any more than that, because I ran i up Doris and carried her into the bed badly frightened."

When we started to look through the little girl hung onto O'Malley's t picked her up and carried her.

"They scare you, honey, doing here?" he remarked to her.

There was a picture of the dead g room. She had been very pretty.

"Not much doubt about this case stated. "We don't know the motive how it was done. One of these peop woman who had reason for killing th at the dinner table where the gun w went secretly and got it and conceal her, clothing and waited to get the gi

"You're good."

"The point of the case is to pick o To begin with, we can eliminate the weren't at the dinner but came in af cannot have known the gun was in think we can assume that Mrs. Suder sister or Suder his sister-in-law; that and Mrs. Alvers, because when the sh Alvers was with Suder and Mrs. Al Suder. That leaves us Davin, who w body. Mrs. Suder says, when she ca bedroom Davin was coming out of door. The bathroom door *(Continue*

**Alvers and I ran out into the h body else was there ahead of u into the nursery and Anne was de**

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# Satan's Blacksmith Shop

**Continued from page 19**

"Dat's what all de mens thinks," Uncle Henry laughed, "but hit's a heap er ladies on de place'll tell you diff'unt."

He walked on, well pleased with his smart repartee, while B'r Charlie watched the prospect of rabbit stew fade from view.

"Dat ole devil," he grumbled. "He could 'a' gi'ed his pastor dat rabbit. But naw. He got to make a fuss about a lady. And him a ole broke-down deacon in my church! Ain't got nothin' to do but hunt rabbits and gi' 'em to his womens. Idle tongues sho is de devil's blacksmith shop."

As the afternoon wore on, twice B'r Charlie was forced to get up and shift his chair from sun to shade. He thought some about preaching a sermon on idleness, in which he would have a chance to cite Uncle Henry as an example.

FURTHER consideration of the subject revealed two flaws. He would have to denounce idleness, and that would be so unpopular his collection would fall off to practically nothing. And undoubtedly the word would get back to Giles. The foreman was just contrary enough to agree with B'r Charlie for once, and then launch that long-cherished plan to make folks chop their winter's wood while waiting for the cotton to open. The mere thought of chopping firewood when it was almost too hot to breathe filled B'r Charlie's soul with acute pain.

"Maybe efn I jest sets," he concluded, "somebody might come along and invite dey pastor out to supper. I bet might' nigh all de sisters is down at de bayou, fishing, right dis minute."

Toward sunset, when the evening breeze fanned his face and no invita had been forthcoming, B'r Charlie up and stretched. The heat devils stopped dancing on the path; and yc men and women strolled by separa and in couples. They went leisurely definitely toward the bayou banks. plantation truck came in from Shr port and the men at the commissary loaded it.

The sun suddenly went down ar was dark—black dark.

"I could," B'r Charlie told hin judiciously, "heat me up a bait er black-eye peas and whup me up a er cawn-bread."

Instead, he went to the porch an until moonup.

By the time the moon was tre high, B'r Charlie's empty stomach gan to plague him.

"Dat ole devil Henry!" he gro "He could 'a' give me dat rabbit." in a minute he was convinced that his discomfort was due to the lotma

"I'll fix dat ole scound'el," B'r Ch vowed. "Hyppercrittin' up and do bayou wid womens, givin' em ra and all, when his pastor is hongry!

Although the desire to "fix" the man had long smoldered in B'r Cha bosom, he had never found a wa accomplish his purpose. Now, wi even thinking about it, a plan pres itself.

"I'll hoodoo him!" B'r Charli clared. "I'll break him out in bile like ole Job in de Bible. And de chunk ashes in his face!"

Hoodooing was not one of Charlie's personal accomplishment he knew somebody who could do i ner though she was. Without a



GEORGE HAMIL

cience, B'r Charlie went inside
se, raised a brick from the hearth
k a fifty-cent piece from the tin

ole witch costin' fo' bits for a
," he grumbled, "but efn she do's
job, hit'll be worth hit."
utched down the path and across
ld to Modom Aw-bear's cabin.
arlie hated her, and she hated
ut hoodooing was her business
r four bits sentiment could not
wed to interfere with business.
e stepped upon her porch, B'r
heard a voice—a familiar voice.
go 'haid, Mis' Modom," B'r
heard. "You knows you put
in' 'sides de regular seasonin' in
at rabbit stew tastes so good I bet
t love powders in hit."
v, On-ree," Modom Aw-bear was
"jest de seasonin', yas. De salt
pepper."
t you said certain words," Uncle
insisted. "Hit tastes so good, I
and you was young, gal, I'd take
wkin' on de bayou bank."
Charlie heard them laugh. He
traged.
Henry!" he roared, stepping into
use. "A deacon in my church,
hyar jest a-hyppercrittin' and
n wid a hoodoo woman!"
ne in, B'r Charlie," Uncle Henry
rdially. "I and Mis' Modom Aw-
yar was jest finishin' off a little
stew. She stewed up dat rabbit
—pare-biled hit down and put a
certain things in hit. And what
wkin' 'bout, she cooked de fool
at rabbit. Good? Lawd, Lawd!
wa'n't so full, I c'd eat some mo',
was some mo' left."
Charlie's jaw dropped in disap-
ent. "You mean hit's all et up?"

witch woman withdrew into a cor-
and sucked through her teeth at

ng no chance for food, B'r Charlie
ighteous once more. "You down
oodooin' wid a witch woman." He
d an accusing finger at Uncle
. "I bet I'm gonter git you th'owed
e church."
skin offn my back," said Uncle
, still full of after-supper good
"Efn I don't come to church, well,
urch stand to lose a mighty holy
er."
urch-tawk-againster!" B'r Charlie
. "Dat's a low-down sin in any-
church!"
ybe," Uncle Henry suggested,
de one which names out what is
nd what ain't?"
nows my Bible," B'r Charlie said.
Bible," said Uncle Henry, "claim
got to he'p feed de widder wom-
pecially when dey kin season down
stew like Mis' Modom kin."
Bible," B'r Charlie said, "claim
sin to traffick wid a hoodoo lady,
Dle Kaing Saul tried hit, one time,
ad luck sho overtuck him."
ah," Uncle Henry pointed out,
uck overtuck him on account er
s runnin' wid a open swo'd in his
He jest stumbled and fell. You
ot to read in de Bible to find out
ad luck to run wid somethin' sharp
swo'd in yo' hand."
u kin read in de Bible whar hit say
odooin' is ogly and de Lawd don't
gly," B'r Charlie argued.
le Henry looked at the witch
n. "De Modom don't look too
e defended gallantly. "Kind er old
nt over, but I bet she was a right
ookin' brownskin befo' she lost
er teeth and ev'ything."
bet she never was," B'r Charlie
"I bet she was bawn ogly and I bet
nter die ogly. And hit's a sin to
to her house."
ogly, hunh?" Modom Aw-bear
d. "And hit's a sin to come at my
house, hunh? Den why you come to my house, you one-laig fool?"

Uncle Henry slapped his leg and roared with laughter. "I bet de answer to dat one ain't in yo' Bible, Charlie," he said. "But maybe de Widow Duck got de answer."

B'r Charlie was more than embarrassed. He was confused. "What Mis' Duck got to do wid hit?" he demanded.

"Nothin'," Uncle Henry said blandly. "Only I'm fixin' to ax her. I'm fixin' to say, 'Mis' Duck, what you reckon our pastor was doin' down at de hoodoo lady's house last night?' "

"You ain't got de cheeks," B'r Charlie said. He knew the lotman not only "had de cheeks" but that he would delight in spreading the scandal.

"I kin dry up yo' yuther laig," Modom Aw-bear was mumbling. "I kin make de hands dry up and drap off. I kin make de tongue swivel up and go 'way—"

B'r Charlie suddenly realized the hoodoo woman's curses were directed toward himself. He leaped back and held his crutch threateningly.

"I'll bat off yo' haid," he told her. "Don't make no ju-ju tawk on me!"

The old crone glared at him and continued to mumble: "De strenk, she quit yo' body, and you dry up like de leaf."

B'r Charlie grew faint. Spots came before his eyes and an uneasy feeling in his stomach made him want to sit down. He sat and looked helplessly around.

Uncle Henry was amused. "Mis' Modom sho put dat thaing on you dat time, Charlie," he said happily. "Dat was a fo'-bit ju-ju efn I ever seed one. And you's gittin' hit for nothin'!"

Now really frightened, B'r Charlie swallowed hard and made clacking noises. Old Satan himself had B'r Charlie by the soul and B'r Charlie knew it

Uncle Henry cackled, "You reckon, Mis' Modom, us had ought to charge B'r Charlie for dat ju-ju?"

The hoodoo woman, still holding the evil eye on the preacher, managed a twinkle for the lotman. "Sho," she said. "Make heem pay de fo' bits."

Uncle Henry extended a hand to B'r Charlie. "Mis' Modom is chargin' fo' bits fo' de ju-ju and I's handlin' de collection plate. Gimme."

B'R CHARLIE trembled. He tried to look toward the open door. In his mind, he knew there was not a thing the matter with him. He was a perfectly healthy man. All he would have to do to escape the taunts of Uncle Henry and the wicked eye of the hoodoo woman would be to rise, place his crutch under his arm and walk out. In his mind he knew it was a fact.

When he tried it, all he could do was sit and tremble. His leg seemed made of rubber and his hands too weak to grasp the crutch shank. He sat and made funny sounds in his dry throat.

"In de pocket, take fo' bits wid de hand," Modom Aw-bear ordered.

Like a sleepwalker, B'r Charlie's hand reached into his pocket and drew out the coin.

Uncle Henry, beaming approvingly, took the money. "I swear, B'r Charlie," he laughed, "for a dark-skin man, you look mo' like ashes den any ash-hopper I seed lately. Mis' Modom sho got you hoodooed outn de books!" He turned to the witch woman. "You reckon us hadn't ought to charge him 'bout six bits for dat job? Fo' bits don't seem hardly enough to me."

"Naw—naw—naw!" the preacher found tongue to protest. "I didn't bring but fo' bits. Please, Modom Aw-bear—"

"Fo' bits," the hoodoo woman said. "For fo' bits I put heem on. For fo' bits I take heem off."

"I ain't got no mo' fo' bitses," B'r


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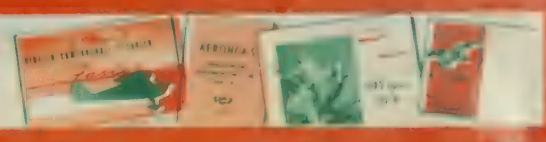
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Charlie howled. "I done tole you so—"

He was amazed to discover he was waving his hands and moving about and words were coming out of his mouth. His confidence returned.

"Gimme back my fo' bits, befo' I drags dis crutch acrost yo' haid, fool!" he shouted to Uncle Henry. "What I'm got to give anybody my fo' bitses for?" He moved menacingly toward the lotman.

"Mind out, now," Uncle Henry warned him. "De Modom'll hit you wid dat thaing agin. She jest laid hit on you, dat time. Next time, she'll chunk hit at you."

B'r Charlie was no longer afraid, but still he decided to play safe. He stopped threatening Uncle Henry and changed his tactics.

"Ain't no use in us fightin' and quar'lin' and goin' on," he offered. "Us ain't chilluns. De Lawd love us all." He glanced doubtfully at Modom Aw-bear and then nodded. "De Lawd love you, too, Sister," he told her. "Dat is, I reckon de Lawd'd love you efn you repent, believe and be baptized, and stop all 'er dat ju-ju."

Modom Aw-bear stepped close to B'r Charlie, glared into his eyes and once more sucked her teeth at him. "I dry up de tongue, I dry up de hand and de laig—"

B'r Charlie shuddered, and appealed to Uncle Henry. "Make her stop wid dat tawk," he begged. "Hit bothers me. Hyar I'm tryin' to pour de sperrit on a sinner and she come up wid dat kind er tawk."

"Modom is gittin' 'long mo' better wid her sperrit-pourin' den you is, Charlie," Uncle Henry pointed out.

"But hit's evil sperrits," the preacher argued. "I can't git in a lick nowhars."

"She jest got mo' stuff on hit den you got," the lotman said reasonably. "Maybe dat's on account er she so good at bein' evil, and you is kind er bad at bein' good."

B'R CHARLIE could not follow Uncle Henry's logic and his patience was short with anything that he could not understand.

"Aw, she ain't evil," he snorted. "She jest crazy."

Uncle Henry shrugged. "Well, all right," he agreed. "She crazy, you's skeered half to death, and I'm got yo' fo' bits."

At that moment, the cabin shook and shivered.

"Who got fo' bits?"

The Widow Duck pushed her huge bulk into the room. She was barefooted and bareheaded and carried an arm basket.

Modom Aw-bear retired to the shadows and sucked through her tee
one person on Little Bee Bend
penetrated her mystery.

B'r Charlie's heart missed t
and he aged ten years. He wa
redhanded by his senior ushe
frightful sin of which his consci
cused him but which his mind
hadn't had time to formulate.

Uncle Henry bowed and dra
foot politely. "Good eveni
Duckie," he said. "Come in

"Well, I swear, Uncle Hen
the Widow Duck. "I didn't k
was gittin' about, down disaw
you, B'r Charlie?— Cissie
stop suckin' yo' teeth at me,
another lamp, dis minute! Y
dis house too dark to suit me."

Modom Aw-bear crept ou
shadows and lighted a kerose
The Widow Duck sat down he

B'R CHARLIE, recapturing his lost dignity, opened hi
with an attack.

"What you doin' down hyar
er 'niquity?" he demanded.
I run a church holy, and all
senior usher traffickin' wid de

"Ain't hit de trufe!" agreed t
Duck. "Dat's 'bout de way
hit, too." She adjusted her b
comfortably and set the bask
lap. "Ev'y since I got done
crop," she went on, "I didn't h
to do but jest meditate and
do a little fishin' on de bayou.
fish was bitin' so good and I e
dat I started to feel like ole Jo
I prayed and meditated so m
so holy I couldn't stand mys
jest made up in my mind I
backslide a little bit, jest to
subjeck."

"You? Fixin' to be a ba
Uncle Henry was shocked.
Duck!"

"Mind out," she cautioned.
old and fat to do any rale sho
slidin'. Dat stuff is for d
Henry. You knows dat. I h
and you had yo' day—"

"And de season kinder
Uncle Henry supplemented.

"Yas," the Widow Duck ag
hit's too hot and I'm too big
git a pint er wine and wav
down de big road like a man-

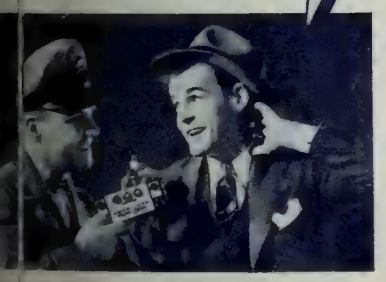
"You wouldn't had de ch
claimed B'r Charlie, shocked

The Widow Duck scowl
preacher. "So I figgered ou
easiest on-holy thaing I c'd
sumed. "And hit figgered do
in' a friendly visit over hyar
Er cou'se, hit ain't on-holy t
sie, on account er she ain't n
doo woman. But ev'ybody




**"One side, bum! I'm coming in on the beam!"**



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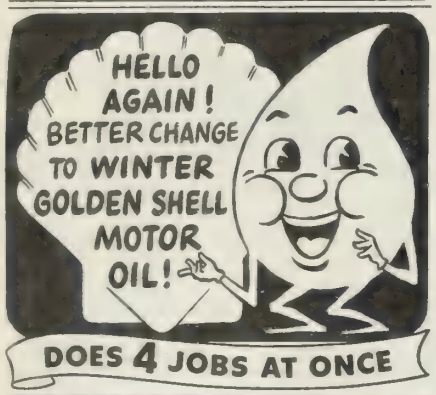
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"Mark! Wake up! Did you forget to tip the boy?" GENE STANLEY

and de Lawd think she is, so hit comes out about de same. 'What be's in yo' mind, be hit tharfo' likewise in my kingdom.' So say de sperrit. God will change conditions."

"Amen," said Uncle Henry.

"'And ye shall abide tharin ontwell seven times seven—'" B'r Charlie added.

"Shet up, Charlie," the Widow Duck said, breaking in on what the preacher hoped would prove overwhelming Scripture. "And so, jest to make hit double, I got all er de fried fish I couldn't eat for my supper and brang hit along for Cissie."

B'r Charlie's stomach leaped hopefully. "Is hit fried fish in dat basket?" he pleaded. "I knowed I smelled fish." He reached.

The Widow Duck drew back and cuffed the preacher away. "Mind out," she told him. "I ain't feedin' me no preachers dis day. I'm out to do sin and feedin' preachers ain't no sin. I'm fixin' to feed a hoodoo woman. And you, too, Uncle Henry, efn you ain't too holy."

Uncle Henry grinned. "I'm sort er full er rabbit stew," he apologized, "but I ain't never been so full er nothin' dat I couldn't whup off a little fried fish. And you, Mis' Modom?"

"Feesh, he good after rabbit stew," the witch woman said. "You like some rabbit stew, Duckie?"

"Sho, I like some rabbit stew," the Widow Duck accepted. "I ain't had me a bait er rabbit stew in a month er Sundays."

"Hit's been rabbit stew hyar all dis time?" B'r Charlie demanded. "And me so hongry I'm droolin' at de mouf?"

The Widow Duck glared. "Did anybody ax you to come down hyar?"

"No'm," B'r Charlie admitted.

"Well, you git out and start figgerin' up some ole rusty lie to tell me how come you's down hyar. Givin' fo' bits er de church money to de hoodoo lady! Now, you git."

B'r Charlie walked back to his house, feeling very hungry, tired and dejected. The Widow Duck had caught him at the hoodoo woman's house and more, she had learned in some way that he had spent four bits of the church's money. Uncle Henry, the least respectful head deacon a preacher could have, had taunted him cruelly before a sinner woman. And Modom Aw-bear had caught him off guard and scared him nearly to death.

It was a completely bad world and everybody in it was against him.

He found Giles on the porch, impatiently waiting.

"Efn you'd stay home at nights 'stid er rampin' 'bout wid de womens," the foreman said crossly, "I wouldn't have to set up all night long to tell you de news."

"But Mist' Giles," B'r Charlie protested weakly, "I ain't been rampin' 'bout—"

"I don't keer whar you ain't been or whar you is been," Giles snapped. "I'm fixin' to tell you whar you fixin' to be in de mawnin' at sunup."

"Yassuh."

"De Bossman," the foreman informed B'r Charlie, "is fixin' to pull all de cotton to de gin next fall, wid de tractors, 'stid er wid de mules. And dat means hit's got to be rubber-tire wheels on all de wagons. And dat'll take new axles and a heap er yuther fixin'. Onderstand?"

B'r Charlie grunted.

"De fust load come out tonight 'bout sundown," Giles went on, "and you gonter be at de shop at sunup in de mawnin'. Efn I and you hustles f'm now ontwell pickin' starts, us kin jest about git all er dem wagons fixed."

"Yassuh."

"Den lemme see you at sunup. And be in high gears!"

WHEN Giles had left, B'r Charlie went inside, lighted a lamp and built up a fire in his cookstove. He set the black-eyed peas on to heat, while he mixed cornmeal, water and salt to make a pone.

As he ate his lonely, meager supper, B'r Charlie pondered the evils of idleness. His pleasant afternoon of "jest setting" had turned to gall and wormwood.

"Yassuh," he nodded to himself; "a idle tongue is de devil's blacksmith shop."

Then he remembered the bad news Giles had brought.

"And efn I wa'n't so busy fixin' dem wagons up," he said virtuously, "I'd git down in de woods and cut my next winter firewood, whilst I wa'n't doin' nothin' else. I'm gonter preach about dat, next Sunday, and den I'm gonter speak to Giles about hit."

He reviewed the decision in his mind and nodded his head sagely.

"Yassuh," he repeated. "I'm gonter speak to Giles about hit. Hit's a sin and a shame de way people lay around hyar doin' nothin'. Even ole man Henry, ole enough to die, gits about de ladies wid a rabbit in his hand. I'm gonter name dat ole devil out in my sermon, come Sunday, sho!"





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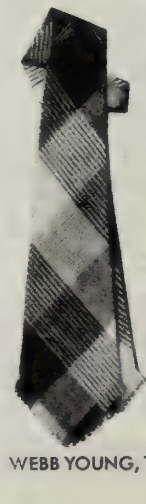



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# Up from the Rank

Continued from page 42

made for peanuts and gross- ns. They have since made In , Hold That Ghost and the ic. After this they will be ap- something concerning the air bbott will be caustic and sar- ostello will do his best to . Traditionally old-fashioned, ut farce, Abbott and Costello's brought up to date by their a sort of toughness that is fashionable.

n't let anybody kid you," says "It's the same old corn."

is the lean and hawk-eyed wise sharpshooter who usually gets t word. Costello is round and th the resigned expression of tually abused buffoon. Ab- ough and deceitful and con- eads his partner on; Costello d-natured dope whose high, voice is occasionally raised in plaint.

erce," explains Costello. "I the verce. Used to be a boy

no, you mean," prompts Ab-

ne," persists Costello. "Hadda to get me in the first grade." Francis Cristillo eventually from P. S. 11, Paterson, New The Costello came later when love with the screen version of Costello. What burned him up terson was that he could never e amateur shows. His brother a dance orchestra and put up h when Lou and his pal, Joe started hitchhiking to the ast. It took them weeks and ght for a time they'd have to settle permanently in Oskaloosa, Iowa.

"Pat swears he sent the dough but it never came," says Lou. "Probably a Republican administration."

If you have time and Lou can get away from the studio, he'll take you around Los Angeles now and show you where he lived in those sad days. He'll point at a dump on a side street and say:

"That's where the coroner came to hold the inquest. I was dead. Starvation."

Nobody wanted him as an actor and he finally became a stunt man. That was strictly from desperation. He heard that King Vidor needed a derring-do to jump off a thirty-foot roof, and rushed over for the job. Mr. Vidor was apologetic: it was a big hop, they'd have to put sand instead of gravel on the roadway for landing and there was doubt that Lou could manage the descent with the proper grace.

"How do you mean?" cried Lou, racing up to the roof and leaping off, landing on the back of his neck. "Like this?"

Mr. Vidor thought that was about it and Lou was a stunt man for several years, being halted finally by a football picture in which he was to be crushed by the entire U.C.L.A. eleven. He was. He started back east, got stranded in St. Joe, Missouri, and was only saved by the news that a burlesque company currently playing there needed a German-dialect comedian. He became a German-dialect comedian.

It was when Lou was traveling with this outfit that he met Bud, who was cashier of a burleycue house in Brooklyn. All visiting showmen were crazy about Bud because he is a maniac at




**—what we would do to your skin if you could leave it overnight!"**





BOB HOPE says:

**"I cannot tell a lie! I must tell nothing but the truth!"**



**You know what I am?**

A dementia cortical with an over-active thalmic predicosis! In other words—a **jerk!** Anyway, that's what the doctor says. Before the man in the white coat comes along, I wanna tell you how I got that way.

It all happens in my new picture called *"Nothing But The Truth."* I play the role of a fella who has to tell nothing but the truth for 24 hours in a row. Gee . . . am I a sucker . . . all I get for it is ten thousand dollars and *Paulette Goddard!*

No kidding, folks, *"Nothing But The Truth"* is a lot of fun, and I think you'll like it very much. Did I remember to tell you it's called **"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"?**

**Now lend an ear** while we tell you about the picture all Hollywood predicts will be the Academy Award Winner for 1941. It's called **"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"** and stars three of your favorites, *Charles Boyer, Olivia de Havilland* and *Paulette Goddard.* A great drama, a heart-searching love story, an emotional experience . . . mark our words, *"Hold Back The Dawn"* will be at the head of the list of the year's great pictures.



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Introducing a sensational new Henry Aldrich—**Jimmy Lydon** in *"HENRY ALDRICH FOR PRESIDENT,"* with cute-as-a-button **June Preisser!**



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Norwich

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.


games of chance and has never won a nickel in his life. Lou had him in a rummy game, trying to add to his thirty-five a week stipend when it occurred to both of them that they might make a good team. Lou needed a straight man and broached the idea. Bud considered it.

"You're dumb and funny-looking and I'm smart," he said finally, "maybe it wouldn't be so bad."

"That's right," agreed Lou magnanimously. "Give me the $3.28 you owe me."

That rummy game has never stopped. They put down the cards carefully when they have work to do but they come right back to them. In the course of ten years it is estimated that Bud has lost approximately $3,000 to Lou. When they came out to Hollywood as stars and got into the large folding money, Abbott looked for new worlds to astonish. He got into a big poker game and lost $2,500 the first night. Friends suggested to Costello that his pal might be playing with crooks.

"You could give that guy the deck and play him with his own discards and still you'd beat him," said Lou.

Abbott comes of theatrical stock. His father was advance man for Ringling's for years and his mother, Rae Abbott, was a famous bareback rider for the circus. They wintered at Coney Island, where Bud would manage to get in a few months of school, but his life belonged among the grifters and barkers. He was an auto racer around 1900; he sold orangeade for a concession owned by Marie Dressler at a period when the star was down on her luck; he wanted to be a lion tamer but was cured by the sight of his teacher being chewed industriously by a tiger; he was shanghaied when he was seventeen and spent eight months in Norway before he could work his way back. He ran "tab" until the movies came along and smacked him; he operated a circuit of burlesque shows with his brother Harry until the 1929 tidal wave swept them away. He was glad enough to have a job when Lou came along. Lou barely had a job.

### "I'm a Ba-a-a-d Boy"

By the time they got into big-time burlesque it had reached the depths. Smut had replaced comedy; the strip tease had replaced everything. Jean Bedini saved them from a terrible fate; he told them they were funny enough without off-color stuff. Managers didn't like that very much and complained. Bud always let Lou handle those raps. They would demand more sex in the skits, more blue stuff. Lou would protest that he didn't know any, couldn't think of any. Finally, being pressed, he would declare flatly that he *wouldn't* do it. Why won't you? the managers would bellow in wrath.

"Because I'm a ba-a-a-d boy," Lou would cry, holding his thumb in his mouth. That became the tag line of their act and eventually of their radio and theater work.

They kept trying to escape from burlesque, but the best they could get were one-shot vaudeville dates for as little as ten bucks a throw. Their biggest luck was a summer season each year at Steel Pier, Atlantic City.

"Never got in the water because we were doing eight hundred and twelve shows a day," says Bud, "but we could see it occasionally."

When they went back to Steel Pier this summer the boys were being booked at a mere $7,500 a week, keeping the price low for sentimental reasons. It seems that in the old days the management used to stake them to a new suit at the end of summer to get them started back in burlesque again. Since the regular A. & C. fee now is $10,000 a week that slight gesture returned dividends.

But their real break came when they got into Streets of Paris on Broadway, where they were sensations.

They will take in around $250,000 this year. Buck Privates, which cost around $200,000, has already grossed over $1,500,000. In the Navy will pass $2,000,000. As a token of their affection Universal, straining slightly at the seams, came across with a bonus of $25,000 each for the gentlemen early this summer. Comedy moves in cycles and often in mysterious ways, for Laurel and Hardy, also slapstick comedians, had just been dropped in Hollywood when Abbott and Costello came along with the same sort of material and became sensational. So sensational, in fact, that Laurel and Hardy are now back.

Both gentlemen married chorus girls and are still wed after ten years. The boys are friendly but the families agreed long ago to keep their lives separate. When Costello bought a house, Abbott bought a house. When Costello put in a swimming pool, Abbott put in a swimming pool; they cost the same almost to the penny.

Both are intensely loyal to their old pals. Joe La Cava, who hitchhiked with Lou, now plays in all Abbott and Costello pictures. Frank Penny, who helped Abbott with loans and solace when his burlesque circuit blew up, not only works in all Abbott and Costello pictures but shares Abbott's house in the Valley. Costello has bought a ranch for his parents, who are coming out to Hollywood in January. Pat Costello is also working for the boys.

Another steady member with the outfit is John Grant, the writer, who has been with them for years and now writes their screen plays. Some observers consider this the softest job in the world since the boys never follow the script anyhow. When they came to that portion of In the Navy where Grant, in a sheerly inspired bit of writing, set down the words: "Lou climbs in the hammock," Lou fixed that by yelling:

"Don't tell me; don't say that camera going."

That became a scene o proportions. Lubin, the di well back to keep from getti Costello did the rest. He to the ship hammock and fel other side with a thud. Whe it again, the hammock tur and he landed on his head. it by his toes, he rode it lik bronco, he had it swingin forth like a jumping rope, to it, he patted it. He finall it, after about five minutes niest screen fare of the yea

### A Gag is Bor

When it came to the ho studio wanted them to do a ticing with the nags before started but they would hav When they mounted the n the first time, the cameras ing and the shots were gre trouble was that Costello trampled to death. He didn back on again. That started routine, with Abbott actin ducer. He recited the vi four-footed friends. With eyes he related episodes of that had galloped the last t a broken leg to rescue their brought the steed over a that all would be well if signs of friendship. Just nose; just a stroke of the

Lou squeaked in terro away.

"What's the matter?" d

"Did you see his eye?"

"What's the matter with

"He recognized me."

"He recognized you?"

"He knows me."

"He knows you?"

"It's the Northwest Mo . . . revenge."

"Revenge?"

"My old man shot the Paterson, New Jersey. . . after me."








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Behind this simple menu—typical instance of the Companion's menu planning—science has worked for decades in its laboratories. You will find in the November issue of Woman's Home Companion menus for 28 days. Broad base of all these is the featured double spread chart showing the *indispensable foods*, in their natural colors. Here is all you need to know—the 7 "musts"—for sound nutrition.

*Dinner*

Tomato bouillon Whole wheat croutons
Roast stuffed veal
Parsley potatoes Yellow turnips
Orange and onion salad
Floating island Coffee

This is the opening engagement in what we believe will be the ranking nutrition program of the nation. The Companion has spent thousands of hours and thousands of dollars in experiment, travel and consultation, keeping on top of developments on the nutrition front—tying in with the national defense need to tell women about food *values*, not merely food. *Potatoes—with editorial corrections!*

Knowledge of nutrition is still in infancy; only a small part of what will be known is known today. But women can rest assured that *that* part, that present part, is in every Companion menu, every recipe, every suggestion on buying, preparing, cooking and serving food.

O M A N ' S H O M E C O M P A N I O N



# You Got to Use Diplomacy

## By Hurd Barrett

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

**The patriotism of a singul young man, which came clo to wrecking several millio dollars' worth of defense orde**

HANNIBAL SCIPIO SMITH, alsc Efficiency Kid, "Skip," and—b viduals at the Western Aircraft did not appreciate his many talents—which the U. S. Postal authorities will to mention here—leaned forward in t light plane he was flying, and emitted plete ecstasy.

He throttled the sixty-horsepower the control wheel gently toward his kicked the rudder and "peeled" the into a cautious dive.

Through the plane's windshield, he eighteen buildings of Western Aircr enlarged plant. At about fifteen hu reached forward and tripped an enti bomb-release lever.

"Boom!" he said. "Boom! Boom

"Huh?" said a feminine voice, fro "What did you say?"

Skip eased the ship out of the div his red head vigorously with his hand gotten Miss Henrietta Marlin was wi would hardly do to tell her he had b to be an Army dive bomber over en Women didn't understand that a mar imagination go every once in a whil his throat in the nearest approxi "Boom!" sound, grinned foolishly, an ing. I have a frog in my throat."

"You haven't either," said Miss were playing war. Tony told me all a Marlin was Henrietta's father and Sk Western Aircraft Company.

"He did?" said Skip, eagerly. "Wh

"He said you'd made applicatior lieutenant's commission in the Air C said it was a fool idea. I'm quoting he needed you to get the new assemb and that he was going to tell the Ar spare you."

The light plane gave a sudden, viol righted it and scowled.

"Look!" he said grimly. "I own pilot's license, a college degree and training. I'm twenty-three years ol and the Army needs pilots. Why s up if I want to?"

"The Army needs men to build p to fly, too," said Henrietta sagely.

Skip scowled. "I know," he said m men with my ability are scarce. I scarcer, though. I—"

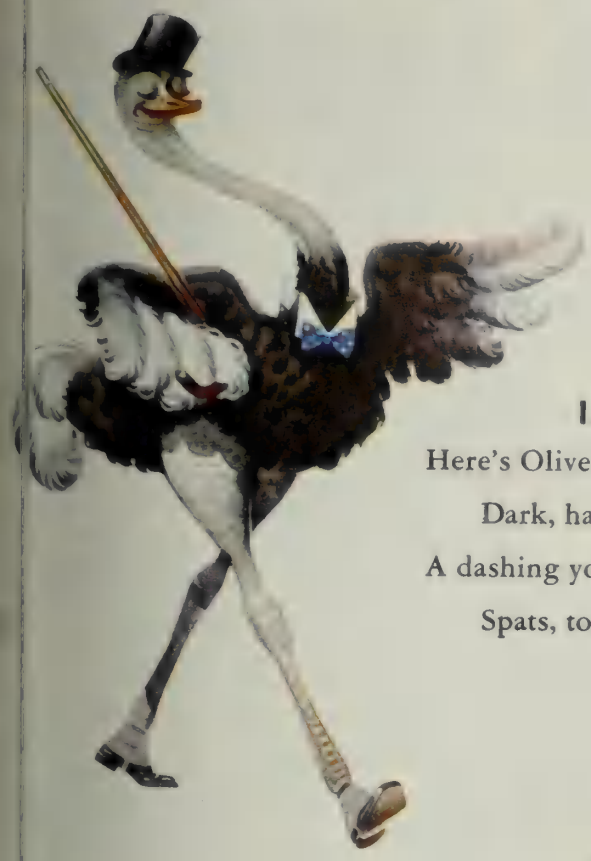
"Um-hm!" said Henrietta drean abandoned the argument. It was sun was shining. . . . And Tony, her down one of his unalterable dictum time arguing about something that

She looked off across the Holl where, in the distance, the spring-g that guard the pass to Bakersfiel Joaquin Valley preened themselves

"Couldn't we fly up *(Continuec*

**"Um-hm!" said Henrietta dream abandoned the argument. It w the sun was shining. And Tor had laid down one of his unalt**

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# The Witness Wouldn't Look

Continued from page 54

closest to the door of the
nd Mrs. Suder can hardly
able to tell whether Davin
g out of the bathroom or was
:o it after backing out of the

The maid was alone too—in
room."
itated. "You don't think the
d her?"
e cops got there, bringing the
rs. Alvers was a good-looking
rs. Victery a small brunette.
a very handsome man; Vic-
ught rather ordinary. Davin
-haired youth in his twenties.
the maid too. She was big
and was named Emerald; I
e seemed nervous. They took
nto the dining room. A homi-
n did the questioning. O'Mal-
ne in with them, still carrying
l he put her down in a high
went around with the captain,
otes in his notebook. When
in had questioned them, he
n all take the places they said
en in when the murder oc-
l go through all their actions.
all came back to the dining

'em take different seats,"
suggested.
otain was surprised. He made
different seats, then went on
questioning. Once more, be-
ad finished, O'Malley asked
o change places.
s the idea of them changing
one of the cops asked him.
uch idea."
O'Malley," I said, when he had
ne, "have you any doubt now?
; to all we've just seen and
y Davin or the maid can have
shooting, and I won't consider
As yet we don't know the
d the evidence is wholly cir-
al. There wasn't a witness."

"Doris seen it," he said.

I laughed. "Yes; Doris saw it," I agreed, "and Doris makes four or five sounds which her parents think may be words, but she can't speak a sentence, and if she accused anybody no one would believe her."

DAVIN'S arrest was in next morning's papers. I found O'Malley at headquarters. I was feeling triumphant.

"That's the case, then, O'Malley," I declared. "What you lacked was the motive, and that's all been discovered. Davin had been in love with the girl for years and many times asked her to marry him. He was crazy about her. Recently she promised to marry him and he's been very happy. The night of the dinner she informed him that she'd changed her mind and they'd never be married."

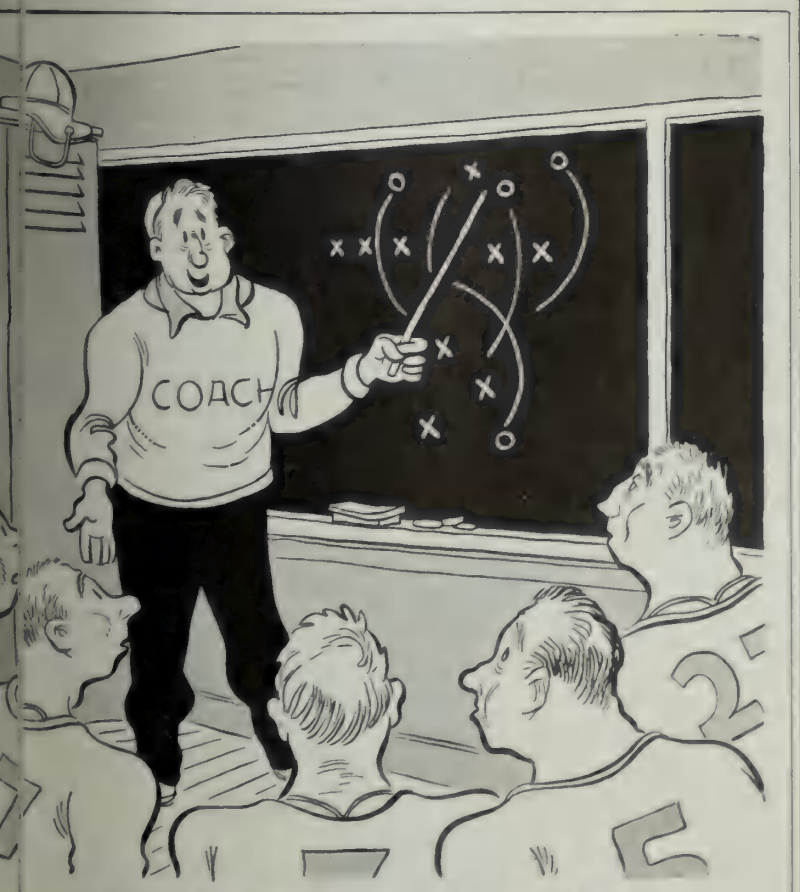
"Yeah? I don't read the papers. The first thing the cops done when they got called to that apartment after the murder was to get laboratory cops there to see if one of them people had fired a revolver. You know how they do that? A revolver kicks powder into the hand of whoever shoots it. They put paraffin on the hand, making a mold of it, then they put acid into the mold and if blue spots from powder show in the paraffin, that guy fired a gun. They done that to Davin along with the rest of 'em and it didn't show anything."

"It didn't show that any of the others had fired a gun, either," I told O'Malley.

He phoned me next evening.

"We're making a move," he informed me. "Do you want to be in on it?"

I was just starting out to dinner but I met him instead. He had a police car and we drove to the West Side. There was a big apartment building. We drove across the front of it and then down the side till we found the service entrance, then we went a little way up the street and parked. We waited a




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long while. I was hungry and it was dark, and a woman came out of the service entrance, and we followed behind her and pulled up beside her.

"Get in," O'Malley commanded her.

When she got into the car, I saw it was the colored maid.

"Let's have it," O'Malley said to her.

She gave him something but I couldn't see what, and we took her to the station house, and O'Malley took out the money she'd given him and put it in an envelope and sealed it and wrote his name across the flap of the envelope and gave it to the desk lieutenant.

"O'Malley," I said, "it can't have been the maid!"

"We'll eat," he replied.

WE WENT to a restaurant; then we went to headquarters. They had the maid there and Mr. and Mrs. Suder and Mr. and Mrs. Victery, and it was plain they'd been questioning them. They didn't have Davin. They had the envelope and two pairs of women's gloves which were exactly alike even to the cleaner's marks in them.

"How about it?" O'Malley asked a cop.

"Say, it all worked out just the way you had said," the cop said.

O'Malley talked with the cops and then he rejoined me. I was amazed when they arrested Mrs. Victery.

"So Mrs. Victery killed her," I observed. "What was the motive?"

"Well, Victery and that girl Anne had been meeting each other for quite a long time. It started when Anne was eighteen. Suder and his wife didn't never suspect it, and Mrs. Victery didn't know about it either. According to what Victery says, him and Anne fought against this infatuation for each other, and quite a few times they resolved never to see each other again. But all them people was friends and they didn't have no excuse for not meeting each other; so it turned out they always come together again."

"An unhappy situation," I said.

"Sure. Victery is the kind of guy that could be in love with the girl and still not want to get rid of his wife and break up his home; but this Anne wasn't the kind of girl he could do that with. So lately it come to a showdown. Davin was in love with that Anne and wanted to marry her; so Anne broke off with Victery and got herself engaged to Davin to be sure she wouldn't go out with Victery no more. . . . Well, Victery couldn't stand that. He told Anne, if she'd break off with Davin he'd tell his wife how all this business was, then his wife would get a divorce and him and Anne would get married afterward."

"A solution," I said.

"It didn't solve nothing. Anne broke with Davin the night of that dinner party, and the same night Victery started telling his wife. He didn't get very far with it, because she'd had suspicions and she guessed all the rest. Mrs. Suder was Mrs. Victery's friend and Anne was Mrs. Suder's sister, and Mrs. Victery didn't have no idea of giving up her husband; so her first idea was to go and see Mrs. Suder. She demanded Victery go with her. They went there, and here was a dinner party going on. They hadn't known nothing about the dinner party. Anne was there and Davin, and here was the Alvers too, so they couldn't say nothing."

"A queer happening," I commented.

"Sure. Except for that there mightn't have been no murder. They danced and had drinks, and Victery danced with Anne, and Mrs. Victery went into the bedroom to fix her hair, and she opened the bureau drawer, looking for face powder, and there was Suder's gun; so she put it inside her dress."

"Mere chance," I declared.

"Right. I figure there wasn't no murder in Mrs. Victery's heart till she got hold of the gun. Then she went out and watched Victery and Anne. She was waiting to see Anne alone and that chance come when Anne went into the nursery to get her things. I don't know what them two women said to each other there in the nursery; how it ended was Mrs. Victery shot the girl, and dropped the gun, and backed out into the hall just as Victery come out of the living room; then all them people run out in the hall and none of 'em could tell which one come from the nursery."

"Of course Victery knew," I said.

"He claims not right away, because he was sure his wife didn't have no gun, and he seen Davin there and knew Davin might have reason to kill the girl. The first chance she got, Victery's wife says to him, 'Say I was with you.' Well, the guy was this way: To get his wife electrocuted wouldn't bring Anne back to life, and he'd had trouble deciding whether to go to Anne or stick to his wife. So the guy said it."

"All right," I said. "You seem to have figured this out in a very remarkable fashion. How did you do it?"

"Well, I had luck. When this killing occurred Suder called the cops. The first cops that got there called the laboratory cops, who come there and used the paraffin test to see which of them people had fired a gun and they couldn't find nobody. No readable fingerprints on the gun; you don't often find 'em on a gun anyway; they're usually smudged. They figured the same way you did: Everybody had somebody to say where they was except Davin and the maid—but they crossed off the maid, and Victery couldn't go back on his story without accusing his wife. Cops thought it was Davin, and when I and you went out there, I was thinking that too, till Doris told me different!"

"Doris!" I exclaimed.

"Sure. You seen how it was. We had everybody in the dining room. It was just luck I was carrying Doris and took her in there with us, and put her in the high chair. The captain was ing everybody and I'd forgo her. All at once I seen the frightened. Then I noticed one part of the room w wouldn't look."

"I don't get it," I said.

"No; nor I didn't neither at once I did. That little awake when the gun was f nursery and her aunt got k The kid had been scared. she wouldn't look where sh person that had scared her

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed

"Yeah. Well, which perso A couple of times I changed ple around till I found wouldn't look at no part o where she'd see Mrs. Vic Cops had tried out that te Victery's hand like all of t to see if she'd fired a gun out negative. Of course, a sometimes. Still, cops had f too, and like most all revo enough powder into the co the laboratory could find it. thinking. It didn't look to n Victery would know enough things to put on a glove h the gun. But remember stances: Them people was go home. Mrs. Victery ha chance to speak to Anne Anne went into the nurse hadn't known Anne was that. So maybe Mrs. Vict on her gloves expecting t Anne outside."

"SMART reasoning!" I d "Why, it turned out tha Suder called the police, M took off her gloves and rc and put 'em in her handbag so smart as to think about on the gun, or she didn't k about powder tests; she naturally like a woman them cops that went there w to find the gloves. So I Victery maybe still had




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COME OVER HERE WHERE YOU CAN SEE!

I CAN SEE THE DIFFERENCE BACK HERE! THE **WHOLE** KITCHEN IS **CLEANER!**

AND WE DON'T NEED **ALUMINUM PANS** FOR WATERLESS COOKING WITH THIS **HOTPOINT** ELECTRIC RANGE!

# FALSE TEETH *And True Love*

**(OR) HOW GERTRUDE GOT HER MAN**

*Although Miss Gertrude Gaines*
*had planned*
*To wed within the year,*
*Her gay romance was*
*nearly wrecked.*
*The reason? Lend an ear:*



**1.** Her false teeth, scrub them
as she might,
Got dingy, dull and dirty.
Twixt "Denture Breath" and
ruined smile,
They made her "old" at thirty.



**2.** "Get POLIDENT!"
her dentist said,
"Its *no-brush, no scrub* action
Make plates and bridges 'look like new,'
Gives *instant* satisfaction."

**3.** So straightway Gert got POLIDENT.
Her wedding? *Very* nice!
THE MORAL:
*All who wear false teeth*
Should take the same advice!




CLEAN PLATES, BRIDGES WITH
**POLIDENT**
ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 30c

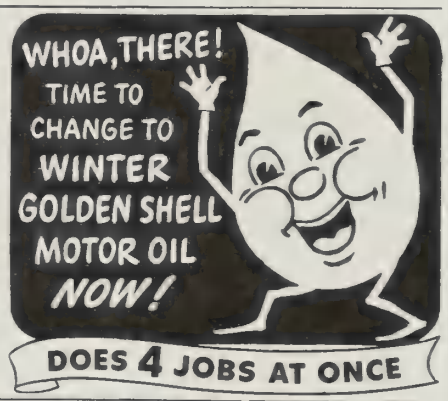


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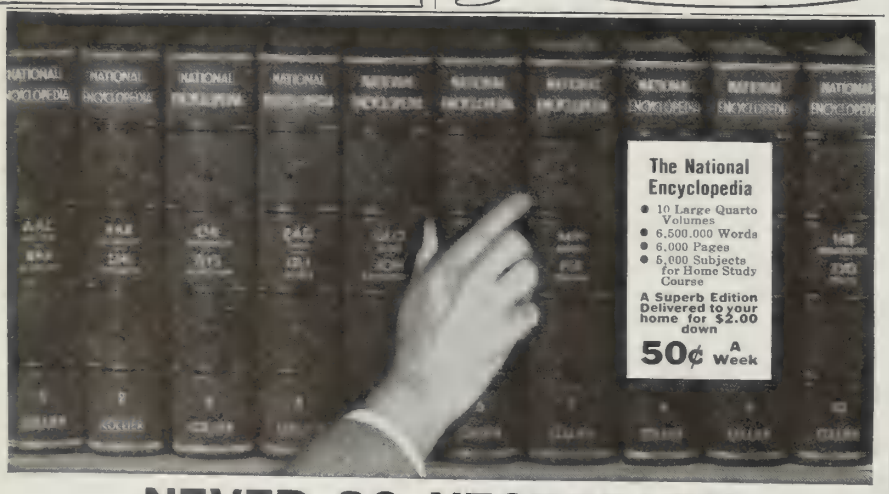
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DOES 4 JOBS AT ONCE






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and didn't realize they could be dangerous."

"I see."

"Sure. So now another thing come into it: That colored maid Emerald come in and done work for all them people. She went mornings and fixed up Victerys' place. I talked with her and found out she had been fond of Anne and was ready to help us; so I told her, when she went to the Victerys' would she find out what gloves Mrs. Victery wore that night and get 'em for us without Mrs. Victery knowing. She done that, and brought us three pairs of gloves and said it had to be one of 'em. Meanwhile, cops going around with pictures of Victery and Anne found places where they'd been seen together. Then the laboratory tested Mrs. Victery's gloves and found powder grains on one right-hand one."

"Clever work!" I exclaimed.

"Yeah? We had a witness, Doris, who we couldn't bring into court and a glove a maid claimed she had stole from Mrs. Victery, but we had to have more than that. We had to break the

"So what?" I inquired.

"Why, I had that maid blackmail Mrs. Victery. I h Mrs. Victery that, from the d she'd seen her go into the n tell her she'd took the gloves the first time Mrs. Victery g the gloves could make troul Tonight she give Emerald tv dollars to get the gloves b could destroy 'em. Of cours give her back the right glov other gloves exactly like 'er 'em up with the same ma cops waiting outside Victe ment pinched her before chance to destroy 'em. Wh her and Victery to headqu showed 'em the two pairs of the money and the laboratc the two of 'em broke and ta

"A very remarkable case,

"It won't show in no recor 'em in court I got a hunc guilty because a kid woulc her, they'd think I was nut

## Wing Talk

**Continued from page 6**

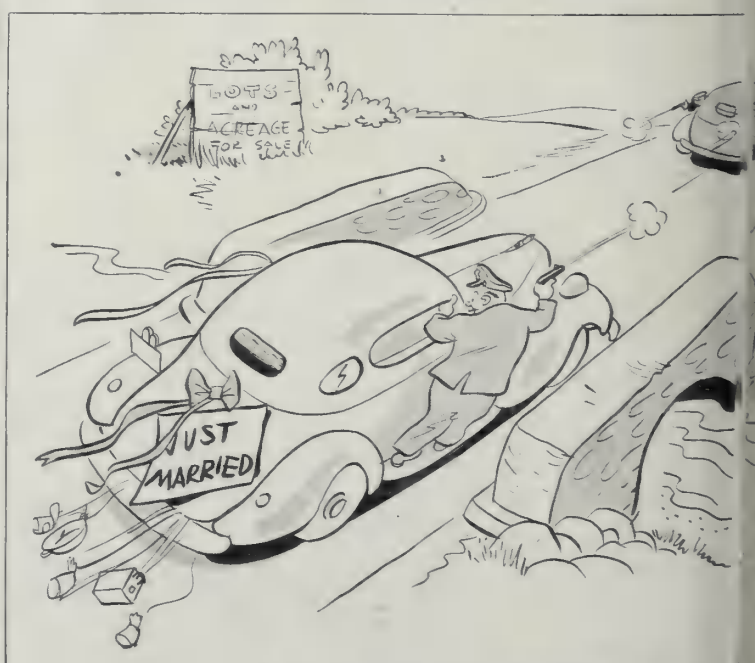
away because twenty years ago he was testing one in flight and it caught fire. Seems certain that this deficiency has been overcome in two decades.

PILOTS run out of gas too, because of head winds, leaks, increased fuel consumption, or just because they forgot to fill the tank at the last stop. The big ships seldom do, though, unless they get pinched off by weather and have to fly hundreds of miles in search of a landing place. The airliners and big military and naval craft have checks and cross checks on the rate of consumption per engine per hour, but at the most it is still an estimate as to how many gallons still remain in the tanks.

That is why Congress gave the C.A.A. $5,000 to assist in bringing about the development of a simplified fuel-flow gauge. An ideal one would be a neat little dial on the instrument board (if there's any room left on those already overloaded panels) which would register the amount of gasoline taken aboard. As the fuel begins to flow into the engines, this figure would, of course, be reduced and the totalizer would then show how many gallons should be in the tanks. Comparison by the pilot with his existing quantity gauge wou figures closely together or proof of a leak.

INFILTRATION note: Th navy aviation training Brazil are equipped with ing planes, 70 of which man make and are from years old. The other 76 a can design and constructic been in service for from s three years.

TIME to remind you tha a thorough analysis of al ing accidents still shows th two thirds, or 68.66 per ce able to one source alone—f up. The C.A.A. safety exp isticians have just gone in of the 3,446 accidents tha 1940 private flying, in whic 4,418 persons escaped unl were killed. Their final co the same as always, huma cially defined as "error poor technique, disobedie or regulations and careles ligence." If people would heads!




**"Oh, by the way—congratulations!"**

LIBRARY

# The boy whose family gave him a Royal Portable




## But seriously

...o that the Royal Portable you ...n as a steppingstone to higher ...e prove invaluable to the whole

...find it immensely helpful in his ...siness—Mother, in her social ...nce and club work.

...easy to learn to type. (An in-...lf Teacher" comes with every ...ugh whose use even a 10-year ...rn in a matter of hours!) The ...of typing so gained will be not ... of job-insurance for the young-...a door-opener to the *kind* of job ...o the *top!*

...yal Portable is *one* gift that will ...every member of the family.

---

...with thousands of school children ...se who do their work on typewriters ... to 30% higher grades in many sub-...centrate better . . . do 17% more ...ework . . . think faster and more ...? Because the greater speed and ...g free a youngster's mind for *think-*...wings to his imagination—instead ...his thoughts to the slow, tedious ...pencil!

**Typing teachers recommend Royal** as the Portable for home use, because it's the make with a keyboard just like that on a regular office machine. Nothing to *unlearn!* Consider all these "big-machine" features of the Royal:




***Greatest typing timesaver in years!***

**MAGIC* Margin** . . . no more fussing with mechanism to change and set the margin. Just flick the handy lever —*click* . . . and it's set! Only Royal has MAGIC Margin!

**Segment Shift**—Less noise . . . less eyestrain when you shift on a Royal. The carriage doesn't clatter and pop up!

**"Big-machine" Keyboard**—One reason typing teachers recommend the Royal for home use—it has a keyboard just like that on a standard office machine.

**Touch Control***—Simply move this lever to adjust key tension exactly to your touch. This is one reason Cortez Peters won the World's Portable Typing Championship on a Royal!

**No Type-bar Blur!** Type bars flash unseen on a Royal. This, and the over-all "no glare" finish of the machine mean less eyestrain.

**Automobile-type Shock Absorbers**—Rubber-cushion feet and jar-proof construction give the Royal Portable the sturdy, "weighty" touch of the full-sized machine.

**Handsome Case and "Self Teacher"** included with every Royal Portable at no extra cost.

***FOR JUST ABOUT $1 A WEEK,*** you can *own* a Royal Portable! Your local dealer is authorized to sell you any Royal on an easy-payment plan which includes the small carrying charge.



Royal Arrow Model—$54.50. Other Royal Portables—$49.50 to $64.50.

# ROYAL PORTABLE

***THE* STANDARD TYPEWRITER IN PORTABLE SIZE**

*Trade-marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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"SOME FISH STORY··· But Where's the Goebel?"

What a fish! What a fight! What a yarn!

Let your host brag. It won't seem long, if he follows through with a round or two of Goebel's. Worth waiting for, too. Successful hosts all over the country are serving Goebel. Fact is, sales are climbing at the astounding rate of over 155,000 bottles a day. Whether you are host or guest, you will surely like the superior *taste* of Goebel.

**"Straws in the wind."** *Last year only one other brewery in America gained in sales as much as Goebel. Most people judge beer by its taste. That accounts for Goebel's amazing popularity. Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit, Michigan.*

GOEBEL

MICHIGAN'S *National* BEER

RIGHT FROM THE CYPRESS CASKS OF GOEBEL

Goebel in regular 12-ounce bottles, cans and the original Bantam bottle





DE ZAYAS

**One of Las Vegas' annual crop of 20,000 marriage-bent co Hitching Post, typical quick-service roadside chapel south way 91. Las Vegas collects $400,000 annually from imp**

# To 'Vegas, Darli g

## By Jim Marshall

**You furnish the gal, the ring and twelve bucks— The Hitching Post (or any of Las Vegas' marriage chapels) will do the rest**

IT WAS a blustery evening in Hollywood and Mr. Stan Laurel, the comedian, was dining alone upon tripe and onions. It brought back recollections, not only of his English boyhood, but of his married life with a very nice girl named Ruth. It had been their favorite dish. Now, alas, he and Ruth were divorced. As he ate amid his memories, tears filled Mr. Laurel's eyes—and not from the onions either.

Leaving the t. and o. half demolished, Mr. Laurel went to the telephone and called Ruth. The cook put the dinner on the back of the range to keep warm. Mr. Laurel kept saying: "Tripe and onions, Ruth . . ." over and over again. Pretty soon, who should show up but Ruth herself? The cook brought back the dinner.

It was only a few minutes later that Mr. Laurel laid down his knife and fork and said, inspiredly: "Ruth, honey, let us go to Las Vegas!"

Now, that may mean nothing to you —but to any girl in the Mountain or Coast states it means just one thing: "Let's get married right away!"

That's what it meant to Ruth—and she and Stan were remarried in the frontier town a few hours later. So, in 1940, were 26,600 folks. In 1941 it'll be nearly 40,000. And this, remember, is a town of around 11,000, Chamber of Commerce count.

Building Boulder Dam, thirty miles away over the desert, used to be Las Vegas' main industry. Today, high-speed hitchin' with a lot of showmanship is bringing in the money. Most people associate Nevada with divorce. In 'Vegas there are eleven marriages to every separation.

All over California and in Utah and Arizona, airlines advertise "Honeymoon Fliers" with the slogan: "Only one and three-quarter hours load the ships with can't wait another n married in 'Vegas after you arrive, d have the gal and th includes the licens music and a nice, h in any one of the to chapels," some of to motor courts, an

Since most peopl want to do it ri Gretna Green is or their impatience. man and Miss Ber Clark County clerk any hour of the nigh or the other stays ously. M. W. Dav wedding rings at 3 quet arrangers, b lounges, croupiers ding-cake bakers, and Cupid's park ever get a full nigh

It's 300 miles ac and the Mojave De to 'Vegas, and coas to propose around 'Vegas, darling!" form. The way th this gets them to 'V four in the mornin ried an hour later sooner than they California.

This is because other Western sta mile-a-minute ma you have to wai license and you certificates. Some trying to get simi with little encoura ans in general, wh their state expens

**After the cere and Mrs. Alb California, dr ing Well, for times reclain to finance co**

no state sales, income
axes. A tourist can
the Silver State only
through ranks of slot
wheels, faro layouts
nd, in 'Vegas, wedding
so thick along Route
renamed Honeymoon

of Nevada will marry
dy—and glad to help.
even marry married
ings are staged with
showmanship that a
iness is being done.
p every year and do it
ers wait five or seven
make out the license
romantics come to a
you been married?"
with, "Yes—and still
ng the "am" so firmly
lly that Miss Sonya Worthy of the clerk's office says her faith in human nature is constantly being renewed.

After viewing a Grade-A, superglamorized 'Vegas wedding, in the interests of science, art and history, your correspondent was so touched that he and his missus bought themselves a 1941-style marriage, the whole affair taking forty-two minutes, nine seconds.

First stop was at The Hitching Post, a wedding emporium just south of town—neoned brightly so you couldn't miss it. You just worked up a blush, held hands, and rang the bell. Mr. and Mrs. Halley

*(Continued on page 85)*

**The Rev. Albert C. Melton greets the couple at the end of the Bridal Path. The wedding, with all the trimmings, will cost about $12**



PHOTO BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS





For a pipe that's packed with bliss
For a *cool* smoke, just try this . . .

YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!



It's a mixture strictly new
With a finer taste for you . . .

YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!



Not a tongue bite in a ton
It's the best buy for your mon! . . .

YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!




It's the best of all pipe blends
And its name is just plain FRIENDS . . .

YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!




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# The American Miracle

Continued from page 16

know—and only a few men in England know. We have excellent authority for the estimate that Germany's factories are producing something between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 horsepower monthly. We drag in these figures that anyone desirous of so amusing himself may reckon how soon it will be before the United States catches up with Germany. Pratt & Whitney alone produces almost as many engines as England. When the Ford, Buick and Chevrolet companies get into mass production of these engines (and it won't be long now) the answer will be slightly obvious. Mr. Edsel Ford predicts that his company will be producing 300 a month by January first. Moreover, Studebaker is almost ready to begin turning out Wright engines.

### 14,000 Airplane Engines a Month

The Allison Division of General Motors is now grinding out aviation engines at the rate of something like 500,000 horsepower a month. All told, there are ten companies in America producing aircraft engines. Five others—automobile makers—will be producing them soon. These five, masters of the science of mass production, should be at capacity production in eighteen months—not that they'll be anything like unproductive in the meantime. When running full blast they'll be capable of producing upward of half of the country's output of aircraft engines. But when they reach their peak, it will be silly for any foreign government to compete.

The roaring result of all this, by the fall of 1943, is that we'll be able to hurl about 4,000 new planes into the air every thirty days. And we haven't taken into account the new aircraft engines now being designed by Chrysler and Ford. Nor the 9,000 Rolls-Royce Merlins being turned out by Packard. We've devoted all this space to the aircraft outlook because the accent of war is on planes and because the job that's being done by American industry in the air is pretty typical of the effort it is putting into tank, gun, shell and bomb production. Whether you're in favor of war and war economy is none of our immediate concern. What we're getting at is the amazing job American industry, finally aroused and at last confident, is doing.

The answer to all this is that if our current acceleration is an honest forecast we'll be pounding out about 14,000 airplane engines a month by the middle of 1943. Maybe by February of that year. At present we are producing about 2,200 planes (not merely engines) a month. To be sure, half of them are training planes and what the air service calls tacticals, but unless there is a decided change in the administration's policy, or unless the war collapses, OPM predicts that this means that by June, 1943, we'll be making more than 4,000 planes a month and heaven knows how many engines. There are go-getter minds in OPM and in industry, too, who'll tell you with all outward indication of calm that the United States will be producing at the rate of 50,000 planes a year before mid-1943. But you needn't be disappointed if it doesn't happen that soon.

This is a 12½-billion-dollar aircraft program. It will be up to the motorcar manufacturers to take care of about a third of it. In other words, when we're producing 14,000 airplane engines a month, the automobile companies will be making 5,000 of them or thereabout.

But it's a lopsided thing, this boom. The faster we build war materials, the less we're going to have for consumer goods. And inasmuch as there is nothing we can do about that, the government's latest concern is for so-called Little Business. We'll have to dive into a few statistics again, but not too deeply. According to OPM, fifty-six corporations have three fourths of the total dollar volume of War and Navy Department contracts. The other twenty-five per cent is divided among several thousand contractors. At least that was the situation the first of September. The fifty-six are big fellows—Bethlehem Steel, New York Shipbuilding Corporation, General Motors, Curtiss-Wright, Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company and E. I. duPont leading the list. These six alone hold contracts for more than thirty per cent of all the work being done by the fifty-six. After them came the Glenn L. Martin Co., Consolidated Aircraft Corporation, United Aircraft, Douglas Aircraft, Ford, General Electric, North American Aviation, Baldwin Locomotive Works and so on through an expensive list.

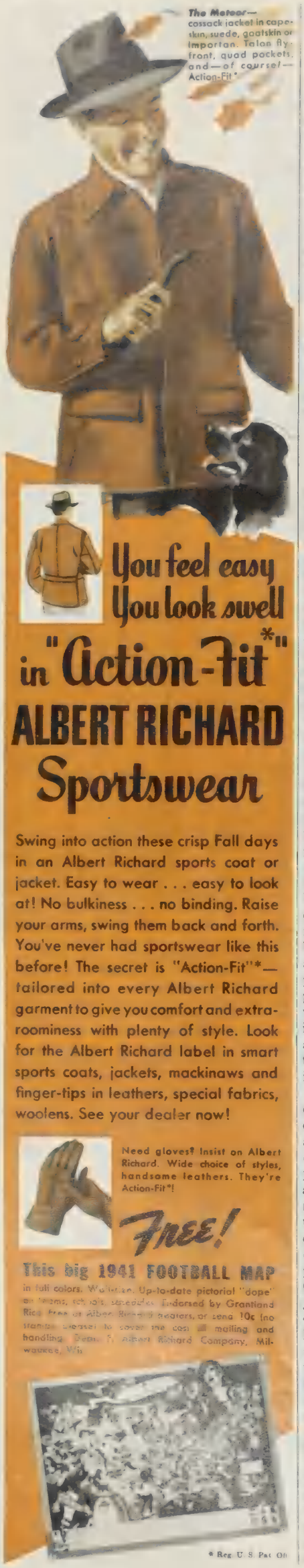
If the question were left to the Army and Navy, both of which have clung tenaciously to ancient precedent, these big corporations would continue to get the great bulk of all contracts and would be given a free hand to fill them as they saw fit, utilizing such subcontractors as they desired when and if they desired. Such contracts would relieve the conventional minds of the Army and the Navy of additional worry. Experience has taught the military that the work would be done on time and there'd be no need for wear and tear on the military nerves about the quality.

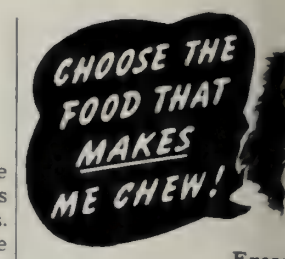
But it just happens, alas, that this country does not live by big corporations alone. As we've mentioned above, a considerable number of industrialists as well as the White House are concerned with the aftermath of war—where we're going to be and how long it's going to take us to regain a normal economic balance. One could write a dull but fat volume on this subject alone—not that he'd have the answer therein.

### What is Small Business?

Very soon SPAB—headed by Mr. Roosevelt's truest echo, Vice-President Wallace, and guided in actual workings by Mr. Donald M. Nelson—will have completed a survey of small business. Defining Small Business is difficult. Until a better definition comes along—from SPAB perhaps—let's assume that it is that numerous group of manufacturers doing an annual volume of $500,000 or less. On the average these outfits employ less than a hundred people each or fewer. As far as we're able to count, there are about 148,000 of these small manufacturers employing approximately 3,415,000 workers. We're dealing with manufacturers, of course, ignoring dealers and retailers whose problem is a headache all by itself.

However, these small manufacturers and their three million and a half dependents have to be taken care of. All of them won't be. Some of the shops are going to close and the employees will either take to the roads leading to the larger industrial centers seeking jobs in already congested localities, or create a boom in the relief rolls. If you talk long enough to the federal and local authorities they'll admit that the problem of keeping all small manufacturers alive and all their peacetime forces employed with defense subcontracts is not going




Exerci
teeth and safeguard his dige
he *has* to chew! Feed him
foods that give him *wheat* fo
for energy — Spratt's Meat
Foods, famous for over 75 y
equals two pounds of lean
value. Ask for Spratt's FIBO
SPIX (bone-size), OVALS
BISCUITS. Do as experi
Spratt's and watch results.




FREE
Feeding
SPRATT'S,
or San F

NAME
ADDRESS

DOG BISCUIT

TOP
FOR TOUGH B
If the thought of sha
furrows to your brow
Durham Duplex Safet
famous hollow-groun
diagonal stroke fulfill
hope for shaving co
heavy-duty blade h
takes! Yet its action
and caressing to you
master barber's shave




DURHAM DUPLEX
Mystic, Connec
AT DRUG CIGAR STOR




DOES 4 JOBS T ONC

A Chance for You

AND it is right here
Club! Thanksgivin
holidays are coming on
seem a pity for any gi
worried. Your chance
your spare moments is
free booklet today.

Margaret Clarke, Secreta
Department 157, C
250 Park Ave., Ne

nple as it reads on paper. country is becoming aware ense Okie—the industrial mall isolated communities ten to the road in his car, ; family and what posses- pile on.

nse Okie is not yet com- oduct of materials shortages lant shutdown. He is out tter wages than his small can pay. He is englamored ited stories of the sudden will be his by moving to . He is not only deserting mmunity but the farm. He a first-class mechanic, he able even to operate an achine. It is our own opin- w of the radio spellbinders ivilian Defense Office is rn loose upon the public ess themselves particularly to him.

### -town Enterprise Problem

PAB is able to spread de- acts into the small com- hich are not now in the areas of big business, unless Veiner's Civilian Allocation OPA does something mas- it, this problem may become . At present it threatens to logical situation of a small- ssion within the mightiest oom in our history.

SPAB, OPM and OPA will ke all contracts contingent idder's ability to share the tting anywhere from twen- fty per cent of the operation rms. Many large corpora- een doing just this for years Electric, General Motors, se and the like. Such sub- are well established in such Some of them have fattened out of the small-business e themselves subletting con- nsiderable number of them ted contracts straight from no Big Boy intermediary, g it necessary for the large to break in new subcon-

a great many of the little going to be crowded away avy boat. It's nice to hear about the "unconquerable f the small businessman, half tive capital is his native wit, d courage." But there are f these small manufacturers ither machine nor tool them- take subcontracts because, eir native wit and ingenuity, be the raw materials neces- ild the machines and tools l the new buildings they'll of these perplexed men have ing away in factories and would have to be rebuilt to carry the heavy machinery o the acceptance of subcon-

ore SPAB launched its sur- ington was worrying about oing to happen to such towns le, Pennsylvania (slide fas- nsfield, Ohio (electrical ap- d stoves), Quincy, Illinois l household equipment), and owa (washing machines). ns are merely symptoms of . There are others in a much rious position—smaller com- holly or nearly wholly de- on one industry, and that r removed from imminent n in defense profits. In ev- d in most of the larger cities subcontract clinics at work veys of small business—what e to drag them into the boom. t much doubt that most of them could be worked in—in time. But England, Russia, China and our own Army and Navy are crying for speed. Representatives of all of these are fearful that saving the threatened small-town enterprise by subcontracts is going to delay deliveries of war materials for weeks and perhaps months. Therefore they're urging that whole towns and hundreds of small industries be permitted to collapse, even go on relief, and that the problem of saving them be abandoned in favor of rehabilitating them—after the war.

Of course there's the Buffalo Plan—a scheme to train workers for defense jobs while the plants they worked in at peaceful pursuits are being rebuilt or reconditioned for armament manufacture. In many instances this means a layoff of six months. But the Buffalo Plan isn't very specific about who is going to pay the workers while they're being trained. The federal government doesn't want that responsibility—a responsibility entailing the expenditure of an unspecified number of millions of dollars. The dwindling number of advocates of the Buffalo Plan in Washington insist that the states pay these workers unemployment relief while in training. We need scarcely remark that this does not enthuse anybody concerned, particularly the worker and the state governments.

But we'll have to hurry on. Maybe SPAB will have the answer. Maybe Yankee ingenuity will find a way out. The President insists that small business be rescued now; and he does not admit that a second of the speed he demands of the armament makers need be sacrificed. Who knows? We may get away with this problem too. When you consider what doubt big industry wallowed in a year ago, you're prepared for all sorts of miracles. And while Congress itself comes near to being small business these days (in influence, anyway) it is looking toward next year's elections with deep apprehension. It is not, therefore, going to permit the rush-order lads in the Army, the Navy and the British mission to shut down the village smithy.

All right, let's wait and see. In the meantime we might as well pay our respects to the spots that float before the eyes of Secretary Morgenthau, Paul V. McNutt, Co-ordinator of the Federal Security Agency and others—chiefly government economists. The economists in particular are devoting much more than ninety-nine per cent of their time to viewing the future with alarm. We're not speaking of taxes nor of national indebtedness. Neither are we going to try to make something out of bond flotations or interest payments. Further, these gentlemen are not losing sleep about the possible plight of one-industry communities and Defense Okies. They're worrying about the employed—in particular about the millions who are and will be employed in defense projects at high wages.

### Investing the Workers' Wages

And their immediate worry is about what the big-pay worker is going to do with his money, what he may have to be compelled to do to cushion the post-war drop from riches to rags. They aren't stating it as simply as this. They insist upon rolling it all up in one parcel with the steadily increasing cost of living, the decrease in the number of places the defense worker may spend his money in and, ultimately, the danger of inflation. We're not foolhardy enough to try to lead you through the whole maze but are content to show you briefly what they hope to do about the worker's wage.

As consumer goods decrease he won't be able to buy washing machines, silk shirts, big radios, grand pianos and oil





PIPE PENALIZED FOR "ROUGHING"

*—but Harry's out of the dog house now!*



**ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN!** Yep—Harry's team looks good today. But his pipe smells *bad*—very bad—especially to the pretty young stranger next to him. Hey, look! She's fainting



**HURRY UP, DOC!** That stinko smoke knocked her over like a tackle from behind! You'd think a college grad would know better than to ruin a good pipe with such rank tobacco.




**IF SHE'S OKAY,** how about some first aid for that *pipe*, too? Good. The doctor recommends Sir Walter—the mildest, best-smelling blend of burleys ever sniffed in a stadium.



**WHO WON THE GAME?** Well, *she* looks happy. And *he* does, too. So the winner must be: Sir Walter! Try this fragrant tobacco. Your friends will compliment you on the choice.




*Tune in...* UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE

EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT ★ NBC ★ PRIZES FOR YOUR "DOG HOUSE" EXPERIENCE

DOUBLE the VALUE of your present radio



Its Low Price Will Surprise You
ASK YOUR DEALER

GET THE 1942
Motorola
Wireless Automatic
RECORD CHANGER




"Everybody can enjoy the musical pleasure of an all-electric phonograph at *very low cost!* The Motorola Wireless automatic record changer that proved a sensation last year is now much improved in every way.

Plays Through Any Radio
No Wires or Connections

Simply plug into a light socket in any part of the room. Rich recorded music comes from your radio. It plays and changes ten 10" or eight 12" records... over a half hour of uninterrupted entertainment. Patented roller release assures long record life. It's by far the best of the better changers.

Hear it at a Motorola Dealer Today!

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION, CHICAGO

Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST
FOR YOUR CAR AND HOME

burners. If the present trend keeps on it's possible that Midas himself wouldn't be able to make such purchases. With such building materials as there are at the prices there are, there'll be less and less private dwelling construction. Therefore the big-pay industrial worker won't find it easy to buy a home. For a while he'll be able to buy motorcars—used cars particularly. Incidentally, the outlook in the motorcar industry is that we're headed toward a medium and low-price car era. Even so, you can find gentlemen in OPM and OPA and even almighty SPAB who'll assure you that it is not impossible that fewer than a million automobiles will be made in 1943. And Washington doesn't lack for forecasters who wouldn't be surprised if no new cars at all were made. This shouldn't shock nor even mildly surprise you. And it certainly wouldn't were you to poke around the capital, from office to office, for a week or two.

Of course the worker (and his boss, too, for that matter) will be able to go to all the movies, theaters, ball games and other amusements he can find. It has been decided that, Senator Clark notwithstanding, Hollywood is a very important part of the defense picture—the morale part. He who profits in wages and dividends from defense spending may buy all the clothing his closets will hold and go about his affairs wearing several pairs of pants if he insists upon showing off. Ultimately clothes, shoes, hats, shirts, ties and topcoats may become more or less standardized in cut, pattern and texture although we're not inclined to go that far with those making the gloomy prediction. There is no sign now that there will be a shortage of wearing apparel—particularly if it's made chiefly or wholly of cotton.

### Scheme Would Be Unpopular

But you get the idea. The burning question is what to do about the excess moneys of the beneficiaries of the defense boom. Mr. Morgenthau has several ideas. One is a forced savings plan somewhat timidly imitating the English. It would separate the worker from a part of his weekly wage for "a certain period." This accumulation would be paid back to the worker if and when he lost his job. With Mr. McNutt, the Secretary looks with considerable tolerance upon another plan which would increase both the worker's and the employer's contribution to Mr. McNutt's social security funds "so as to increase the flow of funds to the Treasury from current income during the emergency and increase the outflow of funds when needed in the post-defense period."

This latter scheme would not be popular with the two contributors—the employer and the employee. Let's say that Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown work side by side in an airplane factory. Both would pay fifty per cent more or even twice as much into Social Security as they are paying now. Naturally their employer's contribution would match theirs. But suppose presently Jones should lose his job. Jones would then be paid so much a week during his idleness from the excess contributions that both he and Brown made. Moreover, Brown would still be paying the increase—to keep Jones in groceries. In brief, the increased contribution a worker would make under this plan would not make larger his old-age pension. It would merely make him and not the government the almoner of his unemployed brother.

There doesn't seem to be much prospect of this plan being adopted. We're not at all sure who sired it. The likelihood is that it is a synthesis of many ideas which are daily being showered by social-worker ladies and gentlemen upon Mr. McNutt's offices. Prominent in the crowd that is making Washington a mob town these days are the regiments of social economists, who for a time were completely submerged in the passing of the old New Deal. Politically, all known plans to manage the worker's wage are anathema. Mention the Bond-Wage scheme on Capitol Hill and you're asking for trouble. This scheme would oblige employers to pay from ten to twenty-five per cent of the employee's wage with bonds. The plan is not perfected—probably never will be. Whether the bonds would be of the present character, payable in ten years and nontransferable, or whether they'd be cashable when the holder falls into evil economic days and negotiable is still being pondered by those advocating the idea. Maybe something will come of it, but not in the immediate future.

One of Mr. Roosevelt's major advisers asked us to urge upon all who may read these lines "a good, healthy pessimism." He spoiled it by explaining that the White House would like to do something lastingly drastic (for the duration anyway) about the "unthinking optimists who tell you that we're doing fine and that American industry is now forging Hitler's doom." The administration believes that by the first of January the United States must be producing munitions at the rate of $30,000,000,000 dollars annually. We are now romping along at half that gait. SPAB and all her associated agencies look soberly toward the day when, shooting war or no, we'll be paying twice and three times as much in taxes as levied by the new bill. They add that consumer goods will continue to be curtailed right down to the eraser and metal band on your lead pencil. And to add to the troubles of those who insist upon worrying about the industrial worker's wage, it is possible—even likely—that railroad tourist traffic may be rigidly rationed. The demands that will soon be made upon railroads by industry and our troops, and the difficulty the railroads will have in getting new rolling stock will bring this to pass.

It seems to be generally conceded that of all Big Business, the automobile makers will have the least trouble getting back to a peace basis—not that anybody is giving peace much thought. Industry in general seems to have become convinced that, much as it wasn't overenthusiastic about Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal, it would prefer Mr. Roosevelt's to Mr. Hitler's. The motorcar industry is still prepared to turn out automobiles by the millions—if the materials were available. The market for passenger cars, although almost exclusively domestic, is vibrant and is prepared to expand as billio
rolls out of the Treasury
ets of the worker. In t
however, the motorcar in
nicely on war materials-
tors with a billion and
contracts on hand, Chrys
half a billion, Hudson
hundred million, Packa
thing akin to two hundre
lion, Studebaker holding
a hundred and twenty-fiv
lys-Overland with appr
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the General Motors-Chr
We're not guaranteeing
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Divco-Twin Truck Con
Motor Truck Company,
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doing magnificently, tha

### Lots of Buyers—Not

What's going to happe
car industry's distribut
principal worry just nov
to happen to distributors
all consumer goods line
concern. If the curre
SPAB, OPM and OPA
the war continues for a
more, the prospect th
greatest boom will inc
such merchandise as e
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stoves, radios, hardware
ments, household app
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growing list is not at al
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buyers but nothing to

A manufacturing cher
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director of SPAB. He
quantity of chemicals
fectants. Mr. Nelson le
He wanted more chemi
pest exterminators. M
sented to a quarter. Tl
materials with which t
from dogs.

"No," said Mr. Nel
has come with shrubs
care of themselves."

And that, we though
the situation.



"Might not be a bad idea to get it into shape

# Hellfire Pass

Continued from page 13

The sand grinds tires, enters the engines, scores cylinders, gnaws metal wherever it revolves on metal. It works between spring leaves and breaks occur so frequently it is commonplace for a repair unit to furnish as many as thirty complete sets of front and rear springs in a single day. The lifetime of an average one-ton truck is four months in the desert. Trucks, thousands of trucks, from gargantuan six-wheelers down to pudgy-nosed half-tonners, move to and from the advanced positions where the tanks are like parallel convoys of purposeful ants carrying petrol, water, food, ammunition, spare parts.

You would have thought all the trucks in the world moved growling and whumping over the bad spots on the road from Matruh toward Salum. But the general said he hadn't enough trucks. He said that if he had two thousand more trucks that very moment he knew where he could use every one of them. He said he could use more tanks, too, and more planes. And he wanted time. Given time, he might acquire the tanks, trucks and planes he needed with which to run the Germans and Italians off the map of North Africa, out of the oil-rich Arab world.

### A Strike for Time

So the general said his first problem was to gain time. You can't manufacture that evanescent stuff called time, but in warfare, as in boxing, you can do things that produce the same effect. In boxing it's called stalling. The general knew the enemy was preparing a large-sized wallop in the western desert. The Germans had collected at least eighty large tanks and 120 armored vehicles of other categories in Libya. The general decided to break up this concentration, inflict losses upon the enemy and force him also to lose some of that valuable commodity called time which the enemy would need for reorganization. Meanwhile, the British could bring in tanks and other equipment for the vital battle of North Africa.

"This morning," the general said, "we hit them hard. Our forces were inferior in numbers but we struck so hard and so often and in so many places that the Jerry didn't know either how strong or how weak we were. Actually, although we struck with inferior forces, we had reserves in sufficient quantity to enable us to hold any gains we might make.

"We want to drive the enemy back toward the west. This will oblige him to keep his air bases at a long distance from the Nile and Suez and make it more difficult for him to bomb these objectives. Also we shall probably do him great damage to material and take many prisoners. Most important of all, however, we will disorganize him and oblige him to stay close to his bases. We have a large and well-armed force in Tobruk which constantly harasses the enemy's rear and which has probably prevented the Jerry from trying to push on into Egypt along the coast."

The general seemed to be in the position of the boxer who knows he's outweighed and must keep jabbing with his left until either his opponent weakens or he himself is sufficiently strong in the late rounds to land a kayo punch. I said so to the general and he said, "I believe you've got it, old boy."

To stall as long as possible while tanks and planes continue to arrive from the United States and England, seemed to be the principal objective of the British when the entire Middle Eastern and Mediterranean situation looked black indeed. For the general air of gloom which prevailed in Cairo—a gloom by the way not shared by men and officers engaged in the actual business of fighting in the desert, on the sea and in the air—there was substantial reason. Greece was gone, Crete was now German. The German military machine had rolled down to the Balkan bridge to the oil of Mosul, and the propaganda music of Berlin lured the vipers of treachery in the Arab world. And yet, despite the gloom and the substantial reasons that rated it, there were some very definite factors in favor of the British.

Least of these but important in a special kind of way was the *khamsin*. That's a Coptic word for "hot wind"




"Oh, I almost forgot to tell you! I was driving downtown this afternoon, and you know how dangerous that corner is at Sixth and Main—"

DAVID C. GERARD





LEE
s hanging the
IAT-I-TUDE†
t e Nation with



The BIGGIE
welt edge, snap brim
Vater-Bloc* . . $5



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with crease and shape
er-Bloc in for keeps . $5



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er-Bloc with downey finish
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SOOTHE it with GLYCO-THYMOLINE



Give your throat the soothing benefit of effective, Glyco-Thymoline. It helps soothe and helps heal the delicate membranes of the nose and throat which are so often irritated when common colds and ordinary sore throats — one of the most common winter ailments — affect you. Glyco-Thymoline helps relieve discomfort.

Glyco-Thymoline has been the favorite of thousands for 50 years. Many physicians and druggists use and recommend it highly. Be prepared...keep a bottle of Glyco-Thymoline handy...use it frequently.

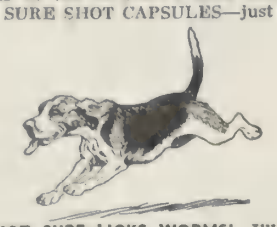
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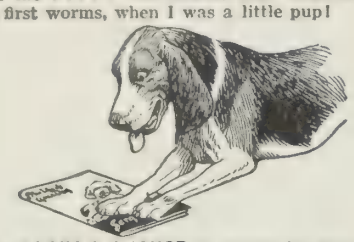

TRY GLYCO-THYMOLINE AS A DAILY MOUTH WASH



**IT'S THE EARLY PILL THAT GETS THE WORMS!** I learned from experience. Let 'em go too far —and it's just too bad! My Boss looked up my symptoms in the Sergeant's DOG BOOK, and gave me SURE SHOT CAPSULES—just in time.



**SURE SHOT SURE LICKS WORMS!** I'll give it credit for my health and good condition. That and the PUPPY CAPSULES that cleaned out my first worms, when I was a little pup!



**DON'T TAKE A CHANCE** on worms in *your* dog. They're always serious—sometimes fatal. Get SURE SHOT or PUPPY CAPSULES to clean them out! At any drug or pet store.










which is an understatement if there ever was one. The khamsin is a wind-whirled fog of burning sand. It produces temperatures of 127 degrees on the desert and makes the insides of the tanks the nearest thing to hell this side of the Styx. When it blows you can't see ahead of you for more than ten yards and it blows three and four days at a time. You sweat and it cakes on you like mud-bath clay.

It finds all the areas between clothing and body and it sifts powderlike under tent walls and through tent flaps into food, water and bedding. Up forward you live on a pint of water a day and so you never wash off the khamsin. But I've talked with hundreds of German and Italian prisoners and I've lived with Tommies and their officers up forward. I'll put my money on the British. They've trained for generations on London fogs and the khamsin is to them "annoying, don'tcha know, but hardly unbearable, old boy."

The British have another advantage. They know themselves to be, man for man, better than the Germans. You don't have to take the word of the British themselves for this although they're willing to talk about it, which means their morale is incomparable. You need only to look at the bronzed, sturdy-legged men at the front or who come to Cairo and Alexandria on leave. They're tough as Texans and plentiful as pine in Oregon. The overwhelming superiority complex of the Briton, which halts just this side of overconfidence, is a tremendous factor in his favor.

### They Look to America

But the British generals know that none of these factors is even worth considering as an advantage unless they have the weapons with which to translate them into enemy defeats. And for these weapons they look to America. Everywhere in the western desert I heard the same old refrain, from generals down to Tommies. We want tanks, tanks and more tanks, they said. And we want planes, planes and more planes. And don't forget the trucks. They were polite about it and they were firm. The Tommies were polite, too, and very blunt. From passing trucks they yelled, "Hey, Yank, how about those tanks?"

Some planes and tanks have arrived from America. Martin bombers went into action against the Germans in the western desert. I saw them bomb Fort Capuzzo at sunset one evening. I saw ten tall columns of black smoke and dust rise against the flat orange sky and then I saw the planes return looking very cocky about it all. While Syria was still Vichy-controlled, Tomahawks ground-strafed and bombed German planes which "accidentally" landed on its airports. Syria is just next door to Palestine and Suez.

The obvious lack of material with which to outshoot the superiorly armed German tanks galled the British command. With adequate material the British could inflict upon the enemy its first major defeat since the war started. The results of such a blow would be of enormous importance. Combined with large-scale air bombing of Germany from England, a crushing defeat of the Germans in the desert might begin the breaking up of German morale and military organization. Moreover, the British Middle Eastern command was charged with the responsibility of maintaining military prestige in the Arab kingdom. This was essential to prevent German inroads into Arabia. But the British command here has been treated as a sort of military stepchild. I found it puzzling that so much attention should have been paid to pouring planes, tanks and guns into Britain while a few were so obviously needed here. I asked the general about it. The general is boss of operations on the western desert front but GHQ didn't want the Germans to know who he is so we'll skip the general's name and save the censor a headache. I asked the general why planes and other weapons weren't being diverted in greater numbers to the Middle East and he replied, "We can't lose the war here. We can always give the Jerry hell with very little. But let's assume the worst. Let's assume that we are obliged to withdraw completely from the southern Mediterranean. That doesn't lose the war with the Germans. It prolongs it. We fight on from Aden, from India, from the interior of Africa. I'm not saying this will happen, mind you. I'm merely pointing out the possibility that might arise if we were suddenly overwhelmed by unpredictable superiority in materials, machines and men.

"But England must stand. We couldn't lose the war here in years but in England it could be technically lost in five minutes. We must make the island safe."

But it also occurred to the general that although England couldn't lose the war here in Egypt she could go a long way toward winning it.

Egyptians don't believe Hitler's propaganda that he doesn't want Egypt. They know very well he wants Egypt, for Egypt is the Nile and there is cotton and tobacco and grain in that river's valley that winds like a green vine northward through the Sudan and the Egyptian desert to flower in many tendrils at the Delta. Egypt is the breadbasket of northeast Africa and Hitler wants it. All but some 200,000 of Egypt's seventeen million people are born, live and die in that valley and they love their land and the measure of freedom they enjoy and they don't want to give up either land or freedom. That's why they've leased their Egypt to Britain for a battlefield.

We left the general and pushed on on the scabby road toward Salum. We found the colonel who commands a battery of 25-pounders just this side of the escarpment under Hellfire Pass, relaxing after a tough day. He sat on a folding chair in front of some planks set on sawhorses in his "drawing room." This was a flat space dug out of the ruins of what might have been an ancient Roman villa buried in the sand in the dunes at the sea's ed cleared space between walls was stretched a from which fluttered st and green rag.

The net was hung fron the whole gave the effec of a Mediterranean sum

The colonel hadn't sha three days. Nobody sh up front. There isn't tim tions. Field glasses hun about his neck. His shir buttoned most of the wa was strictly a utilitaria rose and was as glad t man would be who had anybody but his junior and hadn't talked or tho thing but killing Germ

### Teatime in the

He was as cordial though he were playing fair club. He gave us te cigarettes and he ask questions about Ameri to know how the Americ lege operated and I had explaining and I guess I good job because he sa thought perhaps the Br tary system was simple

While we talked two p colonel squinted up at "Wrong ones." And a f I knew what he meant six bombs in a line betw fire Pass. The first wa hundred yards from wh the last one in the white carpment a mile and a the road passed.

I looked down over I knew there were mer couldn't see anything. in the slit trenches near guns.

"I suppose he coul well from up there," "He knows we're here cause we've been firing there over the edge o all day but he can't fi you ready for a drink?"

We had one and ther We'd come up to see wh were still holding Hel they were.



**"We got him back all right after we paid the ran m, but now we don't know what to do with im"** GEORGE

# "Lest We Forget"

(A WORD TO THE BUYERS OF AMERICA)

*Ours is a brand-built economy.*

*Brands motivate industry; make possible our much vaunted mass production; sustain high living standards, and provide the wealth out of which both our peace-time and war-time needs are supplied.*

*Destroy our Brands, and you dislocate our whole economy.*

Brands aren't just identifying names on sacks, bottles and boxes—they are priceless covenants of Faith between man and man, representing the concern of management and the toil of men, down through the years.

Battleships? Tanks? Airplanes? Battalions? These we must have! But we must also have our Brands—for they, too, are a part of National Defense!

★ ★ ★

We face many perils these days, but few greater than that the Brands we live by may be forgot.

This must not happen!

American Industry has heard the call and put on the uniform of its country. This is just as true of the man in the plant as it is of the man in the front office. Real Americans, on both sides of the pay-window, have enlisted in this crusade against time—they are giving their all.

Some of our factories have switched 100% from peace-time to war-time production. Others have done so only partially. A few, so far as their equipment is concerned, haven't as yet been touched—but even these are feeling the pinch on basic materials.

Meaning that for the duration of this emergency you are going to experience greater and still greater difficulty in obtaining the Brands which you and your family have been accustomed to buy.

★ ★ ★

All right—what are you going to do about it? Are you going to remain loyal to these familiar Brands while they are, so to speak, in uniform—Brands which have faithfully served you for years as guide-posts to value? Or—are you going to forget them?

★ ★ ★

If your boy gave up his job to serve his country, it would be a mighty poor boss who wouldn't say to him: "Don't you worry, Son—your old job will be waiting for you when you get back!"

Well then—is the factory which gives up its job to serve its country entitled to any less consideration?

You are a mighty poor patriot if you don't say, "More power to you! Your old market will be right here waiting for you when you get back!"

Let it never be said that the consumers of America forgot their absent friends in 1941!

**This advertisement is published nation-wide by Collier's**
**in behalf of the factories now engaged in National Defense**

UP TO THE WEE HOURS LAST NIGHT



Fresh as a daisy today!

HER SECRET



Last night she saw to it that her highballs were mixed with White Rock.



Before going to bed and again in the morning, she had a glass of plain White Rock.



Beneficial, natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity. Help protect you against over-acidity. Make you feel better next day. Improve your highball.

ALWAYS MIX WITH




ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

FEELING FINE THANKS TO

White Rock

SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

Other White Rock products: Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale and Q-9 (for mixing gin-and-tonic)

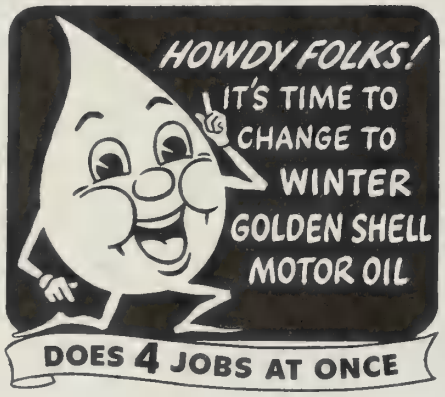


## What Do You Want?

EVERY dollar must go far these days. So send a letter or a card for our free booklet, *"An Adventure in Dollars and Cents."* It tells girls and women how to make money at home in spare moments.

**Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club, Collier's Weekly, Dept. 156 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.**








## Would You Welcome An Extra Income?

BOTH men and women are offered an opportunity to increase their incomes by introducing COLLIER'S to friends and neighbors during spare time. For complete details of this profitable offer, just send a penny postal with your name and address to—

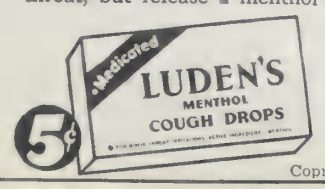
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MEDICATED FOR

# CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Sensational *extra* help for colds—with Luden's! These famous cough drops not only help soothe throat, but release a menthol vapor—which, with every breath, helps penetrate clogged nasal passages, helps relieve "clothespin nose!"






Copr. 1941, Luden's, Inc.


## You Got to Use Diplomacy

Continued from page 64

Grapevine way and see the wild flowers?" she asked. "They say it's awful pretty. The valley's just blue with lupine. I'd like to—"

"Uh-hmm," said Skip absently. He swung the ship's nose northward. His mind was functioning at its terminal velocity. He was due up for a hearing on his application for commission just two days hence; and now Henrietta had told him Tony was going to block his appointment. Tony was a stubborn old mule; but without Tony's okay, the board would hold him exempt, and turn him down. Craftily, he looked at Henrietta. The girl, he reflected, was a one-man intelligence service. Perhaps, if Tony thought—

"Well, anyway," he said carefully, "I can always go to Canada and fly. *They* need pilots."

Henrietta appeared not to have heard him. She loosened her safety belt, drew her graceful limbs up beneath her, and laid her blond head on his shoulder. "I think it would be nice if you'd kiss me," she murmured. She snuggled closer, and looked up persuasively.

He kissed her. And felt a pang of regret that the Air Corps frowned on officers below the grade of first lieutenant being married.

"It's awfully cold in Canada, Skippy," said Henrietta drowsily.

"Huh?" said Skip. Then, "Yes, it is!" And so much for that! he thought triumphantly. She'll tell Tony; and Tony won't write the letter. He'd a lot rather have me in our Army than with the Limies! Needless to say, Skip had not the slightest intention at that time, of joining the R.C.A.F. He was running a bluff. The only factor he failed to take into consideration was that running a bluff on Tony Marlin is like trying to stop a Panzer division with a peashooter. As anyone who has played poker with Tony will tell you.

THE next day was Monday, and Western's vast plant was buzzing with grief.

Skip—who had recently been promoted to the post of assistant production manager—came in at seven-fifteen to find the usual accumulation of foremen's gripe notes stacked in the wire basket on his desk. He sorted them. Kelly, in the machine shop, was short seventeen hundred aluminum alloy "bathtub" castings for the WB-31. "Swell!" muttered Skip, with sarcasm. "Just ducky! . . ." He picked up the phone and called McGee, in Material Procurement.

"Where in hell are those W.A. Five-dash-thirty-three-forty-fives?" he asked. "Kelly's screaming his head off."

"They haven't been shipped," McGee told him. "Foley Casting's got a strike on. I think it's a fine situation when a country like this lets—"

"What've you got in excess stock?"

"Not a thing."

Skip threw one long leg over his chair arm, and eased his lean hips into thinking position. "Got any five-eighths bar?"

"Hell, no. We've had it on order for three months, but I don't know *when* it'll be in."

"That's right. Alum Products have got a strike, too. All God's chillun got strikes." Skip pondered a moment. Then: "Look! That static-test model of the B-61 that's lying out in the north yard. There's a lot of big extrusions in it. Get Pulforth to write me a stock substitution authorizing S.S. 650-24 ST extrusions, and I'll get an order to pull the test job to pieces. We'll let the machine shop hog us out enough fittings to last until Alum gets its strike settled."

McGee sounded dubiou: Gee I don't know. What woul he they caught us using sec lha terial?"

"What they don't kno wor 'em!" said Skip impati ly. stuff's all right. I'll hav t al welled, and then throw it l k in

"But—" protested McC

"Look," said Skip. "T par me. It isn't as if the ma ial okay. It's just a moth-eat old tion that doesn't mean a thing sides, I don't care if they can be in the Army in anoth wee paused. "As a matter of ct speculatively, "I'd just s so canned. Then Tony M in hold up my Air Corps co assig

"How are you making it on asked McGee.

"Not so good," said Sk "To he won't let me go."

"So you're going to et y canned to fool him?"

"It mightn't be a bad i a," sa reflectively.

"HAR-umph!" said a ice fr doorway behind Skip. H lidn to turn. He knew who was you later," he told McG has hung up.

TONY MARLIN was nding doorway. He was abo forty small and stout, had s ha wicked gleam in his eye, a I was a cigar. Tony had been w West craft since the boss set in bu and had come up from t bench exalted position of prod ion m He was tough and irascil ; bu a good man when he sa one. promoted Skip from th pushi material truck to his fir assista in the short period of e teen

The kid was a redhe ed sc and could get into m mess square minute than any dy el plant. But he was good nd he priceless quality—in a emplo doing everything he c as co tiously and thoroughly if he were the boss and the b ness to him. Tony was as pr d of S father; and was ordina y more to him than anyone els it West

This morning, though e was stiff and could cheerfu have the kid. Skip was ho ng dow one half of the product depart load of grief, and Tony uldn't see how he'd come out he kid holding the bag, and r ned off any man's army.

So, when Skip turn in his chair, and said, "Goo morning Tony didn't answer h He st lently in the doorway owering an ash from his cigar— hich was bling with indignati between clenched teeth—detac itself erally besprinkled his lue serg just over his ample pau h. "Grau he growled, and beat dust back of his right har "Get into my office. I wan o talk

"Yes, sir," said Skij astily. came aware that Mis Wayne— secretary—was watch them hensively, and he wen n to Tony fice, with a peculiar, old feeling under his belt. He r lved to the interview through a basis chalance, and comm ced to softly.

"Cut that racket o !" roared Skip stopped whistl . Tony sla the office door behi him, sai down!" and lowered h barrel-like into the chair behind big desk

p was not at ease. "Nice day, isn't ?" he said, with an attempt at a

-aaa!" snarled Tony. Then: "You vacky on this Air Corps idea?"

es, sir," said Skip. "Only, I don't it's wacky."

A second glut of ashes landed on 's vest. "What I can't figure out," id, "is how you can be so dumb. given you my reasons why you dn't go. Can't you get the pic-

es, sir," said Skip. "Your side of ut I think it's a wrong interpreta- f the facts. I think—"

e phone rang. Tony answered it, assed the hand set to Skip. "It's ou," he growled. Skip took it.

ah?" he said. It was Stubby n, down on the control desk in ge subassembly. Stubby was fat, and anxious. Six months before, been a junior clerk in the test de- ent. Now, defense had promoted ut of all proportion to his experi- and he needed help. "Skip," he plaintively. "We just *gotta* have spot-weld assemblies for the ma- -gun shell ejection chutes today. e only got two left; and Remerge we're going to be tied up by to- . Ain't there *nothing* you can do?"

P gave the matter about three sec- ds' thought. The solution came au- tically. "Go see Crying Joe," he "Tell him what you've just told Crying Joe is the foreman of Spot . He comes by his name honestly. has a persecution complex, and s the world is against him. "Go see g Joe," he repeated.

ut, Skip," said Stubby poignantly, w him this morning. He said he's ix times as much work down there can do; and we had a kind of ar- nt. I—"

kay," said Skip. "I'll fix it. Go there after lunch and get your es." He picked up the phone and d Spot Weld.

What's the matter?" asked Tony in.

h, nothing," said Skip. "Stubby n can't get some parts out of Cry- oe."

mph!" said Tony. "I get sick of temperamental foremen. If I had way—"

hey're all temperamental," said , hastily covering the mouthpiece his palm. Into the transmitter, he "Joe? This is Skip Smith. I just d up to find out how your fishing came out last week end. Swell! Halibut, eh? Where did you go? Coronado Island! Gee, that must have been a fine trip. No, I didn't go out this week end. Flew my girl up to the valley instead. Say, Joe, a man of mine named Brown in fuselage-sub needs some of those shell-ejection chutes right away. You know—the fat kid. *Sure*, he needs them. He's not like a lot of the guys. When he says he needs something, he needs it. . . .

"He called you a *bottleneck?* Well, he's just a kid, Joe. Probably a little excited. You've got one of the most efficient units in the plant, Joe. We know that. Look, I'd certainly appreciate it if you'd have a few of those chutes ready right after lunch. Consider it a personal favor. And, by the way, have you any halibut to spare? Swell! I'll drop by and get them after work. My girl will cook them for us. And thanks. I'd like to go out with you next time. You always get the fish. . . . Don't give me that! We take all the tackle in California and nothing happens. You use that old pole of yours and an ungeared reel and catch eight halibut. Say, Joe, you won't forget Brown's chutes, will you? Swell! Be seeing you!" Skip hung up the phone.

"You bubonic rat!" said Tony admiringly. "You could talk an organ-grinder out of his monkey!"

Skip shrugged expansively. He was going great guns. "You have to use tact in these things, sir," he said. "My father always used to say that diplomacy was two thirds of business, and—"

"That still don't settle this Army thing!" said Tony abruptly. "Listen. I've always played ball with you, haven't I?"

Skip nodded. "Sure. Sure you've always played ball with me; but this Army thing isn't just some fool idea I cooked up in a beer joint. I know I'm valuable here; but I think they need me worse."

Tony waved an exasperated hand. "But, kid," he said, "who do you know around here could handle your job? The ones who are smart enough haven't the experience. Or they can't handle men. *Somebody*'s got to get these ships built. It's important. It's the most important thing in the world. And—"

The phone rang again; and Skip picked it up. "Hello?" he said absently.

"You're out of luck on those B-61 test wing-beam extrusions," said McGee's voice. "They hauled them away for scrap."

"Damn!" said Skip.

"Now what?" McGee demanded.

Skip sighed. "Okay," he said. "Send



**"I think we'd make better time, Sergeant, if they all just sing the straight melody"** ROLAND COE





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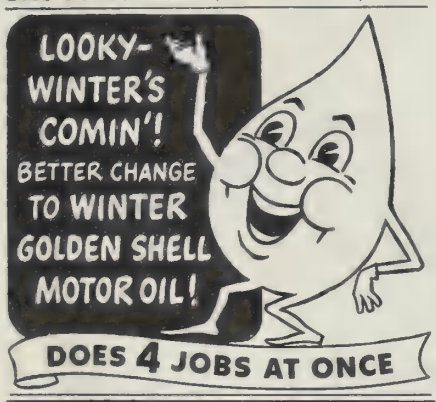



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*The DASH that makes the DISH*


a man up here with a wooden box. I've got about forty pieces of 24 ST bar stock ditched out in my lower desk drawer. I've been saving it for an emergency; and I guess this is it."

"You know," said McGee, relievedly, "sometimes I'd like to cut your throat. I could have used that stock last week. But thanks. I'll send somebody up right away." He hung up.

"What's the matter?" asked Tony.

Skip told him.

"You see?" said Tony plaintively. "Who else but you would have thought of using those B-61 extrusions? And who else would have ditched out that bar stock? I *can't* let you go, kid."

Skip said, "You've got to. There's nothing anyone can do to stop me."

Tony didn't answer for a moment. There was a sudden hostility in his eyes, and his dead cigar was almost bitten in two. "Kid," he said at last, "when you come up before that board tomorrow, there's going to be a letter there from me, saying that I don't think it's in the best interests of the national defense for you to leave this factory. Which I don't." He leaned forward and pressed the audiphone buzzer. He settled himself in his chair and stared at Skip with smoldering eyes. "So you see your Canada bluff didn't work, my boy. Oh, Henrietta told me about it, all right. You meant her to, didn't you?"

Skip didn't answer, immediately. A slow, stubborn anger was rising in him; and he'd forgotten, for the moment, that this man was probably the best friend he had in the world.

"I'm not bluffing," he said finally. "If you write that letter, and they turn me down, I'll go."

SKIP spent the rest of the day straightening out one mess after another.

Monday, of course, was worse than usual. The departments that had worked over Sunday were screaming for parts they hadn't been able to get. On top of that, the Army had rejected the bomber pilot-seat assembly, Engineering had thrown a stop-work order on Rib Stations 10, 30 and 126 of the new bomber, Estimating was yelling its collective head off about overtime in the Foundry, and Service wanted a replacement transport wing shipped out not later than the following Monday for a ship that had cracked up in Mexico.

Skip plowed steadily into the avalanche. It was all ticklish work—work that required a thorough knowledge of the business, and entailed jollying, bullying or flattering complex and suspicious personalities. To do it well, a man needed a well-developed sense of humor, the quality of leadership, personality, and the ability to make men like him, even while he was bedeviling them. Skip had all these—and in that short day, he did—easily and well—work it would have taken most other men a week to accomplish.

The day ended, at last; but the whistle had blown a good hour before Skip finally got up from his desk, sighed, filed a welter of the day's unfinished grief in the row of neat pigeonholes he carried in the back of his mind and went home.

When he got to his one-cylinder apartment, he showered, shaved, and called Henrietta Marlin.

"This is Skip," he said, somewhat unnecessarily.

Henrietta's voice was cool: "Yes, Skip. What is it?"

"A friend of mine's given me a couple of nice, fresh halibut. Suppose I fillet them and bring them over for you to fry?"

"I—I don't think you'd better, Skip. Not tonight."

"Why not? Got another date?"

"No. I haven't another date!" Henrietta was indignant . . . "Skip, what on earth did you say to Tony, this afternoon?"

Skip told her. "And," he added, "I meant it, too."

"I think you're acting like a couple of children, Skip. Both of you. But he's absolutely right. You've no business to leave the plant at a time like this."

"He's *not* right!" flared Skip.

"He is, too," said Henrietta. "I think this whole thing's as silly as it can be. What do you want to do? Go away where we can't ever see each other? . . ." Her voice took on an acid tinge: "That's it! You want to go somewhere and swagger around impressing women with your nasty old uniform, instead of staying home and tending to your business."

"Oh, for gosh sakes!" said Skip, in exasperation. "Can't you understand, either? I'm just trying to do what I think is right."

"Men are all the same," said Henrietta, icily.

Skip sighed. "Well, if I can't come over there, will you meet me for a show?"

"No, I won't!" said Henrietta, and hung up.

Skip scratched his head. "Now what in hell brought that on?" he said.

AT NINE-THIRTY next morning, Skip put in his appearance at the Air Corps office in Long Beach. At nine-forty he left the building with his face red and his fists clenched; and thirty minutes later—record time for the distance he had covered—he swirled his roadster into Western's parking lot, clamped on his brakes, got out and stalked through the main entrance of the plant to Tony's office.

Tony looked up from his desk. Then he smiled around his cigar. "So they turned you down?"

"You ought to know," said Skip, through his teeth.

Tony nodded. "And now," he said jovially, "I suppose you'll be leaving for Canada. Or was that just a bluff?"

Skip was churning inside like a cream separator. "It wasn't a bluff," he said quietly. "I'm leaving the end of the week."

Tony laughed. Unpleasantly. "You may be leaving, but you ain't going to do any flying for the Canadians. I've fixed that, too. The boss has a lot of English stuff in the shop. Do you think they'd hire you if he told them not to?"

Skip gave him a thin smile. "They don't ask pilots many questions up there. So long as I can fly, they won't care whether my name is Smith, or—Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Tony's face turned purple. "You can't do that!" he shouted.

"Why not?" asked Skip. "I'll stick around until the end of the week, of course. There're a few things I want to clean up, and you'll want me to break in a new man. After that, I'm leaving."

Skip waited for the explosion, but it didn't come. Tony sat back in his chair and examined him thoughtfully with his shrewd, shrewd eyes. And he continued thus to examine him, for the better part of a minute.

Skip was uneasy. He wondered suddenly if Tony had thought of some new way of keeping him from going.

Therefore, it was with some degree of relief that he heard Tony say—rather mildly, "Okay, kid. You win. I'll fix it for you to get your pay check. At noon today."

"Noon today?" said Skip. "Oh, no. I want to stay until the end of the week, to clear things up."

Tony shook his head. "No, kid. You're leaving now. Right now."

"But Tony," said Skip. "I don't want to—"

Tony's calm departed. His face flaming, he leaned across the desk and shook a stumpy index finger directly under Skip's nose. "I've been holding back," he roared. "But I won't much longer. Get out of here before I do murder! Get out! . . ."


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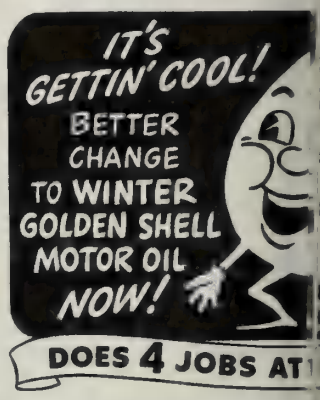


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his belongings piled into his
nd was headed north on the
Highway by seven that eve-
vasn't happy, for Henrietta's
him had been tearful, and
angry words had hurt. Be-
's not letting him stay around
er the reins to his successor
hing. It was all right for Tony
with him; but by losing his
l canning him, like that, he'd
whoever took over would be
ing adjusted. . . .
bright spot he could think
he'd left a copy of his itin-
Henrietta, so she could reach
e, if any question came up
that he could answer at long
But he doubted that Tony
him, no matter what his
Tony was stubborn. . . .
oonlight, and the thin ribbon
nway wound its silver way
each before him. He turned
adio, but the music sounded
ll to him. At Oxnard, he
alf pint of whisky, and drank
t only made him more mis-
he drove on through the
state of unrelieved gloom.
into San Francisco at five-
morning and checked in at
ph office. There wasn't any
im—and that didn't make
easier. He had half expected
er that would say something
y I blew up. Best luck al-
rietta sends love. Tony."
e was nothing. Impulsively,
l a pencil and a blank, and
orry about yesterday. Please
on being sore. Here until
me hear from you. Love to
Skip."
ated for a minute before fil-
hen added the words: "Sump
or bomber being machined
shop. Promised them latest
awing today. Will you see
?"
went to an inexpensive hotel,
fast and slept until one in
pon.

e woke up, he called the tele-
office. There had been no
is telegram. "Damned old die-
hought savagely. "He could
ered about the sump cast-
ay . ." He dressed, polished
ourse cracked-crab luncheon
an's Wharf, and at two-thirty
hly across the Golden Gate
aded north. Just short of Petaluma, he snapped his fingers, said, "Damn!" and set about composing another telegram to Tony. Later, he sent it. It said: "Be sure chief draftsman's office keeps constant overtime on bomber wing rib changes. Advise. H. S. Smith."

He stopped for the night in Port Orford, Oregon. He was trying desperately to enjoy himself but the ruck of unfinished business at the Western Aircraft Corporation continued to haunt him. . . . After he had eaten his dinner, he went down to the telegraph office. He was entirely certain that there would be some kind of message waiting for him, but there wasn't. By this time, he had thought of half a hundred things that Tony should know; and, in addition, of one thing that he, Skip, *had* to know.

DOWN in Metal Fittings was a jig that had been used to bore landing-gear forks on the "A" series model of the bomber. Skip had arranged with Tooling to have the jig corrected for the "B" series fork as soon as that overworked department could get around to it; and in the meantime, he had marked all the fork work orders, "Drill to 'A' Series Jig as per Instructions H. S. Smith." The jig hadn't been used in over a month, and had passed temporarily out of his mind. Now, suddenly, he remembered that there was an order for 200 "B" series forks working in Metal Fittings; and the thought made his hair rise. For, if the jig had been corrected to the "B" series change and was used as an "A" jig "as per Instructions H. S. Smith" there were going to be 200 "B" series forks that wouldn't be worth throwing on the junk heap.

Skip sent Tony the following wire: "Please wire Port Angeles exact present vertical dimension between center line lower holes and center upper hole Bomber' LG fork drill jig now metal fittings crib. Urgent. Important."

Whereafter, he drove on to Port Angeles, where he was to board the ferry that would take him across Juan de Fuca Strait to Victoria. . . .

He had been certain that there would be a message in Port Angeles, and when the operator told him there wasn't, he didn't at first believe her. When he was convinced, he did a little figurative hair tearing, and sent Tony another wire: "Did you get wire re LG fork jig? Must have answer. Vital."

And waited three hours for a reply that didn't come. He sent another one,



**"Next time you want bridgework identified don't come through my waiting room!"**





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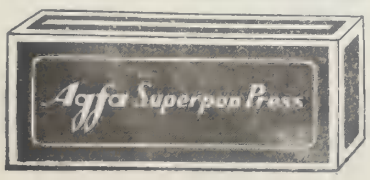
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**"Now, Mr. Weatherby—or would you prefer that I, too, call you 'Boopsy'?"**

later, that said: "Must have answer fork jig. Answer immediately."

After which he repaired to a hotel and spent the night tossing and turning on a rather hard bed, with ruined landing-gear forks, in nightmare quantities, floating before his eyes. . . . There was still no message in the morning; and Skip stood in the middle of the telegraph office and frightened a rather pretty message clerk half out of her wits with highly vocal and imprecatory ravings anent a certain Tony Marlin.

HE HAD plenty of time to cool off on his twelve-hundred-mile drive back to Western City. He made it in a little over three days, after first wiring Jenkins, the boss of Metal Fittings, under no circumstances to drill any bomber landing-gear forks. When he left Port Angeles, he was firmly of the conviction that he would stay at Western—Tony or no Tony—only long enough to clean things up; but by the time he got home, he was thoroughly chastened by the realization that it was within Tony's power to forbid him the plant entirely. Moreover, he was beginning to realize that Tony'd been right; and that his place was not in the cockpit of a fighter plane, but behind his desk.

So, on the third morning at seven when he showed the watchman his identification badge—which he had not turned in—and walked up to his desk, he was mainly concerned with how to get Tony to give him his job back—thinking, meanwhile, that the chances of Tony's doing that were rather remote. He was managing a rather sad sort of whistle; but he felt like a man walking to the gallows.

Miss Wayne was already in; and she turned pale when she saw him. "Why, Mr. Smith—" She glanced apprehensively at the door.

"Hello," said Skip. "Is the boss still sore?"

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Wayne, anxiously. "You'd better leave before he gets in. I don't know what—"

"Who's got my job?" asked Skip.

"Why, nobody. He's been doing the work himself. He tried out Mr. Kelton, and Mr. Kraus, but they couldn't—Oh, Mr. Smith, he's been terrible these last few days."

There was a crash behind him, as the door flew violently open, and Tony strode savagely into the office. His face was the color of the glowing tip of his cigar, and he was breathing smoke like a volcano. When he saw Sk

"What are you doing he

"I came back," said Sk you might need me."

Tony glared at him. said. He pushed Skip asi into his private office, sl hind him so the glass sho

"Stubborn old mule! Then, to Miss Wayne: " in the shop. I've got to something."

"Mr. Smith," said Miss ously. "You'd better lea

"No," said Skip. "I'm I've got some stuff to cl going to—"

The door to the privat violently back on its hi charged out with a bask He slammed them down "I wish you'd keep your office," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Skip,

"Damn' stubborn your Tony, a little less anta

"Yes, sir," said Skip.

"I'm having the tailor monkey suit for you," s can strut around in that won't be exactly a unifo a nice set of wings em lapel." He paused f wings'll be tied onto a he roared.

Skip grinned. "Ought

"Argh!" snarled To sheaf of telegrams o pocket and shoved t hand. "Get down to M get that jig fixed. I'm about it."

"I was just leaving," and departed.

AFTER he had left, came over Tony. H instantly, and he thre and laughed. "Damn' y worried," he said. "H ting back here than I fi

"You mean you were

"Sure," said Tony. back before he ever rather die than leave That's why I drove h swering his telegram again. "It's just like 'You got to use diplo

He opened the doo office. "Call my daught he said, "and tell he was pretty worried."

# To 'Vegas, Darling

Continued from page 73

ame to the door, said they what you wanted, and in- in. Inside was a pleasant, ked parlor, air-conditioned elit.

vas free ice water, aspirin or depending on how you felt. d toned down the palpitation erybody went up to the court- got a license for two dollars. r to the jeweler's for the ring florist's for the gardenia corsage ittle-Woman-to-Be. Back to ning Post and up the Bridal inly marked by a sign—and arlor, and there was a Congre- minister, the Reverend Albert , beaming to beat the band at Melton used no script. Mr. th a script for a wedding serv- lt, would have been like Will one for Tobacco Road.

ith Mr. and Mrs. Stewart as s, you were married—and cely, too. No helter-skelter rough the questions and re- ut everything right and sedate er. Then everybody kissed and shook hands—and Mr. anded you a phonograph rec- whole thing, including I Love sweetly sung by Mrs. Stew- Th was $1.50 more, and worth re.

hat, the bride rolled up her ertificate and you walked back Bridal Path to the Wishing o this you dropped a penny— rried now and having to be nd made a silent wish. It ut the well was wired for d a soft voice out of the depths u happiness.

### M ionaires and Moochers

ewarts, who really put show- into marriage, were their own mers not many months back. an R.A.F. flier in the last war. Hollywood afterward and a lyrics writer for film musi- s. Stewart was Miss Mildred singer who played in many ey tired of Hollywood, and one ley said to Mildred: "Let's go s!" They staged their own and liked it so much they de- re was a demand for pleasant, weddings among people who, couldn't afford the usual ex- who disliked the formality of own marriage.

then," says Stewart, "we have eddings for about fifteen hundred couples. Sometimes they drive in alone; sometimes in big parties. We've had a millionaire, scores of wealthy people, lots of film stars, of course—and lots of in-love kids who hardly had enough money to get a license and pay the minister. We got them married, anyway. Sometimes we scoop the nickels and dimes out of the Wishing Well and give them to hard-up youngsters."

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart could eat and drink for next to nothing, if they wished, most of the newlyweds inviting them around to the wedding banquet. About half the people who get married write letters of thanks and often send photographs of themselves. Mrs. Robert Preston, wife of the movie actor, who was married at The Hitching Post, liked it so well she wrote that she had decided to celebrate a wedding anniversary every week. The Stewarts thought this quite a tribute.

### And the Money Rolls In

Most to-be-marrieds are nervous, and nearly all take it seriously, the Stewarts say. When a big, strong man, weighing two hundred pounds and standing six feet two, comes along they always get out the smelling salts, because it's two to one he's going to faint in the middle of the ceremony. The kids in overalls and slacks are usually the most sincere; the folks who turn up in Tuxedos and evening gowns are sometimes pretty nonchalant.

When the wedding parlors—the Blue Bird, the Wee Kirk o' the Heather, The Hitching Post and the rest—first started many of the local 'Vegans looked down their noses and talked about commercialization. But now it's quite the thing for home-town folks to drive out on Route 91 and be married. . . . Besides, twenty thousand couples a year, spending around $20 apiece, adds up to $400,000 a year.

Just as your correspondent and his bride, clutching their second marriage certificate, walked down the Bridal Path, a car roared up the highway and stopped outside The Hitching Post. A boy and a pretty girl got out, grinning: "Well, we're back, Mr. Stewart, to be married all over again."

"Swell," said Mr. Stewart. "Let's see—is this the second time?"

"No," they chorused. "Don't you remember—it's the third. And it won't be the last, either!"

Over in Scotland, Gretna Green hung its head in shame. After all, Gretna just married them once.

**VAR breeds great stories. Here is one—the adventures of an Englishman who tried to shepherd ix children, waifs of the blitzkrieg, through the ength of fallen France to the free soil of England**

## PIED PIPER

**BY NEVIL SHUTE**

EGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S


"I'd like to shake hands with the guy who invented this!"



"I sure would!

"Because the man who invented the Comptometer did me a personal favor, and I'd like to say 'Thanks!'

"You see, I *operate* a Model M Comptometer, on a lot of different kinds of adding and calculating, and whoever invented it had *me* in mind — because he built *operator-protection* right into the mechanism!

"For example, the Controlled-Key safeguard. This morning, I was getting out some statistical work. It was rush stuff, and I was batting it out faster than usual (which is some fast, on a Comptometer!), and naturally, being human, I 'fumbled' a key stroke. Right away, that Controlled-Key business locked the keyboard — and before you could say 'Felt & Tarrant' I'd corrected the error and resumed the work at the point of error!

"That's just one of the ways the Comptometer protects me against operating errors — not to mention the no-glare answer dials, and the elimination of answer-dial zeros unless they're part of the actual answer, which makes it easier to *read* answers correctly!

"What I chiefly like about that Comptometer, though, is this: IT'S SO DOGGONE EASY TO OPERATE! There's no crank to slow me down — it's *key-operated*. There's no distracting tape to mess with. The key stroke's light and silent. It's a *pleasure* to breeze through a stack of figure work with that machine — and I can't help it if the Boss gives the credit for speed and accuracy to *me* instead of to the Comptometer!

"Of course, I don't expect to be operating a Comptometer all my life. There's plenty of opportunity, in a job like this, to learn the business and make real progress. But even if I get an executive position and a bay window, I won't forget what it says in those Comptometer advertisements:

"'*For practical information on proved ways to reduce figure-work time and cost, telephone your local Comptometer Co. office . . . or write direct to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.*'"

**Collier's**

WILLIAM L. CHENERY — Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH — Managing Editor
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## Certificate of Character

STRANGELY enough, Gerald P. Nye's attempted arraignment of the motion-picture industry is not without its benefits. It has produced a healthy reaction against racial and religious intolerance. Hollywood's real offense was not prowar propaganda but anti-Hitler films. Even though freedom of speech, freedom of religion and freedom of the arts might be junked in the process, the motion-picture industry was to be blackjacked into an attitude more favorable to the Fuehrer. The Land of Liberty, a stirring presentation of America's own epic struggle, and without a reference to the second World War, was actually included in the indictment.

In all of which Senator Nye is running true to form. Although five years have passed since he served as chairman of a committee to investigate the munitions industry, his report still stands as an all-time low for unfairness and distortion. Even German writers, in all their bitterness of defeat, did not go as far in justifying their country's war practices or in full-throated denunciation of the United States as base and perjured. Our entrance into the war, according to the gentleman from North Dakota, was due entirely to the insensate greed of munitions makers and international bankers. Self-defense, freedom of the seas and idealism had nothing to do with it. At every point America's motives were mean and sordid.

"The growth of a vested interest in Allied success on the part of great commercial and financial interests," declared the report, "eliminated any such thing as neutrality on the part of the United States—and led Wilson to follow a course from which he dared not deviate—a course which spelled, inevitably, ruthless submarine warfare."

England's blockade of Germany was branded as "illegal," and we took no measures to relax it because Wilson discovered that he could not use them "without endangering this country's financial and commercial interests which were dependent upon Allied success." Having shown America up as utterly ignoble, Senator Nye then went on to plead the Kaiser's entire justification.

"In desperation and *as her only chance of success,* Germany did, on January 31, 1917, what this government knew all through the fall of 1916 that she would be driven to do. She announced unrestricted submarine warfare. For its resumption, America's complete lack of neutrality was largely responsible." If that warfare was ruthless, he argued, it was because "materials of murder were being supplied in unlimited quantities" to the Allies by the United States.

Over and over with infinite relish he stressed the "selfish and materialistic ambitions of the Allies," slyly implying the unselfishness and idealism of the Germans. "The Treaty of Versailles, the victors' treaty of revenge," shouted the report, "disclosed boldly to the world that the Allies had been fighting an imperialistic war." Never a word about Pan-Germanism or the treaty of Brest-Litovsk. By way of climaxing his incredible performance in Germany's behalf, Senator Nye denounced Woodrow Wilson as a convicted liar.

Many eminent men replied to Senator Nye at the time, but two in particular answered irrefutably. "When we began the actual mobilization of material for our participation in the World War," testified Newton D. Baker, "there simply were no American munitions makers. General Bliss went to England in January, 1918, and continued an agreement made in June, 1917, whereby the British and French supplied us with cannon out of their surpluses in exchange for raw materials . . . We bought in Canada a large supply of Ross rifles, an obsolete arm, and used leftovers of the Spanish war, but still gave some of our recruits initial training with broomsticks . . . We bought revolvers and pistols of every sort, and ransacked the museums of city police departments for confiscated "concealed weapons," but at the end of the war we were still short of required supply."

Count Bernstorff, Germany's ambassador, also bore this significant testimony in his memoirs: "The definite decision to declare unrestricted U-boat warfare was taken January 9 . . . After all that had passed, I could only regard this news as a declaration of war against the United States, and, moreover, such as put us in the wrong, since it stultified Wilson's efforts in the direction of peace, which had been made without concurrence. . . . I did all I could to get the Berlin decision withdrawn or at least postponed, but I received the reply that any postponement was impossible on technical grounds."

As for the attack on Woodrow Wilson, aged Carter Glass, beating the desk until his hand spurted blood, raged against men "insensible to every consideration of decency."

Ignoring these answers, Senator Nye leaped upon the lecture platform, and repeated his charges throughout the length a the country. Asked later on the if he received pay for his speech stiffly. "Yes, I do accept *honora* sidering everything, the motion-p try, instead of anger, is entitled t the Nye indictment as a certificat

## Comeback in North Dak

FIVE years ago, the impressio that a wide swath of the U Wheat Belt was on its way to jo the Dust Bowl. "The plow th plains" was thought to have do rable job of work, with drought r the mopping up. There seemed for it but to rush plans for mov tling hundreds of thousands of N Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas a farmers elsewhere.

It is now a supreme pleasure these stories of the decline and area of the United States were mature report of Mark Twain' gerated. From Governor John Dakota we received the followin

Beginning with 1937, and throu succeeding years, there was a slow provement. . . . This year, 1941, harvesting one of the greatest cro estimated to be 135,000,000 bushel with that goes an abundant crop of and oats, and a splendid hay crop. moisture in the soil than at any tim ten years. The pastures are in bett they have been since the late twe nomic condition, not only of the in and citizens, but of the state and is greatly improved.

Accordingly, North Dakota s week in September as a week

We'll echo those thanks whol only for North Dakota but als states which were going to join but didn't. We'll also express t that soil conservation and antie be carried on persistently up nation from now on.

And we'll permit ourselve snicker at the contingent of chr that thinks this country is sur wave of adversity hits it. Cert Dakota crisis was tough. But kotans were tougher.

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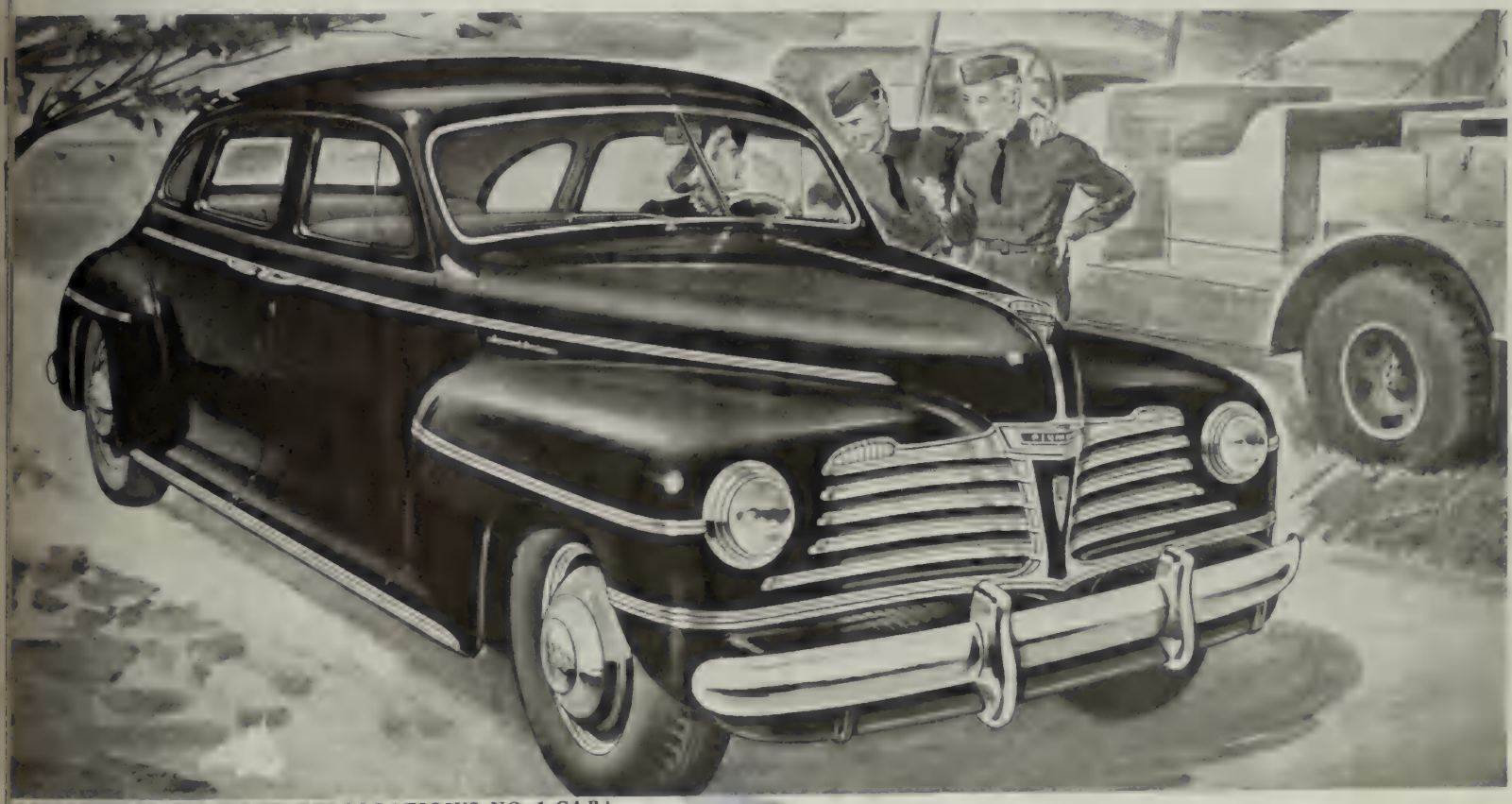
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NOVEMBER 1, 1941


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COVER ARTHUR SZYK


# ANY WEEK

UNLESS we're more mistaken than usual, quite a number of us are using this war as an alibi for unstable characters that would be on emotional, breast-beating benders in the Garden of Eden. Being in a philosophic mood one afternoon we discussed this theory pretty exhaustively with one of our political heroes, the Honorable Pat V. James of Hot Coffee, Mississippi. Mr. James became practical as usual, saying that a great deal of benefit might come of observing the Negro of the deep South. And to illustrate he called to an old man named Jasper Tilghman Tucker or, in short, Uncle Jazz. Uncle Jazz is, or was, a hundred and one years old and a hundred and one descendants acknowledged him. "Jazz," roared Mr. James, "tell this Yankee gentleman how you come to live to this powerful ripe old age." Uncle Jazz put down his bag of groceries, hitched up his pants and said: "Well, suh, Mr. James and gentlemen, when I works I works hard. When I sits, I sits loose. When I thinks, I goes to sleep."



WE ARE receiving almost daily reports from Mr. Gurney Williams, conductor of that deservedly popular department of this magazine, Our New Army. Mr. Williams has been in Arkansas and thereabouts inspecting Army maneuvers. His guide, interpreter and tactical adviser is the widely celebrated Colonel Dudley Virginius Haddock, late of the Louisiana Tigers. Actually, Colonel Haddock is a native of Noah's, Arkansas, a hamlet properly proud of the colonel and which prefers to be known as Noah's Ark. Mr. Williams reports that he was met by Colonel Haddock in Little Rock. The colonel was in full regimentals, equipped down to the last detail including a four-foot collapsible telescope and a homemade parachute. He was drinking a bottle of Squirt ("It's in the Public Eye") and denying to an admiring audience that there was an atom of similarity between the Charge of the Light Brigade, Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's gallop up San Juan Hill. The colonel (Haddock) was sitting loose. After an exchange of greetings with Mr. Williams, Colonel Haddock assured Mr. Williams that he was in capable hands. "Sir," said the colonel, "in Cuba, I had the honor of totin' General William Rufus Shafter, net weight three hundred and seventy-two pounds, to some of his most convincin' victories."

IN SPITE of the proverbial vigilance of the editors of this magazine, errors manage somehow to creep into these pages occasionally. We've just been notified of one by Mr. Roger Conant, Curator at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden. Recently Kyle Crichton wrote, in his article Monkeyshines, that there were but two Indian rhinoceroses in the United States. Actually there are four. We don't know how you feel about this but it bucks us up no end. One of the playful creatures overlooked by Mr. Crichton in his survey is in Mr. Conant's zoo—"a particularly fine female." The other, says Mr. Conant, is in the National Zoo in Washington, D. C. This one was probably out when Mr. Crichton called, doubtless attending one of Mayor LaGuardia's Civilian Defense-Public Morale committee meetings.

AMONG surprising things we have learned lately is that the wily Mr. Moto, our favorite Jap rascal who has done so well by his creator, John P. Marquand, is now doing his rascalling for the benefit of the United China Relief Fund. Mr. Marquand has told us that he is donating the book royalties of his Mr. Moto stories, including Mercator Island, which you finished in last week's Collier's, to that worthy cause. Mr. Marquand is chairman of the United China Relief writers' committee.

AT THE present moment we are greatly pleased to read letters from a number of British soldiers who are unanimously pleased with Collier's, and, frankly, we are not at all surprised. Sergeant J. Baldwin-Seales, Sergeants' Mess, R.A.F., Leeming, Northallerton, Yorks, England, and Gunner Chignall, 58 Castellan Avenue, Gildea Park, Essex, both of whom are good-looking and intelligent and would be glad to receive letters from good-looking and intelligent American young women, are rather general in their comments. Sergeant Baldwin-Seales in particular, speaks of the national popularity of our Quentin Reynolds. We gather that were a popularity poll to be taken in England, the King, the Queen, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Reynolds would furnish a photograph finish with Mr. Reynolds the favorite with the bookies. Corporal Cyril William St. Brave, Tillsbury Service Flats, Hyacinth Gardens, East Fleury, Herts (try that on your new stationery), rebukes us in a gentlemanly manner for wondering why the Tommy is so anxious to correspond with American girls and what's happened to Vi, Gwen, Pam, Jill and Sibyl. There are really two reasons, says Corporal St. Brave. First "there's the natural desire of many of us, who naturally have had little occasion to think much about America, to learn something more about the American Way of Life. The second," he goes on, ' appreciated. There ar in the WAAF, ATS, W and so many more wor tories that they have and oomph. When yo side with a girl all da much left by nightfal girls to be a little dep men but there is noth dent than a girl in a moment a girl gets i there's no holding her.'




RECENTLY we pause Connecticut, to listen low who wasn't satisfi things are going. It w esting. He was just at responsibility for the guys make war but us to fight 'em") when a our sleeve. "Listen," outfit's moving south day and I'm a day ove Do you know anybo whether my outfit w here so's I can pick 'em but volunteered to hel ain't that I'm afraid t ing for being AWOL "but the Army's treat I don't want them to t preciate it." We said being sure everythin right. "No, sir," he s about this and hope through here so's I ca don't want anybody t President Roosevelt."

HE DIDN'T. Anyw trucks filled with sold He got in one of the should have told you of these letters we' English soldiers beg about our new Army— of training material, officers, threats of English went through through yet. And E at war, with Jerry on l and the chow occasi banquetish. Frank Ge covering the Near E and India for us, is says that he can give quite a few British s glad to swap places lads who think that States is a little mo bear.

WHADDAYA say, S


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IT'S a fact — all smokers *sometimes* inhale. More smoke reaches delicate nose and throat passages. And *chances* of irritation *increase! But now look at the findings* of eminent doctors who compared five leading brands of cigarettes... and report that:

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# Wing Talk

OUR bright young men in training for Army and Navy wings are usually regarded as high-spirited, fearless and courageous youngsters who typify the spirit of America when the country needs defenders. Because we see so little of it, we have come to feel that they are entirely void of sentiment. That is why the following few confiding lines from an Army flying cadet are passed on as significant:

"Flying at night receives my vote for the biggest thrill yet. I wish you could have been up with me. It was so beautiful. It was like being in the center of a huge ball with the stars scattered about the surface. You get a kind of godlike feeling."

COMMERCIAL aircraft repair bases, flight training schools and mechanic training schools operate upon authority of the C.A.A. and hold an "air agency certificate." This certificate constitutes the government's stamp of approval of the courses and methods used by the operators and is regarded by the holders as their most valuable asset. The only purpose of such government certification is in the interest of safety, and when an "air agency" oversteps the bounds it is through. Since this is so seldom, it's really news when the C.A.A. revokes such certificate as it has in the case of a California primary flying school operator "for permitting operation of an aircraft while said aircraft was not in condition for safe operation." The government has put him out of business at a time when his business is at its best and thereby contributed to the saving of lives not only at this particular "agency" but at others where, under pressure of the times, the management might become a wee bit careless.

LONG the symbol of safe harbor, the lowly wind sock has been the subject of repeated attacks by people seeking a better wind-direction indicator for airports. At some places these new devices have won out over the cl mounted on a mast which te coming pilot the way the w But the sock still flies defi the administration building o est and most modern of air the Washington National Ai

It was opening day last Ju was in readiness for the gre midnight. Darkness had Manager John Groves and tions superintendent Earl had checked and rechecked Then came the blow: A to inspector who knows his jol his duty grabbed Groves nounced: "You can't open tonight. You ain't got no tion indicator." In truth t any, though the control towe with dials and instruments direction and wind speed fo sion by radio to incoming p

With but three hours to and Steinhauer leaped into a located a spare sock out at Park, Maryland, flying field up some steel tubing. Stein to work with a torch and b and tripod. Sandbags were the legs to hold it down and stands, with the sock giving direction to one and all w and industry struggle to p matic on-and-off smoke p the ground at the ends of t

WHILE our military ai pushing past 400 mile these days, they are also p a few established frontiers Once our engineers could t like a good honest fluid tha around an airplane like wa ship, but high speeds at hi are beginning to change all

*(Continued on page )*





**Operations Superintendent Earl Steinhauer and Manager John Groves had to rig up this wind sock before the C.A.A. would permit opening of the Washington National Airport. It still flies over the airport**

*Simplest rule for helping America save rubber*

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You can do this safely with LifeGuards inside your tires,




because no matter how thin you wear them, the LifeGuard eliminates any hazard from blowouts.

Experience proves you can't buy better tire equipment to save rubber, to save money, or to save your life. The "G-3" All-Weather and the LifeGuard are the super-mileage quality combination for those who want to aid defense—at lowest cost per mile.




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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC




# KEEP UP WITH THE WO

## By Freling Foster

*Of* the nine hundred persons who are fatally shot in hunting accidents in this country each year, more than eighty per cent die from wounds inflicted by themselves or their companions through carelessness.

*A giant* V-shaped forest of fir trees, which stands on a hillside of southern England and measures more than a half mile along each side, was planted in 1887 to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the reign of Queen Victoria. Today it is considered a "V for Victory" emblem and, as such, is the largest in the world.

*Several* species of tropical morning glory vines produce "wood roses," one of which, known as the *Ipomoea tuberosa*, grows as far north as southern Florida. They have the size and shape of true roses, appear to be made of wood and last for decades without attention after being plucked.—*By R. G. Cuthbert, Sr., Jamaica Park, New York.*

*Abraham Lincoln* is the only American whose career, achievements as a statesman and contributions to literature are studied as an entire college course leading to a degree. The course is offered by the Lincoln Memorial University in Harrogate, Tennessee.—*By Mary Ray Houston, Mobile, Alabama.*

*Man o' War* holds the record as the longest-striding horse in American turf history, having often covered as much as twenty-five feet in one leap.—*By Brodus Erle, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

*The* chains that are dragged behind gasoline tank trucks for the purpose of grounding static electricity are useless on most highways because the roadbeds are made of nonconducting materials.

*A parish* church stands in the center of the race track in Chelmsford, England, and a cemetery is situated in the center of a similar race course in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad.—*By Mrs. Fred E. Coates, Jr., Coconut Grove, Florida.*

*When* a person casts a a pool of crude oil on a in a tropical country, t appears to remain for as seconds after he has m The explanation is that causes the oil to co thereby decreasing the rising bubbles and da surface.

*The* fruit of the plant *frutescens*, one of the cl of Cayenne pepper, con with such irritating pro those who handle it, in and factory, have to we avoid blistering burns.

*Laws* that prohibit from advertising that l cures diseases with his medicines or methods passed in only four stat New York, Oregon ar —*By Morris Sherman New York.*

*One* of the most c versatile of animal ap the elephant's trunk. thousand muscles, or a five times as many a human body, and its from uprooting a siza picking up a pin.

*The* first person to agara Falls in a barre Edson Taylor, who, st cushioned cask four feet high and three feet plunged over the Cana the Horseshoe Falls on 1901.

*Only* ten women h see their sons become l the United States. E Sara Delano Roosevel the mothers of Washir son, Monroe, John Qu Polk, Johnson, Grant, McKinley.—*By Arthu New Haven, Connecti*

**Five dollars will be paid for or unusual fact accepted f Contributions must be accom factory proof. Address Ke World, Collier's, 250 Park A City. This column is copyrigh The National Weekly. None be reproduced without expre the publisher**

# What's this "Million Dollar Beauty" Doing in the Lowest-Price Field?

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*Your Choice of Brilliant New Colors: Bolero Red, Ghost Grey, Whaler Green, Shoal Green, Winchester Gunmetal and Marlin Blue.*

**...ge—this big 1942 Nash ... 2 to 30 Miles on a Gallon of ...li...e *at Highway Speed!***

...ERICA loves a beautiful car, and what ...come news it's getting!

...test new 1942 car has turned up ...*w-price* field—and it's a Nash. You ...vh... they call it the "Million Dollar ...ook at the massive front end, the ...aced lines!

...*is* is the car that solves that big ...olem of *how to cut your motoring*

...e with the times, this big Nash is engineered to cruise *500 to 600 miles on a single tankful of gasoline.*




But here's even more news about Nash! The steering, the riding comfort, the performance that thrilled America last year have been *still further* advanced!

Actually, it's years ahead in handling—with Two-way Roller Steering.



From Washington to Ski-land —on a Tankful of Gas!

It's years ahead in safety because it's built a revolutionary new way—frame and body are one welded unit, 57% more rigid.

• It's years ahead of the rest, with the smoothest kind of ride a car can offer you—coil springing on all four wheels.

It's years ahead . . . with such unmatchable optional features as Nash Conditioned Air for winter driving . . . "Sedan Sleeper" Bed.

**3 Great Series— 15 Brilliant Models**

Greater than ever, too, are the 1942 Nash Ambassador "6" and "8". New engine development makes them amazing performers. Still in the low- and medium-price fields!



Fact is—in design, engineering and quality, it's the finest car that Nash has ever built. A car built to bring us thousands of new friends when the days of restriction are over.



Seats Wide as Living Room Sofas!

• Come and spend just 15 minutes with this "Million Dollar Beauty". . . and see for yourself how little a mile can cost!

# NASH

THREE NEW SERIES OF FINE MOTOR CARS

*Sixes and Eights*





# The Canary and White Damp

OF THE MANY HAZARDS men face in mining coal, one of the greatest is a deadly gas known among miners as White Damp: odorless and tasteless and invisible.

Always, after mine fires and explosions, some quantity of this gas is sure to be present. The quantity might be negligible, or it might be fatal.

But before the invention of modern, mechanical detectors, the miner, by himself, could never tell.

So against the threat of that unpredictable time when a fatal quantity of the gas was present, wise miners used to return to those dangerous tunnels carrying a canary in a cage.

They knew that the canary, reacting far more rapidly than man, would be first to feel the drowsiness that marks the beginning of White Damp's grip on its victims. And for these men that drowsing fluff of yellow feathers was an urgent flag of danger, a signal to go quickly, taking their little lookout (which quickly recuperated) with them.

Those of us who work above the ground are apt to figure, without thinking, that we have no need for any friendly signaller to warn us of danger at hand.

Quite carelessly, we figure that danger doesn't strike often enough for that.

Actually, statistics show that on the basis of present averages, one of us in every ten will suffer a serious injury before the year is out. And while it is impossible to know when or where misfortune will strike, there is still a way of defending ourselves from the full weight of the blow.

Thousands of careful men and wo this defense in having adequate ance in The Travelers. Such insu pensive, yet if you are hurt, acc will pay your doctor's and hospi take care of the butcher, the ba stick maker, and the landlord wh up. Otherwise these bills might l that they could keep you in debt f

You will find your Travelers counselor in selecting a policy t your savings and your future sec

Moral: Insure in The Travele insurance. The Travelers Insur The Travelers Indemnity Compar Fire Insurance Company, Hartfo

ler's
AL WEEKLY
BER 1, 1941

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY BECKHOFF



**Their father and mother kissed them, awkward and red-faced, but the meaning of the parting escaped the children altogether**

# The Pied Piper

## By Nevil Shute

**Beginning a prophetic novel of World War II. The story of a gallant general whose army, too young to carry arms, raced Hitler's panzers to the English Channel**

e is John Sidney Howard, d is a member of my club in on. I came in for dinner that at eight o'clock, tired after ay f conferences about my as- th war. He was just entering a ad of me, a tall and rather ed an of about seventy, a lit- ee on his feet. He tripped or mat as he went in and d orward; the hall porter ot and caught him by the el-

er down at the mat and poked hi umbrella. "Damned thing my oe," he said. "Thank you, G ing old, I suppose."
ms smiled. "Several of the en ave caught their foot there ," he said. "I was speaking te rd about it only the other

The old man said, "Well, speak to him again and go on speaking till he has it put right. One of these days you'll have me falling dead at your feet. You wouldn't like that to happen—eh?" He smiled quizzically.

The porter said, "No, sir. We shouldn't like that to happen."

The old man moved away. I had been waiting behind him while this was going on because the porter had my letters. He gave them to me at the wicket, and I looked them through. "Who was that?" I asked idly.

He said, "That was Mr. Howard, sir. He has been a member here for a great many years."

"Has he?" I said. "I don't remember seeing him about."

The man said, "He has been abroad for the last few months, I think, sir. But he seems to have aged a great deal since he came back. Getting rather frail now, I'm afraid."

I went into the club, slung my gas mask onto a peg, unbuckled my revolver belt and hung it up, and crowned the lot with my cap. I strolled over to the tape and studied the latest news. It was neither good nor bad. Our air force was still knocking hell out of the Ruhr; Rumania was still desperately bickering with her neighbors. The news was as it had been for three months, since France was overrun.

I went and had my dinner. Then I went upstairs to the smoking room and stopped before a table littered with periodicals. With idle interest I turned over a printed list of members. Howard, I saw, had joined the club in 1896. Master and man, then, had been rubbing shoulders all their lives.

I took a couple of illustrated weeklies, and ordered coffee. Then I crossed the room to where the two most comfortable chairs in my club stand side by side, and prepared to spend an hour of idleness before returning to my flat. In a few minutes there was a step beside me and Howard lowered his long body into the other chair. A boy, unasked, brought him coffee and brandy.

Presently he spoke. He said quietly, "It really is a most extraordinary thing that you can't get a decent cup of coffee in this country. Even in a club like this they can't make coffee."

I laid down my paper. If the old man wanted to talk to me, I had no great objection. All day I had been working with my eyes in my old-fashioned office, reading reports and writing dockets. It would be good to take off my spectacles for a little time and unfocus my eyes. I was very tired.

**Some of the people you will meet in this fascinating story . . .**



**Major Diessen, of the Gestapo**



**Willem, from Holland**



**Rose and Pierre, from France**



I felt in my pocket for my spectacle case. I said, "A chap who deals in coffee once told me that ground coffee won't keep in our climate. It's the humidity, or something."

"Ground coffee goes off in any climate," he said dogmatically. "You never get a proper cup of coffee if you buy it like that. You have to buy the beans and grind it just before you make it. But that's what they won't do."

We went on talking about coffee and chicory and things like that for a time; and I lay quietly in my chair, with the fatigue soaking out of me. It was a perfect godsend to find somebody who could talk of other things besides the war. The war seemed to have passed by this lean old man. He turned for his interests to milder topics.

PRESENTLY we were talking about fishing. He was an ardent fisherman, and I have fished a little.

When he spoke of fishing and of France, it put me in mind of an experience of my own. "I saw some chaps in France doing a damn' funny sort of fly fishing," I said. "They had a great bamboo pole about twenty-five feet long with the line tied on the end of it—no reel. They used wet flies, and trailed them about in rough waters."

He smiled. "That's right," he said. "That's how they do it. Where did you see them fishing like that?"

"Near Gex," I said. "Practically in Switzerland."

He smiled reflectively. "I know that country very well—very well indeed," he said. "Saint-Claude. Do you know Saint-Claude?"

I shook my head. "I don't know the Jura. That's somewhere over by Morez, isn't it?"

"Yes—not very far from Morez." He was silent for a few moments; we rested together in that quiet room. Presently he said, "I wanted to try that wet-fly fishing in those streams this summer. It's not bad fun, you know. You have to know where the fish go for their food. It's not just a matter of dabbing the flies about anywhere. You've got to place them just as carefully as a dry fly."

"Strategy," I said.

"That's the word. The strategy is really just the same."

There was another of those comfortable pauses. Presently I said, "It'll be some time before we can go fishing out there again." So it was I who turned the conversation to the war. It's difficult to keep off the subject.

He said, "Yes—it's a very great pity. I had to come away before the water was fit to fish. It's not much good out there before the very end of May. Before then the water is all muddy and the rivers are running very full—the thawing snows, you know. Later than that, in August, there's apt to be very little water to fish in, and it gets too hot. The middle of June is the best time."

I turned my head. "You went out there this year?" Because the end of May that he had spoken of so casually was the time when the Germans had been pouring into France through Holland and Belgium, when we had been retreating on Dunkirk and when the French were being driven back to Paris and beyond. It didn't seem to be a terribly good time for an old man to have gone fishing in the middle of France.

He said, "I went out there in April. I meant to stay for the whole of the summer, but I had to come away."

I stared at him, smiling a little. "Have any difficulty in getting home?"

"No," he said. "Not really."

As he spoke, there was a measured *crump . . . crump . . . crump . . . crump* as a stick of four fell, possibly a mile away. The very solid building swayed a little, and the floors and windows creaked. We waited, tense and still. Then came the undulating wail of the sirens, and the sharp crack of gunfire from the park. The raid was on again.

"Damn and blast," I said. "What do we do now?"

The old man smiled patiently. "I'm going to stay where I am."

There was good sense in that. It's silly to be a hero to evade discomfort, but there were three very solid floors above us. We talked about it, as one does, studying the ceiling and wondering whether it would support the weight of the roof. Our reflections did not stir us from our chairs.

A young waiter came into the room, carrying a torch and with a tin hat in his hand.

He said, "The shelter is in the basement, through the buttery door, sir."

Howard said, "Do we have to go there?"

"Not unless you wish to."

I said, "Are you going down there, Andrews?"

"No, sir. I'm on duty, in case of incendiary bombs, and that."

"Well," I said, "get on and do whatever you've got to do. Then, when you've got a minute to spare, bring me a glass of Marsala. But go and do your job first."

Howard said, "I think that's a very good idea. You can bring me a glass of Marsala, too—between the incendiary bombs. You'll find me sitting here."

"Very good, sir."

HE WENT away, and we relaxed again. It was half past ten. The waiter had turned out all the lights except for the one reading lamp behind our heads, so that we sat there in a little pool of soft yellow light in the great shadowy room. Outside, the traffic noises, little enough in London at that time, were practically stilled. A few police whistles shrilled in the distance and a car went by at a high speed; then silence closed down upon the long length of Pall Mall, but for some gunfire in the distance.

Presently Andrews brought the Marsala. When he had gone away, Howard lifted up his glass and held it to the light. Then he remarked, "Well, there are less comfortable ways of passing a raid."

I smiled. "That's true enough." And then I turned my head. "You said you were in France when all this started up. Did you come in for many air raids there?"

He put his glass down, seven-eighths full. "Not real raids. There was some bombing and machine gunning of the roads, but nothing very terrible."

He spoke so quietly about it that it took a little time for me to realize what he had said. But then I ventured:

"It was a bit optimistic to go to France for a quiet fishing holiday, in April of this year."

"Well, I suppose it was," he replied thoughtfully. "But I wanted to go."

He said he had been very restless, that he had suffered from an urge, an imperious need to get aw and do something differe little hesitant about his wanting to get away so b he told me that he hadn't get a job to do in the war

They wouldn't have hir I imagine because he wa seventy years old.

It's very difficult for o old men particularly, in cannot grow accustomed t there is little they can do suffer from frustration, an into them. Howard fell of ordering his life by the upon the wireless. Each in time to hear the seven had his bath, shaved, an was down to hear the eig went on so all day till night news, when he retir tween the bulletins he the news.

HE LIVED in the cou war broke out. He Market Saffron, not very chester. He had moved t ter four years previously of his wife; as a boy he ha up in Market Saffron an few acquaintances in the He had been a solicitor retired he went back the last years of his life.

His married daught from America and live 1938, bringing her little married to a New York named Costello, vice-p corporation and very c She'd had a spot of bo Howard didn't know the it and didn't bother a privately he was of the daughter was to blame He was fond of his son- He didn't understand h but he liked him very w

That's how he was l war broke out, with his and her little boy Marti ther would insist on calli puzzled the old man ve

Then the war broke o began cabling for them to Long Island. And i went. Howard backed put pressure on his dau lief that a woman who is her husband is never ve went, and he was left Market Saffron, with o end visits from his son leader in the Royal Air

After that, the war trated every moment ness till he could no lon in the simple matters o So he shut up the hous fron, and came to Lo lived mostly at the c three weeks he was b after that, time started his hands again. And nothing to do in the

It was spring by t lovely spring it was. winter we had had, it a door. Each day he w Hyde Park and Ken and watched the crocu out, and the daffodil suited him. He felt through the park dur ous spring that there to be said for living vided that you could from time to time.

As the sun grew s came on him to get a altogether for a while. he began to think abo

The high alpine vall for him; he had be

*(Continued on* age 30)

# Nice Clean Sport

Frank J. Taylor



Carl Swalzsman and Frank Rodecker go down 30 feet and wrestle a bull lobster to the surface to demonstrate the technique of skin diving

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**Not only fun but it also
gives a swell fish din-
ner if you're good. Skin
diving means going down
to get the big tough
ones in their own element
and bringing them back
to you the hard way**

WE ARE eating chop suey and drinking tea in Mr. Champagne's joint, The Tropics, in Hermosa [Beach], California, when who should walk in but these four sons of Neptune, Frank Rodecker, Captain Hal Messenger, "Whisky" Swalzsman, and Carl "Beer" Swalzsman. The latter, Mrs. Swalzsman's boys are brothers who once had given names, but nobody remembers what they were, although Mother Swalzsman herself thinks she called her big boys Ralph and Carl when they were little polliwogs.

It seems, also, that any time you get four skin divers together in a joint, you are in for an evening of it, skin diving being a brand-new sport that lends itself not only to thrilling undersea adventure, but to tall tales of watery battles with octopuses, bull lobsters, stingarees, sharks, sheepsheads and what not.

A skin diver, as Mr. Rodecker explains, is a fellow who pulls on a pair of fancy swimming trunks, some rubber fins, a diving mask and canvas gloves, then fills his lungs with air and noses down into the ocean looking for two-fisted trouble. Four years ago, he says, the only genuine skin divers in the land were the forty-odd members of the Watermen's Association, composed of beachcombers and lifeguards. Now there are 5,000 skin divers in southern California alone, and Captain Hal Messenger chimes in to add that adventurous swimmers are forming skin divers' clubs on the Gulf and Atlantic coasts and inland waters, too.

About this time Mr. Chaser Swalzsman comes to life behind that fuzz of kinky whiskers he grew to delight some movie director. The watermen, he explains, beachcomb and life-save from one sea motion picture to another. When a big sea shooting is on, they all have jobs as extras. Chaser's specialty is firing the oil-soaked schooner at the windup of the sea battle, or falling off a 50-foot cliff as he did in God's Country and the Woman. Watermen are handy to have around when you're shooting a marine movie. Once in Northwest Passage, Chaser and another waterman pulled 160 extras from the icy Payette River in Idaho in a bit of drama not in the script. But what Mr. Chaser Swalzsman likes most about living is skin diving.

"How would you like to come down to the Hot Spot or the Ghost Pier or Portuguese Bend in the morning and we'll dive for a few lobsters?" he asks. "Then you can see how skin diving is done."

Up and down the coast line each skin diver has his favorite spots, like the ol' swimmin' hole of yore, where the abalones are thickest on the ocean floor or the lobsters most plentiful. The Hot Spot, explains Chaser, is one so named because there is a bluff behind it where game wardens can watch to see that you don't take undersized lobsters, or oversize either, by mistake. The Ghost Pier is another hunting ground named for the stubs of an old pier wrecked by surging tides, and Portuguese Bend is pretty hot stuff, too, because there are dark undersea caves into which you can swim thirty feet or so, taking care meantime not to forget your way out. The caves are full of crusty old lobsters, scrappy eels, and now and then an octopus.

"An octopus is all right, only I don't like the way he stares at you,"

*(Continued on page 59)*



# Our New Army

### TEXAS

TO FIND an Army flying school, take a pin, aim it at a map of Texas, and jab. Chances are you won't miss. Blessed with favorable flying weather and plenty of wide-open spaces, the Lone Star State is playing a lead role in the 30,000-pilots-a-year program. Prior to July 1, 1939, the Army's 500-a-year pilots were trained within a twenty-mile radius of San Antonio. Cadets got their primary and basic instruction at Randolph Field (the West Point of the Air) and finished with advanced training at Kelly Field, the Army's oldest flying school. It took a man a year to cover the complete works.

Today there are ten primary, five basic and five advanced schools in Texas alone. Three of the basic, two advanced and most primary schools have been going full blast for months. Recently opened were Ellington Field and Victoria, both advanced schools. Others are building. In addition, Brooks Field has a special observers course, Kelly instructs Air Corps navigators, Randolph teaches aviation medicine, and a flexible gunnery school at Harlingen, in the Rio Grande Valley, will get under way any day now.

Aside from the expansion, the Air Corps has put over its defense speed-up by cutting training periods to ten weeks for each stage and turning primary instruction over to approved civilian schools. This stage, in which nearly forty-five per cent of all cadets washed out, has been the bottleneck of the training program.

With everything whizzing, the map makers and Air Corps public-relations men are going quietly bats trying to keep hep to the number and current status of the mushrooming fields. Also, flying cadets stationed near San Antonio have acquired a new social problem. Time was when it was no trick at all for a cadet—whose eight months at Randolph and four at Kelly gave him plenty of time to get acquainted—to woo and win a San Antonio mouse. Now, since he spends only twenty weeks as a cadet in the Alamo city territory, the cadet has to be a fast worker to grab himself a wife. Not vital to defense but sort of interesting.

### OKLAHOMA

FORT SILL, Lawton. It's strictly an unofficial version, but they tell us that reveille whistles here have been blowing at 5:30, instead of at 5:00, ever since a Replacement Center C.O. decided to get up with the boys every morning and grab himself a brisk horseback ride before chow. Seems the C.O. regarded the practically predawn hour of 5:00 as a pretty unholy time for a man to have to bestir himself, and orders were issued granting Sill recruits an extra half-hour of shut-eye. The boys don't care whether or not the story is official; all they know is, the reveille whistles don't sound quite so horrible as they used to.

THE latest example of soldier ingenuity has cropped out at Sill: A shirt-collar holder-upper made out of two paper clips. What you do is break a paper clip in two and straighten out the long half so that you have a piece of wire two-and-a-half inches long with a little hook at one end. Slip this gadget, hook first, into the seam of the G-I collar. The hook holds the stiffener in place and keeps the collar neat but not gaudy. No Patent Applied For.

WILL ROGERS AIR BASE, Oklahoma City. Attired in shorts, five very pretty Oklahoma City girls showed up here with a commercial photographer to make a series of pictures commemorating the official dedication of the field. While the photographer made arrangements to shoot the pictures, the girls stood around outside the press office and, well, sir, you can imagine what a shambles might have ensued were it not for the fact that soldier discipline is good. Example: Down the road toward the girls marched members of the 48th Bombardment Group, in charge of a young sergeant. Eyes bulged and strained but not a man turned his head. The sergeant, though, was only human. Just as the group pulled abreast of the pulchritude the N.C.O. barked, "Eyes left!" More vim, more vigor went into the execution of that order than has been reported since the Battle of Bull Run.

### KANSAS

2D CAVALRY DIV.

FORT RILEY, Junction City. Brooklyn has made a fairly immortal contribution to defense. Civilians near this cavalry post have heard so many soldiers call one another Schlemiel that they think it's some kind of military term; and the boys from Brooklyn have given the horse troopers a new battle cry, conceived when a recruit found it was perfectly possible to manage a mount: "Look, Hoiman! I'm on a horse!"

THIS fort has a chapter of the Keep-Em-Happy Club (Collier's, Aug. 23d) but some of the boys thoug more was needed and so f sure-Your-Girl Club. The Pvt. Eugene J. Tims, who e trooper to chip in two bits make a $15 pot. Idea w horseman lost his girl frien prove it—he was to get th the purpose of "buying stat ents and candy for the girl had before the one-and-onl him." Last intelligences w spective members were st the club in large numbers b of them were convinced tha a few of their buddies were enough to pick a fight with only for $15.

POSITIVELY the last chiggers this season. I the C.O. at Riley a gal in school's biology class said terested in "jiggers" and sent "alive or dead so th dissect and mount them fo She has to date received n many maneuver veteran could have been a way t couple of carloads.

RILEY'S newspaper, boasts a feature uniqu publications—an advice- lorn column edited by Be happens to be Pvts. Don lan Paris. Some of the s suggest for some of the p bit drastic, probably becau often writes the letters he

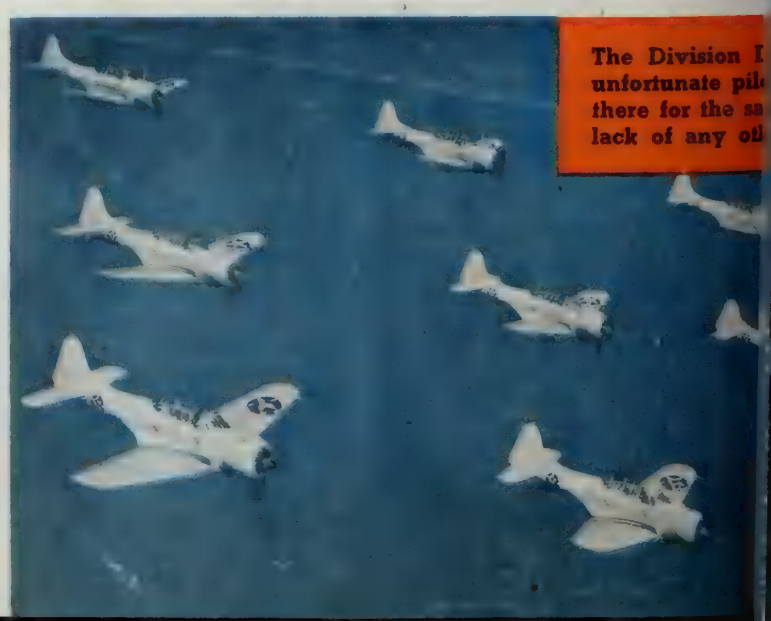
### UTAH

FORT DOUGLAS, Sal Medical Officer Lt. E. I the Wendover Bombing

*(Continued on pa 58)*



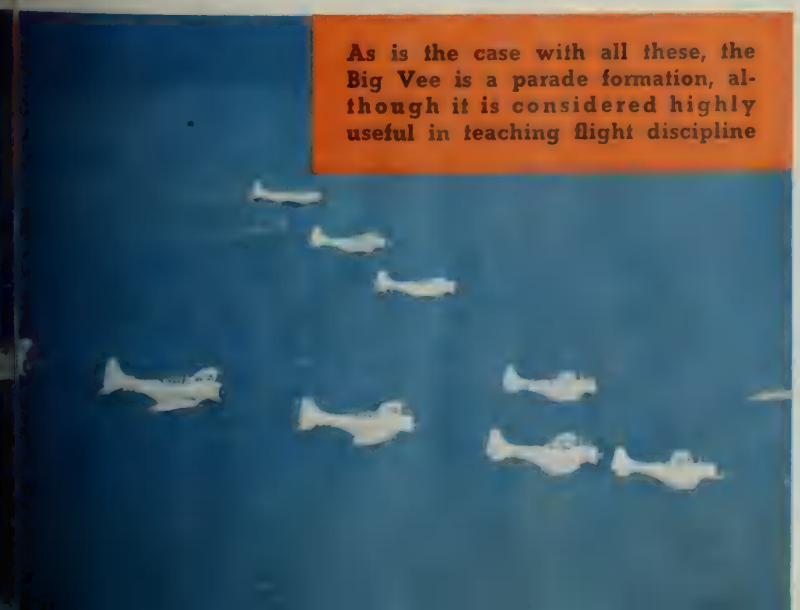
**In left echelon formation, visibility is nil on one side, but it is useful prior to attack. Pilots can see both their leader and the objective**



**The Division I unfortunate pil there for the sa lack of any ot**

NAVY IN THE AIR. Here are five of the six basic
t formations used by the U. S. Navy. To the camera
irplanes appear to be flying far apart, but a new pilot
that the adjacent ship is within reach of his hand and
y-foot tape measure would frequently connect wing
All Navy pilots are required to fly these maneuvers
their variations. A division (half a squadron) is
n above in Vee of Vees, a fundamental formation
the easiest in which to maintain accurate position





As is the case with all these, the Big Vee is a parade formation, although it is considered highly useful in teaching flight discipline



This division is in left echelon of Section Vees, automatically taken when circling an enemy on which concentrated attention is desired

# Fighting Ferryboats

## By Howard Hartley

**Our new ship-to-shore tractors are the answer to the Marines' prayers—fighting amphibians that are causing some heavy thinking in some high places**



OTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL SAUNDERS

**A group of the Marines' potent new amphibian tractors roll onto an Atlantic Ocean beach in a ship-to-shore demonstration of their seawort**



**The driver's cab of a Roebling Alligator. This one is an earlier model. When traveling in water the tractor is propelled by the duralumin treads**



**With a party of Marine officers aboard, the amphibian and plows through a Florida mangrove thicket during a**

THE Navy has come a long way since last February's maneuvers in the Caribbean, when it successfully "defended" the sea-air approaches to the Panama Canal by rooting the "enemy" out of the bases in which he had established himself on the islands of Vieques and Culebra, in the Lesser Antilles.

The Marine Brigade that stormed the islands' beaches was landed in cutters and the Higgins-Eureka boats, equipped with shielded propellers. When the Navy and the Marines tackle the next problem somewhere in the Caribbean this winter, landing parties will come ashore in the Navy's new Roebling "Alligator," the amazing amphibian tractor invented by Donald Roebling, one of the fourth generation of New Jersey's bridge-building dynasty. In fact, there are whispers in the sacrosanct cloisters of the American High Command that Mr. Roebling's amphibians may be potent weapons when the democracies launch their all-out offensive to drive Axis legions from occupied Europe.

Strangely enough, the Roebling Alligator was conceived as a sinew in the arm of mercy. The thirty-three-year-old son of John Augustus Roebling and grandson of the builder of the Brooklyn Bridge is a year-round resident of Clearwater on Florida's west coast. He turned his inventive genius to amphibians when a hurricane swept the Everglades in the fall of 1933. Hundreds were marooned. Roebling *pere* ordered the staff of his Florida estate to assist in rescue work.

Unless you've seen the Everglades after a Grade-A hurricane has swept the swamps, you can't imagine the difficulties that confronted the Roebling rescue squad. Terrific winds and torrential rains had strewn the area with toppled trees, tangled undergrowth and vast lakes, with water depths up to six and eight feet. So the workmen asked the boss to send them a vehicle capable of operating on land or water, preferably something with a caterpillar tractor tread. The elder Roebling shopped around but couldn't find anything approaching these specifications. Donald happened to be in New Jersey at the time and father asked son to build a practical amphibian, just in case some future hurricane might tear up the Everglades.

Young Roebling went back to Florida and began experimenting with toy models. He designed and tested hulls and tractor treads, power plants and gear ratios. After six tedious years of ceaseless experimentation, trial and error, the first of a long line of Roebling Alligators rolled out of the machine shop on the inventor's Clearwater estate.

The weird contraption measured twenty feet in length by eight feet in width. Caterpillar tractors, with the treads fitted with six-inch duralumin blades, were rotated along the longitudinal sides by a stock model Mercury V-8 automobile motor. Afloat, the Alligator developed a speed of ten miles an hour. But the astounding ease with which the amphibian waddled out of the water, crossed beaches and me
down trees up to six-inc irth ame
the Florida natives, in ding yo
Mr. Roebling. By the ple pro
of braking one tractor t d and re
ing the other, the inven turned
craft in less than its leng And th
just to prove the Alligat can take
the proud daddy plunge it off a
foot seawall without shi ng so m
as a teacup of water.

In those days, newsre camera
were welcomed at the F bling sh
Pictures of the test runs e flash
movie screens and the N y early
January sent scouts to rida.
came back to Washingto with the
tidings that our Mr. R ling, ap
ently, had the answer to larine C
prayer—an amphibian t or that
be operated from ship t shore in
sort of weather and, wha as more
portant, could wade ri out of
water and up on the beac ithout s
ing its cargo. So the vy admi

*(Continued on p* 57)

# e Truth Shall ke You Free—John 8:32

## rge Creel

BY CARL ROSE

**nan who knows the inside of censorship—and hates it reel, who headed the Committee on Public Informa- g the last war. He tells you here how President Wil- l have handled the present mess—by telling the truth**

all wrong, and it would not st time, but I have an idea ight be well for President propaganda experts to hark first World War, and take f Woodrow Wilson's book. ct particularly, 1941 closely 7. There is the same press- national unity and for the nd active support of the can republics. Public opin- fuses to jell, and while hite hot for continental sol- y South American countries knees bent, ready to jump Mr. Wilson, on the other ed the United States as , and welded the Western into one enthusiastic unit. ore, his job was by far the lt. Today, for example, ery American hates Hitler works. Germany's religious , in particular, have stirred lics and Protestants to deep and even distracted the at- rish-Americans from their ge against England. About se of disunity is a feeling sections that this war is ar," and if all effort and re devoted to our own de- United States would have ar from any foreign power. t to other American repub- ave been buttered up with ne words until all ought to

s were vastly different in nly was the Kaiser a much and terrifying figure than , but the great majority of till thought of Bunker Hill Forge when they thought of n. Men and women of Irish "neutral," not caring who gland. Many talked darkly man's war," waged for no se than to salvage the loans eet bankers. The forerun- e and Wheeler also ranted mongers," although the Du other so-called "merchants id not have enough powder on hand to arm a bunch of ters. As for Latin America, States was distrusted and ause of the Pershing expedi- e occupation of Vera Cruz. n, did Woodrow Wilson suc- answer is simple. Going und assumption that it was s of a President to *form* and opinion, he approached the iftly, and directly. On April ays after America's declara- , he created the Committee nformation. Naming me as n, he took a full two hours crowded day to specify my l duties and define the ob- hoped to have attained. s the Wilson way. Deter- mined not to let the White House become a bottleneck, his delegations of authority were complete. No man was ever more patient or precise in explaining the nature of the job, but after that the appointee was expected to stand on his own two feet. If there were blunders or failure, you heard from Woodrow Wilson; if things went well, he did not want to hear from you.

The President assured me that I would have absolute control of everything that related to public information. Division of authority, in his judgment, made for confusion, conflict and failure. Cluttering up the landscape with boards and commissions, he admitted, was an almost inescapable part of the democratic process, but under his war powers he hoped to simplify things. There was to be one boss for each job, given full power and held to equally full responsibility.

This made clear, the President said that no national emergency could be met successfully without national unity. Public opinion, regardless of what admirals and generals might say to the contrary, was a major force, and as much a part of national defense as guns, planes and man power. The morale of the civilian population was a nation's second line, and unless the people stood shoulder to shoulder, ready for every service and every sacrifice, the courage of the front line was bound to be weakened. My job, therefore, was to "mobilize the *mind* of America."

### Faith That Begot Faith

Mr. Wilson explained that national unity came only with national understanding. Before a sound, steadfast public opinion could be formed, it had to be *informed*. Not manipulated, not tricked and not wheedled, but given all the facts in the case. A free people were not children to be humored, cajoled or lollipopped with half-truths for fear that whole truths might frighten them. The way to get faith was to have faith.

The war was not the war of the Administration, nor the private enterprise of the General Staff, but the grim business of a whole people, and every man, woman and child must be given a feeling of *partnership*. There were, of course, military matters that needed to be kept secret, but in the great majority of cases concealments proceeded from bureaucratic distrust of democratic common sense. He urged a free and uninterrupted flow of news on construction and production, the good along with the bad!

Certain phrases I wrote down verbatim and used afterward in my own official statements with his permission: "We do not need less criticism in time of war, but more. . . . It is to be hoped that criticism will be constructive, but

*(Continued on page 27)*



**Not only was the Kaiser a much less odious figure than Hitler, but Americans in 1917 still thought of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge when they thought of Britain**

**Instead of prattling about cultural relations and sending famous moving-picture actors to South America on good-will missions, we stated our purpose plainly**



# Child Prodigy

## By Leon Ware

**It's wonderful what a fast and willing horse can do to speed the course of true love**

THERE is something about being in love and sitting beside the girl at a counter that lifts a chocolate soda out of the minors and right smack into the major leagues. Happy Jim Marlowe, whose previous big moment had been at 4:44 P.M., March 1, 1941, when he found himself with a ten-dollar win ticket on Bay View in the Santa Anita Handicap, twirled his spoon, sucked on his straw and sighed. Beside him, Sweet Marjorie turned her head and lifted her long, silken eyelashes until her blue eyes glowed up at him like tiny Bermuda pools. His heart did nip-ups in his throat—and his ears, delicately tuned to catch the faintest of hoofbeats on the tanbark, heard the distant tinkling of silver wedding bells.

For a man who was known to argue with his city editor at the drop of a hat, secure in the knowledge that if he did lose his job there was no little woman to demand explanations, Happy Jim's open-minded attitude toward assuming responsibilities was astonishing. To his colleagues on the Pasadena Call, the development had come as little less than a shock.

There were times when his co-workers, men with wives, children and mortgages, looked on Happy Jim Marlowe with a furtive envy. Handsome and genial, his casual manner of living gave them a sly, vicarious pleasure. To see him now, in this dazed and mumbling state; to watch him breaking up on the rocks of love—it was demoralizing.

The affair had slipped into high gear practically unnoticed. She worked in the bank and he on the newspaper and between their respective buildings was the Sweet Shop. Dozens of times they had downed their sodas, sitting side by side at the counter. Only once, however, had they been the sole customers and Benny, the soda jerk, had introduced them:

"Marjorie Curtis—Happy Jim Marlowe."

And the next night they happened to meet in the lobby of the United Artists and went in together. They groaned together over the picture and walked out on it together and had a sandwich together and—well, there you were. It was something like a thunderbolt: rolling, gathering, until WHAM! you're back on your heels and the earth is shaking.

The next day he denied himself a hat he didn't need and she set down an item as a credit instead of the debit it should have been. It was as bad as that.

It was along about the third week of the Santa Anita meeting when Marjorie admitted, over her chocolate soda, that this wonderful thing might have come about sooner, except that she had heard stories.

Air rattled up Happy Jim's straw.

"It was strictly self-defense," he maintained. "He was coming at me with a knife and I . . ."

"Silly." She squeezed his arm. "I'm talking about horses."

"Oh."

The racing form in his side pocket burned like a hot coal.

He grasped her slender fingers. "Why, it's a perfectly harmless pastime, Sweet Marjorie. Standing in all that fresh air —helping to improve the breed . . ." His voice trailed off and he cocked one eye at her. "You don't care for it?"

She shook her head. You could see she was going to be nice about it, but firm. "It costs a lot of money, doesn't it?"

He beamed. "Why, Marjorie—I'm the guy who had ten bucks on Bay View in the big handicap last year!"

"How did you come out on the season?"

By no stretch of imagination could a profit be made of a three-hundred-and-ten-dollar loss. "Well," he admitted, "I was behind, a little."

"A hundred dollars?"

He nodded quickly. He would settle for that, any day.

"Don't you see, dear," she explained gently, "a hundred dollars would buy . . ." she blushed beautifully, ". . . a davenport!"

He looked into her eyes and was lost. He lifted the slender fingers to his eager lips. "I'll give it up," he said.

Love is the only way you could possibly explain it.

WITH the major decisions made, the only thing left was to meet her family.

"Not that it will make any difference," Marjorie said, "but you should know them. They'll love you, too. And I know you'll understand *them*."

They were driving down Los Robles toward her home in South Pasadena. Jim cocked his head.

"What's the matter with them?"

"Nothing's the *matter* with them," she retorted. "It's just that my young brother Roger is a so-called child prodigy, and people seem to think the family's a little queer just because of that."

"*Roger* Curtis!" Happy Jim's photographic mind reviewed back issues of the Call. He remembered a high, bulging forehead, thick, dark-rimmed glasses—a little squirt with bright, piercing eyes. "We ran a column on him a couple of months ago. Fourteen years old and made a laughingstock of the mathematics department at Harvard. Taking advanced work at Cal Tech now, right?"

"There wasn't any call for the tongue-in-the-cheek attitude," Marjorie said. "Roger's a genius."

"I didn't write it," Happy Jim said. "I ducked that one. Child prodigies give me—" he caught himself. "Well, I'm not very good at that sort of thing."

"You will try to understand them, dear?"

"Sweet Marjorie," he said fervently, "I love them already."

TO LEARN to love Mrs. Curtis would be easy, he decided at once. She was a plump little woman who moved fussily about the house, straightening things up, clucking to herself like a contented Plymouth Rock hen. She was genuinely disappointed when Happy Jim wouldn't stay to dinner but made him promise to come the next night. Then Marjorie led him upstairs to meet Roger. She paused before a closed door, hesitated, then rapped gently.

"Roger?" There was no immediate answer and she smiled at Jim. "Sometimes he works so hard he doesn't hear very well." She knocked again.

"Coming . . . coming . . ." The treble voice was brittle with irritation. The door opened and Roger, his hair on end, blinked at them through his glasses. "What is it?" he piped.

"It's Mr. Marlowe," Marjorie said. "I want you to meet him."

Happy Jim found himself shaking hands with a dead fish. "Solved the fourth dimension yet?" he asked pleasantly.

"No, but I'm—" Roger broke off and peered at Jim. "You're trying to kid me," he decided.

"Marjorie!" Mrs. Curtis called. "Telephone!"

Marjorie patted Jim's arm. "I'll be right back."

"Sure thing," Jim said. He was interested in an elaborate apparatus of rods and wheels he could see in Roger's room. "What's that?"

"That's my current project," Roger explained, following Jim across the room. "It's a model of the structure of the atom. It's about half done. Have you got any gum with you?"

"Probably." Jim began to remove things from his pockets. "You know, kid," he said, "that gadget somehow doesn't seem quite healthy. Why aren't you out playing football?"

"I don't like football." Roger's bright eyes hungered for gum. Like a spectator at a tennis match his head followed the articles Happy Jim removed from his pockets. There was a bad moment. "What's that?"

Figures on the racing form had aroused his concentrated interest. Happy Jim slipped the sheet back into his pocket and glanced quickly toward the hall door.

"Don' be snoopy," he said.

A LIMP stick of gum came up with his key chain. When he handed it to Roger he discovered that the miracle boy had somehow managed to retrieve the racing form.

"Figures fascinate me," Roger piped. "Explain it."

After a brisk little struggle, Happy Jim gave up. Roger had put a death grip on the paper.

"Theoretically," said Jim, keeping one eye on the hall door, "it tells which horse will win which race tomorrow at Santa Anita." He smiled at Roger. "Give it back. That's a good boy."

"Really?" Roger snapped on the desk light and put his forehead close to the printed page.

"That's the theory," Jim said. "It's not quite an exact science, yet."

"It isn't?" A new fire burned behind the horn-rimmed glasses. "But with data like this, it *should* be exact!"

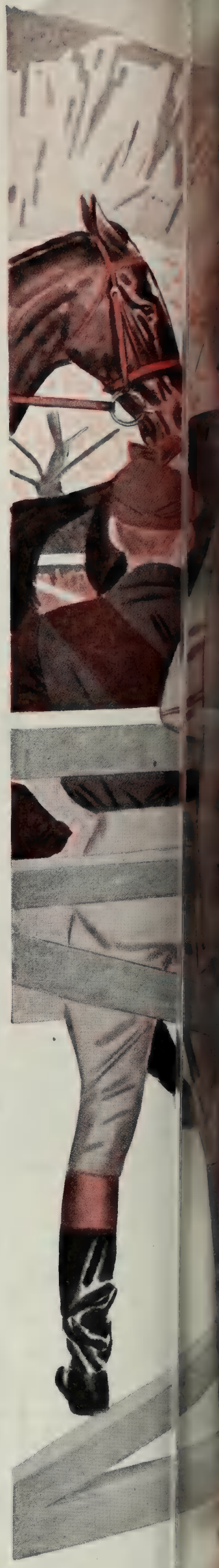
"You can't squeeze a horse into a formula," Jim retorted.

Roger's look was reproachful. "You can do anything with mathematics. I'll keep this. All right?"

Sweet Marjorie's light step sounded on the stairs.

"Okay—but for Pete's sakes—get it out of sight. Quick!"

Roger hesitated and then, as Marjorie appeared in the doorway, dropped





ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

**Happy Jim felt a wild surge of excitement. "Marjorie," he cried, "we've been wasting time. We've been small potatoes. Let's put all on the next race and get the house"**

the form sheet into an opened drawer. Happy Jim sighed and wiped his brow.

"Warm, for January," he said with a phony smile.

HAPPY JIM'S typewriter was rattling cheerfully the next afternoon, when the phone rang.

He grabbed up the receiver.

"Marlowe up," he grunted.

"Say, you know this form sheet?" There was no mistaking the squeak at the other end of the wire. It was the wonder boy.

"Yeah?" Jim's heart stopped. "Nobody caught . . . I mean you didn't leave it around, did you?"

"Why, it's wonderful!" Roger's scientific mind ignored Jim's question. "I've had splendid fun figuring out who would win the races. It's great sport."

"People have been starving to death with those things for years now," Happy Jim mentioned caustically.

"Strange," observed Roger. "All you have to do is to interpret the figures correctly. What I called about was this: can I get these papers, every day?"

"Any newsstand. Any time."

"Good," said Roger. "It will be a fine exercise every morning. The mind is a muscle, you know."

Happy Jim held the receiver off and leered at it. Then he glanced up at the clock. It was three-thirty. The third race had been run and it was almost time to meet Sweet Marjorie for their customary mid-afternoon snack. "Who'd you pick in the first three races?" he asked indulgently.

"Lakfire, Bill's Baby and Honky Tonk," Roger replied.

"Honky Tonk," Jim explained gently, "has the heart of a rabbit and the speed of a snail. He's as cheap as his name. Stick to differential calculus, Roger; it'll make your mother happier."

He hung up, ripped his copy from the roller and headed toward the city desk, pausing to scratch the tanned bald head of the sports editor.

"Fluffy," he asked, "how do the ponies run?"

THE sports editor moved his head from under the offensive fingers, found a scribbled report and squinted at it.

"Lakfire in the first paid $4.20; Bill's Baby won the second—$7.60, and a goat named Honky Tonk took the third to the tune of $136.80."

Happy Jim paled. "Gee!" He raced back to his phone and dialed a number frantically.

"Roger? Roger, tell me: did you say Honky Tonk?"

"Why, yes," Roger piped. "I don't see how he could fail. According to my figures he's bound to . . ."

"You may be right. Who else did you pick today?"

"Well, Sunshine Lady will win the sixth race."

"Sunshine Lady, the sixth." Jim jotted it down on the face of his copy. "What about the fourth, fifth, seventh and eighth?"

"I don't know," Roger said. "I didn't work them out."

"Look . . ." Perspiration stood out on Jim's brow. "Sometime tonight I want a talk with you, Roger—alone."

He hung up. He looked at the clock, thought again of Marjorie waiting for him in the Sweet Shop, went through a brisk, momentary skirmish with his

*(Continued on page 35)*



# The Case for Innocence

## By Frederick Nebel

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

**Young Doctor Wayne plays a dangerous game, and learns much about his wife that he had never thought of before**

I WAS sitting at a table on the Avenida Rio Branca in Rio drinking the thick black coffee of the country and waiting for Gil Luiz Ribeiro to return. You know how it is when someone says he'll be back in five or ten minutes and you have waited forty and no sign of him. Gil Luiz Ribeiro had gone with Jorge Pinto to an office around the corner somewhere, and all I knew about this Pinto was that he was one of those aquamarine salesmen who haunt all the steamship piers and the big hotels.

You never know when something is going wrong. The brief case I was holding on my knees beneath the table belonged to Gil. When he had risen to go with Jorge Pinto he had picked it up from the table, as if to take it with him; but on second thought he had turned and handed it to me, saying, "No reason why I should drag this around. Keep it, will you, Henry?"

But nothing of the casualness with which he spoke was anywhere in his face. The long, thin scar on his jaw, which he had picked up a few years before chasing the Italians at Guadalajara, flashed in the sunlight as he swung around and went off with Jorge Pinto. I didn't know what they had whispered about, and I had no idea where the office around the corner was located or who owned it.

The Avenida Rio Branca is a very wide and handsome and busy thoroughfare paved in a pattern of dark and light stones, with fine trees ranged down the center where the taxicabs park. The man in the good-looking brown gabardine suit leaning against one of the cabs had passed by on the sidewalk, looked in my direction, walked to the next block and crossed the avenue, to reappear a couple of minutes later beside the cab. He had engaged it, but was waiting. And if he hadn't looked at me the way he did, his eyes straying among the tables, lighting on me, then sweeping away, I shouldn't have thought anything of it.

You decide on a thing, finally; if you believe it, it's so. I was certain that Gil Luiz Ribeiro would not come back to drink coffee with me that afternoon. His brief case was unlocked, for he had been on the point of showing me some interesting documents, which he had brought from São Paulo, when Jorge Pinto came up to the table. I was able, without removing the brief case from my knees, to get the contents out and these I placed on top of the brief case.

THERE were railway and airplane timetables, a dozen or so travel brochures—Gil was ostensibly a tourist agent—and a heavy, fat manila envelope with a rubber band around it. I slipped this into the waistband of my trousers and tightened my belt a notch to hold it there. Then I pushed the timetables and the brochures back into the brief case, snapped it shut and stood up and beckoned to the waiter. The man in the brown gabardine suit opened the taxicab door but did not get in directly.

"My friend," I said to the waiter, "has been detained apparently, and I have an appointment. When he returns give him this brief case and ask him to telephone me."

I walked several blocks, entered a cab and drove back up the
to see the man in the b
suit stride away with G
brief case. When I arri
I asked the clerk for so
sealed the envelope an
it in the hotel vault. T
stairs.

"Hello, dear," Fern s

She was packing in a
unhurried manner.

"What are you doing

"Packing. I'm going

"Where are you goin

"Why, I've come to
Henry, that since you've
occupied in the affairs o
shadowy people whom
least pretend to underst
as well return to Baltin
plane north."

I sat down, not surpr
or even angry, because
weeks we had been at
most of them subtle a
It was the old thing
back over me again f
during the days on th
days and nights in M
were taking it not onl
planes but from the Na
as well. I had got caug
through no political o
clination. I had been vi
and I was a young docto
and they needed docto
where I met Gil Luiz R
by way of Yale. He h
the hell of it, and got pl
after the defeat he ha

*(Continued on*



**"I pointed the gun at him and said, 'You have been following me. Very well.' And I climbed into the car and said, 'Now you may take me where I wish to go'"**



"Then I went off bathing with Angela. We had a good swim—and then lay out on the rocks, sun-bathing"

# Murder in Retrospect

**By Agatha Christie**
ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

*to Thus Far:*

E nyas Crale, an artist, is painting po ait of Elsa Greer, a beautiful rl. the garden of his estate at Alder- gl s. his wife—Caroline—gives him l r. A short time later, when he is d —of coniine poison; and inves- re s that a bottle in Caroline's bed- ta traces of coniine!

ed ith the crime and tried, Caro- ou guilty and sentenced to penal f life. In prison, she writes a let- re to her young daughter, "Carla" sh wishes Carla to read when she is ne In it Caroline asserts that she is vear later, she dies.

n urs later, Carla reads the letter: in gles Hercule Poirot (noted Bel- ct who is living in London) to dig ac in the case.

d the obvious thing: he interviews in persons who had figured, in one ar er, in the celebrated affair. And r is in possession of some interest- ably this one: On the day before le someone had stolen a bottle of ro Meredith Blake, a neighbor of the ha "someone" might have been any th following: Mrs. Crale; Blake's Pa ; Elsa Greer (with whom Amyas tuated, and who wanted to take y m Caroline); and Angela Warren, le half sister.

g ose whom the Belgian questions m care is Elsa Greer—now Lady m till beautiful, at thirty-six, Lady m akes no effort to hide her hatred s ale's wife.

bl brothers (like almost everyone of to believe that Mrs. Crale was th promise to set down in writing y can remember of the tragedy. te Warren disagrees with the Blakes: P ot that she *knows* Caroline was in- A r which, however, she admits that, oc sion, she had seen Caroline Crale ou f Philip Blake's bedroom.

## VII

THE NARRATIVE OF PHILIP BLAKE
(Covering letter received with manuscript)

"Dear M. Poirot:

"I am fulfilling my promise and herewith find enclosed an account of the events relating to the death of Amyas Crale. After such a lapse of time I am bound to point out that my memories may not be strictly accurate, but I have put down what occurred to the best of my recollection.

"Yours truly,
"PHILIP BLAKE."

NOTES ON PROGRESS OF EVENTS LEADING UP TO MURDER OF AMYAS CRALE ON 18TH SEPT. 19——

My friendship with deceased dates back to a very early period. His home and mine were next door to each other in the country and our families were friends. Amyas Crale was a little over two years older than I was. We played together as boys, in the holidays, though we were not at the same school.

From the point of view of my long knowledge of the man I feel myself particularly qualified to testify as to his character and general outlook on life. And I will say this straightaway—to anyone who knew Amyas Crale well, the notion of his committing suicide is quite ridiculous. Crale would *never* have taken his own life. He was far too fond of living! The contention of the defense at the trial that Crale was obsessed by conscience, and took poison in a fit of remorse is utterly absurd.

Crale, I should say, had very little conscience, and certainly not a morbid one. Moreover, he and his wife were on bad terms and I don't think he would have had any undue scruples about breaking up what was, to him, a very unsatisfactory married life. He was prepared to look after her financial welfare and that of the child of the marriage, and I am sure would have done so generously. He was a very generous man, and altogether a warmhearted and lovable person. Not only was he a great painter, but he was also a man whose friends were devoted to him. As far as I know he had no enemies.

I had also known Caroline Crale for many years. I knew her before her marriage, when she used to come and stay at Alderbury. She was then a somewhat neurotic girl, subject to uncontrollable outbursts of temper, not without attraction, but unquestionably a difficult person to live with.

She showed her devotion to Amyas almost immediately. He, I think, was not really very much in love with her. But they were frequently thrown together. She was, as I say, attractive, and they eventually became engaged. Crale's friends were apprehensive about the marriage, as they felt that Caroline was quite unsuited to him.

This caused a certain amount of strain in the first few years between Crale's wife and Crale's friends, but Amyas was a loyal friend and was not disposed to give up his old friends at the bidding of his wife. After a few years he and I were on the same old terms and I was a frequent visitor at Alderbury. I may add that I stood godfather to the little girl, Carla. This proves, I think, that Amyas considered me his best friend, and it gives me authority to speak for a man who can no longer speak for himself.

TO COME to the actual events of which I have been asked to write, I arrived down at Alderbury (so I see by an old diary) five days before the crime. That is, on September 13th. I was conscious at once of a certain tension in the atmosphere. There was also staying in the house Miss Elsa Greer, whom Amyas was painting at the time.

It was the first time I had seen Miss Greer in the flesh, but I had been aware of her existence for some time. Amyas had raved about her to me a month previously. He had met, he said, a marvelous girl. He talked about her so enthusiastically that I said to him jokingly, "Be careful, old boy, or you'll be losing your head again." He told me not to be a bloody fool. He was painting the girl; he'd no personal interest in her. I said, "Tell that to the marines! I've heard you say that before." He

*(Continued on page 44)*

# One-Night Tour

## By Joe Bookman

**Play and ride on—no sleep, no girls, no fun. That's all there is on a tour of one-night stands, except the music. But that's sweet and hot and always good**

BOBBY BYRNE, a youthful trombonist and band leader, pointed to a huge red National Trailways bus. "That," he said, "is where we will eat, dress, live and amuse ourselves for six weeks. We'll also try to sleep. I can't sleep in busses." He shrugged his shoulders. "If a swing band could make out playing location jobs in hotels or theaters all the time it would be swell. It's hitting the road, five or six months every year, that beats you down to the socks."

The bus, a mastodon of automobiles, was parked by the back entrance of the Saylor's Lake Pavilion, near Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, in the Pocono Mountains. "Of course," continued Maestro Byrne, smiling sadly, "we have to make time on this job. The reason we will have to stick pretty close to the bus is that we're booked for one long jump after another. I guess we can consider ourselves lucky we have no really inhuman jumps on the program. The union recently passed a law saying no band can travel more than 400 miles a day between engagements. Too many accidents on the road."

He didn't go into details, but I remembered that Hal Kemp had been killed in California a year ago while racing to a ballroom. In recent months serious accidents had happened to the bands of Tommy Dorsey, Charlie Barnet, Jack Teagarden, Sammy Kaye. In 1939 there were 61 accidents to musicians on the road; in 1940 there were 78; in 1941 over 100. I had joined Byrne and his orchestra at Saylor's Lake to see exactly why the one-night tour is considered about the most dangerously unpleasant job in the entertainment industry today. I traveled with the band about a week, and we covered 1,491 miles, through Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts.

The pattern of a musician's life on the road is simple: play, and ride on. No time for leisurely eating or sleeping, no shower baths. In and out of a town before you can have suits pressed or shirts laundered. You don't stop long enough to date a girl. You have to make time on this job. You have to stick pretty close to the bus. This is the pattern of your days and nights: you sit on a narrow, wobbly bandstand *(this isn't the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York, brother)* and you blow into a trumpet or pound a drum for five hours and after that you stick pretty close to the bus for maybe ten hours and then you sit on another narrow, wobbly bandstand and blow into a trumpet or pound a drum for another five hours. And you don't get tired. You smile all the time and play hot. You must never forget you're making rhythms for the kids. You're entertainment, the only flesh-and-blood entertainment thousands of rural communities experience since minstrel shows and vaudeville disappeared. You have to be young and strong and bursting with rhythm and very much in love with the freedom and independence that comes with being a good jazz musician to be able to stand this life, and to enjoy this pattern.

The Byrne band began its tour at Saylor's Lake, and when the bus pulled in it found another orchestra bus parked near the pavilion. Inside, arguing with the promoter, Andy Perry, was another well-known maestro named Russ Morgan. (A chap who hires traveling "name" bands is always called a promoter in the trade even if he owns six ballrooms.) Morgan was red-faced and angry.

"Listen," he cried, "it says here in my contract that I'm due to play here, Wednesday, tonight. What gives here, anyhow?"

Promoter Perry swallowed and stammered. "We expected you Saturday, Russ. I spent two hundred bucks advertising you for Saturday, Russ. I got posters in Allentown, Stroudsburg, Bethlehem, Easton. You think I like this mix-up?"

"My contract says I'm supposed to play here Wednesday," said Perry.

"They can't do this to me," moaned Perry. "I got no band for Saturday."

"On Saturday I will hit Cincinnati," said Morgan.

Byrne took me aside. "You see," he whispered, "everything happens on the one-nighters. Hotel jobs—fine. Theater jobs—great. One-nighters—trouble. I got a contract calling for *me* to play here tonight. Anyway, they have my band advertised." Byrne stealthily signaled to his musicians, who had already donned their gray flannel uniforms in the bus en route from Atlantic City, and, while Morgan was arguing with Perry, Byrne's men took the stand and started playing. Eventually, Morgan took himself and contract off, calling curses down on his booking office. Morgan has good cause to dislike one-night tours. He has been on the road for fourteen months, and during this time his first child was born, and the father has never been in New York and still doesn't know what his 11-month-old offspring looks like. . . .

From 8 till 2 A.M., Byrne and his fifteen musicians were on the stand playing hot and fast and loud. At 11:30 they got a thirty-minute rest period. During the intermission I asked Les Reis, whose father was one of the founders of the Reis underwear empire, why top-notch musicians run all the nervous and physical risks of a barnstorming expedition. Reis, the road manager of the band, explained it this way: "A location job is like a storekeeper buying merchandise, and a one-night tour is selling it. We just finished 12 weeks at the Hotel Pennsylvania, but we didn't make a nickel. Actually, it *cost* us about $400 a week to play the Pennsylvania. We received $1,750 a week from the hotel. We paid out $1,550 in salaries to the sidemen and vocalists. We spent another $600 every week—commissions to our booking agent, arranger's and copyist's salaries, office rent, press agent and so forth. We know it's a good investment, however. At the Pennsylvania, we had an NBC wire—we did four nation-wide broadcasts a week, we built up a demand for Bobby Byrne. Now, we're going out to cash in on this demand. On this tour we will receive as much as $1,200 for a single night—almost as much as we received in New York for a whole week!"

Promptly at 2 in the morning, the band played its closing theme, a fragment of Danny Boy, and Joe Slater, a husky Negro who has been playing nursemaid to bands since he was with the Mills brothers, awoke from where he had been sleeping beside the bandstand on a drum case. The musicians deftly folded their instruments and plodded downstairs. Joe started "breaking down." The music stands were pressed flat. The $20,000 worth of arrangements gently placed in small valises, no bigger than overnight bags. Soon, there was nobody left on the stand but Slater, smashing baggage, and Maestro Byrne, playing a chord progression on the piano, while Dick Skinner, guitarist and arranger, wearily listened. Bobby wanted Skinner to incorporate the progression into a new arrangement. Slater noisily wedged the music stands into boxes, the bass drum and snare drums and cymbals and the other traps into their cases. In less than an hour, the band was packed, and Slater, without any other help, began to lug the boxes downstairs and place them in the bus.

Downstairs, the musicians were impatiently waiting by the door of the bus. The bus was closed and the shades drawn. Dorothy Claire, the girl vocalist, was changing out of her evening gown, a glittering costume of yellow and brown, with lace and rhinestones. On a one-night tour the bus is everybody's dressing room. Miss Claire changed in ten minutes. Then, while she went outside, the musicians clambered up and changed out of their uniforms.

Dorothy is a tiny, blond girl, whose face is lively and whose voice tingles. Off duty, she wore blue slacks and a blue striped sweatshirt. She told me she had left the hospital only a week before. An appendicitis operation. "My doctor would kill me," she chuckled, "if he knew I was jumping around the country on an ol' bus. I'm supposed to be in bed, con-va-lesc-ing." She wrinkled her uptilted button nose. "I can't sit still, not when the music plays my song and I should be singing it. I can't be resting and listening to somebody else sing my song on the radio. I can't sit still." She didn't. She sang every night, slept on the bus, ate with the boys, never complained once.

A little after 3:30, the band was ready to roll. Reis was the last to enter the bus and he carefully counted off, to make sure nobody had been left behind. It was a ritual he never omitted. Then he told the driver to push off. Driver Cliff Hamilton, forty-eight, who has been driving chartered busses for musicians for 20 years, shifted the gears into first and we rolled off through the Poconos.

*(Continued on page 42)*



**Jerry Yelverton doubles and likes to study relig**

**Some of the bandsmen pr gage piled at the rear of t Dick Farrell, who works h**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR TH



iver excursion trip, Leader Bobby Byrne, Vocalists Dorothy Claire
er are jammed into the inadequate space before the bandstand



Sports clothes are the rule for traveling on the bus. The valet is Joe Slater, a veteran of the one-night stand, who handles trunks, clothes and instruments




in a roadside diner's juke box precipitated this impromptu
. Below, the band indulges in a little good-natured clown-
ng dressed for their engagement on the Potomac River trip



Shop talk and stud poker while away the long miles. Stakes are sometimes fairly high. Below, a dancer comes over to chat with Miss Claire. Dancers on the boat trip were largely Washington clerks, noisy, boisterous and quarrelsome







MOVIETONE NEWS

Defensive quarterbacking at its best: Murphy of Cornell is back in punt formation; Frick of Penn (lower left) remembers that Murphy is not a punter



Frick has decided the impending play will be a pass and ense. The ball has been snapped, above, and Murphy is

# Rational Defense

## By Benny Friedman as told to Bill Davidson

**When you see a team on defense call signals and shift to meet the impending play, you're seeing football's newest wrinkle—defensive quarterbacking. It's the thing that will account for some of the season's best upsets**

THERE is nothing more pathetic than a football coach on a Saturday night. As he tosses about in bed, huge tackles make terrifying faces at him from all corners of the room; ponderous guards pounce on him with unrestrained, sadistic glee; strange, ferocious football teams run an endless succession of end-around plays over his prostrate body; and grinning fullbacks pick up his head and casually boot it down the field.

But all this cannot compare with the nightmares the same football coach is now forced to undergo on Saturday *afternoons*. These nightmares will generally fall into the following category:

The coach's team lines up for what should be the infallible touchdown play under the circumstances. Each man has his block assignment. The play is worked out to the minutest detail. It is pigskin perfection.

But what happens?

Just as the quarterback is calling the signals for this play, the defensive quarterback stands up, and *he* begins to call signals too. Immediately there is a startling series of movements on the part of the defense. Then all is still.

The play begins, and the offensive left end goes down to take out the defensive right halfback. But alas, there is no defensive right halfback to take out! The offensive left tackle lunges at the defensive right tackle. But he encounters nothingness! The offensive left guard crashes over to take out the defensive right guard. But the defensive right guard, too, has departed for parts unknown! In fact, the entire play is a horrible succession of little men who weren't there. That is, in all except one place! For the offensive wing back comes crashing into the hole off guard and finds his way violently contested by several ferocious gentlemen, who were supposed to be yards away or blocked out of the picture.

How did the aforesaid ferocious gentlemen get where they were?

The answer is an amazing new wrinkle in football—quarterbacking on the defense!

For years the offense ran rampant with innovations like the forward pass and the quick-opening Warner and Rockne systems. Always the defense had to devise new means of neutralizing the offense. First came the six-man line, then the five-man

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Quarterbacking on th
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*(Continued on*

Frick has moved back from behind the line of scrimmage. His correct diagnosis has enabled him to get into position to intercept the pass from Murphy



Penn is back in the game as Frick begins the march that resu
Penn was behind, 13 to 0, when this play began, and ev





One of two distinguished new versions of Clipper styling for 1942 — the smart Packard Clipper Touring Sedan. Both Clipper Six and Eight *(only $55 difference)* are available as either Special or Custom models.

# *How Clipper beauty pays off...* in more miles per gallon!

**THOSE LONG, LOW, RACY LINES** you admire so much do more than delight your eye.

They're also there because (among other benefits) they enable the Clipper to cut through the wind with phenomenally low resistance — *hence save you gas.*

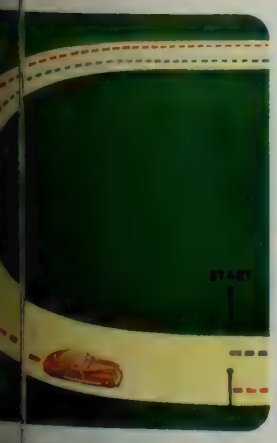
Proving Ground tests provide exact figures on this new economy. For example: last year's Packard was a marvel of thrift (an economy fact). Yet, tested against the new Clipper, it lost out. The ...ot only better—but 12% to 18% better on gasoline mileage!

Yet the Clipper offers something even more important to the car buyer of today. *It is built to meet the times!*

These are times that put a new high premium on *quality*. Quality that pays out in *extra miles, extra years, extra value.*

So, if you want a car that's a "long haul" husky — combined with the fuel economy so important today — Skipper the Clipper! There's one waiting for you at your Packard dealer's. **ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE**

## 1942 PACKARD CLIPPER



**...HAMPION!** — 1941 Packard ...t actual test shows how ... steps up economy. Same ... was put into both cars. ...am shows Clipper's margin.



**FLIGHT-LINED FOR ECONOMY**—Precision meters prove that Clipper streamlining cuts wind resistance; results in important gasoline economies! The 1942 Clipper delivers up to *18% more miles* per gallon!




**BRINGING SENSATIONAL CLIPPER STYLING** to every Packard line permits lower Clipper prices. Even the 1942 Clipper 8 is substantially lower priced than '41 Clipper 8 —same power—same room—same comfort.




**SLICE YOUR GAS BILL FURTHER** . . . and enjoy automatic driving at its best . . . with Packard Electromatic Drive! Lets engine run slower . . . saves gas, oil, and engine wear. More than repays its extra cost.



# "You'll learn a lot, my dear, that isn't in the books!"

LITTLE BEULAH was a bit nervous about her first day in school.

"Do you mean, Mommy," she anxiously asked Elsie, the Borden Cow, "that I've got to worry about passing examinations *outside* of school?"

"Indeed you have, my dear," smiled Elsie. "We Borden cows also must be able to pass the strict examinations of Borden's eagle-eyed experts. They'll flunk you like *that*, the minute the milk you'll some day produce for Borden's is anything less than tip-top."

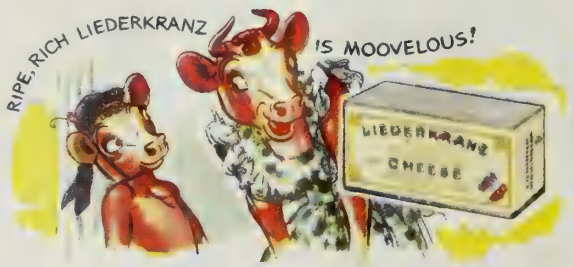
"Then what's the use of going to school at all?" Beulah demanded, discouraged.




Elsie explained: "So you'll learn many other important things. Like the total population of all the communities that depend upon us for pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk*—and the host of grand products made from that milk. On the other hand, you should learn some Arithmetic."

"I can count up to ten already," interrupted Beulah.

"You must do better than that," Elsie replied; "there are more than twenty delightful varieties in the distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*. One of the most popular examples is creamy-hearted, golden-crusted *Liederkranz*—as 100% American as canvasback duck."




"Cousin Millie says we have to study something called Art," said Beulah.

"Yes," agreed Elsie. "And you'll be glad to know that in *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* we Borden cows contribute handsomely to another kind of Art—the fine Art of Cookery. Through it, we help to make wonderful cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes."




"Later on," said Beulah, rather worried, "we get something else called jog—jogger—"

"Geography," prompted Elsie. "You know—everything about the map. You'll learn, for instance, that all over the map mouths water at the sight of *Borden's Ice Cream*. It's pure, smooth, luscious as can be made from the grandest milk and cream."




"Do most folks know all the marvels are made from Borden's milk?" Beulah wanted to know.

"I doubt it," Elsie answered. "I don't think many realize that *casein* extracted from milk makes *Casco Glue*—a glue with a bull-dog grip for jobs like mending furniture or for delicate model ship modeling."




"That should make folks want to *stick* to that's Borden's!" said Beulah slyly.

"It certainly should, darling!" laughed Elsie to the Borden products that don't come from milk. Like *Borden's None Such* Mince Meat—the heart and soul of the spiciest, juiciest fruits in which Borden care makes sure that None Such is just as pure and wholesome as everything else bearing the Borden name."




Beulah was so pleased with her lines that she decided to try another. "Gee, Mommy, you've given me a whole Borden of Education!"

"That's about enough out of you, young lady," Elsie. "Off to school with you. And remember this one lesson: *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!'* "

* * *

*More than 27,000 Borden employees share ownership with 47,000 owner-stockholders, to produce the best of dairy products, to guarantee all Borden foods, and to bring them*



# The Truth Shall Make You Free

Continued from page 17

attack than autocratic re- Honesty and competence ield of secrecy."
remarked that he did not good a reporter he would ould count on him to fur- le information as to plans, policies. The people were now what was in their ought. Not only was it a to let public opinion guess it nothing could be more have the nation believe f Executive was trying to and. In a national emer- onstitution authorized a torial power to the Presi- t was far from implying ident was entitled to act r.

Wilson had found that the o got into hot water were e habit of flat statement, ompany conclusions with which those conclusions and announcing decisions ying reasons. A prudent is opinion, should always take every forward step en and in full view of the

### ord for All to Read

. Mr. Wilson insisted, had de throughout the entire iod. From the very first, quite frankly, it had been America would be drawn lation was a myth and had a myth. Freedom of the 's right to sail the ocean eful errands without let or as vital to our existence, ad been. Before George remarks about our "dis- ched position" had ceased ngaged in three wars with peoples. Jefferson, who st "entangling alliances," the day when he was will- the British fleet and na-

fear of America's involve- re, he had tried to "build one that would stand for all time as proof of America's devotion to peace. Overruling the tremors of the State Department, he had insisted on the immediate publication of every diplomatic note. In nothing had he been sly or secret, and if there was a man, woman or child in the United States who did not know what he had done, and exactly why, it was because he did not choose to read.

In this connection, there was a point that he thought worthy of emphasis. All of the belligerents, insolently and repeatedly, had ridden roughshod over international law as related to America's rights, although British violations concerned property only, while German aggressions were against human life. The war was to be stated plainly as our war, waged in defense of vital rights, and not any chivalrous rush to England's rescue or the repayment of an ancient debt to France.

There was no doubt in his mind that America was engaged in a war of self-defense. But what he meant to do was to go far beyond that assertion, striking a high note that would differentiate the struggle from all other struggles. He declared that even a war of self-defense fell short of full justification unless waged with high resolve to change the evil conditions that made war inevitable. Taking a copy of the war message from his desk, he read the paragraph about "the universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free." A "war to end war," in his opinion, was a battle cry that would go straight to the hearts of our own people and all other peoples, even if laughed at by old-school statesmen still thinking in terms of "balances of power."

"Making the world safe for democracy" was something to be preached as a great truth, and not regarded as any empty phrase. In every speech, every public paper, he intended to make plain his belief that there was not room on the same earth for autocratic, militaristic governments, dedicated to conquest, and free, representative governments based on the consent of the governed.

Why wouldn't it be a good idea to preach the "religion of democracy?" Was it not a mistake to assume that the representative form of government was self-justifying, and something that needed no argument? Was it not a blunder of magnitude to believe that the twenty-first birthday brought an instant and full understanding of democracy to young men and women? He himself had always deplored the manner in which our schools skipped over the essentials of American history, ignoring fundamentals in favor of dates. But it was that way with everything. So little in our education was related to life. Children were taught how many inches there were in a foot, and how many feet in a yard, but when asked to tell how high a table stood above the floor, the guesses ranged all the way from one inch to one mile.

### A Campaign of Education

My propaganda, he trusted, would always be based on the original meaning of the word: "the propagation of faith." And that faith, of course, must be a "war to end war." As the President visioned the things to be done, his face lighted until it fairly shone. Our own people given a clearer understanding of what America really meant, particularly citizens of foreign birth or descent. Few things, he said, stood more plainly than that the melting pot was not melting, and had not melted for a good many years. Looking on democracy as an automatic device was not the least of our tragic blunders.

And there were the neutral nations to be fired with enthusiasm for a new and nobler world order. And the Central Powers too, for he did not believe, and could not bring himself to believe, that the peoples of Germany and Austria-Hungary were infatuated with the Kaiser's dream of world-wide dominion. Surely I could find ways and means of getting our war aims and peace terms into the enemy countries.

Above all, he stressed the importance of intensive campaigns in England, France, Italy and Russia. It was necessary, of course, to convince these war-weary peoples that American aid was on the way, but, confidentially, he wanted more than that. Although not a fact to be broadcast, the war was not a war for democracy when it started in 1914, and it was up to the United States to make it one.

As I rose to leave, the President put his hand on my shoulder and gave several parting admonitions. I was to emphasize the committee as an *information service*, for the Germans had grimed propaganda until the word stood for corruption and deceit. I was to send no dollar on a secret errand or try to camouflage a single activity. Above all, I must guard against appeals to hate, for while a wave of national fury might whip a people on, froth and dregs were bound to be the ultimate result.

I was to watch out at all times against arousing false hopes, and in this connection he mentioned smilingly that there were many high-powered salesmen among the great industrialists brought to Washington for war work. He himself had to be continually on guard against overheated optimists. Not bearing this caution in mind plunged me into sore trouble at a later date, for like a fool I took the word of an effervescent official on plane-production figures.

Following out the President's suggestions, the Committee on Public In-



**"You see what you can do with them. It was nearly December before I got them to bed last year!"** DAVE GERARD







**IN SOUTH AMERICA** Longines Watches are known and esteemed in all the capitals of our 10 sister republics. Leading jewelers there, as here, have sold Longines Watches for upwards of 50 years. Longines Watches enjoy leadership, as well, in the six countries of the Isthmus, in Mexico, and in the island republics of the Caribbean. Truly, throughout the world, no other name on a watch means so much as . . . *Longines*.

Longines
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Wherever there is an appreciation of things fine and beautiful, you will find Longines Watches held in the highest esteem. Over the years, they have proven themselves uniformly dependable, accurate, and long-lasting. Their excellence and elegance have been recognized by 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals, and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece.

Longines jewelers now show the 75th Anniversary Longines Watches priced $40 upward; also a companion watch of distinctive merit in the medium price field, the Wittnauer Watch, priced from $24.75;—products of

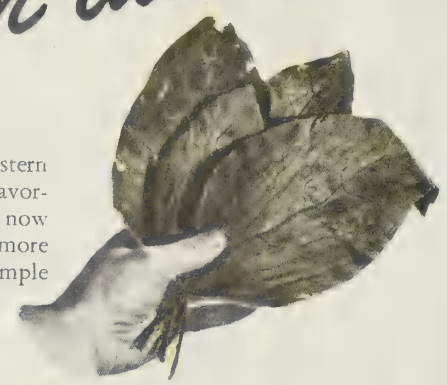
LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH CO., INC.
New York, Montreal, Geneva






Something NEW* has been added!

*IT'S LATAKIA—prized Eastern Mediterranean tobacco whose very flavorful leaves, added like a "seasoning," now make Old Gold's famous blend even more pleasant in flavor and fragrance. Ample supplies of Latakia are aging in Old Gold's American warehouses.





**Mrs. Haley Fiske,** society woman, New York, says: "That added touch of Latakia gives Old Golds just the flavor I've been looking for!"



**Carl Moebus,** Lynbrook, L. I. "You can tell, right away, something new has been added to Old Golds. Latakia leaf gives an enjoyable new flavor."




**Same familiar pack—but NEW Old Golds!**
P. Lorillard Company — America's oldest tobacco merchants—Established 1760.


formation, as a first step, put trained reporters in the War Department, the Navy and every other agency connected with the war machine, and every day saw an honest, unvarnished report of progress given to the people.

Today, by way of contrast with 1917, the Army and the Navy each runs its own press bureau, each with its own policy, and every other agency even remotely connected with the war machine has its own high-powered, heavily staffed publicity division. The public-relations branch of the Office of Emergency Management, according to the Congressional Record, employs 249 persons, and is requesting an appropriation of $750,000 for the fiscal year 1942. The Office of Government Reports has a working force of 527, and asks $1,444,333 for 1942. Government press agents, as a matter of fact, already outnumber the nation's readers, and each new agency adds to the locust swarm. The Committee on Public Information's news division, covering every war-making branch, cost $76,000 for the two years of its existence.

When it came to the real battle—the battle against ignorance, apathy and disaffection at home—Woodrow Wilson was the commander in chief, as the President always must be. Cabinet officers and bureau heads may thunder until they are blue in the face, but the man in the White House is the one great voice. Going about the country today, one finds public opinion confused and bewildered. If freedom of the seas is again a great American tradition for which we are ready to fight and die, then why not repeal the Neutrality Act that specifically surrendered all of our rights in the ocean lanes? Hitlerism is to be cast down and out, and there must be no talk of a negotiated peace, but people are asked to believe that this does not necessarily mean war.

### Control from the Top

Woodrow Wilson permitted no such confusions and bewilderments. True to his promise, he made every speech, every state paper, an explanation and an argument rather than a collection of flat statements. What he did, in fact, was to brief the case for us. It was this case—the clearest exposition ever made of America's aims and ideals—that the committee took to the people through the medium of the spoken word, the written word, motion pictures, lantern slides, posters, billboards, expositions, donated advertising space in newspapers and magazines, etc., etc. Here again there was unification and one central control, backed up by the President. Some of the sharpest letters written by him went to bureaus and boards that attempted to set up "shows" of their own.

Going into detail with respect to one committee activity, exactly thirty-three foreign-language groups were organized. Through national councils, broken down to states and cities, we could reach every individual in every group in twenty-four hours, and a continuous educational program burned away much of the bitterness bred by years of neglect. Aside from their contribution to national unity, all thirty-three constituted a valuable approach to neutral and enemy countries. Our German bureau, under the direction of Franz Sigel, son of that famous exile who offered his sword to Lincoln, prepared the literature that played no small part in smashing German morale. It was also our Roman Legion that enabled Italy to make a "comeback" after the Caporetto disaster. Had this great work been continued after the war, we would not be faced with the necessity of doing it all over again.

In the fight for national unity, Woodrow Wilson was our t
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right or subsidized; German publications ran from pamphlets to expensive books and albums, and German agents thought nothing of paying thousands for a hole-in-the-wall motion-picture house.

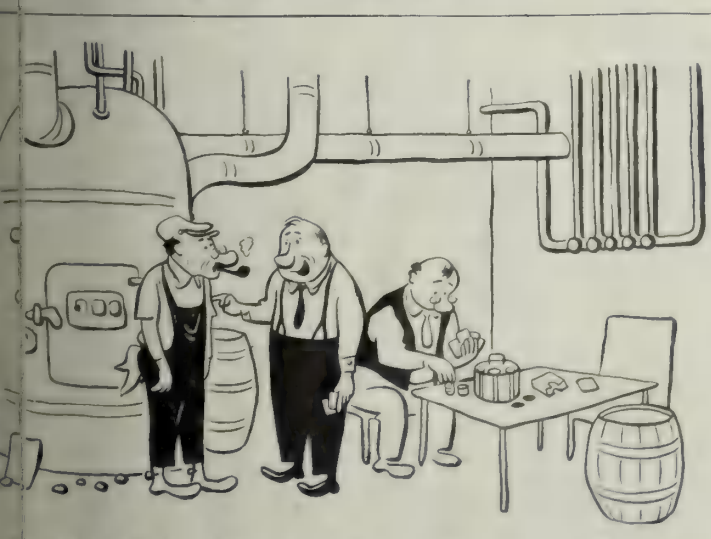
We made no attempt to enter into any such competition, but went about our business as though the Germans did not exist. First and foremost, for Latins are *realists*, we stressed America's enormous resources, both in men and money, and gave our war progress in detail, making it clear that the United States would not and could not lose. In addition, however, we tried to paint a true picture of the United States so that Latin Americans might know us and understand us: Our schools, homes, hospitals and playgrounds; election days with baby buggies in front of the polls; our industry and our agriculture; our free press, free speech and free assembly; how our government functions, and stories of ideals as well as material achievement. And what happened? We won hands down.

### It Can Happen Again

Hitler, in Mein Kampf, warns against "pitching propaganda on any idealistic note," insisting that "the caution in avoiding too high spiritual assumptions cannot be too great." That is why our information service beat German propaganda, for, from first to last, we obeyed Woodrow Wilson's injunction to stress *ideals*. Just as the United States was unified into one great triumphant whole, so did we win the active support or the friendship of every neutral nation, stiffen the resistance of the Allies, and shatter the foundations of German morale.

From the moment that the guns ceased firing on Armistice Day, a whole world stood eager and waiting for rebirth. The train that bore President Wilson from Brest to Paris passed through a lane of men, women and children, cheering through their tears; in Italy, mothers lifted their babies for his blessing, and throughout Europe, even in the Central Powers, there was the dawn of hope for a new and better world. True, it was a hope that blacked-out in betrayal and despair, but it blazed for two full years.

What was done then can be done again, but only if there is the same honesty and courage; the honesty that will give people a sense of partnership, and the courage to declare high determinations that hold the promise of a finer, fairer tomorrow. Nor is it something that needs to wait on a war message, for it can start right now, both here at home and everywhere else in the Western Hemisphere.



**...w turn off the steam in Callahan's apartment and ...ybe his wife will send him down to see what's wrong"**

COLIN ALLEN


## The General Joins the "Regulars"



**MY DAD, THE GENERAL,** is a man of few words and strong determination. "When you get into trouble," says he, "face the enemy and fight it out." And here he is—praising, for my innocence, the merits of a good, strong, old-fashioned *purge*.



**BUT I, TOO,** had something to say about that. "You and your pitched battles with constipation! Did it ever occur to you to find and correct the *cause* of the trouble? You come down to breakfast; I want to show you something."




**"NOW, WHAT'S THIS MIRACLE?"** says he. "No miracle at all," says I; "just a crisp, toasty breakfast cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. If your trouble is the kind that's due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN will really correct the cause of it. But you should eat it every day and drink plenty of water."




**"HEY!" SAYS DAD.** "Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If a breakfast food as delicious as this can make you 'join the regulars,' I'm signing up for the duration." And, bless your life, he did!

## Join the "Regulars" with

## *Kellogg's All-Bran*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

# COOL SHAVES
## block out All-American Shaving Terrors!



***"Coach,"*** groans Broncho, "Line-plungers bounce off me accordion-pleated. I'm an iron man for 60 minutes. But one scrimmage with my razor and I'm ready for the oxygen-tent. Shaving stings and burns double-cross me every time."

***"Broncho,"*** I says, "you're being mouse-trapped. Your shaving system's as out of date as moleskins. Each time you use that cream, you're sticking your face out for stings and terrors. Change to Ingram's quick-action, *cooling* cream!"



***"Ingram's lather-formation,*** Broncho, is modern — *cooling* — to condition your skin for shaving while it softens up your whiskers. It foams up like a team-cheer —a billowy White Wave of lather to smooth your razor's advance!"



***"Coach,"*** Broncho exults, "Ingram's is the perfect facial defense against razor burn! My blade glides along as smooth as an end-sweep in practice! And that cooling lather's as invigorating as a cold shower! My face feels grand!"



***Thousands of men*** have found Ingram's the answer to the shaver's prayer — for Ingram's de luxe lather is more than a fast whisker-wilter. It's a facial refresher too! No lotions or tonics needed! Ingram's leaves your skin smooth and cool — younger-looking and more attractive — and the effect lasts for hours! Change to Ingram's cool, cool cream—today!

# INGRAM'S
## SHAVING CREAM

*CONCENTRATED FOR ECONOMY—IN TUBE OR JAR*


## Pied Piper

Continued from page 12

three years previously and had been very short of breath. But the spring flowers in the French Jura were as beautiful as anything in Switzerland, and from the high ground up above Les Rousses you can see Mont Blanc. He wanted passionately to get where he could see mountains. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," he said, "from whence cometh my help." That's how he felt about it.

And that's why he went to France.

He left London on the morning of April the 10th, the very morning that the news came through that Germany had invaded Denmark and Norway. He read the news in his paper in the train on the way to Dover, and it left him cold. A month previously he would have been frantic over it, jumping from wireless bulletin to newspaper and back to the wireless again. Now it passed him by as something that hardly concerned him any more.

He spent a day and a night in Paris.

HE WENT on next day toward the Jura. He was still feeling a little shaky after the fatigue of the crossing, so that day he only went as far as Dijon.

Normally that journey takes about three hours, but the railways were in a bad state of disorganization. They told him that it was because of troop movements. The *Rapide* was an hour late in leaving Paris, and it lost another two hours on the way. It was nearly dinner-time when he reached Dijon, and he was very thankful that he had decided to stop there. He had his bags carried to a little hotel just opposite the station, and they gave him a very good dinner in the restaurant. Then he took a cup of coffee and a Cointreau in the café and went up to bed at about half past nine, not too tired to sleep well.

He was really feeling very well next day, better than he had felt for a long time past. He walked up through the town to the Hôtel de Ville and found Dijon just as he remembered it from his last visit, about eighteen months before. There was the shop where they had bought their berets, and he smiled again to see the name: *Au Pauvre Diable*. And there was the shop where John had bought himself a pair of skis, but he didn't linger there for very long.

He had his lunch at the hotel and took the afternoon train on into the Jura; he found that the local trains were running better than the main-line ones. He changed at Andelot and took the branch line up into the hills.

The train stopped for half an hour at Morez, and then went on to Saint-Claude. It got there just at dusk. He had sent a telegram from Dijon to the Hôtel de la Haute Montagne at Cidoton asking them to send a car down for him, because it's eleven miles and you can't always get a car in Saint-Claude. The hotel car was there to meet him, a ten-year-old one driven by the concierge, who was a diamond cutter when he wasn't working at the hotel. But Howard only found that out afterward; the man had come to the hotel since his last visit.

He took the old man's bags and put them in the back of the car, and they drove to Cidoton.

The Hôtel de la Haute Montagne is an old coaching house. It has about fifteen bedrooms, and in the season it's a skiing center. Cidoton is a tiny hamlet—fifteen or twenty cottages, no more. The hotel is the only house of any size in the place; the hills sweep down to it all around, fine slopes of pasture dotted here and there with pinewoods. It's very quiet and peac

It was dark when th hotel. Howard went sl steps to the door, the ing behind him with t man pushed open the and went into the ha the door leading into open, and there was buxom and cheerful the year before, with t her and the maids g shoulder. Lucard hi with the *Chasseurs A*

They gave him a welcome. He had nc himself so well rem not very common for go deep into the Jura at him nineteen to th well? Had he made the *Manche?* He had And in Dijon also? was very tiring to t He had brought a fis this time, instead of good. He would tak Pernod with Madam

And then, *Monsieu* well too?

Well, they had to away from her blindl said, "my son is dea flying above Heligol

Howard settled quite comfortably. mixer and the farm into their company, to him of the matters It may be that the los to break the ice.

He did not find th thusiastic for the wa

He was not happy night, but he was pro he would have been

PRESENTLY, wh stronger, the snow was the sound of tin where, and bare gr there had been white ers began to appear a new interest. As th bad dreams passed flowering fields held him. He grew muc the spring drew on.

Mrs. Cavanagh h

He had been worri find an Englishwom hotel, so far from th had not come to Fra lish or to think in En week he sedulously gether with her two not have to meet th

Cavanagh, they to ficial in the League neva, not more than as the crow flies. fearful of an invasio the Germans, and his wife and children They had been at Ci each week end he border to visit them the first Saturday th sandy-haired, worri forty-five or so.

The following wee a short talk with hi licitor, Cavanagh ap unpractical. He w League of Nations.

About the war, failure that can be la the League is its fa nations with faith that means propag ganda costs money.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

# What an Agency System looks like



**olitan Life Insurance Company** has nearly 0,000 policyholders in the United nd Canada. To serve these policy- in their own localities requires a ficient system. The one which ex- has shown to be the most effective nomical is known as the Agency



**2. This is the** Tower of Metropolitan's Home Office building in New York City. The headquarters for Metropolitan's Agency System are located in this building. In addition, there are two Head Offices, one in Ottawa, Canada, and the other in San Francisco.

**3. To facilitate** its field activities, Metropolitan has divided the United States and Canada into 10 geographical Territories. Each is headed by a Superintendent of Agencies who has supervision over field service to policyholders, the conservation of existing life insurance and the production of new business in his territory.



**4. This shows a typical District Office,** often called the hub of the Agency System. Territories are divided into Districts, each in charge of a manager who, in addition to his other duties, supervises the work of the agents. The District Office, with its manager, assistant managers, agents and office clerks, might be called a "service station" for policyholders in their own localities.



**ces such as this** educational meeting or Metropolitan field-men are common ict Offices. Field Training Instruc- vo assist in this educational work mp ve Metropolitan's service, operate t Home and Head Offices, but in the t v work under the Superintendent g ies of the Territory to which they ss ned.

**The assistant managers** in each District, ses their office work, help to train ag ts to serve existing policyholders, yz nsurance needs and sell insurance ll ose needs. They are almost con- tly the Field and try to visit, with the ts, many policyholders as possible in Di ict at least once a year.

**7. Districts are divided** into smaller areas known as Debits, each in charge of an agent. He is responsible for service to the policyholders living in his Debit. The size of a Debit, as well as of a District, is the result of what experience has shown to be the most efficient operating unit in the light of local conditions.



**8. Metropolitan** has, in the United States and Canada, about 19,000 agents, 2,500 assistant managers and 850 managers, as well as 5,700 office clerks. Through them the Company maintains direct and constant contact with policyholders . . . one of the chief means of seeing that Metropolitan policyholders are served faithfully and well.

COPYRIGHT 1941—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

*This is Number 43 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.*

## Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

*(A MUTUAL COMPANY)*

*Frederick H. Ecker*, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD — *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



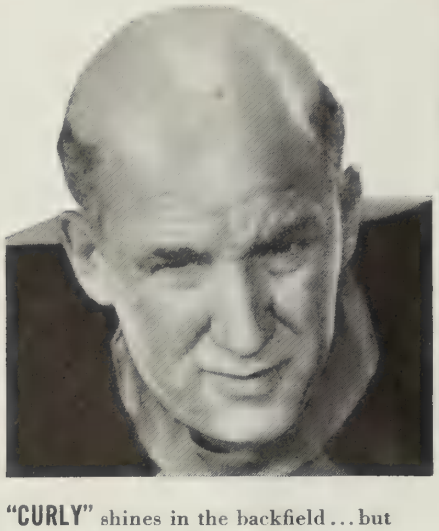
# HEAD-WORK WINS GAME



"FUZZY" scored on the field, but he couldn't "score" with Betty. Constant water-soaking had washed the natural oils out of his hair, left it dry, wild, unruly. KREML could keep his hair *neatly* groomed, remove loose dandruff scales, relieve that itchy scalp.



"SLICKER" completed three passes, yet Betty completely passed him up. The unsightly goo he plasters on his hair clogs vital scalp pores, gives him a "gigolo" look. KREML would leave his hair lustrous, soft, *and* greaseless.



"CURLY" shines in the backfield... but so does the top of his head. Too much water and grease "threw his hair for a loss." KREML—when used in time—checks excessive falling hair, helps maintain a proper oil balance.



THE WINNER! He doesn't make many touchdowns, but his KREML-groomed hair "goes over" big with Betty. The daily use of KREML and massage brings out the *natural* best in hair. Let KREML put *your* hair on the "winning side."

*Ladies!* Kreml keeps coiffures lovely, lustrous. Conditions your hair both *before* and *after* permanents.

*Hair-care Combination:* Kreml Hair Tonic *and* gentle Kreml Shampoo (made from an 80% olive oil base) that cleanses thoroughly, leaves your hair more manageable. *Get BOTH at your favorite drug counter.*

DON'T USE WATER USE

KREML

Recommended by the Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE


spent upon the League one tenth of what they have spent in armaments, there would have been no war."

After half an hour of this, old Howard came to the conclusion that Mr. Cavanagh was a tedious fellow. He bore with him from a natural politeness, and because the man was evidently genuine, but he made his escape as soon as he decently could. The extent of his sincerity was not made plain to Howard till the day he met Mrs. Cavanagh in the woods, and walked a mile back to the hotel with her.

He found her a devoted echo of her man. "Eustace would never leave the League," she said. "Even if the Germans were to enter Switzerland, he'd never leave Geneva. There's still such great work to be done."

The old man looked at her over his spectacles. "But would the Germans let him go on doing it if they got into Switzerland?"

"Why, of course they would," she said. "The League is international. I know, of course, that Germany is no longer a member of the League. But she appreciates our nonpolitical activities. The League prides itself that it could function equally well in any country, or under any government. If it could not do that, it couldn't be said to be truly international, could it?"

"No," said Howard, "I suppose it couldn't."

THEY walked on for a few steps in silence. "But if Geneva really were invaded by the Germans," he said at last, "would your husband stay there?"

"Of course. It would be very disloyal if he didn't." She paused, and then she said, "That's why he sent me out here with the children, into France."

She explained to him that they had no ties in England. For ten years they had lived in Geneva; both children had been born there. In that time they had seldom returned to England, even on holiday.

He left her at the entrance to the hotel, but next day at luncheon she smiled at him when he came into the room, and asked him if he had enjoyed his walk.

"I went as far as the Pointe des Neiges," he said courteously. "It was delightful up there this morning, quite delightful."

After that they often passed a word or two together, and he fell into the habit of sitting with her for a quarter of an hour each evening after dinner in the salon, drinking a cup of coffee. He got to know the children too.

There were two of them. Ronald was a dark-haired little boy of eight, whose toy train littered the floor of the salon with its tin lines. He was mechanical, and would stand fascinated at the garage door while the concierge labored to induce ten-year-old spark plugs to fire the mixture in the ten-year-old car. Old Howard came up behind him once.

"Could you drive a car like that?" he asked gently.

"*Mais oui—c'est facile, ça.*" French came more easily to this little boy than English. "You climb up in the seat and steer with the wheel."

"But could you start it?"

"You just push the button, *et elle va.* That's the 'lectric starter." He pointed to the knob.

"That's right. But it would be a very big car for you to manage."

The child said, "Big cars are easier to drive than little ones. Have you got a car?"

Howard shook his head. "Not now. I used to have one."

"What sort was it?"

The old man looked down helplessly. "I really forget," he said.

Ronald looked up at him, incredulous. "Don't you *remember?*"

But Howard couldn't.

The other child was She years old. Her drawings floor of the salon; for the life was filled with a pass ored chalks. Once as H downstairs he found her heap upon the landing at staircase, drawing industri flyleaf of a book. The fi the flight served as a desk

He stooped down by her you drawing?"

She did not answer.

"Won't you show me?" then, "The chalks are lovei

He knelt down rheuma one knee. "It looks like a

She looked up at him. ' dog," she said.

"Where's the dog?" H the smudged pastel streak

She was silent. "Shall I walking behind on a lead?

She nodded vigorously. to his task, his knees ach hand had lost whatever cun once have had, and his d pig.

Sheila said, "Ladies do for a walk."

His ready wit had not solicitor.

"This one did," he said. little pig that went to ma

The child pondered this little pig that stayed hom "and the little piggy eatin But Howard's knees wou more of it. He stumbled "I'll do that for you tomo

It was only at that stag that his picture of the lady embellished the flyleaf of of Jesus.

He got to know the chi after that and passed the with them whenever he me He used to sit and watch in the garden underneath sometimes, mysterious ga would have liked to have that touched dim chords sixty years back.

As the sun grew warmer drier he took to sitting out after luncheon for half a deck chair. He listened from time to time in a d ner, without great intere fishing would begin; the s from the low levels and streams were running each day.

THE retreat from Brusse terest him much; it hac before. He got his first gre Leopold, King of the down his arms upon the That had not happened i and it upset him.

But on that day noth set him for very long. fishing for the first time and the evening was occu out his gear, soaking his lecting flies. He walked day and caught three b got back tired and happy o'clock, had dinner, and mediately to bed. In that the first radio broadcasts tion of Dunkirk.

Next day he was jerke his complacence. He sa in the *estaminet* for mo distressed and worried. treat from the beaches nothing had for months time he began to feel a c to England. He knew th there would be nothing but he wanted to be irked him with its rustic the war.

By June the 4th the

# ...u serve the Wine ...and a grand visit is under way

## ...ople find there's a friendly, ...te kind of relaxation that most everyone wants today

...E THAN EVER before, folks like their friends to come ...ing of an evening. All over the country, today, ...t so.

...liscovering it's a time to gather together in our ... seek the companionship of people we care for. ...ou share good wine with friends you're in line ...et, relaxing evening. A let-up of the moderate ... and more people prefer. It's one reason wine ... earned such favor lately.

...resting new booklet on wine serving is available ...r copy will be mailed free, if you will write the ...isory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. ...d represents every wine grower in California. ...ll find that wines of California are sound and ...oped, reasonable in price. Connoisseurs will tell ...e wines of our own country are good by any ...en the world.

...me you ask friends over, try this considerate ...owing hospitality — serve wine.



Pictured here is full-bodied, rich red *Port*. Refreshment wines such as *Port* and *Muscatel* are very popular for between-meal serving. *Sherry* is the favorite appetizer wine. With dinner, serve a light California red or white wine, such as *Claret* or *Chablis*. Your wine dealer will be glad to help you with your selection.

*For SERVICE*

AS WELL AS FOR SERVICE MEN

**BUXTON**

DESIGNED THE NEW

**"SAM BROWNE"**

BILLFOLD

$5.00 in Military Tan or "Uniform Blue" Calfskin. Others from $3.



**OPEN THE HIDDEN "FLAP"** and you have *two* protected "window pockets" for identification, credentials, license or a snapshot.

**THE COIN PURSE** comes out for separate use—yet double-locks back firmly into place when he wants to keep his coins, bills, papers, etc., in one compact unit.

***New . . . Designed to meet not only Service requirements, but the needs of any active man***

No matter whether he's in the Army, the Navy or the Marines—no matter whether he wears a First-Class Private's chevron or an Admiral's gold braid—he'll acclaim this *newest* Buxton as the most convenient, best planned and best looking billfold he ever saw!

It's been carefully thought out to meet his present requirements . . . and beautifully made, to serve him long after he gets back into civil life. Organization PLUS! Special places for bills, checks, papers, passes, identifications, licenses, even for a photograph of the sender. Everything "stows" neatly—everything protected. And, in addition, a roomy, *locked*-in coin purse that can be removed easily for "solo" use.

Fine leathers, too, and Fine Craftsmanship that will stand "inspection" in any company—anywhere. In deep Military Tan for Soldiers, Aviators, Marines, and in black or deep "Uniform Blue" for the man afloat. Here's one of the few gifts that the man in the Service can really *use*. (And we'll bet that any civilian, too, would be mighty glad to get one of these handsomely tailored and downright practical billfolds.)




**PACKED IN A GIFT BOX**—and sent postpaid to army camp, ship or station. Here's a parcel he'll be proud to unwrap. The Caps of the Army, Navy and Marines, needless to say, are completely "Regulation." Full instructions in each "Sam Browne" to help him get the most out of it.

MSC

*Initials and Branch of Service Insignia Stamped in Gold*

**A personal touch, "his" initials and service insignia (Infantry, Artillery, Air Corps, etc.). For name of dealer who'll do this for you, write Buxton, Inc., 4161 Orleans St., Springfield, Mass., or Dept. G, 47 W. 34 Street, New York City.**


left Dunkirk, Paris had had its one and only air raid, and Howard had made up his mind. He admitted as much that night to Mrs. Cavanagh.

"I don't like the look of things at all," he said. "Not at all. I think I shall go home. At a time like this, a man's place is in his own country."

She looked at him, startled. "But surely, you're not afraid that the Germans will come here, Mr. Howard?"

"No," he said, "they won't get much farther than they are now. But at the same time, I think I shall go home." He paused, and then he said a little wistfully, "I might be able to get into the A.R.P."

She knitted on quietly. "I shall miss having you to talk to in the evenings," she said. "The children will miss you, too."

"It has been a great pleasure to have known them," he said. "I shall miss them."

ON THE ninth of June, Cavanagh appeared, having driven unexpectedly from Geneva in his little car. He seemed more worried and distrait than usual, and vanished into the bedroom with his wife. The children were sent out to play in the garden.

An hour later he tapped upon the door of Howard's bedroom. The old man had been reading in a chair and had dropped asleep, the book idle on his lap. He woke at the second tap, settled his spectacles, and said, "Come in."

He stared with surprise at his visitor, and got up. "This is a great pleasure," he said formally. "But what brings you out here in the middle of the week? Have you got a holiday?"

Cavanagh seemed a little dashed. "I've taken a day off," he said after a moment. "May I come in?"

"By all means." The old man bustled round and cleared a heap of books from the only other chair in the room. Then he offered his guest a cigarette. "Won't you sit down?"

The other sat down diffidently. "What do you think of the war?" he asked.

Howard said, "I think it very serious. I don't like the news at all."

"Nor do I. I hear you're going home."

"Yes, I'm going back to England. I feel that at a time like this my place is there."

There was a short silence. Then Cavanagh said, "In Geneva we think that Switzerland will be invaded."

There was a pause. Then Howard said, "If that happened, what would you do?"

The little sandy-haired man from Geneva got up and walked over to the window. He stood for a moment looking out over the meadows and the pine-woods. Then he turned back into the room. "I should have to stay in Geneva," he said. "I've got my work to do."

"Would that be very—wise?"

"No," said Cavanagh frankly. "But it's what I have made up my mind to do."

He came back and sat down again. "I've been talking it over with Felicity," he said. "I've got to stay there. Even in German occupation there would still be work for us to do. It's not going to be pleasant. It's not going to be profitable. But it's going to be worth doing."

"Would the Germans allow the League to function at all?"

"We have positive assurances that they will."

"What does your wife think about it?" asked Howard.

"She thinks that it's the proper thing to do. She wants to come back to Geneva with me."

"Oh . . ."

The other turned to him. "It's really about that that I looked in to see you," he said. "We were thinking—Felicity was wondering . . . if you could possibly take the children back t you, when you go?"

He went on hurriedly, could speak: "It's onl them to my sister's hous on Boars Hill. As a m could send her a telegra meet you at Southampt and drive them straight asking an awful lot, I'm feel you couldn't mana understand."

Howard stared at h chap," he said, "I shall b to do anything I can to

"Then you'll take th

"Of course I will, if want me to do."

Cavanagh went away leaving the old man i had planned to stay i Paris for a night as he l way out; it now seeme would be wiser if he straight through to Cal meant no changes in h to do that, because l no rooms and taken r changes were in his pl get accustomed to the

Could he manage the himself, or would it be a village girl from Ci with them as far as Ca nursemaid? He did nc could be found to come haps Madame Lucar somebody . . .

It was only later that Calais was in German his best route across th be by way of St. Malo

He came down pre Felicity Cavanagh in caught his hand. "It kind of you to do this It seemed to him tha crying a little.

"Not in the least," I enjoy having them as panions."

She smiled. "I've They're simply thrille ribly excited to be g you." It was the first heard her speak of Eng

He broached the ma her, and they went tog dame Lucard. But C be incapable of produci ing to go with them to as far as Paris. "It doe least," said Howard. " be home in twenty-fou we shall get on famou

THE leave-taking, th was short and awkw said everything that t to the Cavanaghs, and eager to climb into th nothing to them that t their mother, possibl delicious prospect of Saint-Claude and a da a real train with a ste their minds. Their fa kissed them, awkwar but the meaning of th the children altogethe by, embarrassed.

Mrs. Cavanagh mu my darlings," and tur

Ronald said, "Ma driver?"

Sheila said, "I wa driver, too."

Howard stepped f both going to sit behi bundled them into the Then he turned back "They're very happy, "That's the main thir

He got into the c down the road, and th ness was all over.

*(To be continued*

SUNSHINE PUBLIC LIBRARY

## Child Prodigy

Continued from page 19

a then dialed a number
ct ed flourish.
m Marlowe. Ten on Sun-
's ose in the sixth. That's

la rie had saved a booth
it g, her blue eyes shining.
ed is hand and brushed her
a t his.
k w what I did last night?"
b thlessly.
*ll her,* he cautioned him-
s *t right out being a heel.*
d it our budget!" Trium-
e oduced a new notebook.
g" n it!"
l ere in black and white.
u ice. Car installments.
D or. Savings. Inciden-

'l ave six dollars a week
g oney!" She was so ecs-
d see him wince. "I'm so
v one likes you. Even
d other . . ." she broke off,

re up at her, sheepishly.
he ay?"
's ng lashes brushed her
e "She said it was about
g d, red blood was coming
m ."

li r that night, while Mar-
el d her mother with the
pr Jim maneuvered Roger
Th ecriminations which had
af noon a living hell were
is st pocket was a seventy-
e agement ring: Sunshine
ro ed home, paying fifteen-
vc There was no reason for
ee uilty over a good, sound
l that.
d odigy's desk was littered
s ets and the racing form
wi use. Roger snapped on
li ed a moment and then,
sa down and picked up his
n t ped him on the shoulder.

"You re wasting your time, Roger." He snapped a form sheet from his pocket. "Here. Here's *tomorrow's* program."

Roger paused to polish his glasses. "Just before you came," he said, "I did work out the other races. And you know what?"

"What?" Happy Jim waited confidently.

"The horses that were supposed to win the fifth and seventh races didn't. But I'm developing a formula. These racing forms aren't really complete."

Happy Jim wet his lips. "You can find a formula that will work *every* time?"

Roger blinked. "Of course. You can do anything with mathematics."

Jim sat down on the bed. "Go right ahead. Don't mind me. I'll just sit around quietly and watch."

"You don't understand," the boy said. "This would take a couple of months at least—even if I had the time to give to it, which I don't. I was just playing with the idea, today."

"Playing with it?" Jim sat bolt upright on the edge of the bed. "Roger, you wouldn't *play* with a thing like this!"

Roger yawned. He rubbed his head. "I'm tired. I think I'll go to bed."

"Jim?"

It was Sweet Marjorie, halfway up the stairs.

Jim moved to the hall door, then turned and eyed Roger sternly. "Better work that formula out, kid," he said, and turned to meet Marjorie.

It wasn't until they were parked on the bluff overlooking Devil's Gate Dam that Jim produced the ring. Marjorie gasped and looked up at him, incredulously.

"But Jim, darling! The budget!"

He pressed his finger against her lips. "Fortunately, the budget didn't take into consideration my investments."

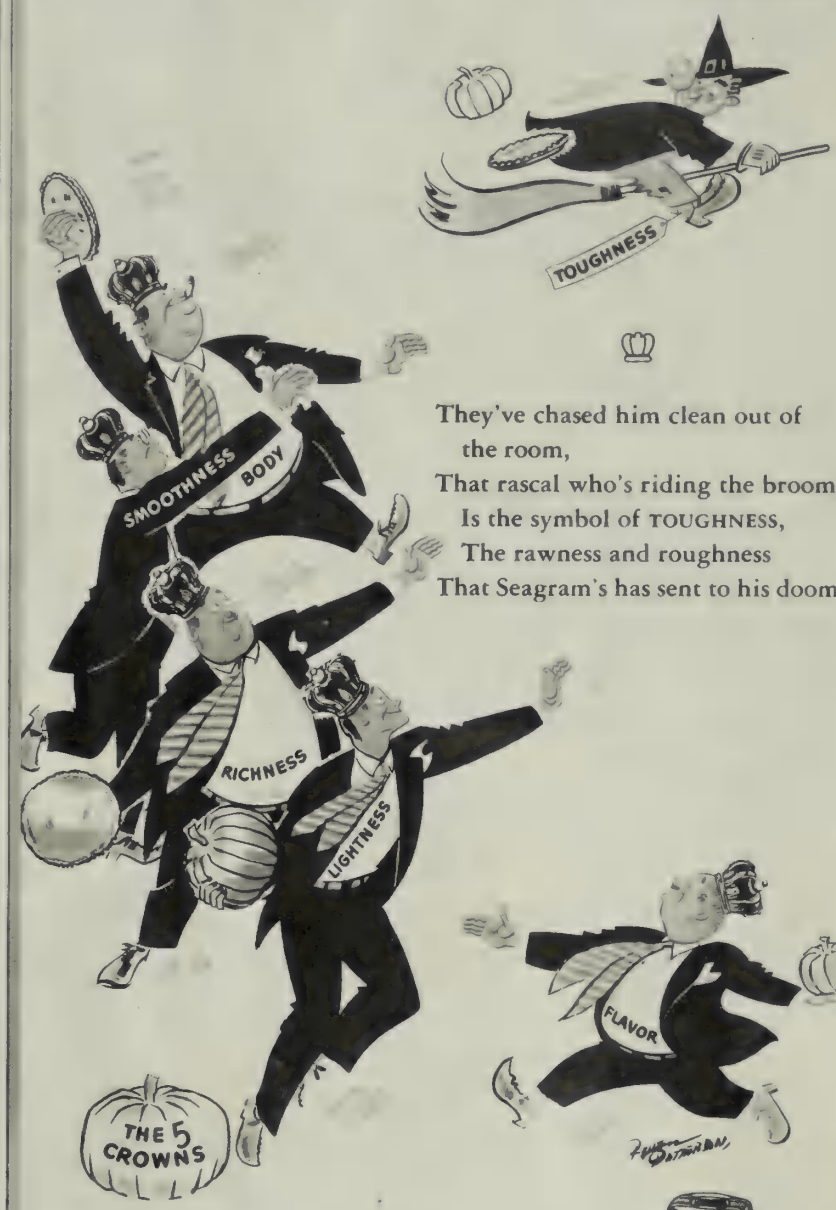
Perplexity etched a delicate frown



**it easy, men, there's a nasty stretch of paved highway ahead!"**

FRITZ WILKINSON


Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
. . . blends extra
PLEASURE IN




They've chased him clean out of
the room,
That rascal who's riding the broom
Is the symbol of TOUGHNESS,
The rawness and roughness
That Seagram's has sent to his doom.

Yes, Seagram bids TOUGHNESS begone,
It's out! It's completely withdrawn—
So come Hallowe'en
Be smart, sir, be keen!
Drink Seagram's—it's light as the dawn!




Seagram's
5 Crown

*Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York*

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. . AND BE SURE!

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits.

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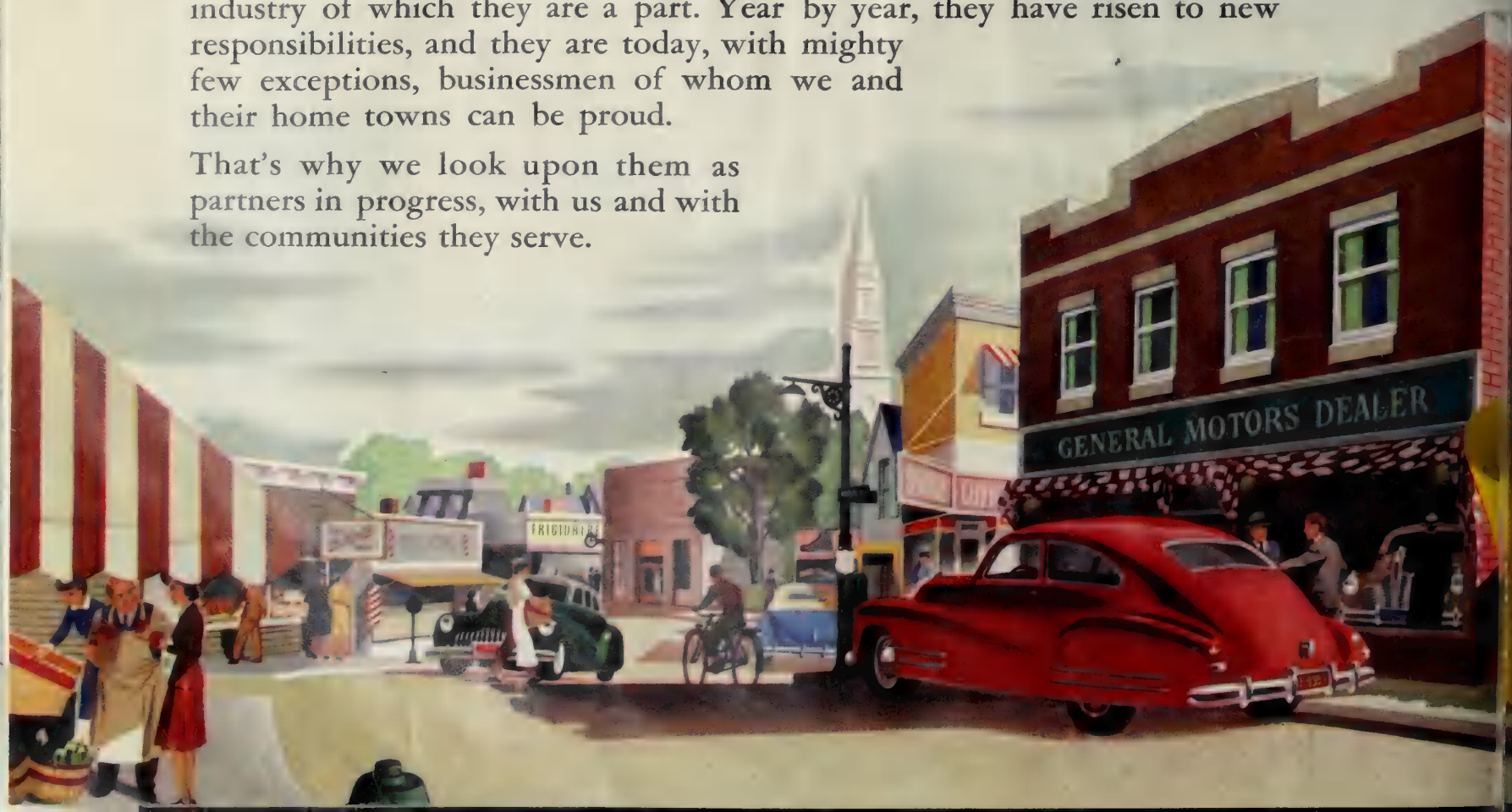
To do this, most GM dealers send their mechanics to a factory training school each year.

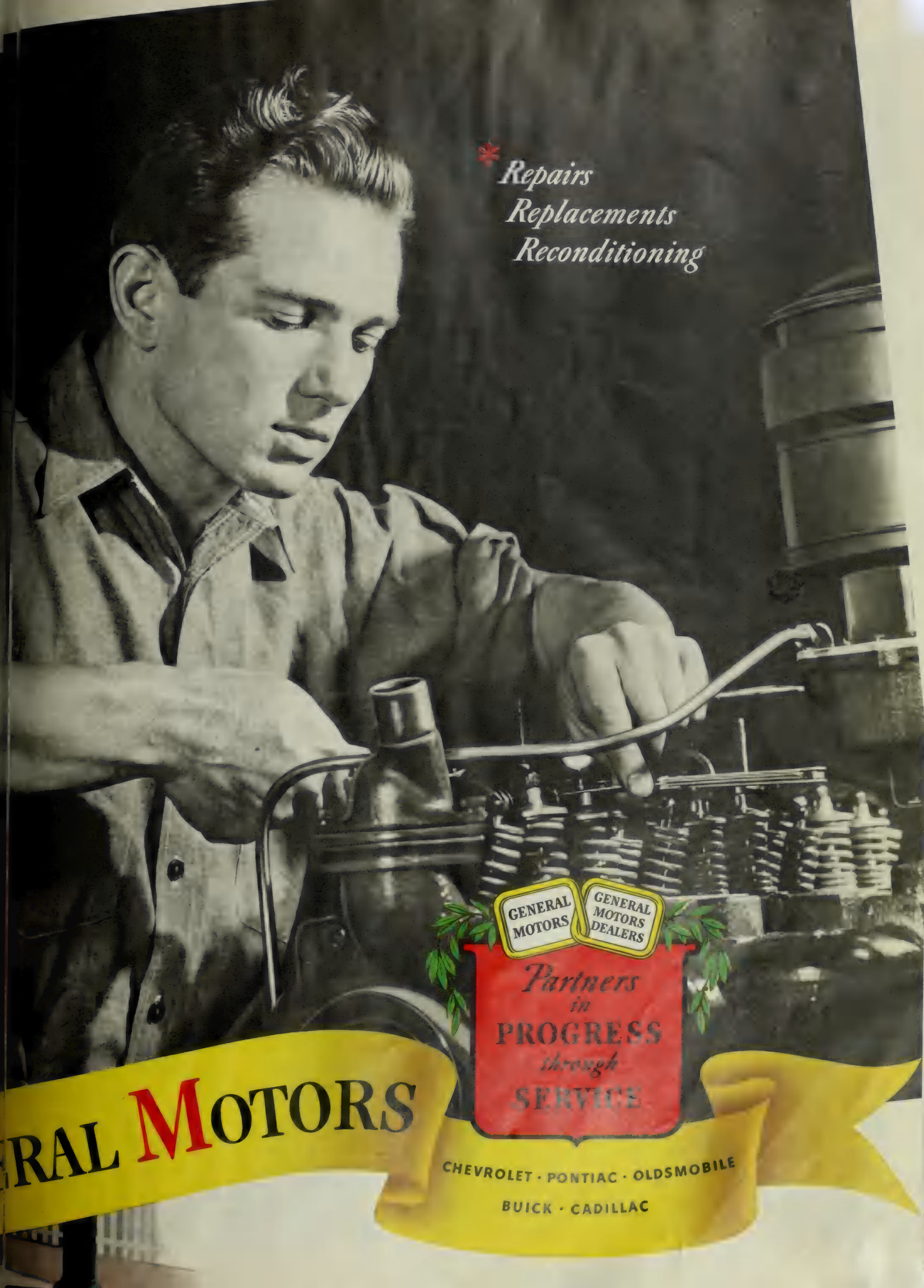
There they study the new engineering principles in the current models, learn the latest "wrinkles" in service techniques and refresh themselves on the proper care of standard mechanical features.

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KEEP IT CLEAN with PUROLATOR

between her eyes. "Investments? What investments?"

"For a number of years I have been contributing to an institution which is just now beginning to pay dividends," he said, giving Truth a reckless handling.

The diamond sparkled in the moonlight. When she looked up there was adoration in her glistening eyes. "It's so lovely, Jim!"

Tears came to his own eyes as he stroked her shining hair. *Shall I give it up. Shall I turn over a new leaf for Marjorie?*

He had almost convinced himself that he should make the sacrifice by the time he phoned in his story of a Los Angeles murder trial the next noon. The switchboard operator, however, informed him that little Roger Curtis had called, leaving a list of horses for Happy Jim. Was she to give them to his bookmaker?

While the girl held the wire, he had it out with himself. Gambling was out—definitely—but to miss taking advantage of a safe, scientific method of making money would be sheer idiocy.

"Give 'em to Ed," he said.

When he dragged in that evening, weary with life and disgusted with justice, the telephone girl greeted him with the astonishing news that his bookmaker owed him one hundred forty-one dollars and sixty cents.

His heart was light and gay when he parked before the Curtis dwelling that evening. He took the front steps in a single stride and gave the doorbell the old one-two. Roger opened the door and stood in the hall, blinking nervously. Jim handed him his hat and stepped inside.

"How's every little thing?"

"Very bad." Roger shifted his feet uneasily. "I don't think you'd better come in, tonight."

"You don't mean that Marjorie knows?"

Roger nodded, avoiding Jim's look. "I asked a professor some questions and he got in touch with Mother and she mentioned it at the dinner table and . . ."

Happy Jim wet his lips. "Where are they all?"

"The folks went to a movie. Marjorie's in there," Roger jerked his head toward the living room, "reading a book—upside down."

"NOW that you're here," came Marjorie's vibrant voice, "you might as well come in. I've something to say to you!"

There was quite a bit of it. She mentioned honor and deceit, and gambling, and the budget—*if* there was going to be a budget—the leading astray of children and the misapplication of talent—oh, a number of things. When she was through Happy Jim bent down and kissed her. The time had come to make her understand.

"I haven't failed you, Sweet Marjorie. With Roger doing the doping, this isn't gambling. It's a business. An upright, honest, out-of-doors business. Filled with thrills and excitement—the Sport of Kings . . ."

The blue eyes grew sardonic.

Happy Jim dropped his arm around Roger's thin shoulders in a brotherly embrace.

"For the first time in the history of this magnificent sport, a wager on the outcome of a race has ceased to be a gamble and become an investment." He beamed down at Roger. "See it as I do, Sweet Marjorie. Because of your brother's genius, a two-dollar investment becomes a refrigerator, or a gas stove, or a davenport—or a bassinet!" Passion crept into Jim's voice. "Is it fair to ourselves—is it fair to—to posterity," he cried, "if we turn our backs on a sure thing because of some old-fashioned moral principle?"

There was considerably more—never talked so brilliantly. Du course of the speech, Marjori softened. He knelt beside h finally, gently asked:

"Sweet Marjorie: have you e a horse race?" When she sh blond head, Jim went on, swiftly "You are much too fine a p condemn a sport you have neve he said. "Tomorrow, you an and I shall go out and watch th Tomorrow you will feel what I f

Her lovely lips raised to m she melted against him.

Love is the only way you co sibly explain it.

THEY pushed through the Santa Anita with fifteen t other people and when Marjorie in Jim's, stepped from the c to the sheltered veranda, she Across the track, the sun-soake glowed with flowers. Beyond t stretch the rolling hillside was with scrub oaks, beneath whi placidly grazed. Farther in tance, the blue-tinted Sierra lifted gracefully up into a clou

"Oh!" she whispered. "It's be

Now, definitely, was the Happy Jim explained that si were here they would wager people did. At the end of the c jorie would agree with him t it his way, with Roger's help, i gambling but an exciting, y business venture.

She was wonderful. "The sm you put it makes it sound as i as a gumdrop. If it *is* a busi added with sly humor, "I'll e to win, every time."

He dampened his lips over t ness of the proposition. "No error?"

"No margin for error."

A red-coated bugler sent notes into the balmy air. Jim horses filing onto the track.

"As long as this first ra maiden three-year-olds and furlongs," he suggested, "m better skip it?"

Roger blinked at his wo "Why, nothing but Clearup sibly win."

"Besides," Marjorie smile "business is business."

He grinned and went off t bet. The barrier was sprung he received his ticket and b he had reached the veranda was over. Roger was pop-ey

"He won!" he shouted as up. "*Way* ahead!"

Happy Jim beamed at "That was the refrigerator, "What would you like fron race, a stove?"

Weatherby, a horse with tionally long neck, which he because he won handily, de stove. The third race was w Baby, but since he was an c vorite it was the place ho Mary, which brought in the the davenport. Flyaway, in came through with a dinin and enough extra for a T-c chair. Jim came back from t after the fifth race and put a roll of bills into Marjorie hands.

"There, Sweet Marjorie, room set. Like it?"

She stared at the money lips. "It isn't right!"

He gently put his hand on der. "A nice, clean busines "Now, let's go and watch being saddled for the next ra we have to win that, Roger,

Roger's bright eyes ran lo his figures. "Powerful Katri swered and fell into step b

they were standing at the pad-
l, Happy Jim felt a wild surge of
nt. "Marjorie," he cried, "we've
sting time. We've been small
! Let us put the stove and the
tor and the bedroom set and
g-room set—let's put it all on
race and get the house!"
Marjorie was mesmerized. She
vious to everything but Happy

ight," her red lips said. "Oh,

had moved away. He was
l below the top rail, his bright
king nervously back and forth
the long neck on Ebony Mar-
the handsome, powerful legs
g to Whirling Dynamo. The
oved out of the paddock on
rade to the track. Roger fol-
em, wetting his lips anxiously.
im caught him by the shoulder.
is it again that's going to win
e for Sweet Marjorie?"
hesitated. "Whirling Dynamo,"
said.
Jim blew a kiss to Marjorie.
e," he cried. "As simple as

ING DYNAMO ran an excel-
ace. He was off first, his great
ting down the challenge of a
ng gray as they went into the
ch. He led Ebony Marvel by a
length when they plunged into
turn. But Powerful Katrinka
through on the inside and
he finish line three lengths in
and going away.
Jim stared at the results on the
r board. He turned to Roger.
n't win."
shook his head. He ripped his
eets into tiny pieces and let
ibble through his fingers like

thing wrong with the system?"
d.
looked up, a broken, heart-
ler boy. "The human element,"
d. "I talked myself out of it. I
ing Dynamo's legs get the bet-
y *figures!*" The horror in his
e was impressive.
Jim took the bony shoulders
ands. "But we can work out
formula, Roger. We can work
h the human element included
l *never* lose another race!"

But Roger only shook his head. "No," he said bitterly. "I'm through!"

"Jim."

For a moment he had forgotten Sweet Marjorie. He turned to see her ashen face lifted up to him, the Bermuda eyes glistening pools, her lips quivering.

"The furniture . . . my new stove . . ."

Perspiration stood out on Jim's brow. "Darling—all we lost was the first twenty dollars. Don't you see that, Sweet Marjorie? All we lost was . . ."

"Was my house." She choked up and two tears slipped down her pale cheeks.

Happy Jim slipped his hands under her arms. "But, darling," he said, "we almost made it. Even the best of businesses sometimes go sour. Just think: when Roger works out the real formula—with the human element included . . ."

"No." Roger, at his elbow, spoke up with piping vigor. "I'm all through! I'm going back to the model of the structure of the atom. I don't know what I've been thinking about!"

"Roger, my cooky . . ."

Roger's eyes suddenly gleamed balefully. "I'm not your cooky," he said. "You've been wasting my time. I've been getting behind in my homework!"

Sweet Marjorie spoke up swiftly: "But, Roger, honey—you've got to help us get back the house!"

Roger moved irritably away from her.

"I don't have to," he cried. "I don't have to do anything! It isn't scientific!" The boy's disgust with the whole affair was patent.

"You wouldn't even help your own sister?" Jim chided.

Roger glared scornfully at Happy Jim. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "You can add, can't you?"

THE Pasadena Call's librarian dumped the books on Jim's desk.

"There you are, Happy Jim. Trigonometry. Solid Geometry. The Psychology of the Individual." The man leaned against the desk and leered. Funny collection for a guy to be takin' on his honeymoon."

Happy Jim gathered the books into his arms. He scowled up at the librarian. "Anything a fourteen-year-old kid can do, Happy Jim Marlowe can also do—and don't you forget it!" He stood up suddenly and bent belligerently over the desk. "And what difference does it make to *you* what I do on my honeymoon?"



**"Of course I wouldn't talk about her unless I could say something good—and, boy, is this good!"** BILL KING





## *Try It Yourself Tonight*

TODAY, as you've probably read in newspapers and magazines, there's a *new idea*—of what to do to meet special strain. A *scientific idea* of how to build up increased vitality—the idea that people under special strain need *special food*—in addition to the normal diet—*to be at their best!*

All this may be news to the public, but it is old to Ovaltine. For more than 20 years, Ovaltine has pioneered in preaching the need of special supplementary food, for those who want to be really fit.

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Ovaltine
THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

# THE QUARREL

## BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

**Before the day was out two men would meet, and one of them would die. She would go to the dance that night if the right one lived to escort her**




**Van Horn turned to the girl and said: "Where do I carry this for you?" The ... had gone from her face and she watched him with the deepest and most solemn ...**

JIM VAN HORN left his ranch in the Yellow Hills before daylight Saturday, reaching Two Dance by ten in the morning. Even then the town had begun to fill with cattlemen and riders from the roundabout country. Homesteaders' wagons were parked under the courthouse cottonwoods, and a sign on the Oddfellows Hall said, "Dance Tonight," and a traveling dentist had set up his portable chair at the corner of Arapaho and Custer streets. Slats McGinn and Charley Engleman were standing in front of Donlake's store; he wigwagged at them and turned into Menefee's stable to leave his horse.

As he came out afoot he noticed Drake Purple riding full tilt down the street, but he thought nothing of it until Purple yelled at him and charged through the stable's archway. Van Horn avoided being run down by a quick side jump and a slow irritation stirred in him as he crossed the street and joined McGinn and Engleman. Both these men laid their usual cheerful insults upon him, as old friends will do, and he parried in kind and the three had about decided on a drink when Purple crossed from Menefee's. Slats McGinn happened to be speaking, but Purple, who never bothered about manners, broke in with his stiff, blunt voice:

"You're all a dry-looking lot."

"That subject," rejoined McGinn, "has been discussed and shortly the complaint will be taken in hand."

"In order to give this crowd some reputation for honesty," said Purple in his pushing way, "I'll string along." He meanwhile took time to fabricate himself a cigarette. He was a short, heavy figure stained half-black by the sun, with meaty, weather-cracked lips and heavy white teeth and a pair of stone-colored eyes, which even in the man's lightest moments were strong with bold self-will. He said to Van Horn, "Haven't seen much of you."

"Been working over near the reservation all summer."

"Bring back any Indian beef?"

"Couldn't steal a thing," said Van Horn, smiling.

Drake Purple swiped the cigarette with his tongue. "Now that you have lied like a gentleman, let's go get the drink."

There was a malice in Purple always close to the surface; he had no gift in getting along with other people and his record was one of sudden quarrels and long-continued contentions. From most men the remark would have gone unnoticed, but from this rough-tongued owner of the Broken Bell outfit it was something that jarred the indolent ease of the others, producing immediate reserve. Van Horn ceased to smile; he gave Drake Purple a straight, searching glance and he obviously took a good deal of care with his reply, finally saying, "As for honesty, you would scarcely be a competent judge, Drake."

He had framed his remark to suit the other man's humor; if Purple had intended to crowd him, he would crowd back. Purple could take it or he could leave it, and meanwhile he continued to watch Purple with an inexpressive reserve. He had his answer soon enough: A red stain moved up Drake Purple's neck and spread into the mahogany darkness of his skin. The muscles of his jaws bunched and he drew in a breath of wind and he seemed on the verge of expressing it; but instead he cast a furious glance at the three men before him, dashed his ci... ground and wheeled awa...

Neither McGinn nor C... man commented on the ... Van Horn's quarrel and ... general etiquette of the s... cated that they remain si... blow over or it might be s... while, Van Horn thought ... Purple move up the street ... Orv Ghent, who was a ... tionable morals, and at ... Corbin's saloon. Van Hor...

*(Continued on pa... 66)*

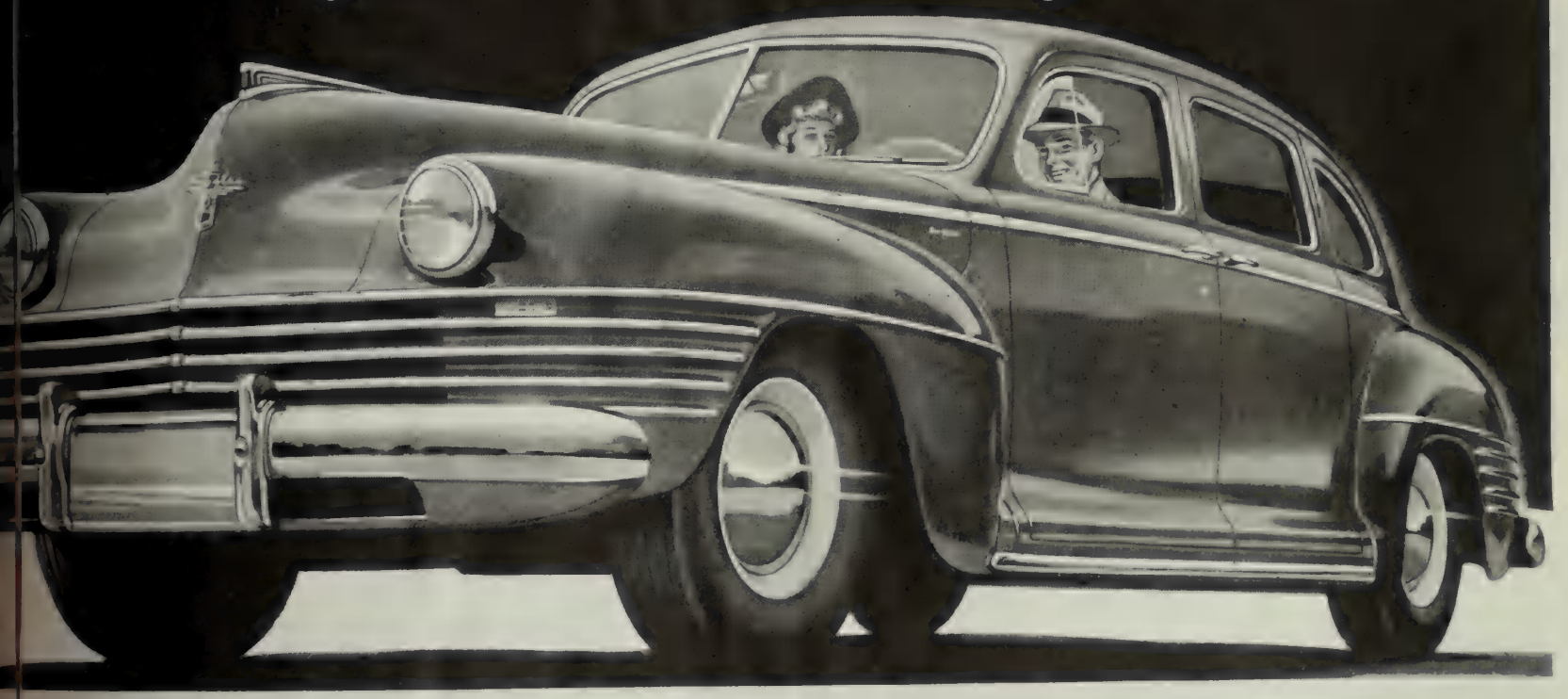



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# One-Night Tour

Continued from page 22

Three hundred and seventy-five miles to make tonight and tomorrow. To Norfolk, Virginia. The bus careened around curves, snapping your neck awake if you tried to sleep. It swung in and out of traffic, passing slower vehicles. Time to make. The men sat in the bus talking slowly and in murmuring tones. They were too worn for laughing or shouting. All the laughing and shouting was in the instruments. . . . Dorothy Claire had a make-up kit on her lap. She was slapping cold cream on her face, wiping make-up off with tissues.

Palmer and Dick Farrell, the drummer, talked about some girls they knew in Norfolk, Virginia. Johnny Martell, one of the best solo trumpeters in the business, rubbed unguent on his upper lip where a small sore had developed; lip sores are the occupational disease of a trumpeter. Byrne, given a double seat for himself according to the leader's prerogative, placed a blinder over his eyes. Then he twisted himself into an S and tried to sleep. Bob MacDonald, third trumpeter, sat in a back seat and looked quite depressed. Abe Siegel, bassist, yelled for an aspirin. The bus roared louder as it turned out of a mountain road and merged into Route 113 . . . "This is the last one-nighter for me," mused MacDonald aloud. "I'll be in the Army pretty quickly. I hope they put me into one of those Army dance bands. What'll happen to me if I can't practice? I used to hate one-nighters like hell, but now it feels good, even staying up in a bus all night feels fine. I wish this tour could go on forever. Suppose they don't let me touch a horn for two years?"

### It's All Okay with Tony

Tony Faso, second trumpet and the youngest member of the band, leaned across the aisle and slapped MacDonald on the shoulder. "Solid, solid," he said happily. For Faso, a seventeen-year-old boy from Brooklyn, it was the first one-night tour, the first job with a big band. Faso used to play in a parochial brass band at the Church of Our Lady of Hope in Brooklyn. A few months ago he was "discovered" when he sat in on a Sunday-afternoon jam session at the Hickory House on 52d Street. Tony has the drive, hoarse vibrato and imagination of the born swingster. He plays every note on his trumpet as if he had only one more note to play. He is loud and raucous and his notes drive into your body like hypodermic needles.

Tony had never been away from Brooklyn before. He was thrilled by everything on the trip, the tobacco plants growing in Carolina, the hot rolls served at breakfast, the barefoot farm kids. "It's a big country," he says, staring out of the window as the bus rolled toward Philadelphia. Miss Claire, finished with her toilet, tied a bandanna around her head and tried to compose herself for sleep. MacDonald joined Palmer and Farrell in the discussion about girls. Byrne sat up abruptly and said, "Where are we? Why can't I learn to sleep on busses?" Nobody laughed. In the back of the bus, Siegel, Matthews, Skinner, Usifer and Martell started gossiping about music. In the night, when the bus lights are out, all you can do is talk. Who is playing with whom, so-and-so is in bad with Local 802, too bad about Gray Gordon's band busting up, did you hear Benny Goodman's got a new drummer, who, big Sid Catlett, they say Mildred Bailey's new record is solid. Gradually, the conversation drowsed. One by one, the heads sank down, bodies tried to r[illegible] to loosen tense muscles, [illegible] paralyzed lips. As soo[n] away, the bus made a sl[ight] glaring headlights of an[other] through the windshield [and] ruptly awoke. They smo[ked] rettes instead of sleepi[ng] of the boys tried to ma[ke a] pile of luggage in the [aisle] tried to sleep. Except T[ony] stared out of the windo[w] derment. MacDonald tr[ied] couldn't. He stared out [the window] but in a different way, [as] mer and Farrell continu[ed] girls.

### Theosophy on t[he] Side

The bus slowed down [in] Philadelphia at a paltr[y] hour. I sat down next [to] verton, who plays seco[nd] clarinet. Yelverton, wh[o] gomery, Georgia, is a s[olid] intense blue eyes and a [slow] manner of speaking. H[e] smoke, or go with girls. [On] tire tour he sat immov[ably] and read religious b[ooks] studying a work on The[osophy] Annie Besant. Yelvert[on] higher realms of being [than] of a divinity student.

Toward morning sev[eral] started a poker game, [for] dime stakes. They plan[ned] the aisle, and propped a [suitcase] on the suitcase. Seven o[f] the game. The others ta[lked] really talk the way they [do] they talk their own bran[d] English language. Wh[en] pretty girl they shout, ["]When they liked a Tor[ry] cording of Yes, Indeed, [very] roadside juke box they [said] a long distance." An[d] "solid." Anything old [is] "beat."

The poker game con[tinued] when the bus arrive[d at] Maryland. "Ten minute[s or] Reis announced. They [had] the time was up and s[aid] bus restlessly. The c[ards] argued about mileage [and] wanted the driver to esc[ape] because tolls are paid b[y] bus started rolling.

We reached Cape C[harles] after noon and boarde[d the] Norfolk. On the ferry [I] who is only twenty-thr[ee] a professional musicia[n] and a maestro for two[ ] stand the tribulations [of] Bobby is a handsome [lean-cut] who looks very clear-ey[ed] and who plays a full, [rich] style of trombone that [is] Tommy Dorsey's (and [Tommy] teen years older). Bob[by] tough musical educatio[n] musician has the same [feeling] ing This is no job for [sissies."]

Bobby received his [physical] ing at the hands of his [father.] Byrne, former U. S. A[rmy] who is now head of th[e] ment at Cass Technica[l High] Detroit. A believer i[n] discipline, even where[ ] cerned, Mr. Byrne put [Bobby] the piano at two, and [had] ing the flute, piccolo an[d] was six. When he st[arted] trombone, Bobby's arm[s were] he could only reach fift[h] slide. (There are seve[n] This was Bobby's f[irst]

: up at 6 A. M. and practice till
akfast till 7:30. Practice from
:30. Half-hour to rest. Prac-
11 to noon. Lunch. From
3:30 he attended Cass, and, for
studied music in one of his
asses. Practice from 4 to 6:30.
l 7:30. Rest till 8. From 8 to
turned to Cass and rehearsed
chool orchestra. While Bobby
ing the trombone, men like
. Dorsey, Miller were already
azz history in the nineteen-
Byrne is the first of the new
of swingmen, who have
since 1933. At sixteen, Bobby
ady good enough to take
Dorsey's place when Tommy
orsey Brothers Orchestra and
k over. At twenty-one Bobby
t with his own group.

he band arrived at Norfolk,
ooked hot and weary. It was
P. M. and by the time they
to a hotel it was after 5, be-
bus cruised all over Norfolk
r a hotel with room for 16 mu-
o singers, one road manager.
hotels were packed—Norfolk
town.

### sic is All That Matters

nd reached the New Casino
at Virginia Beach toward 9
e musicians felt discouraged
saw the bandstand—a small,
and, on which they had to
emselves uncomfortably. The
as a few steps from the ocean,
amp air made it impossible to
instruments. The piano was
said Pianist Louie Carter.
Farrell said his pet peeve is
ear water: "The damp soaks
cins and you can't keep a drum
The microphone was impos-
gave the singers a severe shock
y accidentally touched it with
se while crooning in. An emer-
went out to Joe Slater to lug
nd's own mike and p.a. system
bus. Quickly, Joe began to set
v mike, amplifier and loud-
Under these conditions the
yed spiritlessly for several

was amazing how, after a few
playing, the piston-pounding
acted like a tonic and the brass
me alive and sloughed off its
and began to play as ecstati-
f it had had a week's rest. In
rd the shank end of the eve-
n all the dancers suddenly
noving and circled around one
curly-headed youngster grin-
ear to ear who was whirling
h a loose-limbed, serious girl,
caught the spirit and refused
Sometimes I'm Happy to an
shaggers kept on gyrating, in-
ariations of hops and skips and
ulations, and the band played
fter chorus of Sometimes I'm
28 choruses in all, a matter of
minutes. They forgot warped
d sea-damp drums; they just
played for the sheer tingle of it. You had to see it in order to believe that boys without sleep could get all that music out of their worn bodies.

They returned to the hotel in Norfolk at 4:30 in the morning, and Reis paid the men their salaries in his room. They snatched two hours of sleep and were up at 8. Play, and ride on. One hundred and seventy miles to Wilson, North Carolina, for the annual Coronation Ball of Wilson's famous Tobacco Exposition and Festival, which celebrates the resumption of tobacco auctions. The band played in the New Planter's Warehouse —86,500 square feet, and by 11 P. M. every foot was packed with the sons and daughters of the tobacco aristocracy—everybody from Durham to the eastern seaboard was on hand, nearly 10,000 strong. Mayor Bill Daniels, who likes swing, sat near the bandstand so he could enjoy the rhythms at close quarters. At one point, he became so moved that he came up to Bobby and suggested several request numbers.

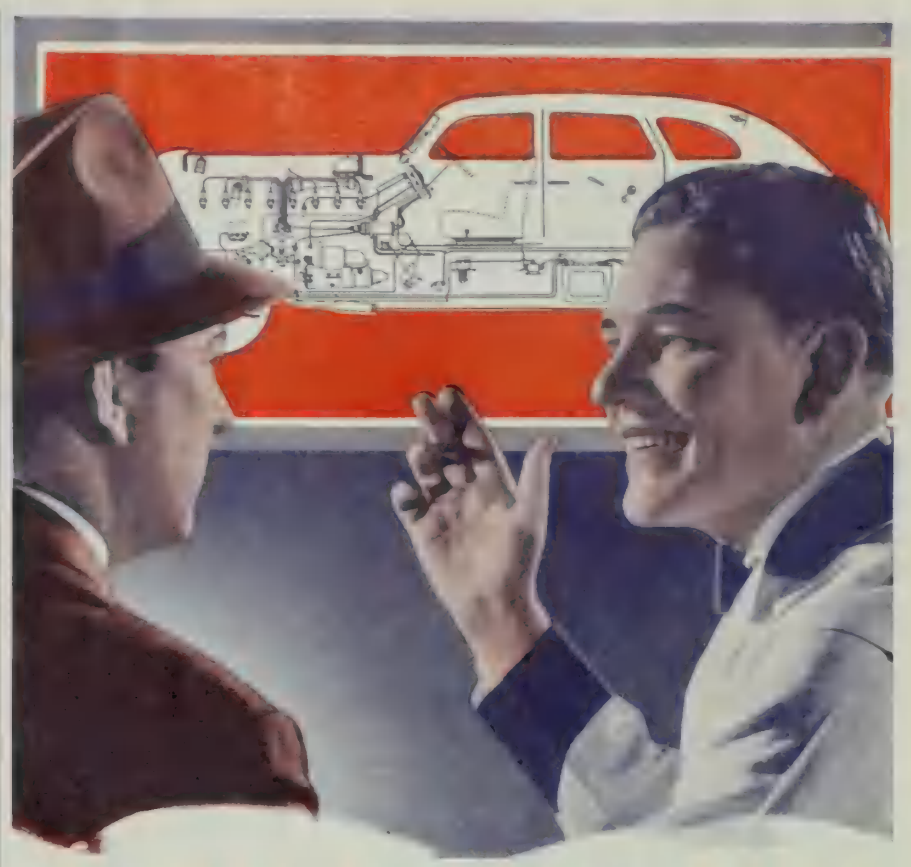
Then without any warning, the lights went out! The band played in pitch-darkness for ten minutes. Then, presto! the lights came on. Then, another black-out. This time Bobby fished out a searchlight and flashed it on the singers when they took a chorus. After the fourth black-out, however, the lights came on and stayed on. They played till 3 A. M.

Play, and ride on. Two hundred and fifty miles to Washington, D. C., where the band played for two cruises on the S. S. Potomac along the Potomac River. One cruise went from 8:45 till midnight, and the other from 12:30 till 3:30. Now, even the dancers on the floor could see the bandsmen were tired, eyes bleary and red-rimmed. You could see that if you looked, but if you just listened and danced you couldn't have told the difference. On the S. S. Potomac, which was hot and stifling and crowded with 2,200 slightly hysterical jitterbugs, was the worst bandstand of all; it was no more than ten feet wide and the men and instruments were literally wedged in. Abe Siegel, who had been barnstorming with the big bands for close to ten years, vowed this was the worst bandstand he had ever encountered. But they played on, and the jitterbugs danced. For six solid hours they played, and by the time they were ready to leave they were ready to drop.

They were on the road again at dawn, en route to Bridgeport. Dorothy Claire rubbed cold cream into her cheeks. Road Manager Reis figured out mileage. Two saxophonists and three brass men organized a poker game. Yelverton gently cleaned his clarinet with a handkerchief, and then he read a pamphlet. Siegel read Down Beat. Tony Faso was staring out of the window, wide-eyed at the passing landscape; he was thinking his own thoughts and smiling a little to himself, smiling proudly. Farrell and Palmer talked about some girls they knew in Boston. Nobody slept. By some miracle it seems that you can get by without sleep on a one-night tour.



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# Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 21

said. "This time it's different," to which I answered somewhat cynically, "It always is!" Amyas then looked quite worried and anxious. He said, "You don't understand. She's just a girl. Not much more than a child." He added that she had very modern views and was absolutely free from old-fashioned prejudices. He said, "She's honest and natural and absolutely fearless!"

I thought to myself, though I didn't say so, that Amyas had certainly got it badly this time. A few weeks later I heard comments from other people. It was said that the "Greer girl was absolutely infatuated." Somebody else said that it was a bit thick of Amyas, considering how young the girl was, whereupon somebody else snickered and said that Elsa Greer knew her way about all right.

There was a question as to what Crale's wife thought about it, and the significant reply that she must be used to that sort of thing by now, to which someone demurred by saying they'd heard that she was jealous as hell and led Crale such an impossible life that any man would be justified in having a fling from time to time.

I mention all this because I think it is important that the state of affairs before I got down there should be fully realized.

I was interested to see the girl. She was remarkably good-looking and very attractive, and I was, I must admit, maliciously amused to note that Caroline was cutting up very rough indeed.

Amyas Crale himself was less lighthearted than usual. Though to anyone who did not know him well, his manner would have appeared much as usual. I, who knew him so intimately, noted at once various signs of strain, uncertain temper, fits of moody abstraction, general irritability of manner.

Although he was always inclined to be moody when painting, the picture he was at work upon did not account entirely for the strain he showed. He was pleased to see me and said as soon as we were alone, "Thank goodness you've turned up, Phil. Living in a house with four women is enough to send any man clean off his chump. Between them all, they'll send me into a lunatic asylum."

IT WAS certainly an uncomfortable atmosphere. Caroline, as I said, was obviously cutting up rough about the whole thing. In a polite, well-bred way, she was ruder to Elsa than one would believe possible—without a single actually offensive word. Elsa herself was openly and flagrantly rude to Caroline. She was top dog and she knew it, and no scruples of good breeding restrained her from overt bad manners.

The result was that Crale spent most of his time scrapping with the girl Angela when he wasn't painting. They were usually on affectionate terms, though they teased and fought a good deal. But on this occasion there was an edge in everything Amyas said or did, and the two of them really lost their tempers with each other. The fourth member of the party was the governess. "A sour-faced hag," Amyas called her. "She hates me like poison. Sits there with her lips set together, disapproving of me without stopping."

It was then that he said: "Damn all women! If a man is to have any peace he must steer clear of women!"

"You oughtn't to have married," I said. "You're the sort of man who ought to have kept clear of domestic ties."

He replied that it was too late to talk about that now. He added that no doubt Caroline would be only too glad to get rid of him. That was the first indication I had that something unusual was in the wind.

I said: "What's all this? Is this business with the lovely Elsa serious then?" He said with a sort of groan: "She *is* lovely, isn't she? Sometimes I wish I'd never seen her."

I said: "Look here, old boy, you must take a hold on yourself. You don't want to get tied up with any more women." He looked at me and laughed. He said: "It's all very well for you to talk. I can't let women alone—simply can't do it—and if I could they wouldn't let me alone!" Then he shrugged those great shoulders of his, grinned at me and said: "Oh, well, it will all pan out in the end, I expect. And you must admit the picture is good!"

He was referring to the portrait he was doing of Elsa, and, although I had very little technical knowledge of painting, even I could see that it was going to be a work of especial power.

While he was painting, Amyas was a different man. Although he would growl, groan, frown, swear extravagantly and sometimes hurl his brushes away, he was really intensely happy.

It was only when he came back to the house for meals that the hostile atmosphere between the women got him down. That hostility came to a head on September 17th. We had had an embarrassing lunch. Elsa had been particularly—really, I think *insolent* is the only word for it! She had ignored Caroline pointedly, persistently addressing the conversation to Amyas as though he and she were alone in the room. Caroline had talked lightly and gaily to the rest of us, cleverly contriving so that several perfectly innocent-sounding remarks should have a sting. She hadn't Elsa Greer's scornful honesty—with Caroline everything was oblique, suggested rather than said.

Things came to a head after lunch in the drawing room just as we w ing coffee. I had commented o head in highly polished beec very curious thing—and Car "That is the work of a young sculptor. Amyas and I admir very much. We hope to go a next summer." That calm a of possession was too much She was never one to let a pass. She waited a minute o then she spoke in her clear, ra emphasized voice.

She said: "This would b room if it were properly fixe far too much furniture in it. living here I shall take all t out and just leave one or pieces. And I shall have copp curtains, I think—so that the will just catch them throug western window." She turn and said, "Don't you think t be rather lovely?"

I DIDN'T have time to answ line spoke and her voice w silky and what I can only d dangerous. She said, "Are y of buying this place, Elsa?"

Elsa said, "It won't be ne me to buy it."

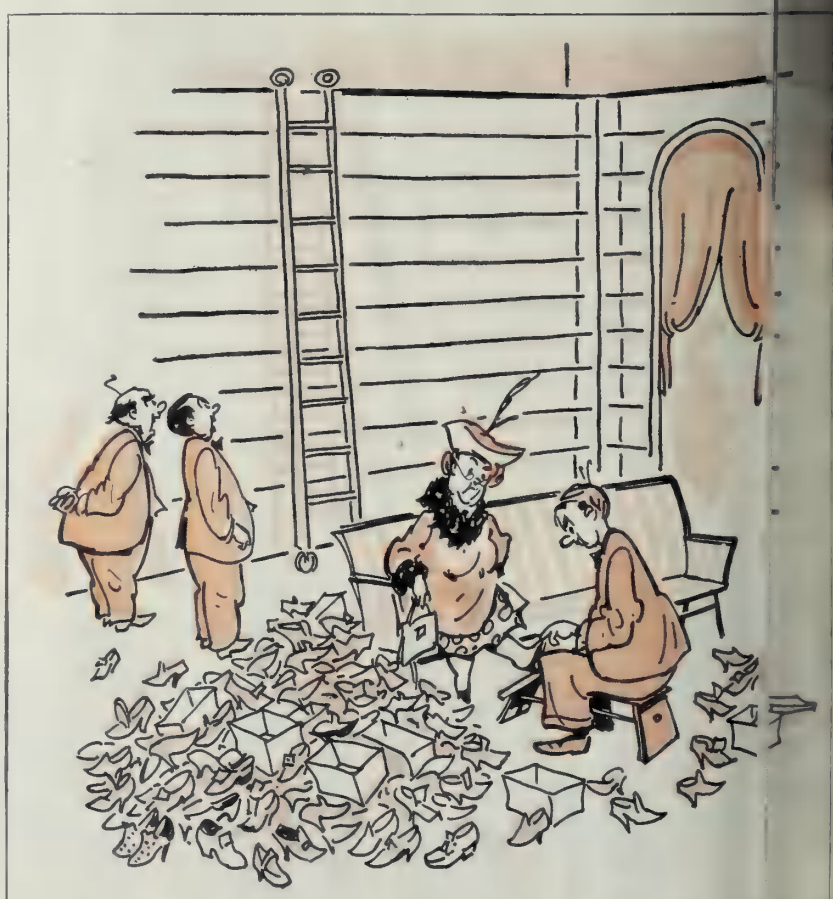
Caroline said, "What do y And there was no softness i now. It was hard and meta laughed. She said, "Must w Come now, Caroline, you well what I mean!"

Caroline said, "I've no id

Elsa said to that: "Don't ostrich. It's no good prete don't see and know all about and I care for each other. your home. It's his. And married I shall live here wit

Caroline said, "I think yo

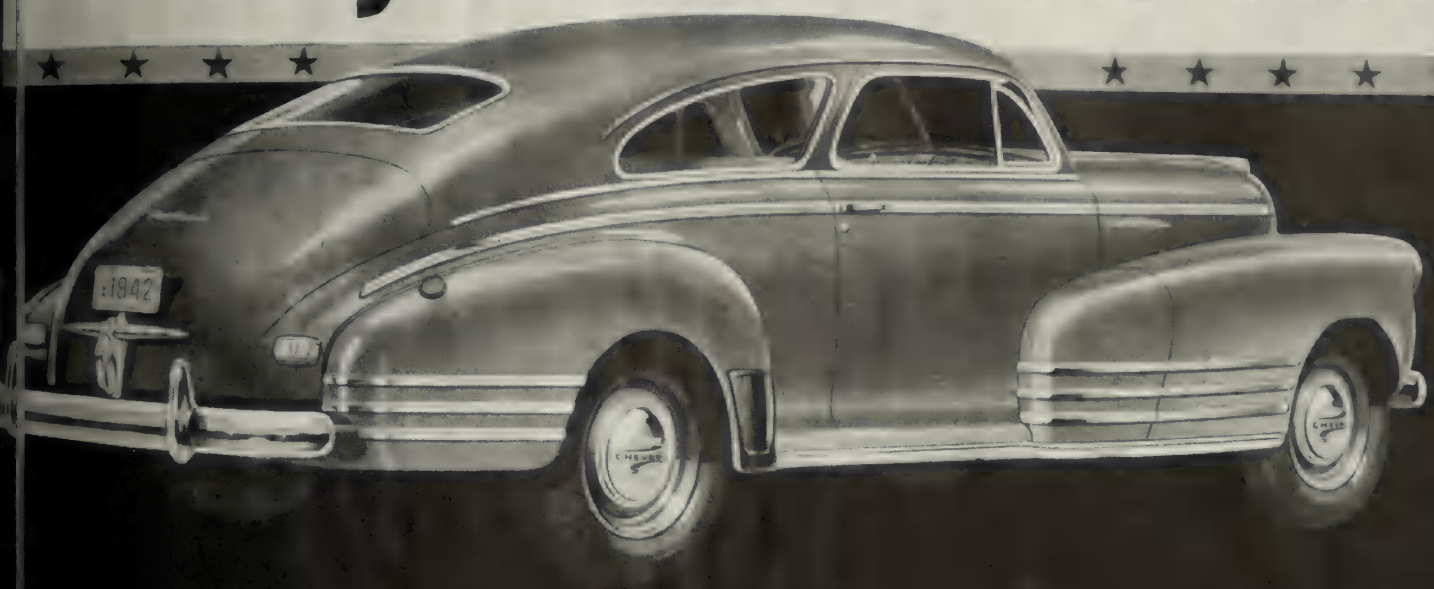
Elsa said: "Oh, no, I'm n and you know it. It woul simpler if we were honest other. Amyas and I love e



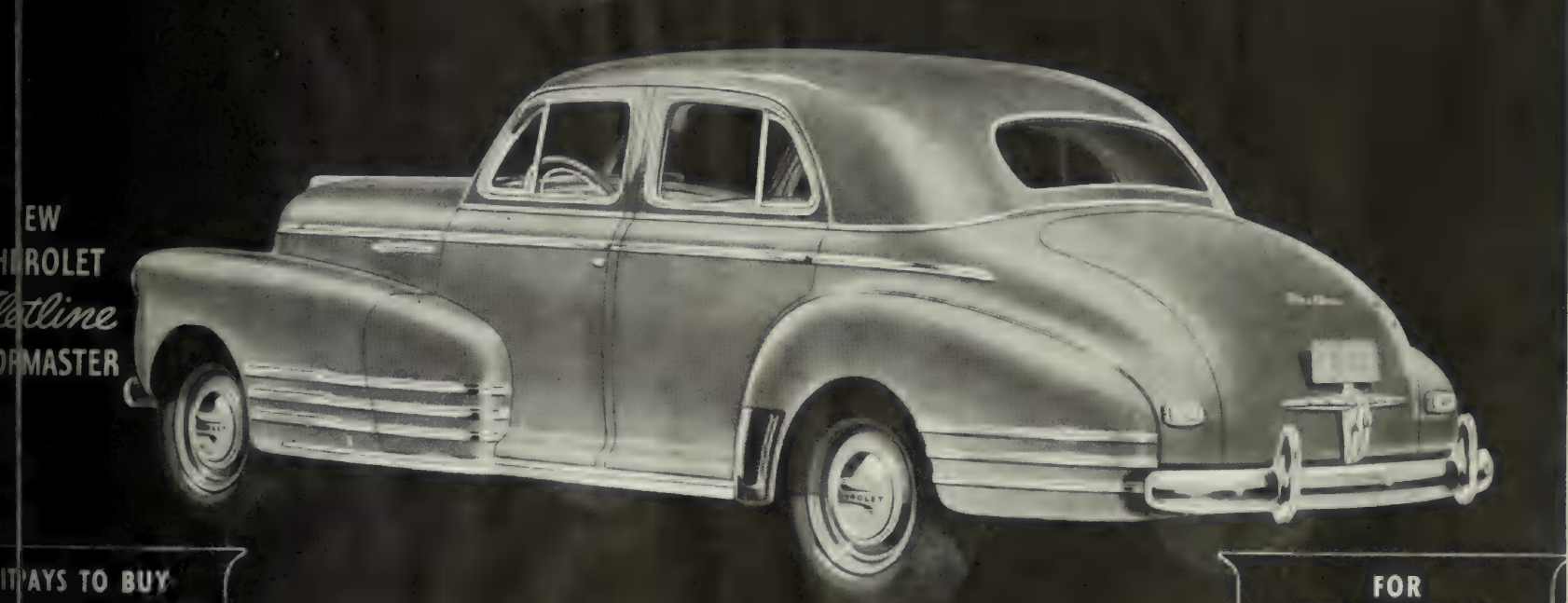
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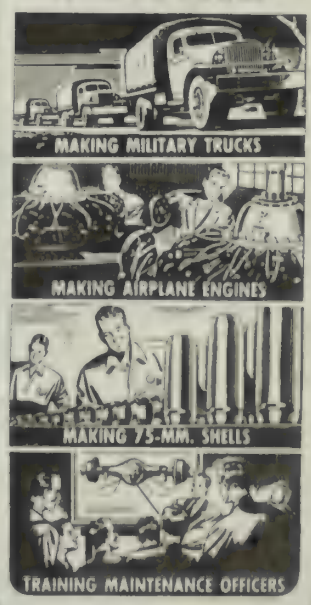
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you've seen that clearly enough. There's only one decent thing for you to do. You've got to give him his freedom."

Caroline said, "I don't believe a word of what you are saying."

But her voice was unconvincing. Elsa had got under her guard all right.

And at that minute Amyas Crale came into the room and Elsa said with a laugh, "If you don't believe me, ask him."

And Caroline said, "I will."

She didn't pause at all. She said, "Amyas, Elsa says you want to marry her. Is this true?"

Poor old Amyas. I felt sorry for him. It makes a man feel a fool to have a scene of that kind forced upon him. He went crimson and started blustering. He turned on Elsa and asked her why the devil she couldn't have held her tongue.

Caroline said, "Then it *is* true?"

He didn't say anything, just stood there passing his finger round inside the neck of his shirt. He used to do that as a kid when he got into a jam of any kind. He said—and he tried to make the words sound dignified and authoritative—and of course couldn't manage it, poor devil:

"I don't want to discuss it."

Caroline said, "But we're going to discuss it!"

Elsa chipped in and said, "I think it's only fair to Caroline that she should be told."

"Is it true, Amyas?" Caroline said very quietly.

He looked a bit ashamed of himself. Men do when women pin them down in a corner.

She said, "Answer me, please. I've got to know."

He flung up his head then, rather the way a bull does in the bull ring. He snapped out, "It's true enough, but I don't want to discuss it now."

And he turned and strode out of the room. I went after him. I didn't want to be left with the women. I caught up with him on the terrace. He was swearing. I never knew a man to swear more heartily. Then he raved:

"Why couldn't she hold her tongue? Why the devil couldn't she hold her tongue? Now the fat's in the fire. And I've got to finish that picture—do you hear, Phil? It's the best thing I've done. The best thing I've ever done in my *life*. And a couple of fool women want to muck it up between them!"

Then he calmed down a little and said women had no sense of proportion.

I couldn't help smiling a little. I said, "Well, dash it all, old boy, you have brought this on yourself."

"Don't I know it?" he said, and groaned. Then he added: "But you must admit, Phil, that a man couldn't be blamed for losing his head about her. Even Caroline ought to understand that."

I ASKED him what would happen if Caroline got her back up and refused to give him a divorce.

But by now he had gone off into a fit of abstraction. I repeated the remark and he said absently: "Caroline would never be vindictive. You don't understand, old boy."

"There's the child," I pointed out.

He took me by the arm. "Phil, old boy, you mean well, but don't go on croaking like a raven. I can manage my affairs. Everything will turn out all right. You'll see if it doesn't."

That was Amyas all over—an absolutely unjustified optimist. He said now, cheerfully, "To hell with the whole pack of them!"

I don't know whether we would have said anything more, but a few minutes later Caroline swept out on the terrace. She had a hat on—a queer, flopping, dark brown hat, rather attractive.

She said in an absolutely ordinary, everyday voice: "Take off that paint-stained coat, Amyas. We're going over to Meredith's to tea—don't you remember?"

He stared, stammered a bit as he said: "Oh, I'd forgotten. Yes, of c-c-course we are."

"Then," she said, "go and try and make yourself look less like a rag-and-bone man."

Although her voice was quite natural, she didn't look at him. She moved over toward a bed of dahlias and began picking off some of the overblown flowers.

Amyas turned around slowly and went into the house.

Caroline talked to me. She talked a good deal. About the chances of the weather lasting. And whether there might be mackerel about and, if so, Amyas and Angela and I might like to go fishing. She was really amazing. I've got to hand it to her.

But I think, myself, that that showed the sort of woman she was. She had enormous strength of will and complete command over herself. I don't know whether she'd made up her mind to kill him then, but I shouldn't be surprised. And she was capable of making her plans carefully and unemotionally, with an absolutely clear and ruthless mind.

Caroline Crale was a very dangerous woman. I ought to have realized then that she wasn't prepared to take this thing lying down. But, like a fool, I thought that she had made up her mind to accept the inevitable—or else possibly she thought that if she carried on exactly as usual Amyas might change his mind.

Presently the others came out. Elsa looking defiant, but at the same time triumphant. Caroline took no notice of her. Angela really saved the situation. She came out arguing with Miss Williams that she wasn't going to change her skirt for anyone. It was quite all right—good enough for darling old Meredith, anyway—*he* never noticed anything.

We got off at last. Caroline walked with Angela. And I walked with Amyas. And Elsa walked by herself, smiling.

I didn't admire her myself—too violent a type—but I have to admit that she looked incredibly be[au]tiful afternoon. Women do wher[e] they've what they want.

I can't remember the ev[ening] afternoon clearly at all. It's I remember old Merry co[me] meet us. I think we walked [in the] garden first. I remember h[im] discussion with Angela abo[ut] ing of terriers for ratting. incredible lot of apples, too persuade me to do so too.

When we got back to th[e] was going on under the bi[g] Merry, I remember, was upset. I suppose either Amyas had told him som[e] was looking doubtfully at [her] then he stared at Elsa. looked thoroughly upset. Caroline liked to have M[e] string more or less—the c[on]tonic friend who would ne[ver] too far. She was that kin[d of]

AFTER tea Meredith h[ad a] word with me. He said Phil, Amyas *can't* do this t[o] g!"

I said, "Make no mistak[e] to do it."

"He can't leave his wife go off with this girl. He's than she is. She can't b[e] eighteen."

I said to him that Miss [Ellis] fully sophisticated twenty "Anyway, that's under ag know what she's doing."

Poor old Meredith. chivalrous pucka sahib.

I said, "Don't worry, o[ld] knows what she's doing it!"

That's all we had the c[hance] ing. I thought to myself Merry felt disturbed at t[he] Caroline's being a deserte[d] the divorce was through pect her faithful Dobbin I had an idea that hopeless really far more in his line. fess that that side of it an[noyed] me.

Curiously enough, I re[mem]ber little about our visit to M[ere]dith's room. He enjoyed showi[ng] people hobby. Personally I alw[ays] found

**BUTCH** By Lar[ry] Reynol[ds]



**"I'd feel a lot more at ease if I knew whether she used this for sweepin' or witchin'"**




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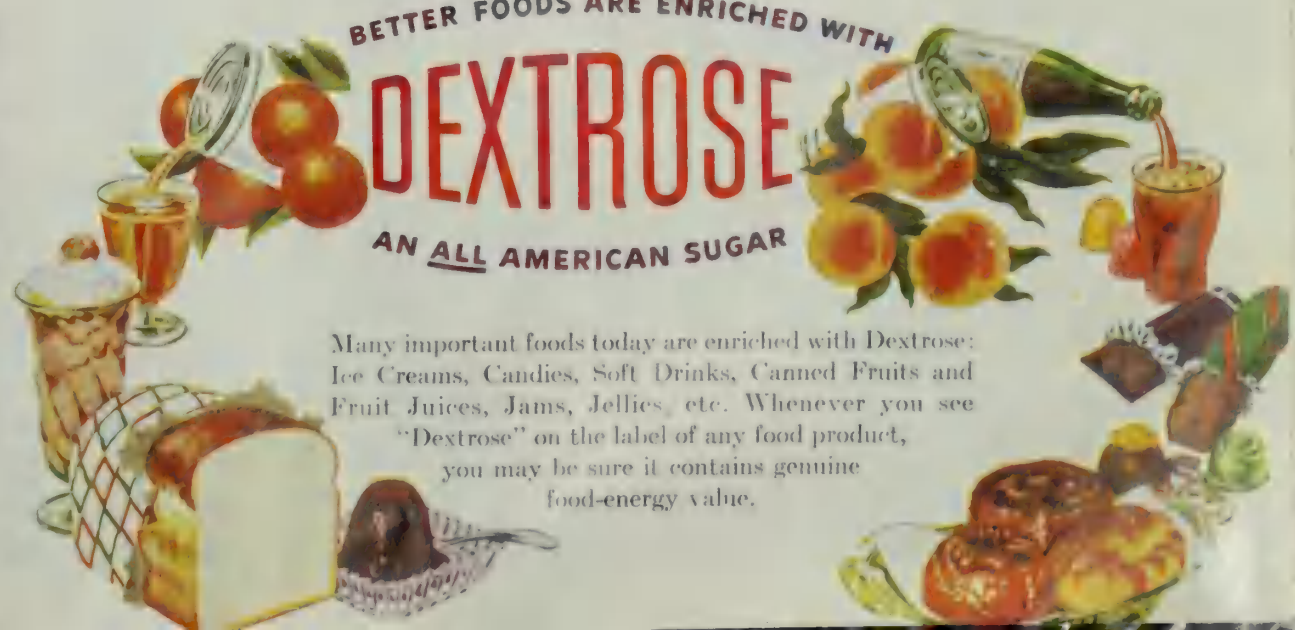
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Here's quick relief from the paralyzing effects of cold weather on cars using old, worn-out, inferior quality spark plugs, which cause hard starting, sluggish performance, poor gas mileage—new Champion Spark Plugs!

Old plugs—spark plugs that have been in service 10,000 miles or more—invite trouble. Carbon encrusted insulators, burned electrodes and compression leakage rob all spark plugs of their efficiency. This results in hard starting, run-down batteries, poor acceleration and loss of power and speed. Economy of operation disappears.

A new set of Champions will not only ward these winter driving ills, but in addition you that imperative *extra* gas mi ge requ by our national gasoline economy rogram.

Outstanding among Champions' any pate features is the sensational Sillm t seal w banishes troublesome leakage *com on to ord spark plugs.* Since leakage in spa plugs c them to overheat, resulting in pre-i ition, ro unresponsive and wasteful engine eration can see how important it is for y to insis Champions—the spark plugs cha pions us

## HERE'S THE CHAMPION SPARK PLUG FOR YOUR CAR

| MODEL | YEAR '37 | '38 | '39 | '40 | '41 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A. BANT. | C7 | J8 | H10 | H10 | H10 |
| BUICK | 15 | J5 | J5 10 MM 14 MM | | Y4A J5 |
| CAD-ILLAC | 8 cyl. J8 Others 7 | | Y4A | Y4A | Y4A |
| CHEV-ROLET | J8 | J8 | J8 | J8 | Y5 |
| CHRY-SLER | Reg. Hds. J8 | | J9 | J9 | J9 |
| | Alum. Hi. Hds. H10 | | | | |
| DE SOTO | Reg. Hds. J8 | | J9 | J9 | J9 |
| | Alum. Hi. Hds. H10 | | | | |

| MODEL | YEAR '37 | '38 | '39 | '40 | '41 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| DODGE | Reg. Hds. J8 | | J9 | J9 | |
| | Alum. Hi. Hds. H10 | | | | |
| FORD | Models A & B, C4 | | | | |
| | Big V8 18Mm. 7 | 7 | All Mdls. H10 | | H9 Com. or H10 |
| | 14 mm. H10 | | | | |
| | 60 HP H10 | H10 | | | |
| GRA-HAM | 7 | H10 | | | |
| | Supercharged & 95 Ser. H10 | | H10 | J10 Com. | |

| MODEL | YEAR '37 | '38 | '39 | '40 | '41 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| HUDSON | All Reg. Hds. J9 | | | | |
| | All Hi. Hds. H10 | | | | |
| HUPP. | | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 |
| LA FAY. | 7 | 7 | 7 | 7 | |
| LA SALLE | J8 | J8 | Y4A | Y4A | |
| LINCOLN | 7 | 7 | 7 | H10 | H9Com or H10 |
| MER-CURY | | | H10 | H10 | H9Com or H10 |
| NASH | J8 | J8 | J8 | J9 | H9Com |
| OLDS. | J8 | J8 | J8 | J9 | J9 |
| PACKARD | Y4 | Y4 | Y4 | Y4 | Y4A |

| MODEL | YEAR '37 | '38 | '39 | '40 | '41 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| PLYM-OUTH | Reg. Hds. J8 | | J9 | J9 | |
| | Alum. Hi. Hds. H10 | | | | |
| PONTIAC | J8 | J8 | J8 | J9 | J9 |
| STUDE-BAKER | All Reg. Hds. 8 | | Cham. J8 Comm. 8 Pres. 8 | | |
| | Hi. Hds. 7 | | | | |
| TERRA-PLANE | All Reg. Hds. J8 | | | | |
| | Hi. Hds. H10 | | | | |
| WILLYS 4, 6 & 8 | C7 | C7 | J8 | Reg. Hds. J9 Hi. Hd. H10 | |
| ZEPHYR | All Models H10 | | | | H9Com or H10 |




YOUR CAR MAY REQUIRE A HOTTER OR COLDER TYPE THAN NORMALLY RECOMMENDED—IF IN DOUBT CONSULT YOU DEALER

ing. I suppose I was in there
rest of them when he gave a
on on the efficacy of coniine,
n't remember it. And I didn't
line pinch the stuff. As I've
was a very adroit woman. I
nber Meredith reading aloud
ge from Plato describing Soc-
ith. Very boring, I thought it.
lways did bore me.
nothing much more I can re-
about that day. Amyas and
ad a first-class row, I know,
est of us rather welcomed it.
d other difficulties. Angela
f to bed with a final vituperа-
urst. She said, A, she'd pay
B, she wished he were dead.
oped he'd die of leprosy—it
ve him right. D, she wished
would stick to his nose, like
ry story, and never come off.
e'd gone we all laughed—we
help it, it was such a funny

e went up to bed immediately
. Miss Williams disappeared
pupil. Amyas and Elsa went
er into the garden. It was
I wasn't wanted. I went for
oy myself. It was a lovely

down late the following morn-
here was no one in the dining
unny, the things you do re-
I remember the taste of the
and bacon I ate quite well.
e very good kidneys. Deviled.
ard I wandered out looking for
y. I went outside, didn't see
smoked a cigarette, encoun-
iss Williams running about
or Angela, who had played
usual when she ought to have
ding a torn frock. I went back
hall and realized that Amyas
ine were having a set-to in the
They were talking very loud.
er say:
nd your women! I'd like to
Some day I will kill you."

Amyas said, "Don't be a fool, Caroline." And she said, "I mean it, Amyas."

Well, I didn't want to overhear any more. I went out again. I wandered along the terrace the other way and came across Elsa.

She was sitting on one of the long seats. The seat was directly under the library window, and the window was open. I should imagine that there wasn't much she had missed of what was going on inside. When she saw me she got up as cool as a cucumber and came toward me. She was smiling.

She took my arm and said, "Isn't it a lovely morning?"

It was a lovely morning for her all right! Rather a cruel girl. No, I think merely honest and lacking in imagination. What she wanted herself was the only thing that she could see.

We'd been standing on the terrace talking for about five minutes when I heard the library door bang and Amyas Crale came out. He was very red in the face.

He caught hold of Elsa unceremoniously by the shoulder. He said: "Come on; time for you to sit. I want to get on with that picture."

She said: "All right. I'll just go up and get a pull-over. There's a chilly wind."

She went into the house.

I wondered if Amyas would say anything to me, but he didn't say much. Just, "These women!"

I said, "Cheer up, old boy!"

Then neither of us said anything till Elsa came out of the house again.

They went off together down to the Battery Garden. I went into the house. Caroline was standing in the hall. I don't think she even noticed me. It was a way of hers at times. She'd seem to go right away—to get inside herself as it were. She just murmured something. Not to me—to herself. I caught the words:

"It's too cruel . . ."

That's what she said. Then she walked past me and upstairs, still without seeming to see me—like a person intent on some inner vision. I think myself (I've no authority for saying this, you understand) that she went up to get the stuff, and that it was then she decided to do what she did do.

And just at that moment the telephone rang. In some houses one would wait for the servants to answer it, but I was so often at Alderbury that I acted more or less as one of the family. I picked up the receiver.

It was my brother Meredith's voice that answered. He was very upset. He explained that he had been into his laboratory and that the coniine bottle was half empty.

I don't need to go again over all the things I know now I ought to have done. The thing was so startling, and I was foolish enough to be taken aback. Meredith was dithering a good bit at the other end. I heard someone on the stairs and I just told him sharply to come over at once.

I myself went down to meet him. In case you don't know the lay of the land, the shortest way from one estate to the other was by rowing across a small creek. I went down the path to where the boats were kept by a small jetty. To do so I passed under the wall of the Battery Garden. I could hear Elsa and Amyas talking together as he painted. They sounded very cheerful and carefree.

Amyas said it was an amazingly hot day (so it was, very hot for September), and Elsa said that sitting where she was, poised on the battlements, there was a cold wind blowing in from the sea. And then she said: "I'm horribly stiff from posing. Can't I have a rest, darling?" And I heard Amyas cry out: "Not on your life! Stick it! You're a tough girl. And this is going good, I tell you." I just heard Elsa say, "Brute," and laugh, as I went out of earshot.

Meredith was just rowing himself across from the other side. I waited for him. He tied up the boat and came up the steps. He was looking very white and worried. He said to me: "Your head's better than mine, Philip. What ought I to do? That stuff's dangerous."

I said, "Are you absolutely sure about this?" Meredith, you see, was always rather a vague kind of chap. Perhaps that's why I didn't take it as seriously as I ought to have done. And he said he was quite sure. The bottle had been full yesterday afternoon.

I SAID, "And you've absolutely *no* idea who pinched it?"

He said none whatever and asked me what *I* thought. Could it have been one of the servants? I said I supposed it might have been, but it seemed unlikely to me. He always kept the door locked, didn't he? Always, he said, and then began a rigmarole about having found the window a few inches open at the bottom. Someone might have got in that way.

"A chance burglar?" I asked. "It seems to me, Meredith, that there are some very nasty possibilities."

He asked what did I really think? And I said, if he was sure he wasn't making a mistake, that probably Caroline had taken it to poison Elsa with—or that, alternatively, Elsa had taken it to get Caroline out of the way and straighten the path of true love.

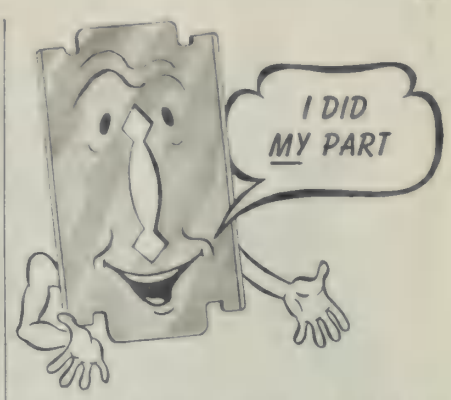
Meredith twittered a bit. He said it was absurd and melodramatic and couldn't be true. I said: "Well, the stuff's gone. What's *your* explanation?" He hadn't any, of course. Actually thought just as I did, but didn't want to face the fact.

He said again, "What are we to do?"

I said, stupid fool that I was: "We must think it over carefully. Either you'd better announce your loss straight out when everybody's there. Or else



**"How about this one? It's a simple little wedding gown you'll never get tired of"** BARBARA SHERMUND


# DON'T BLAME YOUR BLADE

Are you one of those men who damn your razor blade when you get a half decent shave, or a shave that leaves your face all tender and irritated?

Most of us men do just that . . . yet to tell the truth, blades today are generally well made. You know, it might be just a matter of getting the *right cream* for your face.

● **That's why you ought to try** Listerine Shaving Cream. To *prove* to yourself how important good cream is . . . how good *this* cream is . . . try it with the *same blade you were complaining about.* We're positive Listerine Shaving Cream will give you a smooth, easy shave . . . even if your beard is tough, your skin sensitive! And that big economy tube lasts over 3 months.

**But if you don't feel like risking a cent,** just print your name and address, send it to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. E, St. Louis, Missouri, and we'll *give* you a 15 day tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.

Fair enough? *That's* how certain we are of this *different* shaving cream!

## LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

***Brushless and Lather***




# WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

**—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go**



The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



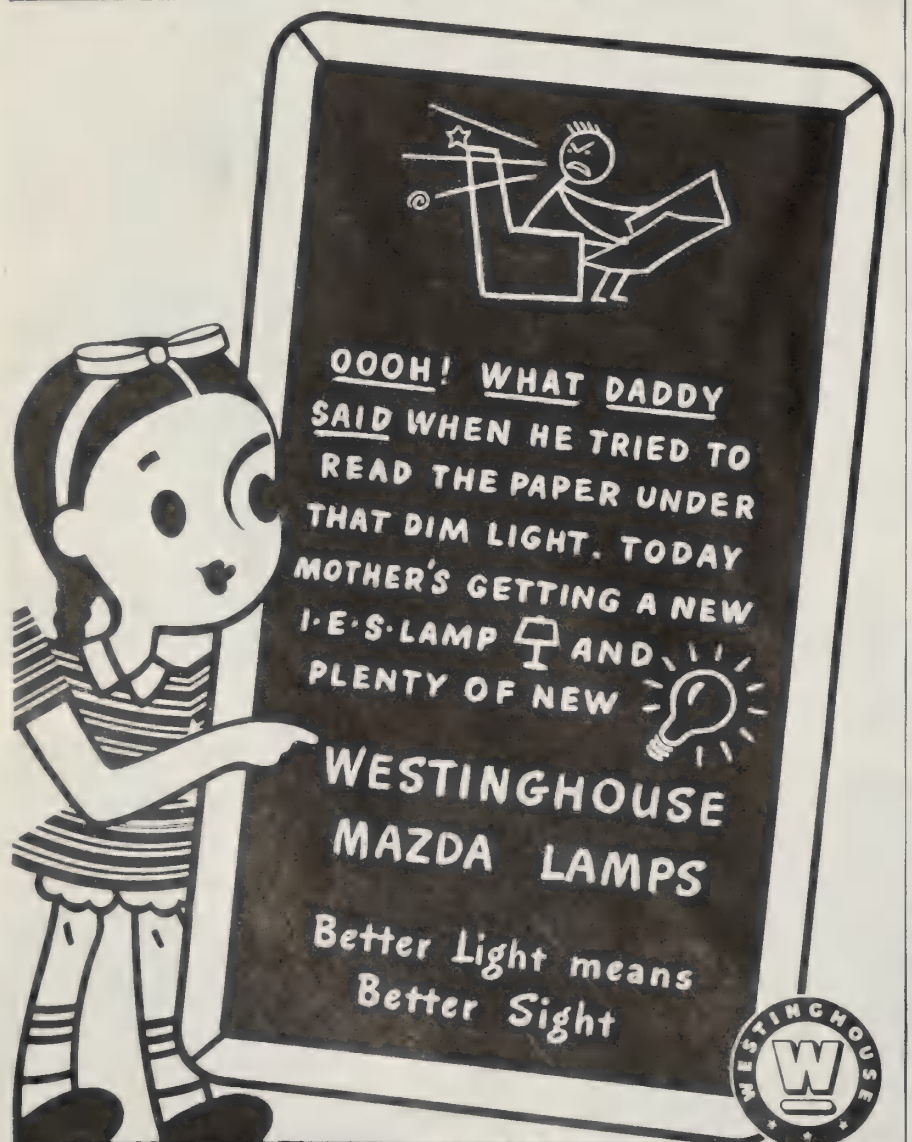

*"Gosh, they're all so swell, Harold, I just can't decide which one to buy!"*

• The new selection of Arrow Ties makes tough deciding. They're *all* smart and handsome! They're all wrinkle resistant: the resilient lining chases wrinkles away! And Arrow Ties *always* make a perfect knot! See the new fall Arrows at your dealer's today! $1.00, $1.50, $2.00.

ARROW TIES

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you'd better get Caroline alone and tax her with it. If you're convinced *she* has nothing to do with it, adopt the same tactics for Elsa." He said: "A girl like that! She couldn't have taken it." I said I wouldn't put it past her.

We were walking up the path to the house as we talked. As we were rounding the Battery Garden again I heard Caroline's voice.

I thought perhaps a three-handed row was going on, but actually it was Angela that they were discussing. Caroline was protesting. She said: "It's very hard on the girl." And Amyas made some impatient rejoinder. Then the door to the garden opened just as we came abreast of it. Amyas looked a little taken aback at seeing us. Caroline was just coming out. She said: "Hullo, Meredith. We've been discussing the question of Angela's going to school. I'm not at all sure it's the right thing for her." Amyas said: "Don't fuss about the girl. She'll be all right. Good riddance."

JUST then Elsa came running down the path from the house. She had some sort of scarlet jumper in her hand. Amyas growled, "Come along! Get back into the pose! I don't want to waste time."

He went back to where his easel was standing. I noticed that he staggered a bit and I wondered if he had been drinking. A man might easily be excused for doing so with all the fuss and the scenes.

He grumbled: "The beer here is red-hot. Why can't we keep some ice down here?"

And Caroline Crale said: "I'll send you down some beer just off the ice."

Amyas grunted out: "Thanks."

Then Caroline shut the door of the Battery Garden and came up with us to the house. We sat down on the terrace and she went into the house. About five minutes later Angela came along with a couple of bottles of beer and some glasses. It was a hot day and we were glad to see it. As we were drinking it Caroline passed us. She was carrying another bottle and said she would take it down to Amyas. Meredith said he'd go, but she was quite firm that she'd go herself. I thought—fool that I was—that it was just her jealousy. She couldn't stand those two being alone down there. That was what had taken her down there once already with the weak pretext of arguing about Angela's departure.

She went off down that zigzag path, and Meredith and I watched her go. We'd still not decided anything, and now Angela clamored that I should come bathing with her. It seemed impossible to get Meredith alone. I just said to him, "After lunch." And he nodded.

Then I went off bathing with Angela. We had a good swim—across the creek and back—and then we lay out on the rocks, sun-bathing. Angela was a bit taciturn, and that suited me. I made up my mind that directly after lunch I'd take Caroline aside and accuse her point-blank of having stolen the stuff. No use letting Meredith do it—he'd be too weak. No, I'd tax her with it outright. After that she'd have to give it back or, even if she didn't, she wouldn't dare use it.

I was pretty sure it must be her on thinking things over. Elsa was far too sensible and hard-boiled a young woman to risk tampering with poisons. She had a hard head and would take care of her own skin. Caroline was made of more dangerous stuff—unbalanced, carried away by impulses and definitely neurotic. And still, you know, at the back of my mind, was the feeling that Meredith *might* have made a mistake. Or some servant might have been poking about in there and sp d th and then not dared to own . Yo poison seems such a meloc matic —you can't believe in it.

Not till it happens.

It was quite late when I oked watch, and Angela and I f ty ra to lunch. They were just ing d all but Amyas, who had r ained in the Battery painting. ite a thing for him to do, an priva thought him very wise to ect t today. Lunch was likely hav an awkward meal.

We had coffee on the t ace. I could remember better w C looked and acted. She d 't se cited in any way. Quiet l rath is my impression. Wha devi woman was!

For it is a devilish th to poison a man in cold bl d had been a revolver ab and caught it up and shot h —w might have been underst dabl this cold, deliberate, vin tive ing . . . and so calm and llecte

She got up and said n the natural way possible, tha e d coffee to him. And yet knew must have known—that now find him dead. Miss lliam with her. I don't remem if t at Caroline's suggestion c ot. I think it was.

The two women wen ff t Meredith strolled away ortly ward. I was just makin an ex go after him when he ca run the path again. His fac as gra gasped out, "We must a d quick—Amyas—"

I sprang up. "Is he i -dying

Meredith said, "I'm afraid dead. . . ."

We'd forgotten Elsa r a But she let out a sudd cry. like the wail of a banshe

She cried, "Dead? D d? then she ran. I didn' now could move like that—l a d a stricken thing, and li an av fury too.

Meredith panted out: Go aft I'll telephone. Go after r. You know what she'll do."

I DID go after her—ar it's as did. She might quite e ly have Caroline. I've never see uch gr such frenzied hate. Al he ven refinement and educati was st off. Deprived of her lo . she w elemental woman. She have Caroline's face, torn h hair. her over the parapet if e could thought for some reas or othe Caroline had knifed hi She'd all wrong—naturally.

I held her off and the Miss Wi took charge. She was g d, I mus She got Elsa to control rself in a minute—told her she' ot to be and that we couldn't ve this and violence going on. e was a that woman. But she di he trick was quiet—just stood t e gaspi trembling.

As for Caroline, as f as I was cerned, the mask was ght off stood there perfectly c t—you have said dazed. But wasn't It was her eyes gave away. were watchful—fully a re and watchful. She'd begun suppose afraid. . . .

I went up to her and oke to said it quite low. I do think eit the two women overhe . I said, damned murderess, y 've kille best friend."

She shrank back. Sh said, "No no—he—he did it him . . . ."

I looked her full in eyes. "You can tell that stor to the She did, and they d 't believe

*(End of Philip Blak* Statemen

ATIVE OF MEREDITH BLAKE

R 1. POIROT:

romised you, I have set down
an account of all I can re-
elating to the tragic events
ened sixteen years ago. First
ould like to say that I have
ver carefully all you said to
recent meeting. And on re-
m more convinced than I was
t it is in the highest degree
hat Caroline Crale poisoned
nd. It always seemed in-
but the absence of any other
n and her own attitude led
ow, sheeplike, the opinion of
ple, and to say with them—
didn't do it, what explana-
there be?

eing you I have reflected very
on the alternative solution
at the time and brought for-
e defense at the trial. That
yas Crale took his own life.
rom what I knew of him that
emed quite fantastic at the
see fit to modify my opinion.
ith, and highly significant, is
at Caroline believed it. If
to take it that that charming
lady was unjustly convicted,
wn frequently reiterated be-
arry great weight. She knew
ter than anyone else. If *she*
icide possible, then suicide
*been possible in spite of the*
of his friends.

vance the theory, therefore,
was in Amyas Crale some
nscience, some undercurrent
, and even despair at the ex-
which his temperament led
ich only his wife was aware.
k, is a not impossible sup-
e may have shown that side
only to her.

it is inconsistent with any-
r heard him say, yet it is
s a truth that in most men
me unsuspected and incon-
ak which often comes as a
people who have known
ately. A respected and aus-
s discovered to have had a
to his life hidden. A vulgar
er has, perhaps, a secret ap-
f some delicate work of art.
ruthless people have been
f unsuspected hidden kind-
nerous and jovial men have
to have a mean and cruel
n.

y be that in Amyas Crale
strain of morbid self-accusa-
tion, and that the more he blustered out his egoism and his right to do as he pleased the more strongly that secret conscience of his worked. It is improbable, on the face of it, but I now believe that it must have been so. And I repeat again, Caroline herself held steadfastly to that view. That, I insist, is significant!

And now to examine *facts*, or rather my memory of facts, in the light of that new belief.

I think that I might with relevance include here a conversation I held with Caroline some weeks before the actual tragedy. It was during Elsa Greer's first visit to Alderbury.

CAROLINE, as I have told you, was aware of my deep affection and friendship for her. I was, therefore, the person in whom she could most easily confide. She had not been looking very happy. Nevertheless, I was surprised when she suddenly asked me one day whether I thought Amyas really cared very much for this girl he had brought down.

I said: "He's interested in painting her. You know what Amyas is."

She shook her head and said, "No, he's in love with her."

"Well—perhaps a little."

"A great deal, I think."

I said: "She is unusually attractive, I admit. And we both know that Amyas is susceptible. But you must know by now, my dear, that Amyas really only cares for one person—and that is you. He has these infatuations, but they don't last. You are the one person to him, and, though he behaves badly, it does not really affect his feeling for you."

She said: "But this time, Merry, I'm afraid. That girl is so—so terribly sincere. She's so young and so intense. I have a feeling that this time it's serious."

I said: "But the very fact that she *is* so young and, as you say, so sincere, will protect her. On the whole, women are fair game to Amyas, but in the case of a girl like this it will be different."

She said, "Yes, that's what I'm afraid of—it will be different."

I said, "But you know, Caroline, you *know* that Amyas is really devoted to you?"

She said to that, "Does one ever know with men?" And then she laughed a little ruefully and said, "I'm a very primitive woman, Merry. I'd like to take a hatchet to that girl."

*(To be continued next week)*

## Wing Talk

**Continued from page 6**

ai behaves itself properly with-
t ks, but at the speed of sound
ms sound or compression
an he pattern of air flow around
pla e changes markedly. When
pp s it's called "compressibility
" or one thing, the airplane's
es and much more horsepower
ed get the speed desired.

n flows around a wing it has
e ster than if it went straight
e the detour around the wing.
ue ly, at certain places on the
su ace the air is moving very
as r than the speed of the air-
inc o the speed of air flow over
ng ill approach the speed of
io before the airplane does.
in shapes are being developed
pe promising.

tra oceanic clipper was off the
r, e navigator had just given
ot e course and, retiring to his desk, he removed his coat and began to busy himself with things. He glanced at his own compass and to his horror it showed the ship was 40 degrees off. He dashed up to the pilot's compartment and found both cockpit compasses exactly on the course he had prescribed. Back to his own he went and still it was 40 degrees off. Compasses just don't act that way without sufficient provocation, particularly since they are thoroughly checked before plane takes off.

For no particular reason he decided to put on his coat and as he removed it from a hook over the desk, his compass promptly swung around to the correct course. Then dawn broke through the fog, for in the pocket was a photoelectric light-exposure meter. It contained powerful magnets. And magnets attract compasses as fish attract cats. Now all exposure meters are kept at least six feet away from compasses.

F. R. N.



# The Case for Innocence

Continued from page 20

Rio to carry on the fight against the powers of aggression and their secret agents.

"Of course," I said, "you have every right. I don't blame you. But I wish you wouldn't. Wait just a little longer—a week about—till Gil's girl is out of danger."

For the first time, confused and impatient, she grimaced. "Oh, Henry, aren't there other doctors here? In this modern city there are hundreds of doctors."

"But none Gil feels he can trust to keep it from the police. After all, two policemen were wounded in the skirmish. It was not her fault. They were wounded by the men who were trying to take Gil, but she and Gil had their guns out and she was seen—clearly—by one of the policemen. Any local doctor in his right mind would have sent Margarida to a hospital. But they couldn't risk a hospital. She wouldn't go."

"I DON'T understand it," Fern said, shaking her head again and again. "People like Gil—and like Margarida—dashing about with guns, hiding out, risking their lives. For what? All I hear is Fascist this and Nazi that, until one would think they were everywhere dogging your footsteps. And yet I have never seen one in the flesh. I have never met one. I don't want this kind of hunted, hounded life I hear about and read about. All I want is you—safe and sound and not under a—a threat. Henry, dear, let's go home. I made reservations for two on the Panair plane."

"You had no right to do that, Fern," I said.

"I had every right, Henry."

"I've not been threatened. No one has threatened me."

"No?"

"No."

She was about to cry and I said, "Now don't, Fern—please don't."

"I can't help it. You *were* threatened. I didn't want to tell you—I just wanted to get you away."

"Fern, what are you talking about?"

She sniffled. "The telephone. On the telephone, this afternoon. A man telephoned. He said, 'Mrs. Wayne?' I said, 'Yes.' And he said, 'Mrs. Wayne, your husband is playing a dangerous game. If you love him and wish him to live, you had better get him out of Rio immediately.' And he hung up."

"Any kind of accent?"

"Oh, Henry, darling, what does it matter? I've just told you your life is in danger and you ask me what kind of accent the man had. I don't know. I don't remember."

"Now don't go all to pieces," I said, putting my arms around her.

"Henry," she sobbed, "I'm afraid—dreadfully afraid. I don't care about ideals or who fights whom—I care about you, only you, and I don't want you to get hurt. Maybe I don't think. Maybe I'm dumb. But I feel and all my feeling is for you and our life together and I'll take that anywhere—in a trailer or cabin or in a tent, in sickness or in health—just so long as something dreadful and malignant doesn't come between us."

I believed that, though I suppose I should have loved her anyway if less than half of it had been true. She had gone to the schools to which the well-to-do send their daughters and she had been brought up in a safe, gentle and becalmed world that had nothing at all to do with the world at large. She had done the things it had pleased her family to do. In her own world, which is small in the long view but nevertheless large and important to those who live in it, she was sure of herself. Beyond it, even a little bit, she was in deep, troubled waters. Margarida with a gun in her hand fighting it out in the dark angle of a back street was something she simply could not comprehend. She was a natural innocent.

"Will you, Henry—will you go away with me?"

"When I'm sure Margarida can be moved to a safe place."

"Oh, Henry, you're so stubborn!" she cried, and turned and ran into the bedroom, slamming the door.

I thought that if I took a drink of Scotch I'd feel better, so I took one. In a little while the telephone rang and Gil's quiet voice said, "Are you all right, pal?"

"Am *I* all right! Are *you* all right?"

"I'm all right. I understand they got the brief case from the waiter. There was just some junk in it."

"That's right."

He laughed softly. "Okay, boy. Nice going. What time will you be out?"

"The usual time."

"I'll pick you up along the Avenida Atlantica."

"Right."

"Until then," he said, and rang off.

I WAS strolling along the striped walk of the Avenida Atlantica watching the moonlight on the water when Gil whistled from his car. Felippe, Margarida's brother, was in the back seat.

"Hello, Doctor," he said.

"Hello, Felippe. Hello, Gil."

"Boy, you gave me a scare," Gil said as I climbed in.

"I gave you a scare?"

"When he walked in with the brief case, I thought sure as hell they'd slugged you at least. I knew you wouldn't have just handed it over, please, thank you. Then when all they dumped out was the agency junk I guessed you must have used your head."

I gave him the envelope. "Was he the one in the brown gabardine suit? Big fellow? Dark-skinned?"

"Just dark from the sun. He's from Blumenau in the state of Santa Catarina. Used to be a Lufthansa agent before they cut the transatlantic service, and he went down to Blumenau for a while to stir up the old stock there—but I've heard he wasn't too successful. The two that held me in an office while he went around to spot you were just a couple of domestic Fascists. All they wanted was the stuff I brought from São Paulo. They must have got a wire that it was missing before I got back here. Jorge Pinto did the rest."

"I never trusted him," Felippe said.

"In this business, if you waited until you were able to trust everybody down to the roots you'd get nowhere. Jorge was all right until he went bad. The trouble was, I was unable to tell the minute he went bad. The others have a lot of money and Jorge just stopped thinking. Once you stop thinking, you can make any kind of compromise with your conscience."



"Boy, was that play a honey!" LOUIS JAMME

"Well, I never trusted him. It accounts now for what went wrong when Margarida was shot. We will have to liquidate Jorge Pinto."

"Don't use that word, Felippe. You sound like a damned Communist."

"At any rate, you must admit I was right when I said no one but you and me and the doctor should know where we took Margarida."

"You were right," Gil said. "I felt it—just a twinge—when I left the table and went along with Jorge. You can smell fear and you can smell the rain before it comes, and sometimes I think you can smell defection in a friend. But defection in a friend is not common and so perhaps you don't recognize the smell."

"Sometimes, Gil, I think you are too romantic," Felippe said.

"I am a good Brazilian and a practical liberal. I got results in São Paulo. I have facts—here in this envelope. I know the amount of in monds and platinum the have taken out of the co past two months. I kno they plan to take out in and I think we are going thing about that."

"Of course," admitted added, "Nevertheless, about the smells seems highly romantic. Besides, recognize a smell, how car be of practical value in a t

"You possess little ima lippe."

"Correct. I never im Pinto was incorruptible. Then:

"We are being followed

Gil nodded. "I was abo same thing. They are pre I dare say they came to t that since the papers we brief case, nor on my p must have in some way re He turned to me. "Obvio tel was watched and you to the point where we p I'm going to drive you hotel. They'll follow, and out and go into the hotel t naturally and truly, that the packet over to me. me."

"I ought to see Margari

"The risk is too great."

"Understand, Gil, I through what I began."

HE WAS driving fast doubted that, Henry. doubt I shouldn't have when she was hurt. But ent. With the police, per not be too bad for you. I of us are not the police. and ours—but not yours rida I asked a favor of y favor. I refuse to let it go

Felippe said, "Gil is Margarida is my one dea favor is one thing, a sacri make an important distin the two."

Gil pulled up in front o Felippe said, "They have corner and are waiting."

"Henry," said Gil, "There's a plane out to don't you take it?"

"I must see Margarida

He shook his head. They've hooked you up w you like it or not. You d way around here. You'l Every move you make w If you attempt to reach h be followed there and th for everybody."

Felippe was sitting no of the back seat with an across his knees; his he around and he was peer back window at the car b

"Good night, Henry," it in a way that was fi mined. He pressed his h of my neck and squeez ately. "Thanks for ever

"Give me a ring later, a ring?"

"Of course!"

It was just to get rid o altogether too much goo tone. But I got out and as they drove off and car moved forward, sw from the curb. It was a b two dark forms inside a down the avenue.

When I went upstairs



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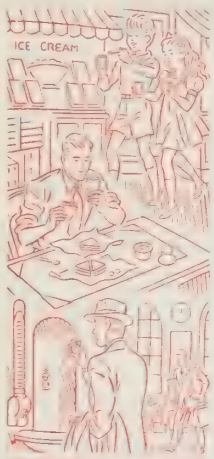



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ing in the French window of the balcony smoking a cigarette through a long holder, with the lights of the city and the bright stars beyond her.

"How was Margarida?" she said.

"H'm? Oh. Well, I didn't get there. We were followed and we should have been followed there. Gil brought me back here and they followed him off again. I'm stuck."

"How do you mean?"

"Gil thinks that I'll probably be shadowed—every move I make. He urged me to leave the city."

"Will she die?"

"Without proper attention, she may. I'd hoped to see her in a condition where she could be moved to the country."

Fern shuddered. "Oh, Henry, it's awful!"

"It was a risk she took. I don't know whether she believed in the things Gil believed in—but she believed in him. And believing in him didn't mean just saying so. It meant doing something about it."

I was thinking of her, Margarida, in the tiny room above Greco's barbershop, taking it all without a whimper—grave, not smiling much, because she knew the danger she was in and the danger Gil was in. But she didn't cry. That was all out, the crying. She was determined to get well; she had her eye and her mind and her will set on getting well.

"Henry," Fern said, sitting down beside me. "Henry, what are you going to do?"

"Fern, I don't know, I don't know."

"I wish I could think of something. I'm never any good at thinking up things. But one thing I know: we can't leave Margarida."

"I can't get to her. Gil must be certain I'll be followed. I did all I could. If they follow me there—and if Gil and Felippe get away from those others tonight and go there they'll be trapped, ambushed, to say nothing of Greco and his wife, who are taking care of her."

"She's a human being but all you say sounds logical. I tried to be logical this afternoon when I pleaded with you to go but ever since it has been like something I was unable to digest. I'm not by nature logical, Henry. Perhaps I don't recognize an impasse when I see one. If you went away with me tomorrow it would be because of me. If you were single, alone, you would stay. In only one way I want to be like Margarida: If I don't understand all the things you believe in—I at least believe in you."

"Fern, when I said that I wasn't in the least implying—"

"Of course you weren't."

"Fern, there is nothing you can do. This is a dangerous business. You don't realize how dangerous it is. These people are fighting underground for ideas they believe in. It's one set of ideas against another and to either side life is cheaper than a postage stamp."

"WELL, Henry," she said, standing up, "I'm sure I don't understand their ideas, one or the other, but I think I understand decency and compassion."

"Fern, you're not making sense. Do you think I want to leave her there? Do you think Gil wanted me to? Do you want me to risk setting a trap for Gil and Felippe and Greco and his wife?"

"Certainly not. But it occurred to me this evening, after you went out, that here I am, your wife, and I've done nothing, absolutely nothing, to help you or your friends."

"I told you in the beginning I didn't want you mixed up in it, which is why I never took you to Greco's."

"Henry," she said, "I want Greco's address."

I stood up. "This has gone far enough, Fern. You have suddenly turned into a very difficult woman."

"No one will follow me instance, in the past week have we been seen togethe ber, you've been a very bus tor. Besides, I'll wear a sc head."

"Fern, despite what yo several occasions, I'm swayed. No."

"Please don't be stubbo

"I will not give you Gre If it's a case of either you c it will have to be Margari

She subsided on the c well, Henry. Perhaps, af recognize an impasse. We go to bed."

IT MIGHT have been t shining in my face that and when I turned over, a could see that Fern's bec I turned on the lights, t There was a piece of biu on her pillow. There was

"Dear Henry," Fern "I just couldn't go to slee found Greco's address in y seems to me that you w very poor spy, carryi around like that. I am tal pretty little pearl-handlec you. The design on the h lovely, such fine detail. I rized Greco's address an card. If you happen to read this, please don't w Take a sleeping tablet."

I strode around the a of one room and into an make sure that what I true. I think I was as a anxious. But by the time and was on the way dow I was only anxious; ther dry feeling in my throat weight in my stomach. was anxious, more so th been in my life before, I more than that, I felt a cunning creeping over m

It was a new feeling a was exhilarating. Instea at the lobby floor I got c ment. I saw a waiter c with empty bottles and g followed him through a s a large pantry. In ano was walking through a where only three or fou work. When I came to a I stepped into an alleyw its devious course to walked three blocks an lowed me; but because stopped on the corner cigarette for a couple of I told a taxi driver to Metro.

When I got out in fron picture house I walke block, entered another t the driver to take me Nova Café, which was from Greco's. At the glass of wine and watche the passers-by; but no me, nobody came into the ten minutes I sat th going directly to Grec block and when I reac the darkened barbersho in the shadows and wai minutes. Nobody cam the bell, two shorts an

From a window abov voice: "You wake an ol slumber at this heathe be good enough to nar reason."

I rang the bell three succession. In anoth Greco opened the doo into the shop's thick d

"Greco, is Mrs. Way

"She sits above discus for the future with

oteworthy, Doctor. Is she by
ncess at home, or at least a

fool, Greco."
was back again and I was
w. I followed Greco through
s, my hand on his shoulder
e me. We climbed the dark
l, when he opened the door
light from the living room
t and we went in and Gil

sure you weren't followed?"

y. They would have had
ching the hotel."
id, "Have some wine, Doc-
as sitting at the table in
rt and there was a bandage
eft arm. He grinned. "Just
wound, Doctor. The ordi-
s we know how to take

creaked and I looked past
saw a man lying there,
and foot. The man was
Gil smiled at me. His eyes
ot and his thin face looked
smiled and there was sat-
his face, the grim, dry hu-
n who has come through a
afely, with a dividend for
e. He had Jorge Pinto, the
mercenary.

ened the door beyond and I
o the small, narrow room
Greco's squat wife got up
out with a scared look.
y," Fern said, "why did you
, when you talked so much

think I shall have your head

tn't excite Margarida," she

said with her dry, hueless
e angry with her."
pulse and her temperature
her wounds, one in the leg,
her side. Then for a while

I sat beside the bed and held her hand and talked to her, telling her it wouldn't be long now, she would be well and it would be possible to move her. When I stood up Gil was standing in the doorway. His smile was crooked, a buttoned-up sort of smile, and there were tears in his eyes.

"She ought to sleep now," I said.

Gil wasn't looking at me. He was looking at Margarida and I could see his throat move when he swallowed. He raised his hand a little and wiggled his fingers at her.

Margarida said, "Doctor says it won't be long now. We can go to the country. I'll be well. I'm no good to you this way, Gil. Darling, be careful, be careful!"

"You're doing fine, baby," Gil said.

"It's so wonderful, so wonderful," Fern said in a small, stifled voice. We looked at her but she didn't explain. She dabbed at her eyes and hurried into the living room and Felippe jumped up and bowed courteously. I motioned to Gil and then followed him and closed the door and in the corner the couch creaked and old Greco looked at Jorge Pinto and made a faint spitting sound.

"Henry," Fern said, lighting a cigarette, "when do you think it will be safe to move Margarida?"

I accepted a glass of wine from Felippe and said, "Not less than a week. At the end of a week."

She glanced at Gil, then at Felippe, and they all nodded.

Fern sat down. "Henry, it will be very simple. With constant care, then, we can depend on it. I simply don't know why I never thought of it before. Besides, during the week there will be practically no risk whatever; and at the end of the week we can all drive her to Petrópolis."

"Will you explain to me why there will be no risk during the week?"

Felippe said, "Oh, she has it all figured out. A remarkable woman, with vision."

"Dear, this is what I mean," Fern



"Good morning, sir. Haven't you often dreamed of retiring at sixty on twenty-five dollars a week?"

WHITNEY DARROW, JR.







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went on earnestly. "Why is it necessary for you to keep dashing back and forth between here and the hotel all the time? Why can't you just stay here?"

I set down my wineglass and looked at her and then I looked at Gil and Felippe. Their eyes were veiled, asking nothing, recommending nothing. It had, in fact, never occurred to me.

"It came to me suddenly," Fern continued. "Besides, it will take some of the load off Mrs. Greco. You can sleep on the couch there and Mr. Greco says he can sleep downstairs in the shop and put a cot in with Mrs. Greco for me to sleep on. Henry, it's all very simple."

I drank all that remained in my glass. I don't think I had ever really known my wife until that minute, and all at once—with Gil and Felippe and Greco and Mrs. Greco standing around—I was inordinately proud of her.

"You're right, Fern," I said. "Gil, she's absolutely right."

Felippe tipped the bottle. "More wine, Doctor?"

"Thank you. I suppose Jorge Pinto will have to sleep on the floor."

Fern said, "Oh, no. Felippe is going to put him on a boat and send him out of the country; he told me so."

FELIPPE dropped his eyes but Gil was staring across the room at Jorge Pinto with more bitterness than I had even seen in his face before.

"I didn't know what to do with him for a while," Fern said. "It was the hotel doorman's fault, really."

"What was the hotel doorman's fault?" I asked.

"Oh, he didn't mean to, of course. It was natural. He said, 'A wonderful evening, Mrs. Wayne,' and when he said it I saw this man, this Jorge Pinto, look up sharply from lighting a cigarette. Henry, there was a frightful gleam in his eyes, and I shuddered. I was scared. So instead of getting into a cab right there—really, I was suddenly all confused—I began walking away, with a foolish notion, I suppose, of eluding him. But he followed me in his car. He kept following me, wherever I walked. Until finally I couldn't stand it any longer. I was terribly frightened, Henry!"

Felippe shook his head. "I deny it. It showed not only courage but extreme logic. Madame, you would [illegible] revolutionary!"

"Oh, Felippe, you and [illegible] tionary," Fern chided. "[illegible] be a revolutionary?"

"Fern," I said, "what e[illegible]

"Yes, Henry. Well, I c[illegible] it any longer. So the gu[illegible] your gun—I took it out o[illegible] turned around and step[illegible] street gesturing as thoug[illegible] ride. He stopped and I r[illegible] and pointed it at him a[illegible] have been following me[illegible] And I climbed into the b[illegible] and said, 'Now you may t[illegible] I wish to go.' He did, [illegible] though I had to keep prod[illegible] the gun. I prodded him [illegible] taken the bullets out of t[illegible] leaving the hotel, so I kn[illegible] go off accidentally. Ther[illegible] rived outside I suddenly [illegible] I couldn't let him go. If [illegible] naturally he'd know the [illegible] prodded him up here."

Old Greco slapped h[illegible] stated heatedly, "Indeed, [illegible] things considered, it is goo[illegible] edness and evil brought t[illegible] unwitting hand of inn[illegible] things I dreamed of as a [illegible] to write a poem."

"When it is published,' [illegible] "I will send twenty letter[illegible] each signed with a differe[illegible] mending the editor for [illegible] masterpiece. A little win[illegible]

Fern said, "Henry, dea[illegible] you had better drink s[illegible] You're perspiring."

In a little while Mrs. [illegible] that the bed was ready [illegible] had gone in with the [illegible] slipped into Margarida's [illegible] for several minutes by [illegible] was asleep and her breat[illegible] lar. I had no doubts no[illegible] would live and I knew w[illegible] safely out of the city.

When I returned to t[illegible] Gil and Felippe and Jo[illegible] gone and old Greco was [illegible]

"That story about Jo[illegible] the boat," I said. "It w[illegible] wasn't it?"

"It seemed unnecessar[illegible] Greco said, "to shock th[illegible]




"Daughter is getting awfully popular, dear"

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## Fighting Ferryboats

Continued from page 16

ne Corps generals checked orts of the Vieques and uvers. They found that a time and no telling how al casualties might have the men of the defending n had used Alligators.

es participating in the neuvers were landed at Culebra under a covering destroyers Brooke, Trenand Borie, each laying rage of seven shells per n. But it is reasonable to f a real enemy, instead of s, had been defending the efenders' artillery would e beaches with an qually e. So the umpires always ialty percentages in asmaneuvers in ghastly figal theorem that doubtless e German general staff, nvasion of Great Britain, s nights.

l scrutiny of the Febru-'s, the Navy Department Mr. Roebling to haul igators up for a good old workout along the Virefore a small but highly audience. A heavy surf the beach that cold, raw ary when the inventor and ker" crew made a test a cargo of mighty appreines. But the Alligator's wled true saurian defiance, des hit deep into the frigid he amphibian rode a wave erfect landing. The Alli- of other things, too, such own trees and crawling up mbankment. So the adne generals approved an order for 200 Alligators, exclusively for the Marine Corps, following this up later with authorization for another big consignment.

Mass production of Alligators has been under way at the Food Machinery Company plant, four miles from Clearwater, for the past seven months. A new plant was recently opened at Lakeland in central Florida to speed deliveries and further expansions may be necessary to handle probable shipments to Great Britain.

British interest in the amphibian came in the natural course of events in view of the enthusiastic reports sent to Washington from the detachments of Marines that are being trained in the operation and maintenance of the amphibians at the Corps' new station at Clearwater. A party of British officers went to Florida last August, saw the Alligator put through its paces and within a fortnight one of the new Navy models was shipped "somewhere in England," perhaps as the advance guard of hundreds that may some day take position as the spearhead of an assault upon the German-held French coast.

Some veteran military tacticians believe the Alligator just fills the British staff's prescription for any assault maneuver in which the element of surprise is vital to the success of the operation. If our Marine Corps, using Roebling amphibians with muffled motors, can crawl across a beach and pulverize theoretical machine-gun nests—as the lads are doing every day down in Florida—then the British should be able to do the same thing against Nazi outposts at Calais, Le Touquet and Boulougne when the big invasion rolls around. The Marines think so—and are perfectly willing to take a crack at the job.




ne of my business, brother, but you're holding it all wrong"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN


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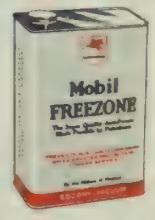
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# Our New Army

Continued from page 14

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Range, is getting plenty of practice, but little of it is Army. This sub-post near the Nevada line is on a straight, flat highway along which motorists smash up their cars with customary frequency. Civilians, learning that the only doctor handy is an Army medico, aren't backward about asking for attention—and on the cuff.

### WASHINGTON

FORT LAWTON, Seattle. Nobody talks much around this post in the heart of the city. First place, it's the quarters for the Port of Embarkation and thereby directly responsible to Washington, D. C.; secondly, it's headquarters for members of the Interceptor Command and hides in its confines a couple of Aircraft Warning Service companies having their obligations to secrecy. Seattleites formerly used the post as a short cut between Seattle districts. Now there are sentries on duty at all times and a civilian has to wade through a morass of paper work to get to see anybody. Only flaw in all this hush-hush is that a municipal bus enters the fort freely every fifteen minutes or so all day long—and nobody seems to care who's on it or why.

Lawton, incidentally, is famous throughout the Army as one of the most scenic of posts. A man living in Officers' Row can sit on his back porch and watch the sun rise over the Cascade Mountains; he can face south and take a gander at Mount Rainier; turn north and glimpse the distant outline of Mount Baker; then saunter to his front porch and get a sweeping view of Puget Sound, with its Olympic Mountains backdrop.

The troublesome feature of this scenic beauty (and the fort's reputation for placidity and extremely good food) was that the guardhouse population began to swell. It got so that men who had gone A.W.O.L. from posts as far back as the Midwest did their surrendering at Lawton. There's a rumor going the rounds that all the beds have been removed from the clink. It may not be true, but the report has served its purpose. The number of surrenders has dropped off nicely.

### MASSACHUSETTS

1ST DIV.

FORT DEVENS, Ayer. The 101st Horse-Mechanized Cavalry's Sgt. Jack Chapin got a little fed up with cracks about what-good-is-cavalry-in-modern-warfare, so he and another scout-car commander took their crews and cars, wiggled their way through 23,000 "enemy" Yankee Division troops and captured Major General Roger W. Eckfeldt and his command post. To add insult to injury, the boys snaked their way another twenty miles and dumped the commanding general on the chief co-ordinator's doorstep; after which they made their way back to headquarters without a hitch. The 101st Cavalry is maneuvering in the Carolinas now and nobody is making any cracks.

"WHY, certainly," the officer said; "the First Division is about ninety-eight per cent equipped." While he was talking, the First Engineers were tossing a pontoon bridge across the Nashua River, some fifty feet upstream from the bridge on which the officer stood. The engineers knew their stuff; they had the bridge about four fifths of the way across the river in no time. Then, suddenly, they knocked off work. The officer asked a soldier the reason for this. "That," the soldier replied, "is all the equipment we've got." The officer shrugged. "I guess," he said, "that's the two per cent we're missing."

### NEW YORK

CAMP UPTON, Long Island. Letter from a private that ought to make some C.O. sit up and take notice of his noncoms: "I found a good way of getting out of a lot of work. All you do is find out what your corporal likes to talk about and then talk to him about it. Usually it's women. Anyhow, I've spent days leaning on a shovel, just talking. Never fails."

THREE Upton selectees were standing at the side of a road, the other day, watching the various companies come back from retreat. One of the three smartly saluted a passing officer; the other two just stood there like a couple of goons. The officer gave with a first-class bawling out to the soldier who had saluted him—with the Boy Scout salute. The two goons just laughed and laughed.

### NORTH CAROLINA

FORT BRAGG NOTES: This largest artillery center has been drained to a population of only 19,000. Some 45,000 men have moved farther south for maneuvers. . . . Pvt. Brookes Fryer, 28-year-old pianist at the reception center, turned down his old-age discharge so he could have a go at the new organ ordered for the chapel. A lot of his pals say he's nuts. Pvt. Fryer says no; he's always had a yen to make with organ music. . . . All leading colleges in the state have agreed to sell enlisted men tickets to any home football game for half a buck, which means that a man in uniform can afford to sit on the 40-yard line and watch Duke-Tennessee, Duke-Colgate, Carolina-Fordham and other topflight Southern ... it out on the gridiron.

### SOUTH CARO IA

30TH DIV.

FORT JACK ...N, C... bia. The U. ... Mint... on manufact... ...ng p... dough if the ...want... soldiers here have disc... ...ered... form of exchange for the ...mine... The substitute coins a ...bus... which cost a nickel each ...d ar... lots of five. It takes fou... ...them... a soldier back to the fo... ...rom... bia, and the lads have f... ...d sh... boys, newsstand operat... ...and... vendors willing to accep... ...e co... in lieu of cash. It's han... ...for... poker games, too. No ...d to... beers, though; chiefly ... ...ause... soldier expressed it, '... ...ere a... nickel beers in Columbi...

### GENERA...

ANYBODY want to ... ...de sh... patch insignia with ... ...s. Wash... Morton, Route 1, Bo... 32... Washington? "I have ... ...hand... writes, "a quantity of ... ...e in... GHQ, IX Army Corps a... 41st D... patches. Many others, ... ...h as a... sion and 4th Army car... ...e pro... Fort Lewis. I'd like to ... ...ntact... who wants to swap so ... ...could... insignia I need to comp... ...e a c... started when I saw the ... ...lor re... tions of the whole set ... ...the ju... Collier's.

LIEUT. GEN. LESL... J. M... chief of staff, gener... ...head... is quoted in a Louisia... ...paper... ing that "the principal ... ...ortage... Army are in ammunit... ...radio... ment, weapons, plan... ...and... ranging from trucks to ...ks....

BUT every man has ... ...pair o...




**"Why don't you open your letter from the War ...e-partment? Maybe it will have an explana...n"**

# A Nice Clean Sport

Continued from page 13

er. "How about coming norning? We could prob- eels. Eels are easy be- e always looking for a y come a-fightin'. They rp as needles that hook . You can get them easy all you have to do is sur- is Mr. Eel still hanging ull his teeth out of your m."

we discovered, got under merican sport about a ut didn't slip into high ee years back when the nern California lads per- mproved equipment to g underwater more com- to that, old-timers like , a retired U. S. Navy ixty and still diving, or of Catalina, or Houton osa, the trio that taught nger fry what they know , used to dive with Japa- itting tightly over each nty or thirty feet where gets heavy, the goggles eyes until they popped h's.

### in Diver's Props

skin diver watches go- water through a little ass window about four eter set in a soft rubber fits snugly over the eyes e diving masks look like motive headlights. They , costing only $2.50, and ake it easy to see under- ise protect the eyes and he salt water. The next prop is a pair of "swim green rubber about six- ng. Invented by a Mr. l, who became a diving in the Hawaiian Islands, the feet and look for all pair of frog's feet. Swim mmer double the power e speed in the water, and y skin diver, you need u are coming up with a alones or a forty-pound our spear.

with detachable heads, the lines, and the divers gloves to protect their barnacles on the rocks. s the layout, aside from to row out beyond the n onion sack attached to buoy in which to cache game. For kibitzers, a ally carries a glass-bot- through which you can see the show below.

ut skin diving, explained ssenger, who has elected al apostle for the sport, self into the water with- You don't take a whop- as everybody supposes, wo lungs chock-full of st that much more buoy- get down where the big take just an ordinary rop either feetfirst or t of the watermen pre- cause they can see what ing into—shellfish, octo- els, or what.

how deep down you are r ears hurt and the way ss on your face. When o wrestle fish between ty feet down you are a st of the boys don't like thirty feet, but some go down to forty, which is pretty deep, especially when the water is below sixty degrees temperature at the surface. The shock of the first couple of dives usually gives you a numb ache between the eyes, but that soon wears off and you are good for a half-hour of diving.

Skin divers don't go down on the bottom and walk around like suit divers. They swim continuously, most of the time with their heads lower than their feet, because as long as they do that, fish will stick around with only an occasional scowl at the hick Sunday swimmers who are always snarling up traffic. Most divers stay down only about thirty seconds at a crack, although any good skin diver can hold his breath easily for two minutes. Chaser claims he once clocked "Cowboy" Jay for three minutes, seven seconds, which is almost a lifetime in the sea holding your breath.

With swim fins, a skin diver can travel seventy-five to one hundred feet underwater in half a minute. Most of the watermen prefer to dive half a minute, then come up for half a minute for air, then dive again. Doing that, a skin diver can stay at it an hour or so.

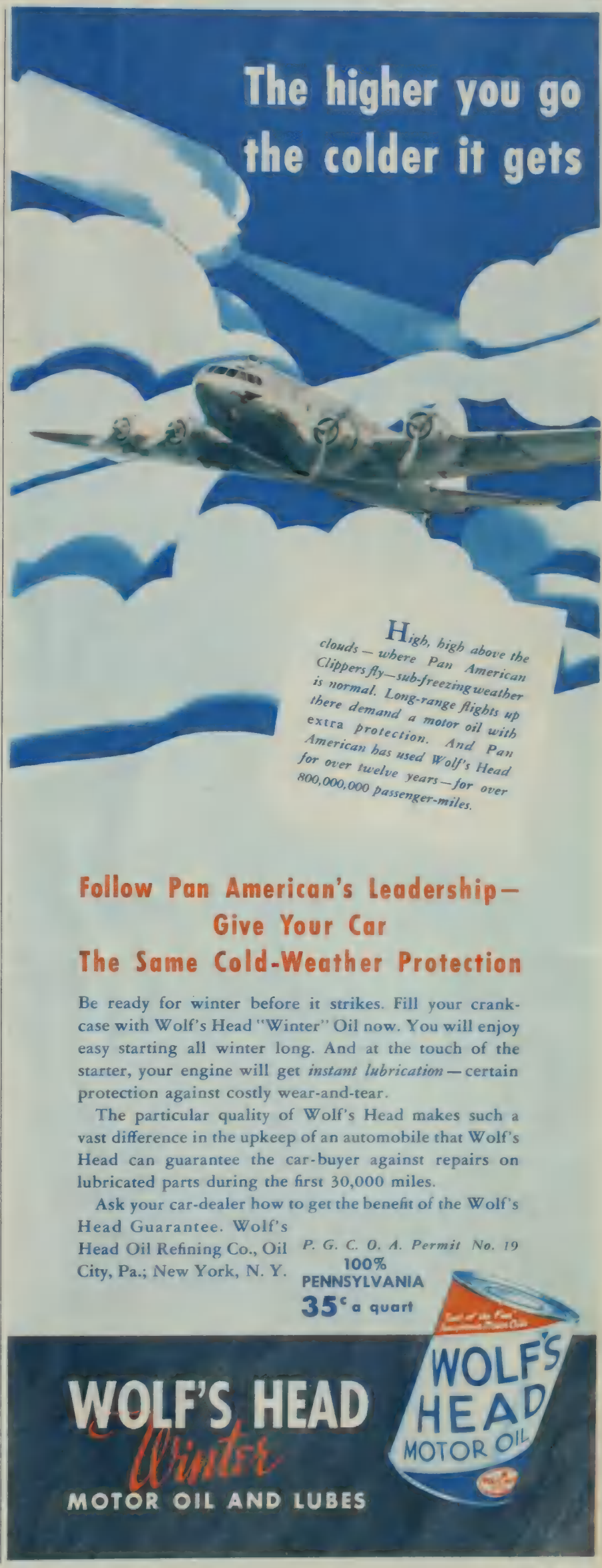
Of course there are tricks for tackling the various denizens of the ocean. If you take on a shark (they are only three or four feet long on the southern California coast) the idea is to grab him by the tail and steer him up toward the surface, meanwhile maneuvering so as to keep away from his head. If it is an octopus (they run from three to five feet off the southern California shore) you can slip a hand underneath him and scoop him up, acting nonchalant, as he winds his tentacles around your arms and neck, and paying no attention to the dirty looks he gives you or the ink he spills in the water. The watermen rarely bother an octopus, except now and then to haul one up for a Japanese friend. The Nipponese rate them great delicacies.

Among the fish, the toughest customers—unless you count eels as fish—are the stingarees, which carry a four- or five-inch stinger, covered with barbs, where their taillights ought to be. These are something to stay away from. The technique is to see the stingaree before he sees you, jab the spear through his middle, then scram, meanwhile hanging onto the line with which you can play him from the surface, where breathing is better. Dr. Bob Crossland of Santa Monica and Dr. Tom Quirk of Fullerton hold the record in this event. Last year they were skin diving together and poked their harpoons simultaneously through a thirty-five-pound bat stingaree. It took the two of them five minutes to pull the angry fish to the surface, where it, too, became the makings of a Nipponese feast.

### You Can't Waste Time

The same spearing technique goes for sheepshead, halibut, bass, sculpin, and other big fish. "You can't waste time, though," warns Frank Rodecker, who is a top-flight fish spearer, because fish will thresh around and wear holes in themselves through which the spearheads slip and there goes your dinner. A diligent skin diver can spear a nice mess of fish for a sizable party in half an hour, with luck. Witness Don St. Hill, who supported his family for two years when jobs were scarce, by spearing the provender under the sea.

Eels, said Mr. Rodecker, are something else again. They are the only marine life in the southern California waters that sail into a battle with a man

## EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



**DEWAR CHALLENGE TROPHY.** Presented by Scotsman Sir Thomas Dewar to encourage soccer football in the United States, the handsome trophy shown at the right has since 1913 been emblematic of the national open championship in this fast, exciting sport. The highest goal of every amateur and professional soccer club in the country is to get its name engraved on the Dewar Trophy—because that's proof that the team is tops and every player on it is better than good!




**ETHYL EMBLEM.** There is an award for excellence in gasoline too. It is the Ethyl name. Gasoline in a pump which bears the Ethyl trade mark has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer; a quicker-starting engine in cold weather; extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, "Ethyl" tells you which pump contains the best.

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ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY


over an abalone, for instance, abalones being the favorite diet of the pugilistic Maori eel. Eels' teeth are as sharp as needles, and the trick, if you don't want an eel pushing you around down there, is to get your harpoon in him just behind the head before he begins needling you. Doc Cross landed one not so long ago six feet long and seven inches in diameter.

"Eels are hard to see, even when you are looking for them," explained Rodecker. "Usually you see what you are looking for underwater. If you are looking for lobsters, you see lobsters. If you are looking for abalones, you see them. But eels just pop out of nowhere and first thing you know, you are staring one in the face."

The abalones, which are muscular mollusks with a heavy shell six to ten inches across, cling to the rocks or pile up on the bottom of the floor of the ocean. The skin divers say there are literally millions of them down there, but the law says only ten a day. To bag abalones, a skin diver has to be quick with a piece of tire iron or the big knife he takes down to pry them loose from the rocks. Abalones have muscles like the circus strong man's, and if they are not knocked loose before their suction pads begin to work, it is goodby knife or tire iron.

"I've had tire irons bent double trying to get abalones loose," Chaser says, "and there are reports of Japs getting their fingers caught under abalones and being held underwater until they drowned."

### Law's on the Lobster's Side

A lobster hunt takes some nerve, too. Some skin divers spear them, but not the watermen. Their idea of fun is to grab a lobster by the horns and wrestle him out of his niche in the rocks before he counterattacks and sinks his teeth into your wrist. It takes some huffing and puffing, down where you can't huff and puff much, to yank a four-foot bull lobster out of his crevice (purely for sport, you understand, the big bulls being protected by game wardens for breeding purposes). The only legal lobsters are those between ten and a half and sixteen and a half inches, and males at that. It is easy to spot the females because they carry a cluster of red eggs hanging from their tails. But down in some dark sea cavern w[ith the ...] on your goggles distort [everyth...] you see, you have to be [careful ...] make a mistake about th[e size of a] lobster. If the game [warden ...] along, just then, says [Mr. Ch...] Swalzsman, just tell him [you are ...] ing your day off spearin[g seaweed...]

If you weary of fishing, [there are ...] things to do down there [where your] day suit. The ocean fl[oor is co...] with marine gardens of f[antastic ...] in which you can float [in a dr...] You can explore the k[elp beds ...] look like underwater jur[gles. The...] the reason the fish are so [plentiful ...] ices are always scared o[f being ...] in the kelp, but old-tim[ers don't ...] it. They take a new hitc[h on their ...] give a flip or two to thei[r vim fin...] presto, they are out in t[he open ...] the other side of the jur[gle. But ...] try to fight your way [through ...] clinging kelp vines and [knives.]

Another never, incide[ntally is ...] put your feet on the flo[or of the ...] Because that is where [the strip...] spend the morning afte[r the nurse ...] fore, and they're always [bad ...] The rule is keep swimm[ing and you're ...] okay, just like any othe[r fish. A...] eerie moment for novi[ce is the ...] meeting of the sheepshe[ad face to ...] He has a stare like Mu[rphy's ...] takes nerve to stare hi[m down.]

Captain Hal Messen[ger, who ...] up on such things, says [that there ...] about 5,000 skin divers [at present ...] the Pacific Coast. In t[he past year ...] so, the Sea-Net Compa[ny of Los ...] geles, which makes the [rubber fins ...] diving goggles, has so[ld about ...] pairs of them outside [of Canada ...] mostly along the Gulf, [Atlantic ...] and Great Lakes. But s[ome went to ...] R.A.F. pilots in Egypt. [They're looking ...] for thrills and are taki[ng up skin ...] ing. Some more were [shipped to Fiji ...] American Airways pe[ople at Wake ...] Guam and other Pacifi[c islands and ...] few were ordered in the [Dutch East ...] dies. The real problem [now, says Cap...] tain Hal, is to get rubbe[r from the ...] to make the fins. The [men divers ...] trying to present fin-m[aking as a de...] fense industry, the argu[ment being ...] in France, Frenchmen [make skin div...] for food. So the sport [catching ...] As Mr. Chester Swalzsm[an allows, it's ...] a nice, clean sport and [more fun ...] taking a bath on Satur[day night.]




"I'll have one of those mint juleps I've been hearing so m[uch about]"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

# Rational Defense

Continued from page 24

lled for a pass. This was
isive strategy. It had al-
ed in scoring a touchdown
when McCullough's for-
rthrown, with the receiver
On second down, the Penn
once again opened up in
of a punt. Another pass
dle certainly would have
But Matuszczak made one
!
again sending McCullough
, he called the play for
cCullough, in addition to
ser, was also a punter.
*not!* And yet *Murphy* was
posed punt formation. This
lay Frick, the Penn defen-
ack, needed.
signal. Immediately the
shifted. Regan moved up
the safety position. Frick
from behind the line of
The ball was snapped!
d back and passed! But
right into the arms of the
! A few minutes later
red! The tide of the game
Cornell never threatened
enn went on to score a
ory.
nell touchdown had been
o a Penn score all because
rilliant defensive quarter-
e part of Ray Frick. He
ered the scouting reports,
id that Murphy *was not a*
*passer.*

### Offensive Defense

nost every team in the
some form of defensive
g. The defensive quar-
e any player on the team.
the smartest player on the
a St. Mary's tackle shift
around by merely holding
ind his back. I saw a Col-
ack convert a seven-man
e-man line with such ra-
he opposing ball carrier
ped the pigskin in confu-

diana end befuddle a Wis-
y the expert use of a slid-
in the 1939 Giant-Packer
Mel Hein throw such a be-
glomeration of five-, six-
an lines at the Green Bay
the vaunted Packer backs
tied up in pathetic knots.
lefense was chartable and
a fairly easy profession.
ent out your scouts to re-
opponents' offensive op-
e defense didn't mean
knew that the right guard
s be in such and such a
right tackle would always
n, and that both had the
duty of charging forward
messing things up. So
plotting your own offen-
automatically assigning
eliminate the said right
ht tackle from the picture.
ever, the defense is about
as a school of porpoise.
blockers to eliminate the
d the right tackle, and be-
begins the right guard and
le are liable to pop up in
. In other words, the job
now increased to a bewil-
of complexity. You not
teach your team dozens of
e plays, but you have to
h *offensive* play in dozens
ariations to cope with the
ne, six-man line, five-man line, sliding line and backfield shifts which the opposition may throw in against you.

The entire idea of quarterbacking on the defense is based on a peculiar quirk of the rules. *There is no rule in the book that prevents the defense from moving around while the play is being called or when the ball is being snapped. Nor is there any rule that requires a minimum or maximum number of men in the line of scrimmage.* Thus the defensive quarterback is in the position of an army leader in the field. As soon as the enemy begins to concentrate forces for an attack, the defensive field general analyzes the situation and rearranges his defenses to meet the attack at the expected point.

What weapons has he at his command? First there is the standard 7-2-2 defense, in which the ends charge straight ahead and force the ball carrier inside of them, while the other five linemen just try to crash through. Then there is the 6-2-2-1 defense, in which the ends ignore the ball carrier and concentrate on stripping him of his interference. Finally there is the 5-3-2-2-1 defense, in which all five linemen smash forward like five guards, leaving the ball carrier and the interference to the backers-up.

In addition to these basic formations and their numerous variations, there are dozens of others. Linemen may unexpectedly pull out of the line or charge obliquely instead of straight ahead, backs may suddenly hurtle through to nab the ball carrier, and whole teams may refuse to charge at all but float along with the play instead.

Imagine trying to plot an offense against a cockeyed setup like that! It's the same as plotting in advance an offense against Bob Feller's pitches.

Today, quarterbacking on the defense has reached such a high state of development that it is accepted and taught as one of the fundamentals of the game. The New York Giants actually go into a huddle when the *other* team has the ball. Fordham has a backlog of no less than 120 defensive plays. And as Nebraska found out in the Rose Bowl, Stanford has a little-publicized defensive system that is just as tricky as their famed T-formation on the offense.

Quarterbacking on the defense was slow in developing, however. As recently as four years ago, it was still done in a haphazard, spontaneous manner. I'll never forget my own first experience with quarterbacking on the defense in my sophomore year at Michigan, back in 1924. It was just before my first varsity game against a tough Wisconsin team. I was to start at right halfback, and I was plenty scared. Wisconsin had a back named McAndrews, who was the Big Ten 220-yard sprint champion. I was the slowest man on the Michigan squad. I had spent the night wondering what I was going to do if McAndrews happened to come around my end.

I was sitting in the locker room, chewing my fingernails, when George Babcock came over and spoke to me. At the same time he also spoke to Flop Flora, who was starting *his* first game, too, at right end. Babcock was the veteran right tackle, and one of the smartest football players I have ever met.

"Boys," he said, "we are a triumvirate. We three are responsible for the right flank. If McAndrews comes into the game and Wisconsin shifts our way, I'll go in and take as much of the interference as I can. Flop, forget your regular assignment and strip the rest of the interference. And Benny—you play to the outside and come up to make the tackle."

This was smart quarterbacking on the defense. It was a totally unexpected variation of Michigan's 7-man line. Babcock knew that McAndrews was a sprinter, he knew that he couldn't pass, and that as soon as he got the ball he'd tear for the side lines. That's why he posted me to the outside, where I could nab McAndrews as soon as he was stripped of his interference.

And the strategy worked!

That afternoon, through no fault of my own, I became a hero! I was hailed as a great defensive star. Every time McAndrews took the ball, I nailed him for a loss. And yet every time it happened, I was the most surprised guy in the world. McAndrews just seemed to drift into my arms. Flora and Babcock had cut down the interference on each play. They had made it as easy for me as hitting a tackling dummy. Wisconsin just couldn't figure out the amazingly simple defense we had prepared.

After the game, I spoke to Babcock. I was still befuddled by what had happened. Babcock tapped the side of his head. "Always remember this, Benny," he said. "You don't stop using the old noodle when the other team gets the ball." I never forgot that piece of advice as long as I played football.

### The Answer to Red Grange

The following year I was moved over to quarterback. That was in 1925 and Red Grange was still running wild for Illinois. The year before he had amazed the country by scoring four touchdowns against Michigan in exactly twelve minutes! But in the 1925 Michigan-Illinois game, one of the miracles of football history came to pass. The great Red Grange, who had scored at will the year before, carried the ball 27 times. He gained a total of *minus 54 yards!*

This was not done with mirrors. It was a primitive example of quarterbacking on the defense. The strategy was simple. We noticed that the Illinois left guard was dropping out of the line to run interference for Grange whenever he carried the ball. So each time Grange was back, we shifted to the left. The idea was for Bob Brown, our center, to "drop into the slot" and charge obliquely through the hole vacated by the Illinois guard. He did. In fact, he did it so convincingly that he smeared the unsmearable Mr. Grange behind the lines of scrimmage *no less than ten times!*

Michigan scored one of the greatest upsets of all time on the day. The final score was Michigan 3, Illinois 0.

Fourteen years later, Illinois reversed the procedure by stopping the great Tom Harmon in his tracks in the Illinois-Michigan game of 1939. Amazingly enough, the Illinois team used *exactly the same defensive strategy* we had used against Red Grange! The only difference was that our play was made up almost on the spur of the moment. The Illinois play had a name, "46-58," and it was mixed with dozens of others for deception.

And so quarterbacking on the defense has developed from the spontaneous individual thinking of my own college career to the complicated defensive formations of today. But it all adds up to the same thing—George Babcock's advice to a bewildered kid on Michigan's Ferry Field, long, long ago: "You don't stop using the old noodle when the other team gets the ball!"

Happy nightmares, coaches!




SHARP cheese, sir! Dependable, too, if I may say so



● At long last, a mellow-sharp cheddar with a flavor as constant as the North Star! It's a triumph from Kraft—Old English Brand. Yes, actually, a Pasteurized Process Cheddar with the rich, aged flavor you hanker for. Taste Old English and see.




## *No Empty Pocketbook!*

WHEN the after-holiday bills come rolling in it takes thought to figure where the money is coming from. Write for our free booklet, *"An Adventure in Dollars and Cents,"* for girls and women. It will help you get started making money, too!

***Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club, Dept. 158, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York.***






# Get your car read

**This winter, Preventive Service becomes more than a matter of your personal comfort, safety, and economy. It's a "Must" in the Nation's defense program**

You followers of Preventive Service have long been mobilized, so to speak, for the present emergency. Because thanks to Preventive Service, your cars are undoubtedly in better running order than your neighbors'. And while that is important to your personal comfort and safety, it is even more important from a national standpoint. For it is the condition of your cars that is making vital contributions to the conservation of gasoline, oil, rubber, aluminum, and many other defense materials.

To paraphrase the Air Corps slogan, *Let's Keep 'em Running.* And keep 'em running at their best! *Collier's* offers some authentic and timely suggestions to help you. You will find still more assistance in the Question and Answer Booklet which will be sent upon request with postage to cover the cost of handling and mailing.

## Don't Let Your Anti-Freeze Make a Get-away

In the autumn, the thoughts of most motorists immediately turn to anti-freeze. Putting anti-freeze into your car is one thing—*keeping it in* is something else again. The chances are that you're now occasionally adding some water to your cooling-system. It may not be very much, and you may not have to do it very often. Even so, it means the system isn't tight—and you'll pay for it with wasted anti-freeze or more serious trouble.

Have a thorough investigation made for leaks. Some leaks show up only at high speeds. Your service man knows how to detect them.

Water-pump packing, hose connections, the hose itself, gaskets, the radiator, and the drain cocks should all be under suspicion as possible saboteurs of anti-freeze.

## You Need a Hardy Battery in Winter

With your cooling-system clean, tight and able to stay tight, put in the anti-freeze. Before leaving the cooling-system, have your thermostat tested. Then look to the battery. It has more work in winter than at any other time of the year—due to cold-weather starting, more night driving, and the use of a heater.

In addition, even a fully charged battery feels the cold. Every drop in temperature means a drop in its cranking power. At zero, for instance, it has only 40% of its normal efficiency.

So it's wise to start the winter with a fully charged battery and with your battery cables in good condition. After that, have your service man check the battery frequently in the months ahead. His hydrometer should show that the solution has a specific gravity of no less than 1.250. This not only assures a sufficient amount of juice for winter loads, but it also means a solution that will resist freezing—unless the temperature goes to 85° below!

## Get the Most Out of Your Gasoline

Don't be content, however, with simply bringing your battery up to par and keeping it there. Lighten its load with a tune-up. As part of the tune-up, your service man will clean the spark plugs and reset the gaps. He will check the distributor and replace the points, if necessary. He will change the manifold heater setting to the winter position. Then he will turn his attention to the all-important ignition timing.

Timing has a very direct relation to the gasoline you use. If the gasoline is a high anti-knock type, then the timing can be set so that you get great power and good gas mileage without any "bucking" or ping at low speeds or on hard pulls. Always keep in mind that timing should be matched to gasoline. You are likely to get one or two extra miles to the gallon when your timing is brought to the critical point.

## Change to Winter Oils and Lubricants

Be sure, also, to have your service man make the important seasonal change to winter oil in the crank-case and winter lubricants in the differential and transmission. Oils and lubricants not designed for cold weather result in serious wear to gears, bearings, and other moving parts, and considerable loss of power—and often excessive battery drain and hard starting.

And speaking of power, don't stop at the engine. Power has to get to the rear wheels to do you any good. And there are several important links in the chain of events that transmit engine power to the wheels. The starting point is the clutch—and it should not be ignored. For instance, if your clutch develops a tendency to grab, don't merely consider it an annoyance. It is a sign that an adjustment or replacement is needed. Have it attended to before it does damage to the universals, differential, or rear axle. Universal joints, by the way, should be lubricated in strict accordance with the car manufacturer's recommendations.

## The Value of a Tune-Up

These Preventive Service measures are much simpler than they may sound. In their own way, they amount to nothing more than what you do around your house—such as taking down the screens, for example, and putting up the storm sash. They can be ordered from your service man practically as they are outlined here. But you wi probab that he includes them, a ng with other things, in a winter e-up—at a cial price. And that's wo looking

A tune-up, you unde nd, is major operation. It is t ounce o ventive Service that inc ses the motoring and decreases pair bill other value is that if yo appen t real trouble lurking unc the hood tune-up will uncover it ar ave you breakdown on the road.

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# WINTER


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# The Haunted Wall

**By Georges Surdez**

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

**The whole gang piled against my wall, four killed, seven injured**

MY DEAR *Maître* Nollais:

You have been my notary for twenty-four years, and long before that your father handled business documents for my family. I know that until you open it the envelope I shall hand you tomorrow to place with my last will and testament will make you curious. You shall wonder what secret codicil there could be, when I am three years over seventy, when every centime I possess is known of by you, and is assigned to one or another of my surviving children and grandchildren.

This document is, in effect, a confession. After my death, you must rewrite the whole thing in your own style—I know you have contributed little pieces to the Paris magazines—and send it to the nearest German Command, should I die before they are thrown out, or to their general headquarters in Berlin, if I live to see victory.

You know what the Germans refer to as "the unfortunate incident of the sixth of June." It was about a year ago, when a column of our soldiers, prisoners, were marched through our town. It was a sad enough sight. Right opposite my house, located as you know almost at the corner of the Rue des Flandres and the Rue des Petits-Miquets, some poor chap left the ranks to refasten his shoelaces.

A German sergeant ran up and kicked him, because he had not asked for permission. The Frenchman did not stop to think, and punched at him. He was shot at once.

Madame Lherbier, the grocer's wife, was near by. She started to call the Germans names, and a young German officer, who evidently understood French, walked up to her and slapped her.

Her son, Jules, fourteen years old, who had come running when he heard her scold, attacked the German, and Old Man Lherbier, arriving, tried to keep the soldier from kicking the boy he had knocked down. There was a melee, as other Germans rushed up.

I was watching from my window on the first floor and I could not believe my eyes when all three Lherbiers, battered, bleeding and half-conscious, were shoved against that white wall, the back of my machinery shed, and shot down with one of those little machine guns. There were flecks of blood on the wall, and all day the bodies were ordered left there, as an example.

After that, I would sit by the window and watch that white wall with the specks on it, and find myself growing mad with rage.

It was then that I remembered something trivial: Back in 1875, which isn't yesterday, my cousin Raymond came to visit us. He brought a magic lantern with him. And we soon spotted the white wall opposite the window as a possible screen.

But merely throwing our ordinary pictures on it was too simple. Raymond suggested that we should scare the farmers when they drove home after market, most of them with drink inside of them. We knew we must not be seen at the window, or it would give the whole thing away. So we removed the wooden frame below the sill and bored a slanting hole through stone and cement. We worked harder than we did in school, I'll bet; he studied angles, distortions, and we experimented with a slide until we could throw the silhouette of a creditable devil, complete with hoofs, horns and tail, on that wall.

WE USED a bull's-eye lantern, and the beam was not noticeable. Yet the silhouette was clear, if faint. You remember the old shadowgraph—the game in which you make rabbits, eagles and so on with the shadow of your hands against a wall? It was the same principle, and we could create the illusion of movement by tilting the slide. We had some good laughs. But one evening my parents caught us and ended that amusement.

You are beginning to understand? I tested the frame, and it could still be moved. I cleaned the hole with a wire. I merely hoped to frighten their sentries. You know their regulations, no lights and no traffic after nightfall, except their own. You know also how their motorcycle patrols tear around at night, using only those patent blue lights because of the English fliers.

You remember that first accident, don't you? The whole gang piled against my wall, four killed, seven injured.

That first time, the surviving members of the patrol knew nothing more than that their leader, who was giving the signal for a right turn, had swerved left and bounced across the street. The way was narrow, and at such speed there had been no time to think. The second time, the leader had lived long enough to swear that he had seen someone leaping at him from the right and had tried to dodge.

They placed a sentry at the corner for a while. I kept quiet, whiling away the time in perfecting the silhouette on my glass slide. Then new soldiers came to replace the others, and there was the third accident.

You remember the conference at the council about our town being fined for the accidents. Even the Boches felt ridiculous when we asked for proof that some Frenchman was to blame. And they recalled the fine.

It was the first time they had backed down. You know why: They were afraid of publicity of that sort. I mean that they couldn't admit being unable to prove the matter, and in so doing appear to agree with the superstitious civilians and troopers, who heard that one of the dying men stated "a fat woman" had leaped at him, arms wide, and therefore were su
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# Indian Summer
# esn't fool the squirrel






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# The Quarrel

Continued from page 40

shoulders. "Well," he said, "we were talking about a drink."

They went into Faro Charley's, once again cheerful, and had a drink. Everybody felt good to be here after a long summer's sweating on the range and Jim Van Horn stood at the bar's end and swapped talk with men he hadn't seen since spring. He was soft of voice, he had long, rawboned arms and a willowy body, and when he got to swapping talk with his friends a bright and rash humor flashed up through the grave, false innocence of his eyes. He was twenty-seven and the owner of a small outfit back in the Yellows; and sometimes in the midst of the talk he had a way of falling silent and looking across the room at nothing in particular, as though arrested by some strange sound or color or thought.

He hadn't been in Faro Charley's more than a quarter-hour when Orv Ghent came in. "Jim," he said, "Purple is in Corbin's and says he expects an apology."

News of the quarrel had already gotten around, and the crowd in the saloon now grew silent. Ghent, who was an unpopular man, was not easy in these surroundings. Charley Engleman and Slats McGinn moved forward until they stood near Van Horn, but nobody broke into Van Horn's thoughtful debate with himself.

"Tell Drake," he said finally, "there is no cause for an apology."

Orv Ghent nodded and left the saloon. Slats McGinn said: "As I was saying, how about another drink?"

Charley Engleman shook his head. "Drinking can wait."

"For a fact," spoke up Van Horn, and strolled from the saloon.

He left behind him a largely silent group. All these men were friends who knew him well; but they also knew Purple's fighting reputation and now were troubled. "I don't like this at all," said Slats McGinn. It was as far as he would go in expressing his doubt of Jim Van Horn's survival in such a battle, but Charley Engleman understood the rest of it and nodded. Little Con Spencer, an interested spectator to the recent scene, spoke his mind aloud: "He's up against the dirtiest fighter in the country."

Con Spencer was the one to know about that; for Con, little as he was, had unlimited courage and his courage had taken him into a brutal fist fight with Purple, the result of which was a crooked arm, four bent ribs and a permanent limp. Slats McGinn said: "Don't publish the fact, Con, and bring Drake down on you again."

MEANWHILE, Jim Van Horn loitered under the shelter of the sidewalk's board awning, eyes half closed against the silver glare of fall's sunlight on the deep dust of Arapaho Street, and the milky rolling of this dust as horsemen and wagons moved steadily into town.

Pardee's Rafter W crew came into town with a racket and a rush and a patient in the dentist's chair shouted. A group of homestead women came down the walk, momentarily stopping Van Horn by Donlake's store. He stood out of their way and he lifted his eyes over them and saw Orv Ghent step from Corbin's and move at him through the risen dust, and at that moment a free, warm laugh broke through his preoccupation. Lowering his head he saw a girl in the store's doorway.

She held an armload of packages with round, firm white arms and all he saw at the moment was a pair of lips and a pair of eyes smiling at him above the heavy load. Other people, moving into the store, had unsteadied her; and it was the quick and pleasant way she looked at him that made him step forward and lift the top packages from her arms. She was a straight, robust girl and her upper body was round, and on the sun-dusted tint of her face lively interest ran and suddenly disappeared behind gravity.

Orv Ghent reached him and said: "Drake says for you to look out for yourself."

VAN HORN moved the packages from one arm to another and for a moment his glance lifted above Ghent and ran out beyond the town and the hills and he stood still, quietly thinking, and afterward looked at Ghent again. "Tell him I'll do that."

Ghent swung away without further comment. Van Horn turned to the girl and said: "Where do I carry this for you?"

The liveliness had gone from her face and she watched him with the deepest and most solemn attention. In the beginning it had been the tone of her voice which had arrested him; now it was the straightness of her shoulders and the rounding of their points and the strength that seemed to be in her.

"Our wagon is by the courthouse," she said, and fell in step with him. Her head came to his shoulder and when he looked down he saw the sun-dusted shading of her skin and the half circle of her lashes. She was, he supposed, about twenty-three; and there was an old-fashioned ring on the little finger of her right hand. A hundred feet beyond the Cattle King they turned into the area of cottonwood and box elder and ash which surrounded the courthouse, threading the askew ranks of wagons until they reached a big bay team. She put her package in the near-by wagon bed and relieved him of the ones he had carried for her; she turned and gave him a swift smile. "Thank you," she said, and immediately looked down.

He was bound nowhere and in no haste to leave. He had exhausted his cigarette and now rolled up another. "Homesteading?"

"We're on Weeping Woman Creek."

"My name," he said, "is Jim Van Horn."

Liveliness came again to her face and again went away. "I'm Margaret Calhoun."

"That ring reminds me of one my mother had."

"It was my Grandmother Liggett's. She came from Kentucky. We all show Kentucky on us—we're all Kentucky dark."

"Dark?" he said, and looked steadily at her. "No," he said, "not dark." He dragged the last smoke from the cigarette in a deep breath and looked to the ground, and now that his eyes left her she was free to watch him. Grave as he was, she noticed the simmer of energy in him; polite as he had been toward her, she had observed the latent dance of humor and deviltry in his eyes. "Not dark," he said, "but fair." He looked up after he said it and caught her eyes, and then she turned her head aside and hoped she was truly as fair as he had said.

Donlake and Faro Charley came through the parked wagons and paused, and the girl, now in the background, saw the quick and alert way Jim Van Horn turned to them.

Donlake said: "We'd like to go see Drake and try to find some way of set-
















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"Yes," said Van Horn.

"Now," said Donlake, "we've got another idea to work on. Suppose we set a meeting place, you and Drake to arrive at it the same moment, neither before or after the other, and talk it over?"

Van Horn considered that fully and at last shook his head. "It would then appear I was anxious to make a settlement."

Donlake tried another tack: "When had you expected to ride out of town?"

"I will not leave this town now before Drake does."

The two moved away. Van Horn said to DeSmet, "We'll have snow before usual this fall," and left the Cattle King.

It was then one o'clock and the town grew steadily fuller, but the wagons and saddle horses had been pulled away from the street racks so that now the space from the Cattle King on down to the depot was clear. The town expected a fight and was preparing for it. Slats McGinn stood in the full shine of the sun near Besson's saddle shop, apparently half asleep on his feet, a cigarette dipped down at the corner of his mouth. At the corner of the brick bank building, Charley Engleman squatted like a reservation Indian, facing the entrance of Corbin's. These were his closest friends; they were watching the street for him.

He crossed the street, feeling the eyes of this town upon him; and as he passed people he saw the swift looks they gave him—the human and inquisitive search for the fear they suspected might be in him. Conrad Spencer sat against the wall of Menefee's, his small body stooped on a box and his crooked arm lying across his lap; and as Van Horn went by Conrad the man gave him a look, hot and bright, and murmured: "Never turn your back on him."

Reaching the foot of the street, Van Horn looked back and saw Drake Purple leave Corbin's and go over to the Cattle King. He stood against the wall of the small yellow-brown depot and built a cigarette.

PURPLE came out of the Cattle King and met Ghent, who had posted himself on the porch. Ghent said: "He's down by the depot." Crossing toward Corbin's, Drake Purple had his impulse to slip back of town, circle and catch Van Horn off balance. But he put the thought aside, knowing that McGinn



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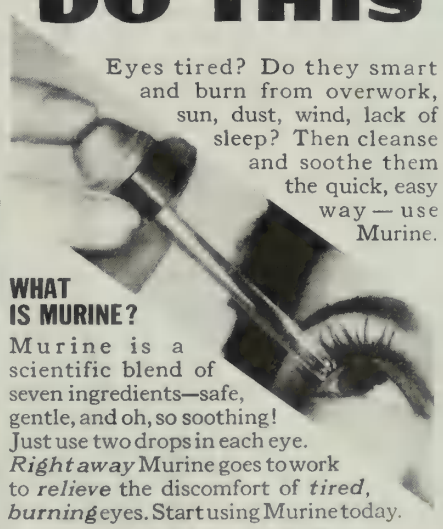
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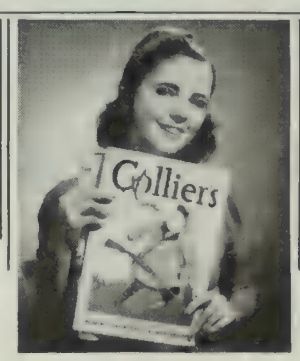
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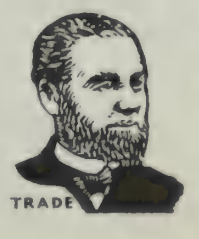



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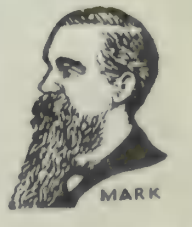
ROMEOS




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and Engleman were both watching him.

After Purple had gone into the saloon, Slats McGinn made a little sign to Charley Engleman, who rose from the courthouse steps and walked behind Corbin's to keep an eye on the rear entrance. At the same time Leach O'Leary looked on at the passing scene and recalled a brother who, riding across Broken Bell range, had never been seen again; and from her room over Corbin's saloon Square Madge watched all this with her private memories, remembering that she once had been a homesteader's wife. Drake Purple had been an attractive man in those days to a woman often as lonely as she. Now her husband and young son were somewhere in Montana and she was here, Drake Purple soon tiring of her.

IT WAS two-thirty when Donlake and Faro Charley came down to the depot where Van Horn still loitered. Donlake took off his hat and rubbed the sweat from the brim. He said: "We only got an hour and a half to go. Time's gettin' short. You will not meet and you will not ride out of town." He stood silent a moment, as though weighing the advisability of his next statement, then said: "Would you say that your remark to Drake was in answer to his remark to you?"

"Yes."

"You meant neither more nor less by your statement than he meant by his? If he meant nothing unfriendly, neither did you?"

"That's right."

"We'll work on that—a mutual withdrawal of remarks."

Van Horn watched them go up the street, traveling slowly as though they then knew the fruitless end of their efforts. He kept his eyes on them and his own thoughts ran ahead so that he witnessed the final scene, his lids coming together and the bright sun dying from his vision. The vision turned red and he opened his eyes and saw that he had his glance fastened to a tub of red geraniums on the porch of a house across the street; and he laughed to himself and crossed over, breaking off a cluster of flowers. As he came up Arapaho Street, Slats McGinn stepped from Besson's saddle shop and handed him a gun and belt. "It is three o'clock," Slats said, and moved away.

He buckled on the belt, still walking. Engleman, now at the bank corner, pointed to Corbin's and shook his head. Van Horn reached the bank wall, facing the courthouse square. A man passed in front of him and threw a curious glance at him; but he didn't see that, for his eyes were on the Calhoun wagon and the girl sitting in its seat. He watched her a moment, and went through the wagons toward her. She had a piece of knitting in her lap and her fingers swiftly moved the needles and her face was solemn and soft.

He stood by the wagon hub and looked up, smiling to her; and she knew that he saw everything about her and was pleased with what he saw, and the effect of it was a warmth all through her. She held her eyes away from him until she was sure he had really seen in her what he wanted to see; then she looked at him.

"Come down," he said.

She stepped to the wagon hub and felt the guiding of his hand as he reached out. She stood before him, wondering what thoughts he had behind the dance of light in his eyes. He had been grave to her and somewhat shy at the first meeting; now there was a change in him. He lifted the small spray of red geranium and he laid it against the side of her head. "That would be pretty," he said, and handed it to her.

She murmured, "If you want it there," and tucked the stem into her hair. She turned quickly away and moved into the shade of a cottonwood. She wheeled and faced him, her back to the cottonwood. She watched him come forward and squat on the ground and look down at it, his hand drawing irregular patterns along the earth. She was above him; she sat down so that she would not be taller than he was. He had ceased to smile.

"Ever been in the Yellow Hills?"

"No."

"Now's a pretty time of the year there. My ranch house faces a creek and in the morning there's a little thin fog on the creek and then the sun strikes it and it shines like diamond dust. You can smell the pine and the dry grass. I'm about five hundred feet off the valley floor. I look out on it and I can see the smudge of Hat Ranch, twenty-five miles away. Sometimes at night there'll be a campfire clear over by the bad-land breaks. Like a star blazing."

"You're lucky to live as you want to live."

"When I stand on the porch I get to thinking it isn't complete. What's one man standing there alone?"

"You can ride. You can come to town. You can go to dances and dance with whom you please."

"When I ride home, I ride home alone."

She sat silent, her shoulders slightly rounded at the points, and her hands were long and straight and strong, and she met his eyes and didn't look away. Homesteaders moved through the wagons and youngsters ran in groups past, shouting as they hurried. Jim Van Horn built a cigarette, thoughtfully watching his fingers; and when he put it to his mouth he looked at her again so keenly that she knew how much he wanted to say. The warm feeling rushed through her again and then vanished, leaving her very cold. Donlake and Faro Charley came off the street, walking as though they were tired.

"There's nothing more to say," said Donlake. "It is a quarter of four. Good luck."

THEY delayed, but they said nothing more. Looking carefully at them, she saw that they were deeply moved and that they were really saying goodby to him; and then they turned away. Jim Van Horn crouched on the ground and coolness made his face heavy and far-off thoughts held it still. She gripped her hands tightly together and held back all that she felt, all that was forlorn and full of fear and she cried out silently to herself: "Why does it have to be this way?" But none of this was for him to see.

He lifted his head. "Margaret," he said, "will you go to the dance tonight?"

"Yes."

He rose and for a moment gaiety showed through his solid expression, for a moment the old deviltry danced and made him very young. "That's the way it should be." He stood before her; he bowed and murmured, "Never dark—never to me," and turned to the street.

It was close to four and the smell of what was to be was strong through town and there were no women along the walk and men had withdrawn to doorways and alley entrances, all of them watching with their shadowed, strange thoughts. He noticed Square Madge at her window above Corbin's and saw her lift her hand to him; when he passed Menefee's stable Con Spencer's deep, breathless whisper touched him: "Watch for a trick!" Beyond Menefee's he stopped. Slats McGinn stood at Faro Charley's across the dust and McGinn raised a finger and pointed toward the foot of the street; swinging on his heels, Van Horn saw Drake Purple turn the corner of the depot and step forward.

Drake Purple was four hundred feet away, coming on. Waiting out the in-




**Shaped to Your Hea . . .**
***Not to a Hat Block***

No two heads ar hape alike. But, most hats e size alike. The Ultra-Eze mmo ately solves your pro em. Self-Conforming in bon molds itself easily to e shape of *your* head. You'll l be and look better t n ever before.

395 SUPERIOR AND 00 QUALITY

CAPSON HAT C PAN FIFTH AVENUE . . . N YORK




Acclaimed by connoisseurs Lake Erie Wine Island gra learn how really *fine*, goo E & K American Vermou by vol.), for perfect Martin & Krudwig Wine Co.,

n Horn had time for free luring that time he felt gleness of attention, its irred interest in the kill called how many people from past injuries, hated ted to see him dead. He h hope they placed upon ew too how little chance lt he had; and he knew n Faro Charley's. Then quickly the quarrel had few words which had l he searched himself for htness.

ent he listened to his for another moment, he There was no fear, un- ne coldness now coming the greater and greater g alone. The sweetness lhoun was near him and he had his sharp regret ight have been and soon But if a man loved the if a man believed in the he could not turn aside moments which came tter," he thought, "to be med," and felt cleansed

RPLE moved on at a :, neither hurrying nor le. This was part of the to send out before him t. He was a broad, dark ced the western side of at the sun would be out that it would be in Van nd his arms brushed d forth across his coat, he had buckled his belt. around his boots, the yellow dust, six months er.

ndred feet distant when e walk and faced Drake. dden scuff of men who, n the range of possible cation. He stepped on, e Purple's shoulders the heavy man's lips ce, showing the sharp s teeth, and come to- d when no more than a parated them Jim Van eyes deliberately from d toward the depot and s head.

stopped Purple. For y and suspicious man, suddenly seemed to feel treachery around him. It was a new thought and a powerful thought and as he came to a stand this thought hurried him, and got into him and made him draw. The drop of his shoulders signaled the beginning of the draw and by that signal Jim Van Horn took his cue. The shots were two echoes slamming together and the wind of one of those shots was a pulse against Jim Van Horn's cheek. He watched Drake Purple stagger and scoop a hand across his chest and he watched wild shock break over Drake's face and he saw it fade into the loose, blind expression which was death. Then Drake fell and men ran out of Faro Charley's.

Van Horn stood fast. McGinn pushed through the forming crowd and presently stepped back and drew a short straight line across the air for Van Horn's information. Con Spencer limped up from the stable, his features cramped by a strained eagerness, and now the street was full and men shouted out the news: "He's dead!" Van Horn turned away. He handed the gun to Slats McGinn, who ran up, and Slats hit him on the shoulder: "As I was sayin', Jim, it is a thirsty day—"

Van Horn struggled past people who wanted to congratulate him and his long legs took him fast by the Cattle King and through the parked wagons of courthouse square. She stood by the cottonwood. She hadn't moved from it and he noted the strained and haunted expression on her face. She stared at him, long and close, and then she came forward and touched him with her hand, and the touch seemed to release everything in her and she put both hands on his shoulders and dropped her eyes to the ground.

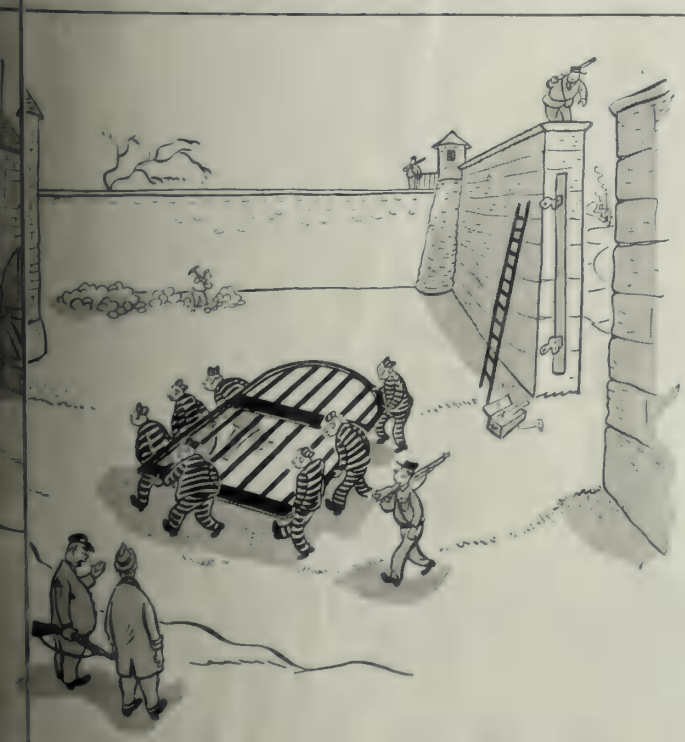
"Did it mean so much to you?" he said.

"I said to myself," she murmured, "that nothing good ever dies." She lifted her head and he saw the smile, the small and sweet and quiet smile, return with its light and its warmth.

"As to the dance," he said, "I'll be here for you at seven o'clock. Your folks won't mind?"

"I'm twenty-three," she said. "I speak for myself."

He watched her a moment, graveness still upon him after all that he had gone through. Presently her nearness and her warmth thawed him and he lifted his hat and, smiling, moved away.



s town the cellar's the best place for it on Halloween!"

ROLAND COE





*Here...it shows you right in this Figuring Chart!"*

When you buy a car on time, naturally you want a low cost plan...one that offers you the lowest monthly payments, sound insurance, and reliable service. Here's a suggestion to help you find that plan—

Just send the coupon below for the simple GMAC Figuring Chart that gives you all car-financing details in *dollars* and *cents*. This chart shows you exactly what you get for what you pay . . . enables you to figure easily the cost of your entire deal. Then compare various finance plans and what they offer ...see for yourself just where and how you can save!

You'll see definitely that the lower the financing cost, the lower your monthly payments will be. You'll be surprised at how little it really costs for financing on the General Motors Instalment Plan! And remember, *this* plan includes broad insurance protection for your car!

But learn for yourself why the GMAC Plan is *the* low cost way for you to buy a car on time. Send the coupon for your Figuring Chart right now!

*This plan is available only through dealers in Buick, Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile and Cadillac cars.*

NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

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8-13

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
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*Please send me copy of GMAC Figuring Chart for the car checked below:*

☐ CHEVROLET ☐ PONTIAC ☐ OLDSMOBILE ☐ BUICK ☐ CADILLAC

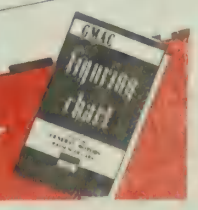
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Address_____

City_____ State_____ U. S. A.

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*Send for this Figuring Chart*



**Collier's**

WILLIAM L. CHENERY — Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH — Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK — Editorial Director




# Our Cruelty to Arnold

COLLIER'S in the last year or so has pinned a couple of lilies of the alley to the lapels of Thurman W. Arnold, anti-trust poo-bah for the Department of Justice, and now Mr. Arnold is sobbing around that Collier's is persecuting him.

Arnold says we unjustly accuse him (1) of trying to ruin the five big tobacco companies' business insofar as that business is based on mass advertising, and (2) of trying to take competitive advertising out of the gasoline business and compel sales of gasoline at dull, dirty, restroomless, noncompeting service stations.

Mr. Arnold says he is really a good friend to advertising, and has no such designs on it, and has never made any statements indicating any such designs.

So we pick up Mr. Arnold's latest book, "The Bottlenecks of Business" (Reynal & Hitchcock, N. Y., 1940, 355 pp., $2.50), and at page 34 we find this:

> There is no price competition among the companies dominating the (tobacco) industry. There is plenty of competition at rigid prices. This means that most tobacco advertising is expensive and hokum.

So much for Mr. Arnold's affection for tobacco advertising. At page 33 of the same book appear these remarks on gasoline selling:

> The major oil companies, aided by the Ethyl Corporation, have put a floor under prices. There is no difference in motor fuels because they had become standardized. Competition has become a race to see which company could put out the most expensive hokum. Millions have been spent in advertising different brands that were in fact all the same. Filling stations more luxurious than the homes of most of the customers appeared on every corner. Maps were given away free. Unnecessary services were added. Men were hired to smile at poor customers and say "Happy Motoring." All this meant that a greater share of the customer's dollar was going into gasoline.

Now that Mr. Arnold is a big shot in the Attorney General's office, he is going after the tobacco companies and the oil companies along precisely the lines laid down in the above passages from his book. He reminds us of a man who has had what he considers a beautiful dream, then wakes up to find himself in a position to try to make the dream come true.

We can understand Mr. Arnold's delight in finding himself so situated. But we cannot understand his blind-spot inability to recognize that advertising in the United States has stimulated consumption by reducing prices through mass production of innumerable things, has been probably the prime force in raising American living standards to top levels for all the world to date, and costs an almost infinitesimal sum per customer.

But now we remember that Mr. Arnold is also the author of a book called "The Folklore of Capitalism" (Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., 1937, 400 pp., $3). This earlier work was based on the proposition that words in this country no longer mean what we common, ignorant clucks think they mean. Words, according to this puckish, pseudo-Voltairean book of Mr. Arnold's, have become instruments for concealing rather than conveying meaning in our capitalistic society.

So maybe Mr. Arnold ought not to be held accountable for everything he says. Maybe when we ignoramuses think he is damning advertising he is really praising it. Maybe when we think he is talking like a pert little parlor pink intent on wrecking our social system just for the devil of it, he is really uttering old-line Republican doctrine. Maybe.



## SUCK 'EM UP

WE LEARN with interest th ney's pet hate is the outs corporation, which disfigures m can man. Tunney, helping ou meet their physical-training prol even in the Army far too many able to assume and hold a comm and ought to be ashamed of th

Certainly that's true about Ar men, at least in the cities. Th that the overhanging waistline in most cases. It starts with neg younger years, and grows not overeating as from overindu comfortable slump amidships standing or walking.

For most people the prever Just build the habit, remorsele 'em sucked up during all your v stead of letting 'em sag. Sit walk tall—keep the chin in an and keep pushing the top of yo in the air as you can push it.

Physical culture class adjour and here's a world of luck to M bay-window crusade.

## STRIKES AGAINST LEWIS

WE SYMPATHIZE wit strikes against John L. creases among his United Min hiked the dues mainly to gai expansion and political ends c than win any additional bene payers.

But why should the strike in such a case? Why make pu ers suffer when the real tar leader? What's the matter but determined insurrections Such things can be and sho successfully; and the leaders their claws when they becom their followers mean business.

We think, indeed, that th bringing democracy and me to all unions which don't al commodities. Yes, we're thi fits as the Hod Carriers' Uni held its first convention in Jimmy Petrillo's Musicians' Hitler and Stalin could lea about total control of labor. labor unionism can remain a in our society much longer u sistently for more and more c

Collier's

NOVEMBER 8, 1941 FIVE CENTS




# DEATH OF A DUTCH TOY

## By Pierre van Paassen

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SURLINGAME
CALIF

191
n t
e a
to

# "Successful...a Man with a Future!"

# t's what Good-Looking Hair can say for you!



ng thing gives a man's looks such a ce, handsome hair. It confers an air o ing and pride that speaks volumes ne s self-respect and self-confidence.

With Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" it's easy to keep your hair good-looking—to make it help your personal appearance—yes, and to be an invaluable business and social asset.



You speed your business success when you give your hair good-looks with the Vitalis "60-Second Workout." For a good personal appearance acts like a strong letter of introduction. And handsome hair gives you a crisp, efficient air that makes other men think: "This man knows how to package himself for sale"!



Many a fellow's popularity and success dates from the day when he gave his appearance and personality a lift with well-groomed, handsome looking hair. So why not give yourself the benefits of Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout"? Get a bottle of Vitalis at your druggist's—give your appearance a lift—today!

Help keep your hair
uiness and Social Asset with
VITAL
and the
0-Second Workout"



**50 Seconds** to Rub—Just feel that refreshing stimulating "tingle" as circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased. And with the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplementing natural oils, your hair takes on a fresher, natural lustre.



**10 Seconds** to Comb—Your hair stays neatly in place—and there's no "patent-leather" look. And what's more, the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" routs embarrassing loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair—helps you *keep* your hair.

*A Product of Bristol-Myers Company*

S AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

# Collier's

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# THIS WEEK

NOVEMBER 8, 1941


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COVER LAWSON WOOD


# ANY WEEK

THERE'S an energetic young man working in the Office of Production Management in Washington under an assumed name. It's possible, of course, that he's not the only one. It's possible, too, that others, if there are others, are drawing wages under an alias for less noble reasons. Anyway, this young man makes it no secret that the name he wrote on the government's pay roll is not his. We'll give you the explanation he gave to his boss. "I'm named for my grandfather, a low-country South Carolinian. It is his boast that as far as he knows he has never spoken to a Yankee. In fact, he has not spoken to anybody outside the family for thirty years. Thirty years ago he spoke to a stranger whom he later had reason to suspect came of a Yankee family. He wasn't sure of it but he decided to take no further chances. So he hasn't spoken to anybody outside the family since. When I came to Washington from South Carolina he made me promise to change my name because I was pretty sure to speak to some Damyankee up here in the North and he didn't want anybody to get us mixed up. . . ."



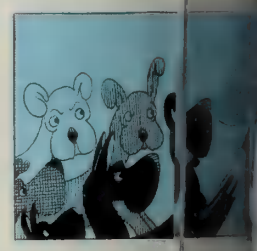
WE SPOKE to this young man and began to regret that we are a Yankee and thereby disqualified from talking to the old man. The old boy has ideas. He's strong for the President's foreign policy although he wouldn't say so to Mr. Roosevelt's face, the latter being a Northerner. In fact, he's so strong that he was for shooting intervention away back in the Munich days. Grandpa has a plan. He's all for re-establishing the Confederacy for the duration, raising a butternut army and kicking Hitler's teeth out without any Yankee help. In fighting ability he has the peoples of the earth pretty well graded—South Carolinians, all other Southerners, Yankees, Sioux Indians, the British Empire, Mexicans, Chinese, Russians, Germans and so on in order down a lengthy list with the Japanese and the Italians fighting for last place.

WE DROPPED in at the State Department just as a large bale of European dispatches arrived. One of these pieces of more or less startling information was that journalistic challenge from Virginio Gayda, poor Mussolini's Donald Duck. You probably read it in your paper. Mr. Gayda said that Italians could fake the news better and faster than Americans and British and dared us to accept his challenge. Our friend in the State Department tossed it aside as unworthy of notice, saying, "It takes a magnificent liar to be as confident as Gayda seems to be. But obviously he hasn't had time lately to read us."

IF THERE'S a little more Washington here this week than you'd prefer, it isn't all our fault. Circumstances have kept us in the capital and have added to our long-time conviction that Washington is the last place to look for the country's true sentiments. At the moment a hotel strike threatens, and chief among the things Washington doesn't need is a hotel strike. The whole city gives you the impression of a strike—picket lines of businessmen filing in and out of departments, bureaus, agencies, administrations, offices of production; alibi propaganda, defensive statements, accusations and settlement terms appearing in waves, billows and floods; walking delegates for industry and government wrangling in every barroom and hotel lobby. About the hotel strike, however; we mentioned it on Capitol Hill. "I hope it happens," said a senator. "I hope it happens and lasts for a month. At least a month. If we had no visitors coming to Washington for six weeks or so we could probably go to war in peace."

WE'VE run into several more pension plans. One of them seems to us to be much too simple to be effective There's nothing complicated about it at all—and that's no way for a pension plan to act. It would merely deduct two per cent of every defense contract and set it aside for citizens sixty years old or older. Mr. Lynn T. Frynke of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, has it in his pocket and is looking for a congressional sponsor. Mr. Frynke, an energetic fellow sharply attuned to the times, speaks in terms of nothing less than billions. "Let's say," says he, "that you're the government and I'm General Motors. I'm only illustrating, understand. But you give me a contract for two billion dollars' worth of something. See? Actually, though, it's only one billion, nine hundred and sixty million dollars' worth, the missing forty million going to the old folks. See? No trouble. No new taxes. Everybody happy." But another plan we've caught up with is being peddled by Mr. George Washington Lifft of Dubuque, Iowa. Mr. Lifft does not want it generally known that he was a member of the A.E.F. in 191 8, adding, "Please don't elaborate on t subject but merely mention it once and let it go at that." His idea is to continue Army pay to draftees of our current Army after they have been discharged from service. These payments should continue for the rest of the ex-draftee's life. "The money would never be missed," he adds. We told him about Mr. Frynke's p Frynke's pensio new taxes. "Wh got anything on manded Mr. Liff little facetious gesting that he together, calling liffters or someth But he became with us.

FURTHERMOR by a delegation Mrs. Johanna M burgh, Pennsylv a slogan—Give t purpose is to c them in great camps to be pe Duffy told us t see President R got no farther t the White House Mrs. Duffy, the it over for a fe ing a little book ing somebody, out of the Presi have to see th Husbandry, De ture."



THERE'S a re of your count that: Patriots Full of Fight. vertising: Get Instructions O Free. For a w pamphlet on Hitler. But t something wro police chased streets. Not f give you the id trifle wacky the thing less tha congressmen a virtuously whe should go to a or a nice wet thrown by a hi one came out latter. Finally should all go t of them mum going back to some work th attend to. But into a taxi he others: "Okay ing you at the

AND he did. .


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*...ks. I'd give a lot to see that game, but ...a duty.*

*...ty?*

*...es and it's my duty to tell you those tires ... menace.*

*...body! You're going to lecture me just like ... How about "Switch to B. F. Goodrich"?*

*...ell idea—you'll get more mileage and ...ve less trouble!*

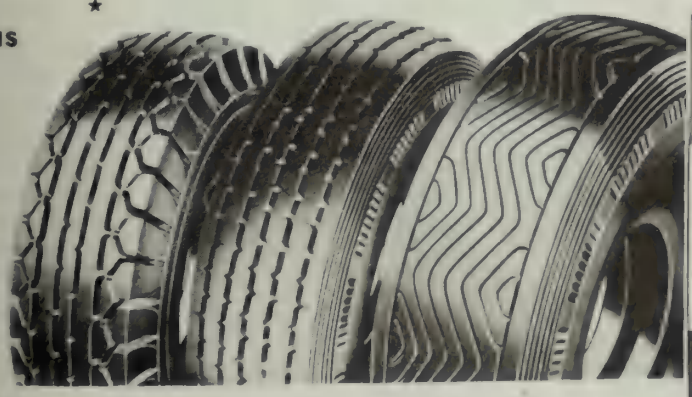
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**...LVERTOWNS**

**...RTOWN.** Duramin ...and top qual... it

**...RTOWN.** Duramin... ... combination ...om- ...ing.

**...RTOWN.** No ...ker, or keep ... 20% more ... Life- ...ade.



**F. ...OODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY**

*...first synthetic rub... ... automobile tires ...American public.*

**CARBON BLACK TREAD,** *a B. F. Goodrich development that more than doubled tire mileage.*

**DURAMIN,** *the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.*

A FEW WEEKS AGO you could buy tires as casually as groceries! But things change fast these days. Now everything points to the necessity of getting good tires—nobody knows how long you may have to make them last.

Silvertowns always did roll out the miles. Today, they're even better than before. Why? Because Uncle Sam is using thousands and thousands of them for defense. You get the benefit of extra miles and extra safety.

Tires that wear like Silvertowns would be impossible without Duramin. That's the famous "tire vitamin" that keeps the rubber in Silvertowns lively—makes every one of these rugged tires wear longer, stay safer.

Remember, too . . . because Silvertowns wear longer, they help you save America's rubber. Prices are still low. And you don't have to pay cash. All B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Stores, and many Goodrich Dealers, offer the Budget Plan.



"All I save by doing my own housework and minding the baby you squander on oil and gas. It's high time you put Sealed Power Rings in that car!"



SMOOTH but saving, too!

...so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

YOU can save gas and oil and thereby help National Defense by installing Sealed Power Piston Rings in your car. They have been the choice of engine builders for thirty years. The manufacturers of over 80% of America's cars and trucks use them as original equipment. That's why you can be sure they are the safest, most economical rings to put in your engine. They are packaged in sets individually engineered for your particular make and model of car. Ask your mechanic to install Sealed Power Rings. They cost no more than ordinary rings. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Mich. and Windsor, Ont.

*Piston Rings for all types of Automotive, Airplane, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines.*

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

*Best in new cars!*
*Best in old cars!*

©1941 Sealed Power Corp.

ROBERT O. REID

# WING TALK



**Frank T. Coffyn introduced the seaplane to New York, Februa 6, 19**

STATE cops, airport managers and airways traffic-control people are suffering an epidemic of pains-in-the-neck as the volume of cross-country nonscheduled flying increases and pilots forget to report changes in their announced routes and destinations.

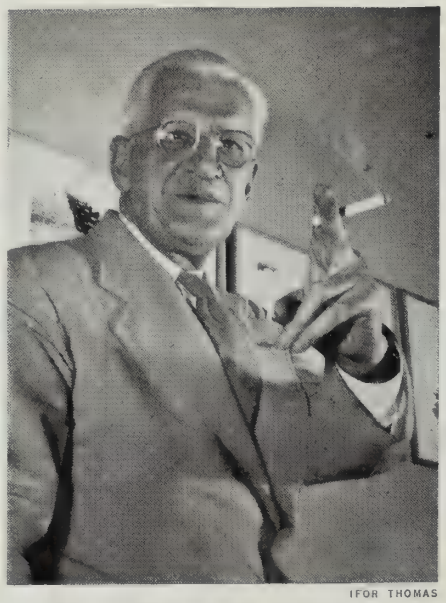
For safety purposes, the government offers a PX (Position Reporting) service to private and commercial nonscheduled airmen, who, before departing on a cross-country trip, may "PX out."

This means a message concerning the flight and destination is put on the C.A.A. teletype system of the airway to be followed. Too often airmen change their minds and take another route or don't go at all, or forget to "PX in" at their point of arrival. They know they're all right, but meanwhile there's a missing plane on the airways records. An alarm goes out, a search is made by the police and days later the pilots turn up, oblivious to all the commotion they have created. You should hear how they're told off.

ALWAYS the world leader in lighted and radio-equipped airways, the United States now has 31,000 miles of such boulevards of the skies in operation and close to 3,000 miles more under survey and construction. These airways are both visible and i for flying on fair nights a the ground the airway i powerful beacon lights at vals and with lighted equipped emergency lan 50- to 100-mile spacings miles or so there is a radio to give directional guida ground is blotted out. In marker and fan-type rad help out on congested airw

Taken in conjunction w ports, the emergency fie cated that our slowest typ are hardly ever more tha away from an establishe Lighted airways, particu nights, are extremely pop vate airmen, who both navigation but just sit on of beacons and watch the green lights flash away.

Two government caree the top of this network of are Charlie Stanton, Assi trator of the C.A.A., Bourne, Director of Fe They hold their jobs on plus a storehouse of rich both Charlie and Tom surveyed and directed th the earliest routes 15 ye



IFOR THOMAS

**Mr. Coffyn today is the new president of the Early Birds**

TO ANSWER fundame about flying, a pampl basic aviation subjects by the Air Youth of Ame Rockefeller Plaza, New arrangement with the co the American Technical tions ranging from thos theory of flight to the pa chutes are answered in t size booklets and are pr an elementary manner parents of Air Youth of bers can understand t Youth of America is a ization incorporated un tional, nonprofit charte clubs and activities th youth of the country for in America's aviation pr

THE unprecedented i number of student an private pilots has prod by-product of show-off has produced a warning that its inspectors are

*(Continued on p 63)*

# HOW YOU CAN AVE YOUR TEETH FROM THESE CAVITIES

**ENTISTS SEE PATIENT AFTER PATIENT VTH CAVITIES CUT INTO THE EXPOSED, SOFTER PARTS OF THEIR TEETH R GULAR BRUSHING WITH DENTIFRICES CONTAINING ABRASIVES"**

## Can Avoid This Trouble Simply By Changing to Liquid Dentifrice

***Liquid dentifrice cannot injure your teeth because it contains absolutely no abrasives***

al millions of people are unsing serious damage to their ch Nature can never repair.

ju is caused—not by the toothut y regular brushing with denning abrasives.

all as the months go by, these cy cavities into the softer part of on the gum line exposed by gums, where there is no hard, e amel.

hong people who brush their ul y, a very large percentage of es ong the gum line that require e obably the result of this in- is as shown by a clinical study l in a leading dental journal.

### cked by Scientific Research

ta ing facts—long known to n ts—were recently confirmed ti research. Eminent independents made laboratory toothtts with a number of dentifrices containing abrasives. Every one cut cavities into the softer part of the teeth.

In the same manner, these scientists tested the new liquid dentifrice—Teel. In no case did Teel injure the teeth in any way, because Teel contains absolutely no abrasives of any kind whatever.

Teel doesn't depend on abrasives for cleansing. Instead, it uses a newly-discovered, patented cleansing agent that's almost magic-like in the way it helps reveal natural whiteness and beauty of your teeth. It isn't soap, yet multiplies into thousands of tiny, cleansing bubbles in the mouth.

### How Teel Reveals Beauty of Your Smile

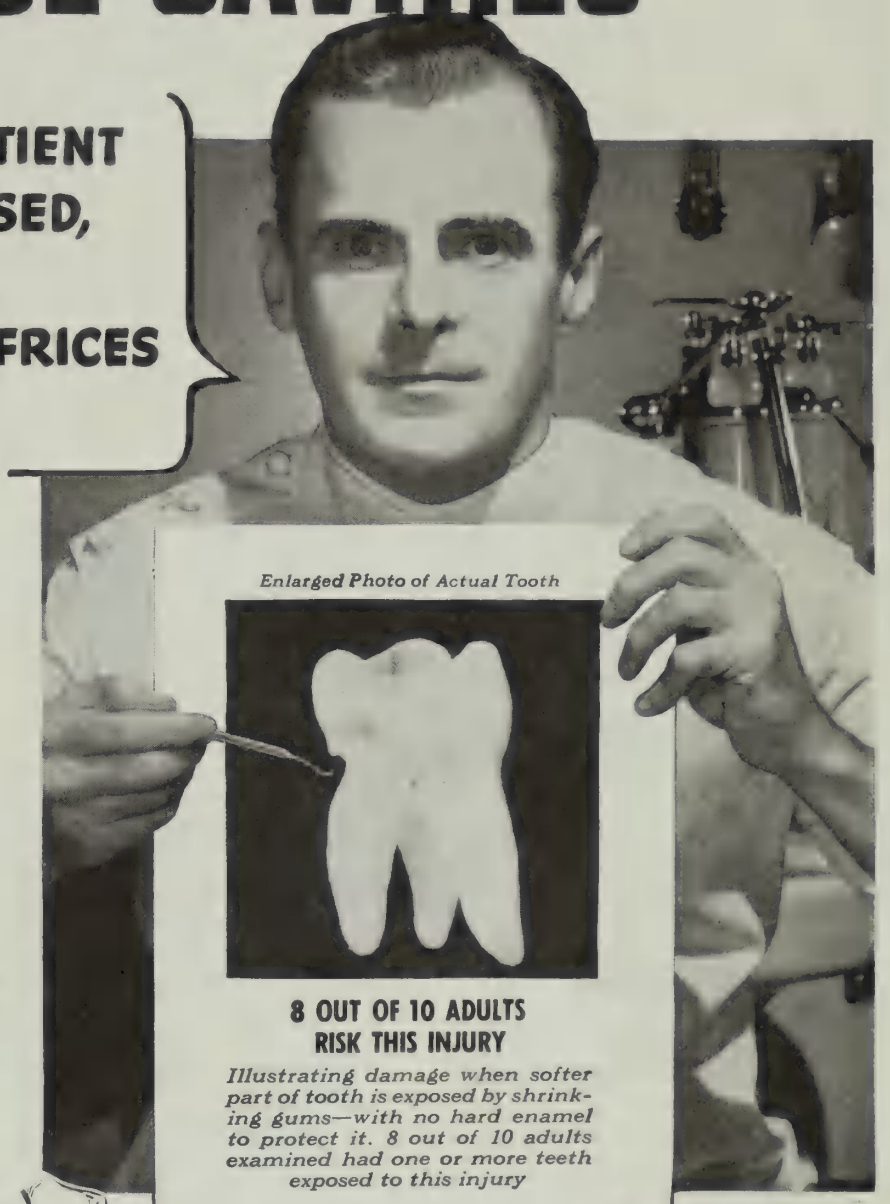
These active bubbles amazingly help to remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles and the dulling surface film that hides natural brilliance of teeth. Thus your teeth look so much whiter, more thrillingly beautiful.

With your first Teel brushing, you'll know something good and different has happened by the satin-smooth "feel" of your teeth—by the glorious freshness of your mouth. Teel helps sweeten bad breath. It's easy to use and economical. Only a few drops are required for each brushing.

### Start This Safe Liquid Way Today

Naturally, you want to save your precious teeth from the injury pictured above. If, however, you feel that your teeth need an abrasive scouring, at least occasionally, we suggest that you follow the special directions given on the Teel package.

So today adopt this safe liquid way of cleansing your teeth. Use Teel twice a day and enjoy its amazing benefits. Get Teel at any drug, department or 10¢ store. And be sure to see your dentist regularly for his professional care. Procter & Gamble.



*Enlarged Photo of Actual Tooth*

**8 OUT OF 10 ADULTS RISK THIS INJURY**

*Illustrating damage when softer part of tooth is exposed by shrinking gums—with no hard enamel to protect it. 8 out of 10 adults examined had one or more teeth exposed to this injury*



**MAKE THIS TEST**

***to tell if your dentifrice contains an abrasive***

Tonight, put some of your favorite dentifrice in a glass of water and stir. Let it stand overnight. When you see a white sediment in the bottom of the glass, you know your dentifrice contains an abrasive. Teel, however, leaves no sediment, proving it contains no abrasives whatever which could injure exposed soft part of your teeth.

**To Dentists, Physicians, Nurses, and Teachers:** A booklet for professional people which contains an authoritative report of the scientific research summarized above will be sent to you on request, free of charge. Send your name and address to Teel, Box 687, Dept. NC, Cincinnati, Ohio.




**THE PRODUCT OF MODERN DENTAL SCIENCE FOR BRUSHING TEETH SAFELY**

**Teel**

**LIQUID DENTIFRICE**

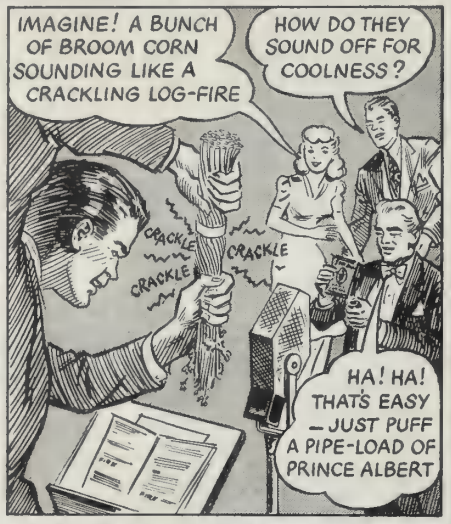
***Use Instead of Tooth Pastes and Powders!***

# WONDERS OF AMERICA
## Sound Wizards










IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

**86 DEGREES COOLER**

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED— *COOLEST OF ALL!*







**50** PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.




**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE




# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*Owing* to its greater density, cold air retards the speed of a bullet much more than warm air. For example, a small-caliber bullet fired at a 200-yard target when the temperature is fifteen degrees below zero will hit about sixteen inches under the hole made by a similar bullet, identically aimed, fired when the temperature is 105 degrees.—*By Gilbert Eisenberg, Cleveland, Ohio.*

*After* Alaska sealskin (the only fur owned, controlled and sold by the United States government) has passed through 125 secret dressing and dyeing operations, it is so light and supple that a pelt from a very large animal can be drawn through a napkin ring.—*By Zelma Wager, St. Louis, Missouri.*

*The* Army Medical Library maintained by the War Department in Washington and valued at $25,000,000 is the largest of its kind in the world. It contains nearly 1,100,000 volumes, and pamphlets and 220,000 copies of current medical periodicals in many languages.—*By John J. Shields, Washington, D. C.*

*Milk* is not only our most valuable farm product, but it is subject to more sanitary regulations and higher standards of purity than any other food. Moreover, it outranks, in volume, all other articles sold in tin cans in the United States.

*A portrait* of Cardinal Ugone, which was painted in 1360 and hangs today in the Church of San Nicola in Treviso, Italy, is the first known painting of a person wearing eyeglasses.—*By Betty Seitters, Lorain, Ohio.*

*How* Japanese newspapers cover big stories was illustrated recently in Tokyo when the palace announced that a statesman was to form a new cabinet. Within an hour, his estate appeared to have been taken over by an army. Each paper had sent at least fifty reporters, equipped with tents, beds, cookstoves, radio outfits, cameras, pigeons, stepladders and other paraphernalia for any emergency.

*There* are 2,123 [illegible] forty-one states, [illegible] Columbia, Canada [illegible] or 46 per cent of wh[illegible] are in York. They have u[illegible] as mu[illegible] 15,000 miles of ticke[illegible]ape in a gle five-hour day.— *R. M. [illegible] per, Wilkinsburg, P[illegible]nsylvan*

*Polonium,* a ma[illegible]al exis from radium ore an[illegible]costing a $2,000,000 an ounce[illegible] now a a certain spark-pl[illegible] allow price is not conside[illegible] prohib however, because [illegible] the "ra traces" required.— *Poitras, Brooklyn, [illegible] York.*

*The* most giga[illegible] sabotage in world [illegible] destruction of Ru[illegible]a's Dn River Dam by the [illegible]d Army August. This grea[illegible] hydroele project, which was [illegible]ompleted 1932, required five [illegible]ars to and cost $500,000,00[illegible]

*Silver* sand is bel[illegible]ed to b only dry matter tha[illegible]ehaved liquid. Any objec[illegible]hat sin water, such as a b[illegible]et, will wise sink in this pe[illegible]iar sand

*In* 1274, a roof of [illegible]eet lead quarter of an inch [illegible]ick, was stalled on the Ca[illegible]edral o Maurice in Angers, [illegible]ance. T this lead, owing to it[illegible]equate exposu ening and centuries [illegible]thick a only 1/32d of an in[illegible]folds a ridge and in ten-in[illegible] Tella eaves.— *By Fred [illegible] Chicago, Illinois.*

*A Brooklyn* man [illegible]s install short-wave transmi[illegible]r in the room of his th[illegible]-month daughter so that h[illegible]nd his by tuning in on a p[illegible]able rec can hear any noises [illegible]e baby when they leave he[illegible] take a visit friends, go to s[illegible]s or a in the neighborhoo[illegible]

Five dollars will be paid [illegible]each item or unusual fact accepte[illegible]or the Contributions must be a[illegible]panied by factory proof. Address [illegible]ep Up w World, Collier's, 250 Par[illegible]venue, New City. This column is cop[illegible]hted by Co The National Weekly. N[illegible]of the item be reproduced without e[illegible]ss permiss the publis[illegible]



# America's Wines in Duraglas*
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# dd Much to Meals, at Little Cost



der wine at good places
you usually will find it
ibbey Safedge Glasses.
niliar Safedge rim on
icates a *perfect* host.

Today in millions of homes, you'll find wine adding cheer and charm to every occasion. For the wines of this country are among the finest in the world.

That the packaging of these wines is entrusted to sparkling Duraglas Bottles is quite natural. For in these strong, handsome bottles wine's flavor and bouquet are completely protected.

Made by an improved glassmaking technique, Duraglas containers have opened up a new era of packaging. Makers of most products you buy now use them. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo.

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*Trade-mark of the Company whose pioneering research transforms glass into products useful to everyone . . . Glass Containers, Insulux Glass Blocks, and Libbey Safedge Glasses.*

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

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## "MUSIC ON A BEAM OF LIGHT"... ONLY PHILCO HAS IT!

LISTEN to the new Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph. Instantly you recognize something extra, something different, something no other phonograph can give you. It's there because of "Music on a Beam of Light," the revolutionary development of Philco engineers!

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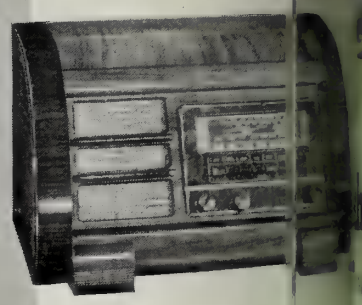
**PHILCO 1013 PHOTO-ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH** (illustrated). Authentic Hepplewhite design. Latest 1942 Philco phonograph and radio inventions. American and Foreign reception; exclusive Philco FM System. Liberal trade-in allowance; yours on easiest terms. *Philco Home Recording Unit optional.*



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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR NOVEMBER 8, 1941



# th of a Dutch Town

## r : van Paassen

ED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

**Hendrik Wats saw the hatches of the ships open, and saw helmeted figures emerge. He started to run**

**vn Paassen is a**
**of he Netherlands.**
**a his home town.**
**ro. information se-**
**se to him, he re-**
**h the New Order**
**o orcum and what**
**do is friends. This**
**is taken from his**
**po That Day Alone**

rai had stopped. A strong
bl ing to the south, had come
th altant gusts and was rap-
g e streets. Under the feeble
he treet lamps, the puddles
b ween the uneven cobble-
ere pidly shrinking in size as
ad en miniature lakes whose
ha dropped out. The carillon
oh tower was playing the
at uld precede the stroke of
e rd is great, His Name is
e der of His works is great,
gu t His love!" The silvery
th ells traveled through the
st ts with the melancholic
s o music box.
gh vatch had begun to make
ds. ith a pocket torch he was busy verifying the locks on the shop doors on the main street. A boy, whose wooden shoes struck the paving blocks with rhythmic click-clack, whistled a shrill marching tune. He stopped whistling as he passed the Doelen, or meeting house, of which the door was suddenly swung open, letting a yellow beam of light fall across his path. There had been a lecture in the Doelen that evening. About fifty citizens had turned out to hear a professor from the University of Utrecht discourse, as objectively as he could, he had said, upon the merits and demerits of the different social philosophies which had come to contend for mastery in the great countries of Europe.

The collector of internal revenue, Mr. van der Plank, was chuckling as he stepped out of the Doelen into still High Street. He shook hands with several other gentlemen, who were lighting a last cigar before retiring.

"Yes, the rain is over, I can smell it," Mr. van der Plank was saying. "I think I will do a turn around the park and have a sniff of this good air by the river before I turn in."

He was about to move away when the nervous chug of a motorcycle made the gentlemen, standing before the Doelen door, turn in its direction. Before they could utter a word, a soldier with a short carbine flung over his shoulder and a steel helmet on his head roared by. The soldier went on to the next intersection and there brought his machine to a stop with a sharp grating of brakes. He was seen to speak to someone for a moment, but then his motor was heard to roar once more and he vanished. Mr. van der Plank and his friends walked over a few steps toward the man to whom the soldier had spoken and asked him: "Well, what did that boy want so late, Mynheer van Sas?"

"The soldier was looking for the military bureau. I told him the barracks are right at the end of the next street, if that was what he wanted," came back the gentleman who had been addressed as Mynheer van Sas.

### An Inkling of Disaster

"Did he say anything else?" asked the tax collector, blowing out thick clouds of cigar smoke. "He did not say another word." Van Sas shook his head. "But he seemed in a desperate hurry. There must be something serious brewing."

"Nonsense," broke in another man, who was principal of the high school, "nonsense, they have got to invent something urgent from time to time in the army to keep all those boys from growing too fat and lazy."

"Eh, what's that?" called out Mynheer van Sas. "Lights in the town hall at half past ten in the evening! Now surely the world is coming to an end. And in the burgomaster's chambers, too! I wonder if it could be a burglar. No," he corrected himself at once, "it is not a burglar, for there goes the good burgerfather himself . . ."

"Good evening, Mynheer Verwey!" someone called out to the mayor. "What brings you so late in the streets? Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Gentlemen," said the burgomaster, as he stopped to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, "gentlemen, the situation is very serious. It is grave. It has not been so grave in a hundred years." With these words he rushed up the steps of the town hall and disappeared inside, leaving the small group of lecturegoers speechless with amazement.

At six o'clock in the morning the Borgstorm began to toll. The Borgstorm is the thundering peal that is tolled by Roelant, which is the heaviest bell in St. John's tower. It is rung only when the country is in danger. Other, lighter bells, ring out when there is a fire or a ship in distress on the river in a winter tempest. None of the living had ever heard the Borgstorm toll before. It had not rung since the Belgian uprising in 1830.

The Borgstorm tolled, dolefully, with heavy basso voice, which woke up the little children and brought the entire population into the streets. The burgomaster spoke from the steps of the town

hall at seven. "Burgers," he said, "the Germans have crossed the frontiers of our country. . . . They are streaming into the provinces of Groningen, Overijssel, Drenthe, Gelderland, Brabant and Limburg. . . . Two days ago they gave us a solemn assurance that they would respect the neutrality of these Netherlands. . . . This morning they broke that pledge. . . . Fighting has started. . . . But our men are resisting heroically. . . . The government will keep us informed by radio. . . . The English are surely coming to our help. . . . May God protect Holland. . . ."

Some truck farmers left the town in the early morning to go to their accustomed task in the fields outside the walls, but for the rest all business in Gorcum came to an abrupt standstill. The schools were open, but very few of the children turned up. Most of the families who owned a radio receiving set remained indoors, clustered around their instruments, listening to the government's news broadcasts which came at half-hour intervals. At the town hall the council had gone into permanent session.

### Germans—and in Gorcum!

Burgomaster Verwey was expecting word from The Hague before giving the order for the town's evacuation. Ever since the war of 1914-1918, a plan lay ready in the secret archives whereby the inhabitants of Gorcum were to be evacuated en masse to the province of Zeeland. For Gorcum, with its antiquated earthen walls and moats and with the outlying circle of forts, was one of the key positions in the so-called water-line defense.

At ten o'clock that morning of the tenth, the people of Gorcum knew that their country's air force no longer existed. The first concern of the Germans had been to destroy the airdromes and to blast the machines on the ground. The first blow had been successfully carried out in the first hours after dawn. Even so, the Dutch army was still intact and it was now, so the government radio announced, resisting every inch of the ground.

By eleven o'clock the town of Gorcum, itself still a few hundred kilometers distant from the nearest fighting, was thrown into confusion. A boy, by the name of Hendrik Wats, walking along the canal that bisects the city, had remained frozen in his tracks when he saw the hatches of two of the flat-bottomed river ships tied up there open and saw several helmeted figures emerge. At first he took the men to be Dutch soldiers, but as he listened to the commands of an officer who, revolver in hand, took up a position near the gangplank, the boy realized that they were Germans.

Hendrik Wats started to run away, but the officer called him back. Hendrik turned around, taking cover behind one of the thick oak trees that line the quay. The officer called again and then fired his revolver. Then Hendrik Wats ran for all he was worth. He ran the length of two or three blocks when he bumped into old man Hootse, a retired cake baker, who was leisurely pacing up and down before his house taking the morning air.

"Mynheer Hootse," the boy cried, out of breath, "I have seen the Germans. They are over there." He pointed backward. "Coming out of those ships."

"Don't be silly, boy," said Hootse, "the Germans are still fa

"But Mynheer Hootse, talk and one of them fi me. . . ."

"Boy, don't stand there said the cake baker seve a place for liars in hell.

"See," said the boy, "I ing this way. Those me tween the trees." He p direction whence he had r German soldiers. Oh, I a

"They are not soldiers, said again reassuringly. " but no soldiers. You are those girls are not afraid. be ashamed of yourself. afraid! What would Mic say of you now, or t Orange . . ." But Henc gone.

### Reception Com tee

Two girls walked Hootse knew them well had often seen them p They were maids, he kne in the household of Mynh the grain merchant; the o service of Mevrouw Fern yer's wife. Both were fi and lithe, well-made, go The cake baker allowed l low the two maids with He had an eye for such

But what was this? W a soldier coming there, the quay? And what wa rying? Was that a machi heer Hootse had never se in his life. When he hac army they did not have yet. "Yes, that is a sol tered to himself. "No that. And there is anot third and a fourth." Suc man darted from behind in hand. Hootse was st stoop of his house.

"Get into your hou snapped at Hootse. "Sc The cake baker almost He jumped inside, slam and drew the bolts. He st door and opened the spy was: the man with the doubt about it. The Wat right.

"What now?" Mynhe his eyes glued to the sp two maids!" he mutterec they stand, at the bridg

*(Continued on p 25)*



**The strange soldiers were friendly and behaving correctly**



**"If you must know, Poet, we are going to string him up"**



**The mill was a huge flaming torch that could be seen fo miles**

# 'Y OF URAGE

## ntin Reynolds

D FROM MOSCOW

**v took it as the bloody tide of in- closer each hour. This article was New York a few hours before the ernment left Moscow, and pictures at that time. The Editor**

barber was very proud of his English. only barber in Moscow who talks any He was stropping his razor slowly and, ly turned the blade over and ran it r the leather he talked.
ans have started a big offensive against said. "I read it in Pravda this morning. says they are throwing thousands and new men into the attack. Well," he hey have a lot of men they want killed d to help."
ng to laugh about," I reminded him. , became faster and his face became em come. We will fight."
flashed backward and forward with rokes. There was nothing hesitant or ut its firm, steady motion. The hand it was steady. There was something ut the way this little barber grimly azor. Charlie Chaplin was wise when arber to be the prototype of the Little Dictator. This little man with his razor for Moscow. Today Moscow is a city the people of Moscow, knowing their ng the might of the German war ma- calm, ready for whatever may come.
far different from the Paris of June, vas apathetic, indifferent. Thousands false, self-deceiving phrase: "They'll ris." Moscow reads the war news care- its maps and is grave, but not gray with is confident of the ultimate triumph nows that months, maybe years, of suf- d. Moscow is a city of realists taking Stalin, the greatest realist of them all. the cordite flavor of German bombs; her buildings wrecked; she has buried her heart has been made heavy by the usands of her fathers and sons have the front. She hides her pain and wears determination. The germs of hatred he Nazi bombs have spread over the cow, infecting the people, and one can atred of Germany showing on the faces ass on the streets. Moscow knows that o far has not been particularly heavy. ken the beating that the people of Kiev nd Leningrad have taken, but she ex- full force of the Luftwaffe will soon be her and she is ready.
, life goes on with some semblance of at is, during the daytime. The ballet is vds argue as to the relative merits of Lepeshinskaya. Some time ago both wan Lake, the loveliest of ballets, and ided as to which cast the more potent e audience. Lord Beaverbrook and nan, when they were here for the Mos- e, attended a special performance of nd both were captivated by the twin- artful grace of Ballerina Ulanova. Ad- rival scoffed and told them, "But wait Lepeshinskaya."
is open, too; the moving-picture houses with the showing of the Russian-made and the picture London Can Take It n here for the first time. It is true s are usually eighty per cent feminine. oscow are at the front.
Moscow took a holiday from the war wn world series. At the big Dynamo wo best soccer teams in Russia met for ship. It was Dynamo against Spartak, tors behaved just as our own football They yelled (*Continued on page* 64)



SOVFOTO

**Moscow's favorite diversions, the state circus and the grand theater of the U.S.S.R., both played to full houses as the panzer divisions drove relentlessly on the city. Ballerina below is the great Lepeshinskaya**



**Red Army vs. Spartak. Stars of the Red Army team were recalled from the front to give Moscow its football**



# LAST LOVE

**By Richard English**

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



So there she was, sitting between her old life and her new, watching herself becoming a star and not caring, aware only of the men beside her

**Success turned her head, but an old acquaintance reminded her of a few things she thought she'd succeeded in forgetting**

THE night was stark and cold, with a gray rain slashing against the tenements. Somewhere along that long row of shabby houses a door had opened softly but no light showed from within. The door closed behind her and Julie Bruce pressed herself against the wall, holding her breath, feeling the rain on her cheeks. When there was no sound she forced herself on to the street, keeping to the shadows. A street light's haze revealed the pale blur of her face, fragile and terror-ridden. She reached the corner, hesitated, looking fearfully behind her. A police whistle cut shrilly through the night and she darted from sight.

Charles was waiting for her around the corner.

"We can go home now." She smiled, grateful for his presence and for the lights flaring up on the sodden street behind her; relieved by the bustling sounds that meant they were already striking the set. "And no more rain sets, Charles. That was the last take."

She was tired all the way through but she hid it, slipping her arm through his, making him accompany her toward her portable dressing room. It had not been the long hours nor the director's demands that had tired her but the set itself. Stealing her strength, taking her back too fast and too suddenly to other streets like that—the same shabby tenements and the elevated and the hopelessness of the people in those houses.

When she remembered those other streets there was no happiness or even pleasure in her own escape and brand-new stardom. Not even in the knowledge that this time tomorrow night her first première would be over and the verdict in. The verdict had been in for weeks anyway. Hollywood only premières pictures they are certain will be hits: calls premières what they rightfully are, "prestige shots."

"Perhaps I had better wait outside," Charles said. "If someone saw me . . ."

She smiled, thinking how different he was from the men in show business. No angles and nothing to remind her of those night-club wolves when she had been just another kid dancing her heart out, hoping for a break. Nor was he like those smooth products you met all day at the studio. He was simply an attorney and a good one, a junior partner in his father's firm. One of those nice, quiet people who had been born on the right side of the tracks and who showed it in the nice little things they did. Things that made you wish you could have finished school and had something to remember besides a drunken mother and a sweaty little flat on Tenth Avenue.

"It will be all right, Charles," she said. "I'll only be a minute."

He looked big and out of place, sitting there in her dressing room while she removed her make-up. His clean, blond ruggedness seemed to crowd everything else out of that tiny room, and maybe it would be that way with her memories too. Charles, pushing them away, helping her forget all the yesterdays. With Charles a love should last and for that security she would try and make him as happy and as proud of her as if she were one of those cool, gay girls that he had always known.

"You look tired," he said. "You've been working too hard."

With her make-up off she looked even younger and the blue eyes were enormous petals in the pale pool of her face. She had tawny-colored hair and a wide, sweet mouth but she could never like her face because those shadows in her eyes told too much. Her heart had put them there and only time would take them away. Stardom and a career lasted only so long and then you were finally free and had the money to see and do all those fine things you had always wanted to. The sort of things she could never tell a fan writer for fear they would make her sound a Cinderella, all ga-ga and chiffon.

"I feel fine, Charles," she said, knowing that she would, once they had left the studio and that tenement set behind them. "I feel like driving somewhere and having a nutburger."

She smiled, slipping on her camel's-hair coat. The coat hid her in its great, soft warmth, making her look more like a college girl than most of those who went there. Charles' car was parked outside the studio gate and as they made their way past the bulky shadows of the sound stages he smiled, his teeth white and even in the soft darkness.

"I have a surprise for you. I had some good news today."

It was a new car, a roadster, smart and black and expensive. But it was the sight of it and not its beauty that took her breath away. She had liked his modest coupé because it had seemed so solid and dependable, so much like himself, but it had reflected a shadow that held them both back. He had wanted that new car a long time but couldn't buy it as long as there was that shadow on his future.

"You found out?" she asked breathlessly. "For sure, Charles?"

He smiled. "They deferred me. Occupational necessity."

His father's firm was one of the attorneys for a big aircraft factory and so the board must have decided that he was more valuable in that capacity than as a soldier. They were right, too. No matter what anyone might think, they had been right. There were so many they could get for soldiers—men who weren't just getting started in their careers. It wouldn't have been right to ask him to give that up, any more than it would have been to ask her to wait, too.

"I'm glad," she said, trying to keep her voice steady. "So glad!"

"I know," he said, and kissed her. It wasn't like Jeff, but then nothing was like a first love. Nor did you want any more of those soaring moments that could only end in aching despair. You wanted happiness and security, something that lasted all of your life. Something you could count on. You wanted Charles' arms holding you, to be able to rest your head against the rough tweed of his shoulders.

IT WAS almost three when the new car stopped before her little white house so high in the hills, looking down on the Strip and the narrow ribbon of light that was Sunset Boulevard making its way to the beach. Charles was taking her to the première, and they sat there a while, talking about it. It would be best, he decided, to pick her up about eight-thirty.

"By the way," he said, making it casual and as if it were of no real importance, "my father and mother have been wanting to meet you. They can't make the première because they have an opera date, but they're having a few friends in for a little supper afterward and they thought we might like to join them." He smiled. "Sound too stuffy, Julie?"

"It doesn't sound stuffy at all," Julie said, and all her hopes and all her hurts were in her eyes. "I want to meet them, too." . . .

Pat had left the light on in the living room for her, and Julie hesitated before turning it off, wanting to wake her up and tell her everything that had happened. All the things that had been holding them back were disappearing now and she could finally see the pattern of her life fitting into one smooth surface. Charles and being able to forget things that had hurt her too long.

*But I won't tell Pat tonight,* she thought. *She doesn't like Charles. She only likes show people, people she can understand. If I tell her about the deferment she'll look at me and light a cigarette and say it must be nice to have an important father. It will be the same as when I asked her if I should tell him about Jeff.*

Pat had been answering Julie's fan mail when she had asked her. She hadn't said anything for a minute, hadn't even looked at her. She kept slipping the autographed pictures into their manila envelopes and when she did speak her voice had been too casual: "That's up to you, baby. I imagine even Charles has known a woman."

Remembering that, Julie shut off the light and went toward her room. It was a small house with only two bedrooms and Pat's was next to her own. Pat's door was open and her bed lamp on, and Julie stopped in the hallway. Pat was on the phone, looking as if she had just waked up, and Julie stood there, smiling a little. For the last four years Pat had been her whole family.

SHE was older than Julie but she was still stage-struck. She had been a good hoofer, knocking herself out at every show as if she were never going to get to do another. She had worked in every chorus around New York, one of those girls who are always in the back line. A tall, plain girl with hair that needed touching up and with hazel eyes, though no one ever noticed them. When Julie had shown up, trembling and shy, at her first tryout, Pat had taken her under her wing. She had kept her there ever since; as long as she couldn't have a career of her own Julie's was the next best thing.

"Okay," she said patiently into the phone. "I got it, operator."

Julie was waiting, but Pat lit a cigarette before she looked at her.

"How's Charles?" she asked. "Still on the upbeat?"

She couldn't turn Julie that easily. "Who was it, Pat?"

Pat took her time, as if she were making up her mind how much to tell her. "It was the telegraph company," she said, finally. "You got a wire from Jeff. He's getting in in the morning and he wants to see you."

Julie swayed, closing her eyes as if she could shut out the words and her memories too. She hadn't seen him in a year, not since her last flying trip to New York, and they had been like strangers then. He had ribbed her a little about her success, but all that old casualness was gone from him. He wasn't Jeff Tyler, who had been the biggest musical-comedy star on Broadway.

It was another Jeff Tyler, one who was beginning to slip, whose last show had been a turkey from the opening night. She hadn't even heard of him in the last six months nor had anyone else. He had dropped out of sight.

"He's only coming out for one thing," she said, her voice so tired that it might have been an old woman's. "He's looking for a rain check. He's washed up, Pat."

"I wouldn't be too sure," Pat said. "There's nothing wrong with him that one good show won't cure. He might be coming out just to see you, baby."

"Sure," Julie said wearily, "sure, Pat. I don't hear from him for six months and then he gets here just in time for the première. He'll expect me to take

*(Continued on page 58)*

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LEON THOMAS



Left to right—gray sheared lamb lamb and mouton coats go calling lamb relatives in New York's

# FUR MIRACLE

## By Mona Gardner

**For expensive-looking furs at bargain prices, consider mouton or American broadtail, which is nothing but the lowly lamb after a few magic touches**

THE young secretary saw the two women in the elevator stare quickly at her coat and then engage each other in a silent argument of head-shaking. Out on the street the two strangers followed her, a little grim, more than a little intent. The girl grew uneasy. When a red traffic light stopped her, she heard one stranger pant: "Now ask her!"

The other leaned close and demanded: "Is your coat beaver or lamb?"

"Lamb!" the secretary gasped, and fled into the traffic.

"*However* does a lamb do it?" the woman on the curb puzzled loudly.

Obviously the lamb doesn't. Man does. It is one of his newest miracles. With shears and chemicals he has so adroitly transformed Mary's little lamb that it is going everywhere this winter—confidently and elegantly—an eye-fooling duplicate of beaver, nutria, and broadtail.

Fashion has chosen this kind of lamb as its newest favorite. More coats, jackets, muffs, and hats will be made of it this year than ever before. You'll see them on the campus, in aviators' cockpits, at parties, along ski trails, in submarines, and at the theater.

None of these will be a woolly, awkward, bulky lamb, the kind you saw ten years ago and even year before last. This year's lamb is sleek and lustrous. It's been shaved closer, the pelts made thinner, more supple, its dyes solid and even. All this at lowly lamb prices—dressy coats that begin at $75 and go to $100 and $145. Draped, full-length evening lovelies that stop at $500.

There are two types of this new lamb—mouton and processed broadtail. Mouton, which is the French word for sheep, means the shaved pelt of the wool-bearing merino processed with chemicals and dyes until it resembles beaver or nutria. Broadtail is the distinctive ripple-waved pelt of a Lincoln lamb, also shaved, also dyed, until it is a close duplicate of the scarce and expensive Russian broadtail.

Heretofore the wool lamb has been the ugly duckling of the fur trade. Most furriers wouldn't admit it was a fur. A matted fleece, they hissed, all right for bedroom slippers, ear-muffs, and the like. But certainly not to be mentioned in the same respectful breath with its glossy, hard-haired cousins, the broadtailed karakuls of Persia and southern Russia.

The hisses have stopped abruptly. About 60,000 broadtail type coats are on racks all over the country. More than 70,000 of the beaver and nutria-type have been sold already. Another 30,000 are in the stores now.

The United States defense program calls for $10,000,000 in sheepskins for 1941-42. The skins used by the United States Army Air Corps are not mouton but beige-dyed sheepskins having a special backing.

Mouton supply is in come from enormou thriving in our own the Argentine, Urugu Chile in South Americ and from the Union Additional thousands cago and Kansas City

For years chemists and Europe tried to u corkscrews. Nothing trick. Chemicals eithe odor, washed off in strong light, or peele there was collagen being a gelatinlike pr vertebrates. With an gen content in these la nary hot dye simply into jelly.

A Hungarian chemi out a successful forn four years ago to ar pany which has been since.

Right now it takes ent operations and si merino lambskin thro working process which beaver or near-nutri turned, it's turned.

The combination chemical treatments natural into another ural doesn't go into re

*(Continued on*

erhaps two or three years
he left France for the
of the Western Ocean,
de Beaupré read in the
losopher: "In the wars of
e is no defense but to at-
he stored in his orderly
with certain other well-
generally rather imprac-
s of the proper behavior
nder conditions of stress.
d—before his departure
–Jean Antoine, Chevalier
rooded a great deal of the
iven to speaking in meta-
s the despair of his family.
a budding inclination for
verse, then a profession
ably low repute.
e of affairs, however, Jean
aupré met the young wife
e Fernand Coicou. His
ained an indiscretion; the
having been informed,
bluntly. This led to an
swords in the woods near
, and the commodore did

ty hours the Chevalier de
tanding in the rain on the
p watching the coast of
nder the gray sea's rim.
e rail with his fine brown
himself that he regretted
commodore had been a
and had paid no more
of pomposity. And as
dore's young wife—
nanded, lifting his eyes to
st women forever be real-
of pure, abstract poetry?
uestion unanswered, he
his cabin and ate heartily.
ing that the ship anchored
of Cayona, principal town
of Tortuga, lying a few
Hispaniola in the Greater
ace of alternate hot sun
-Jean Antoine de Beaupré
t members of the crew,
ter the dawn, talked with-
in the wineshops, and so
at the chevalier's reputa-
him.
story of the affair in Paris
oods near Fontainebleau
ury, naturally; but it was
the most part convincing.
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ier, arising tardily, ar-
luggage, broke fast spar-
d had become intolerable
was rowed ashore. He
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he observed that opinion,
those several early hours,
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ick-witted young man, of
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Madame Vilaire intended
him.
ilaire was important in
ner reasons than that she
r of Virginie—a reflected
s wealthy almost beyond
*nued on page 69)*

his arms. "It isn't any
aid, "I'll have to go
urse you will," she said

# Return from Maracaibo

## By William A. Krauss

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

**A quick sword and a gallant tongue carried the Chevalier de Beaupré far, but after they had failed he made his greatest conquest**



# The Pied Piper

## By Nevil Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

*The Story Thus Far:*

IT IS ten-thirty o'clock in London, and German bombs are hurtling down upon the city. Two men, seated in the smoking room of their club, are carrying on a desultory conversation. They have never before met; they know virtually nothing of each other. They have declined to seek safety in the club's air-raid shelter.

One of the men is John Sidney Howard, a retired barrister. He is old—perhaps seventy. Like his companion, who is much younger, he has ordered a glass of Marsala. When the wine comes, the old man, encouraged by his companion, begins a strange story:

Shortly before the Germans had driven into France, he had found himself restless, lonely and, for certain reasons, very much depressed. His daughter, married to an American, had returned to the States; life in England had somehow lost its savor.

Obeying a sudden impulse, he had left England and gone to Cidoton, a French village in the Jura, where he had spent many happy days. There, at the little hotel presided over by Madame Lucard, an old friend, he had received a rousing welcome. Madame had chattered of this and that; she had told the old man that her husband was with the *Chasseurs Alpins*—fighting for France. Then she had asked about Howard's son.

Simply, quietly, with an attempt to show no emotion, the old man had told her that his son—John, whom he had idolized—had been killed in an R.A.F. plane over Heligoland Bight. . . .

Howard—fishing, fraternizing with the simple folk around him—is at peace. Life in the village moves along serenely. Then, on the 28th of May, 1940, King Leopold of the Belgians surrenders. After that comes Dunkirk. And Howard, although he feels sure that France is in no real peril, decides to return to England. Learning of this, a Mr. Cavanagh—an Englishman who is an official of the League of Nations in Geneva—asks him if he will take his two children (Ronald and Sheila) to England with him.

Unable to say no, but full of trepidation, the old man promises to escort the children across the Channel. Then, early the following morning, he bundles the young people (who are overjoyed at the prospect of taking a long trip) into a car; and, following the leave-takings (short and awkward, for Cavanagh and his wife are on the verge of tears), they start in the direction of their first stop: Saint-Claude.

### II

THREE hours after leaving Morez, Howard had to rouse Sheila from a heavy slumber as they drew into a little country station where they had to change. She woke up hot and fretful and began to cry a little for no reason at all. The old man wiped her eyes, got out of the carriage, lifted the children down onto the platform, and then got back into the carriage for the hand luggage. There were no porters on the platform, but it seemed that that was inevitable in France in wartime.

He walked along the platform carrying the hand luggage, with the two children beside him; he modified his pace to suit their rate of walking. At the Bureau, he found a stout, black-haired stationmaster.

Howard inquired if the *Rapide* from Switzerland was likely to be late.

The man said that the *Rapide* would not arrive. No trains from Switzerland would arrive.

Dumfounded, Howard expostulated. It was intolerable that one had not been told that at Saint-Claude. How, then, could one proceed to Dijon?

The stationmaster said that Monsieur might rest tranquil. A train would run from the frontier at Vallorbes to Dijon. It was incessantly expected. It had been incessantly expected for two hours.

Howard returned to the children and his luggage, annoyed and worried. Sheila, he observed, was peevish and fretful. The old man tried a variety of ways to rouse her interest, without a great deal of success.

An hour and forty minutes later, when he was thoroughly worn out, the train for Dijon pulled into the station. It was very full, but he managed to find one seat in a first-class carriage and took Sheila on his knee, where she fell asleep again before so very long. Ronnie stood by the door looking out of the window, chattering in French to a fat old woman in a corner.

**He was forced to leave everything in a corner of the station platform and thrust his way with the two children through the crowd to the exit**

The station at Dijon was a seething mass of soldiers. With the utmost difficulty Howard got the children and his bags out of the train. He had an attaché case and a suitcase and a tin tube that held his rods with him in the carriage; the rest of his luggage with the little portmanteau that held the children's clothes was registered through to Paris. Carrying Sheila in his arms and leading Ronnie by the hand, he could not carry any of his luggage; he was forced to leave everything in a corner of the station platform and thrust his way with the two children through the crowd toward the exit.

The square before the station was a mass of lorries and troops. He threaded his way through and across the road to the hotel he had stayed at before, startled and bewildered by the confusion of the town. He forced his way through to the hotel with the children; at the desk the girl recognized him, but told him that all the rooms were taken b

"But, mademoiselle," he said, "I ha to look after," he explained.

The girl said, "It is difficult for you what can I do?"

He smiled slowly. "You can go dame, and perhaps it will be possibl range something."

Twenty minutes later he was in room with one large double bed, and an indignant French subaltern whose ordered him to double up with anothe

The maid, a stout, untidy woman her clothes, bustled about and made "The poor little one," she said. "She tranquil, monsieur. Without doubt, chill, or she has eaten something ba well, two days, three days, *(Continu*



# THE TRAP

## By William Brandon

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. CROSMAN

**Hereafter Johnny can trust his wife. She's found there's no such thing as love without loyalty**



"I see the way Johnny looks at you," Cap Thompson told her. "I wouldn't be the one to say anything to him"

creeched, ground into an
ight light and gleaming
picked up her purse.
Huckster."
her out. "I'm going to
He cupped her elbow in
d she shook it off. They
ed stairs, left the subway

ss you, Huck."
I didn't mean it." He
arm and stopped her.
his head down, shaking
and rearranging it over
uched his hat and jarred
r over his eyes.
ed her purse and he
quickly after it. They
d in the hurrying crowd.
ed man in an old rain-
st within a yard of them,
ching above the heads
uck heard Hilda talking
king vivaciously, saying
im that was only a clat-
without any sense. He
e turned his head and
gged hem of the old rain-
as lost in a field of legs.
ned. He kept his head
rim shading his face.
ack her purse and sighed
hank you, Huck. Shall

t be a bad idea."
onderful place to hurry
conspicuous. We could

ed an underground ave-
and restaurants and en-
entral Station.
st there, Huck." They
ce. Their hands met and
for a few steps.
wn at the yellow feather
. "You behave yourself,

r eyes ahead. "Goodby,
ent on quickly, toward
ard the baggage-laden
g through the gates.
d slowly, dropping be-
ing the bobbing feather.
ain—a small, slim figure,
y, walking a little un-
steadily. She was near the gates. He saw her sway and fall.

He hesitated. The crowd at the gates backed up and surrounded her.

He hurried forward. He reached the edge of the ring of people, heard someone cry, "Give her air, she's fainted," and looked over the bent shoulders.

One arm was across her face. Her shining black hair was powdered gray from the dust of the floor. Her skirt had slipped above the rolled top of one stocking and an elderly woman in furs stooped and reached to pull it down.

From the corner of his vision Huck saw the middle-aged man in the old raincoat ranging around the crowd, looking into it.

Huck turned away. Not too quickly. No one remained near the gates. He went through them, down the stairs and along the shadowy railway platform. He began to whistle, slapping his leg idly with the rolled-up newspaper in his hand.

His train was waiting. A porter pointed out his car and he went aboard. Three minutes later the train pulled out.

HILDA smiled weakly and said over and over, "Thank you, I'll be all right. Please. I'll be all right. Thank you." Two redcaps helped her away. Ranks of faces stared at her. Again she wanted to run. But that was it—you couldn't.

The redcaps wanted to put her in a cab, but she wouldn't let them. She couldn't spare the money and, besides, if Johnny should happen to be at home and see her arrive in a cab he would notice it. I'm sick, she thought; my nerves have made me sick; I might really faint. But not sick enough to take a cab. To take any chances. The worst of it was almost over.

She found a quarter in her purse for the redcaps and, walking slowly, leaning against the handrail on the stairs, she returned to the subway level, shuttled over to Times Square and took an uptown local.

She leaned back in the corner of her

*(Continued on page 37)*



# Nothing But Everything

**By Lucian Cary**

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

**It was after he'd gone to sleep that she found the pawn ticket. The ticket told the whole story. He'd hocked the cigarette case for twenty-five dollars that day**

MARY knew, without his saying so, that he was pleasantly jingled when he came in. He said somebody had insisted on buying drinks.

He took off his coat and it was then she saw that the cigarette case was gone. It was a gold case and he'd carried it in that special vest pocket for years—ever since they'd given it to him.

"What happened?" she asked.

He shook his head sadly. "I hoped you wouldn't notice," he said. "It's been gone for two days. I can't believe I lost it. And I can't believe anybody stole it. Who would have a chance to steal it?"

"It meant so much to you," she said.

He treasured the case because it was a reward for the things he'd done as production manager during the depression. He had nothing else to show for those years. He'd pulled the company out of the hole and now they were in it again because they could no longer buy brass or steel and they hadn't succeeded in getting a government order.

He'd been drawing twenty-five dollars a week and they'd been living on it. They'd rented the house for almost enough to carry it and put the car in dead storage and taken this furnished room and made a game of getting their dinners at a cafeteria for thirty-seven cents apiece. And when things were worst he always reminded her of the cigarette case. The gold in it was worth sixty or seventy dollars. It was their safety fund.

It was after he'd gone to sleep that she found the pawn ticket. She was mending a slight rip in the pocket of his old suit. The ticket told the whole story. He'd hocked the cigarette case for twenty-five dollars—not two days before but that day.

She stayed awake almost all night. They had been close and completely trusting. And when she'd felt that somehow he ought to make a better living, as other men did, she'd been ashamed. She knew how he felt about sticking with the company. He always said, "We're all in this together—Jim and Bob and I."

To pawn the cigarette case and lie about it was treason. He had walked to work to save bus fare. She'd been saving money for months to buy a winter coat. She had twenty-three dollars and forty cents in a child's bank.

It was plain enough to her when he kissed her goodby the next morning that he was afraid he had failed to deceive her. He was like a small boy who had been in mischief. Only a small boy afraid of being found out was funny. This wasn't funny. This was the end of everything.

SHE broke the bank open when he had gone. She had nearly three dollars more in her purse. She walked all the way downtown to the pawn shop and redeemed the cigarette case. She hid it in some stockings that she'd saved in spite of the fact they were full of runs. She wasn't ever going to let him know. No, she'd act the same as before. She knew how to act.

And then she knew what hurt most. She had known it all the time. She could stand his failing. What if he had got tired of never having any money to spend and used the cigarette case to get a few dollars? It was like him to want money so he could pay for a lunch or a drink. But he wouldn't have done it if he still loved her. She hadn't complained about giving up the things they'd always had because she wanted to please him. She cared more about pleasing him than anything else. Now she had to face the fa[ct] the power to please hi[m].

She went over and c[ounted] day. For three days [anyway] fourth day was her b[irthday] agreed to forget birth[days]. to. And he didn't say [anything] its being her birthday [when he] her goodby.

SHE found the env[elope] gone. It was addre[ssed] found two ten-dollar [bills] one five-dollar bill. T[here]

"Honey—I know y[ou've got] enough money in that [kitty's bank] winter coat. For he[aven's sake] some shoes to go wi[th it—and] stockings. You have [a pretty] in town—you've got t[o have] And couldn't we go t[o the movies] night—or something?"

She dressed and ma[de up her face] that no one would kno[w] he'd been ing and went downt[own] shoes and stockings. [She took] she looked over her ol[d coat. Then] borrowed an iron from [the landlady] pressed it. She had f[ifty dollars] enough for dinner a[t the place] liked best and hadn't g[one to for a] She'd have enough fo[r movies] She clung to him wh[en he came] And then he admired [her new shoes] the new stockings.

"What about the co[st?" he asked]

She sat on the arm [of his chair] one arm around his ne[ck. With] hand she put the ciga[rette case] the pocket he'd made [for it.

He looked up at [her. For a] minute she looked in [his eyes] then she put her cheek [against his]

"But honey," he [said. "I have] given you anything."

"Oh, haven't you!"

# e? 'em
# 'ing

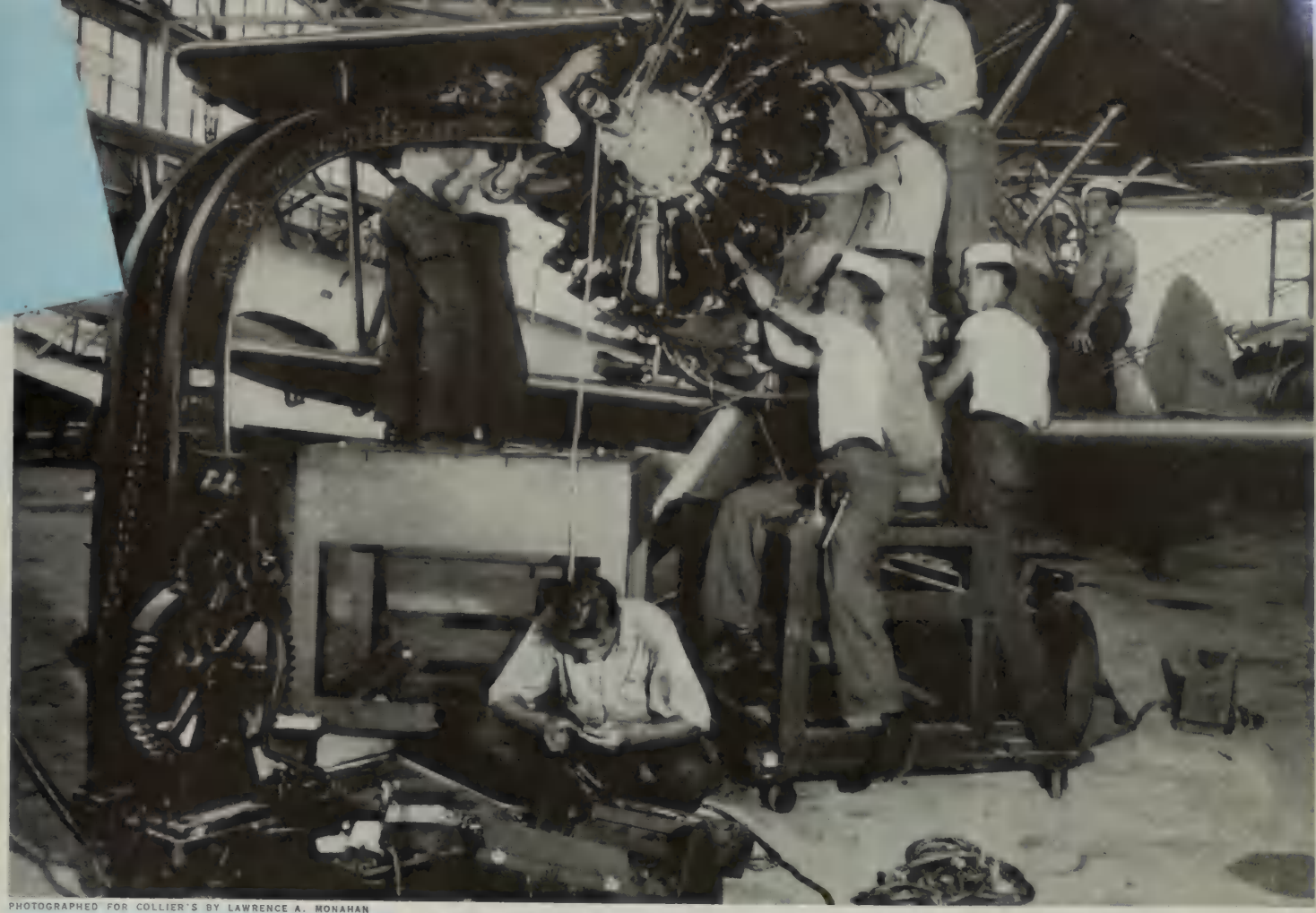
u lley Haddock

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m to keep the pilots in the

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ss f a fair-sized city. The
sr m resembles a corner in
e ine plant and a glimpse
th half-dozen radio class-
al ead one to assume the
ai g its entire personnel as



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

**The engine class works in a shop that is equipped with every type of naval aircraft power. Planes as well as engines are torn down and reassembled under instruction**

**Show place of the Jacksonville station is the superb welding shop, where the budding naval metalsmiths regard their daily stint as recreation rather than labor**

**Meals are served in cafeteria style. Students are restricted to a single serving of meat and one dessert for the sake of a balanced diet. There are no restrictions on other foods**






The graduate will re-enter civil life after his Navy stint a thoroughly trained craftsman, for there are so many supervisors, Navy and civilian, that the student receives the equivalent of individual instruction. He works six days weekly from early morning until 4 P. M. and is required to devote four nights each week to textbook study. There's release from textbook work Wednesday and Saturday nights but the Wednesday-night recess is for something else—he must scrub his gear and write the folks at home.

Navy is hand-picking its student craftsmen—they average twenty years of age—and that it may have plenty of timber from which to make its selections it recently began to admit to the school lads who enlist in the Naval Reserve for four years which, of course, includes active service for the duration, and boys of seventeen who sign up for active service until their twenty-first

*(Continued on page 44)*



# Murder in Retrospect

## By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

*The Story Thus Far:*

CAROLINE CRALE learns that her husband—Amyas Crale, an artist—is infatuated with Elsa Greer, a beautiful girl whose portrait he is painting while she is his house guest. A short time later, Crale is found dead in his garden. An investigation reveals that he has been poisoned with coniine, *apparently* administered in a glass of beer by his wife!

Mrs. Crale is arrested, charged with the crime, tried, convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life. One year later, she dies—leaving behind a letter, to be read by her daughter, "Carla," when the girl reaches the age of twenty-one. In the letter, she asserts her innocence. . . . Sixteen years later, Carla reads the letter; after which, she employs Hercule Poirot, brilliant Belgian criminal investigator who is living in London, to dig up what he can about the case.

Setting to work, the little Belgian unearths this interesting fact. On the day before the murder, someone had stolen a bottle of coniine from Meredith Blake, a neighbor of the Crales; and that "someone" might have been any one of the following persons: Mrs. Crale: Blake's brother, Philip; Elsa Greer; and Angela Warren, Mrs. Crale's half sister.

The Blakes are still living. Poirot interviews them. Both promise to set down, in writing, all that they can remember of the celebrated affair. Among others whom the detective questions is Elsa Greer (who, after several marriages, has become Lady Dittisham). The woman, still beautiful at thirty-six, has little of value to offer; but she insists that Caroline Crale had poisoned her husband. . . .

The Blakes give Poirot their "narratives." In Philip's, he states that, on one occasion, he had overheard Caroline Crale say to her husband: "You and your women! I'd like to kill you. Some day I *will* kill you—I mean it, Amyas!"

But Meredith Blake, in his account of what had happened, states that, having given much thought to the matter, he is inclined to the belief that Amyas Crale had committed suicide (as Caroline had claimed at her trial). Nevertheless, he admits that; in the course of a talk with Caroline—a talk devoted to the relationship between Amyas and Elsa Greer—Caroline had exclaimed to him: "I'm a very primitive woman, Merry. I'd like to take a hatchet to that girl!"

### VIII

I TOLD her that the child probably didn't understand in the least what she was doing. She had a great admiration and hero worship for Amyas and she probably didn't realize at all that Amyas was falling in love with her.

Caroline just said to me, "Dear Merry!" and began to talk about the garden. I hoped that she was not going to worry any more about the matter.

Shortly afterward Elsa went back to London. Amyas was away too for several weeks. I had really forgotten all about the business. In fact, I thought there wasn't anything to worry about. And then I heard that Elsa was back again at Alderbury in order that Amyas might finish the picture.

I was a little disturbed by the news. But Caroline, when I saw her, was not in a communicative mood. She seemed quite her usual self—not worried or upset in any way. I imagined that everything was all right.

That's why it was such a shock to me to learn how far the thing had gone.

I have told you of my conversations with Crale and with Elsa. I had no opportunity of talking to Caroline. We were only able to exchange those few words about which I have already told you.

I can see her face now—the wide, dark eyes and the restrained emotion.

**He had a show on in Bond Street and there was one of his pictures in Manchester and one in Leeds. I went to see them all**

I can still hear her vo
*"Everything's finished.*

I can't describe to
desolation she conveyed
They were a literal sta
With Amyas' defection
finished for her. That,
was why she took the c
way out. A way suggest
stupid dissertation on
the passage I read fr
gives a gracious picture

Here is my present
the coniine, resolved to
when Amyas left her.
seen her take it or he
covered that she had it

That discovery acted
terrific force. He was
his actions had led her
But, notwithstanding h
morse, he still felt him
giving up Elsa. I can
Anyone who had fallen
would find it almost ir
himself away.

*He* could not envis
Elsa. He realized tha
not live without *him.*
was only one way out—
ine himself.

ALL this, alas, is not
me for—which was
happenings as I reme
me now repair that c
already told you fully
on the day preceding
We now come to the d

I had slept very ba
the disastrous turn o
friends. After a long
while I vainly tried t
thing helpful I could
catastrophe, I fell int
about 6 A.M. The brir
tea did not awaken
woke up, heavy-hea
freshed, about half p
shortly after that that
movements in the ro
was the room I used

I may say here th
sounds were probably
getting in. I found
raised a little way, as
been left from the da
just wide enough to a
of a cat. I merely m
to explain how I came
oratory.

I went in there a
dressed and, looking
I noticed that the bot
preparation of coniin
of line with the rest.
eye drawn to it in thi
tled to see that a con
of it was gone. The
nearly full the day b
nearly empty.

I shut and locked
went out, locking the
I was considerably u
wildered. When sta
processes are, I am
slow.

I was first disturbe
sive, and finally defi
questioned the house
denied having enter
at all. I thought th
while longer and the
up my brother and ge

*(Continued o*

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# Take a *leaf*...*any* leaf... of this Marvelous Spinach!



**eep-green leaf,** there's just no other
rds Eye Spinach!
's rich flavor will match that of the best-tasting spinach in summer! Yep, you'll be amazed at its garden-freshness . . . the cool, crinkly-freshness of spinach just picked! But then . . .



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DS EYE SCALLOPS

y it in this luscious Spinach Ring . . .
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Buy these other grand Birds Eye Foods!

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**2. Birds Eye just doesn't** believe in indifferent spinach. So we grow *only* spinach that's famous for zestier flavor . . . in soil spinach takes to best! We know how you *hate* sandy spinach. So we bathe every pound of Birds Eye Spinach in gallons of clear, spring water! Above *all* . . .




**3. We worship and cherish** *garden-freshness! 4 hours after it's picked* . . . this spinach is Quick-Frozen! Flavor, freshness, vitamins are captured . . . snugly *held in* till you're ready to eat! Open the box, cook and serve! A trouble-free spinach, if ever you saw one!




**4. And, Birds Eye Spinach** is a budget joy! You pay for no *wasteful*, stringy leaves! Every wholesome ounce is eatable! Thus, one box of Birds Eye Spinach equals 2¼ lbs. of untrimmed spinach! That's the economy . . . you'll enjoy in all the grand Birds Eye Foods!

**Important!** Birds Eye Spinach recently received the Seal of Acceptance of the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association!

**To Avoid Disappointment:** Look for the Birds Eye on the window and on the package. Over 60 waste-free Birds Eye Foods . . . GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR MONEY BACK! Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. (Also grown, packaged and distributed in Canada by the Hudson's Bay Company, Montreal.)

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• As auctioneers, buyers an... ...men, they see the kind of ... ...buy, and the prices paid . . ... ...men, Lucky Strike *means* ... Isn't that what you want ... ...rette—fine tobaccos?

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**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES** TO...

# Death of a Dutch Town

Continued from page 12

do with those soldiers. German, too, of course. -do family has a German

Hootse walked rapidly ouse into the garden. He nall plot of land, opened stone wall and emerged in en two rows of small gar- n he ran. In five minutes g up the steps of the town into the council chamber. ," he blurted out. "Where aster?"

hip is having a cup of club," said the council- to him. "Why are you so

ans are in town!" panted

own?" asked Hakkert. n, here in Gorcum!" ar fellow, if I did not know etotaler, I would say you home, my good man."

't go home, my street is ns," protested Hootse.

### ge Makes Its Fight

were speaking another nto the doorway. "Town ans," he cried. "They are the ships moored at the an maid servants are di- They have taken the ng Exchange Building. n. Let me get at them!" s all this? Why this com- e the voice of the burgo- ad just returned from his

ens say," explained Coun- ert, "that the streets are ns."

ermans? Why, the Ger- iles and miles away," shouted the mayor. "You are the victims of optical illusion, or of drink, citizens."

"The Germans are in Gorcum!" screamed Hootse.

"The Germans don't drop from the sky!" roared the mayor.

But here was Cornelius Meurs, the policeman. He saluted the burgomaster humbly. "It's true, Mynheer the Burgomaster," he said. "They are here. They are in the streets. My colleague Van Pelt has been killed. Others have fallen. There is severe fighting going on at the prison. The fishermen of the Visschersdyk (one of the slum quarters of Gorcum) went at the Germans with knives. . . ."

"Telephone the military," exclaimed the burgomaster.

"The lines are cut all over town," the policeman said. "There are Germans at the town gates."

"But how did they get there?" asked the mayor.

"They are dropping from the sky with parachutes," said the policeman. "The sky is full of floating parachutes above the road to Dort. . . ."

Another citizen came in. "Burgomaster," he said calmly, "two German airplanes have landed on the parade ground."

"On the parade ground, right between the army barracks?" asked the mayor in amazement.

"Right there!"

"But, but . . ." faltered the mayor, "the troops, our soldiers, what?"

"Our soldiers rushed the airplanes, but were cut down by machine-gun fire. . . ."

Dutch soldiers interrupted the councilors and citizens. They had entered the town hall by the rear door. One of their officers requested the burgomaster to evacuate his chambers and all the rooms with windows looking on the square at once.

"They are in the guardhouse," he said curtly, referring to a medieval building which stood opposite the town hall. "And," added the soldier, "we are going to blast them out!" Infantrymen were now pouring into all the rooms. The clatter of breaking glass was heard and soon every window had its machine-gun nozzle pointed in the direction of the guardhouse.

The firing lasted all afternoon and through the night. In the morning the Dutch troops stormed the guardhouse and took it at the point of the bayonet. Good news came also from near-by villages. The squads of parachutists who had dropped at Hardinxveld and Werkendam in the proximity of the great railway bridge of Sliedrecht had been rounded up or destroyed. Those who had landed by airplane in Gorcum's barracks square had been annihilated, while the enemy detachment which had seized the prison had, too, been overpowered.

### The Devil Declares War

The first night passed without an incident in Gorcum itself, but the news from the front and from The Hague and Rotterdam continued to grow steadily worse. Through the radio it was learned that while a battalion of marines and a company of sappers had been drawn up in one of the city's parks, located on the shore of one of Rotterdam's many inner waterways, and just when the men were receiving final instructions from their officers, they had been raked by a burst of machine-gun fire from a Swedish steamer, which was quietly riding at anchor a short way from the shore. Suddenly the portholes of this ship had opened and from a dozen apertures the rattlers had started to spew death.

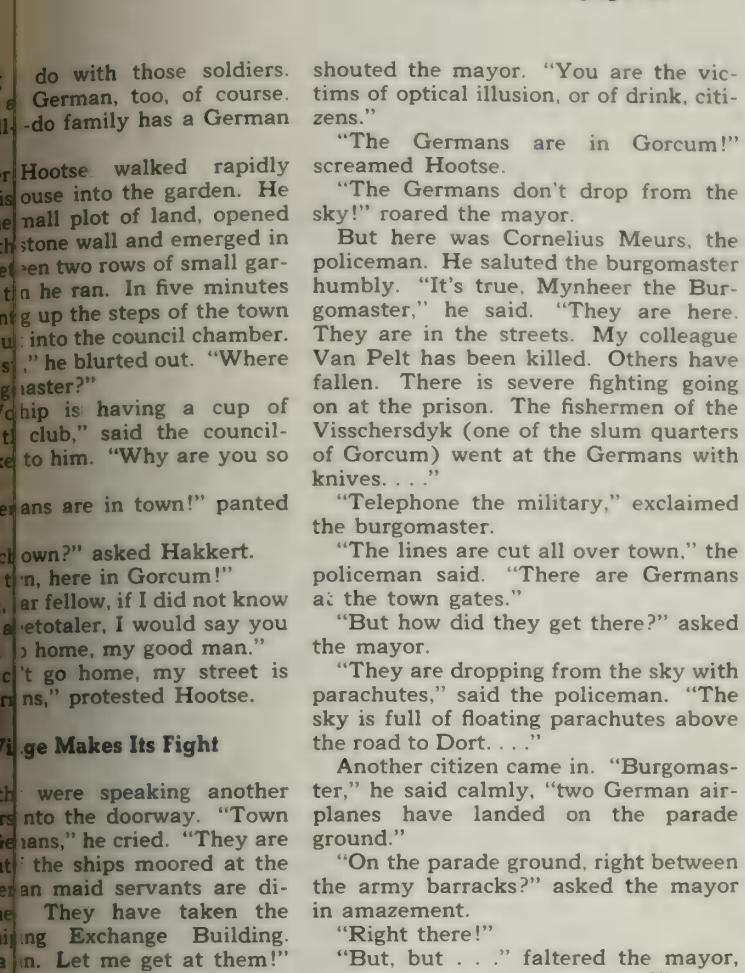
When news of this treacherous incident reached Gorcum, the indignation of the citizens knew no bounds. "This is not war they are waging on us," said Ary Stam, a giant fisherman, sometimes called Ary the Devil by his neighbors when on a drinking bout he terrorized the whole neighborhood. "This is not war, this is vile trickery! Who will guarantee us that there are no German sharpshooters hidden in those fine houses on High Street?"

"Ary," called out his wife, who stood in the crowd that had gathered around the fisherman. "Ary, shut your big mouth! Don't you dare to say anything more. We know whom you mean when you talk about the Germans in The Hague. Shut up, I tell you."

But Ary would not listen. "I have my knife," he said, drawing a wicked-looking curved blade from his pocket. "I have sliced open thousands of salmons and sturgeons in my day. I'd just like to try it on one German. I just want to see if their blood is red, that's all."

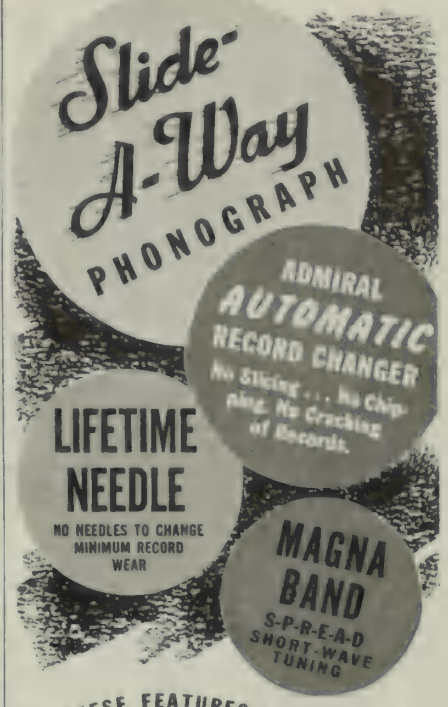
With those words he walked off, followed by a crowd of his cronies, the gang that always stood by his side in street battles with fishers from another street and with the police.

On the way to Baron von Krass' residence, those men must have forgotten the errand upon which they set out. They must have stopped in one of the numerous drinking dives in the neighborhood and changed their plans, for they were found half an hour later battering in the door of a man named Otto Glatzker, a barber, who had settled in Gorcum at the time of the inflation in Germany. After entering the house, they found Glatzker crouched in a cup-



"ll right, but very softly. It's a little late now for 'bravos' "



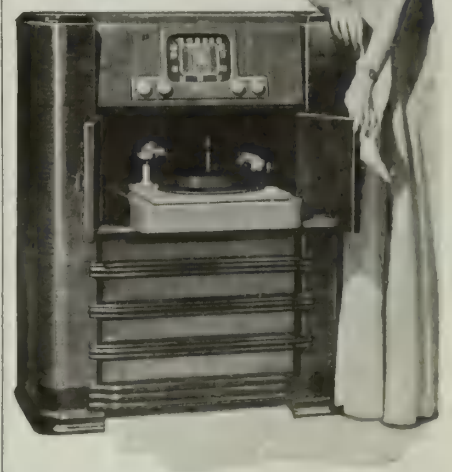




ALL THESE FEATURES WITH AN **Admiral**

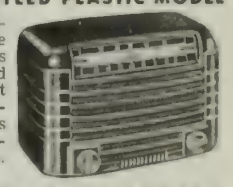
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**ADMIRAL—AMERICA'S SMART SET**

"Lookit the back I won in an argument!"



**1. How come I'm driving** a town car instead of a taxicab? Well, one night a guy in a top hat and tails hailed my cab. He looks pretty grouchy, and the gal with him is bawling him out something fierce.



**2. From the way she's yelling** at him, I gather she's his wife, and she's sore because he went to sleep at a party. He knows better than to talk back, and all he says is: "You know I didn't sleep a wink last night!"



**3. "Of course you didn't sleep** last night!" she yelped. "You drank coffee at dinner. Won't you ever learn that coffee keeps you awake?" This is where I started feeling sorry for the guy. "Lady," I said, "he should drink Sanka Coffee!"



**4. "I had to quit coffee** myself," I explained. "Caffein in it wouldn't let me sleep. Then I found Sanka Coffee. It's real coffee...but it's 97% caffein-free, and *can't keep you awake!*" She just sniffs, but the guy says: "Can you prove that?"



**5. I said: "Sure!** The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.' " The gent says: "Sounds great . . . I'll try it!"



**6. A few days later,** he hailed me again. Thanked me for telling him about Sanka Coffee, and claimed he's sleeping swell. He said: "My chauffeur quit . . . how'd you like the job?" So here's me driving a swell town car . . . at a steady salary!




SANKA COFFEE

**REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE**

Sanka Coffee is real coffee . . . all coffee . . . a blend of fine Central and South American coffees! Drip or regular grind.

TUNE IN . . . . . two great radio shows are now on the air for Sanka Coffee: *Tuesday night:* **"We, the People"** • *Sunday afternoon:* news by **William L. Shirer,** the famous author of "Berlin Diary." See your local newspaper for times and stations.


board, alternately weeping and whimpering that he had been naturalized, that he was a loyal subject of the queen.

But Ary Stam cut him short: "Where were you the day before yesterday when those umbrella men dropped into Gorcum to murder us? I did not see you with us when we butchered them at the prison! Come on, where were you, Glatzker?" While he spoke Ary was caressing that ugly knife of his. Others held the frightened barber. Then Ary gave the order to take Glatzker to the Dalem Gate, a structure dilapidated and half-ruined from the Middle Ages, the upstairs chambers of which the fishers used for drying their nets.

"We are going to round them all up," Ary said, "and at the sight of the first umbrella man coming down into our streets, it's going to be the night of the long knife for you, Glatzker."

But on the way to the Dalem Gate the crowd of fishermen and their prisoner ran into Kees Boon and Jan Trouw. Kees Boon was a smith, a giant as big as Ary Stam, who walked with a springing step and an inner fortitude. He always went bareheaded. He was in fact a most singular person: although the son of extremely poor parents—his father had been employed at a livery stable—he had acquired a liberal education by omnivorous reading. He wrote pieces for radical newspapers. Jan Trouw was his friend. Trouw was a lay preacher for a sect known as the Darbists, but he was a follower of Tolstoy and a proponent of nonviolence as well. Trouw exercised the trade of house painter on week days. On Saturday nights and on Sundays he preached in a hall in the worst part of town.

Boon and Trouw seemed to have learned that day what was up, for they met the crowd of fishers, most of them staggering drunk, and with Ary Stam at their head, near the Dalem Gate.

"Stop!" cried Kees Boon. "What do you men intend to do?"

"If you must know, Poet," said Ary in a whining voice, "we are going to string him up in the Dalem Gate and when he hangs I am going to cut his . . ."

"Coward!" said Boon. "You are all cowards," he turned to the fishers, "you are not worthy of the name of men."

"We are Dutchmen," screamed back Ary Stam. "We are defending our country against these German traitors."

"You are Dutch cowards then," came back Boon. "You are not men!"

"If you say that again I will stick my knife into you!"

### Jan Trouw Saves a Life

For answer the smith knocked the fisher down with one blow of his iron fist. Ary's knife went flying onto the cobblestones. Boon picked it up. But the infuriated fisher, taking off his wooden shoes, rose quickly and came for the smith with a shoe held over each fist like a pair of awkward, clumsy boxing gloves.

But now it was the turn of Jan Trouw to intervene. "Brothers, brothers," he called out. "Let us not fight each other. We do not know what hangs over our heads. . . . Rotterdam has just been bombed. Thirty thousand men and women and children of our people have died this afternoon in one terrible half-hour. Shall we do the same? To kill is so easy, Ary! To make men live and love and laugh in the sun, that is what Jesus wanted. To see little children grow up . . ."

"Shut up about your Jesus!" cried out Piet de Bot, who was one of the men holding the captive Glatzker, "we have heard enough of Him."

"Shut up yourself." Ary turned around in sudden anger. "Jesus is one of us. Leave Jesus out of this. . . ."

"That's right, Ary, He is one of us," said Trouw. "He is our [illegible] of fishers and . . ."

"But these German[s] our kind," Ary interru[pted].

"Does that mean th[at] the same to them? L[et] that we are Christians [and] of Jesus. Would Jesus we hanged this man? [Go] to his wife and childr[en] go home to his childre[n] others will not go hon[e]. Let us not stain our h[ands]."

The fishers let Gla[tzker] the barber scampere[d] back: "I vill make y[ou] plaint for all of you [The] whole crowd laughed [heartily].

### Curiosity Overc[omes Hate]

In the night that [followed] was occupied.

Although the Germa[n authorities] appealed to the peopl[e in the] areas to co-operate w[ith them] to restore order as qu[ickly as] not a single one of [the] tants had ventured ou[t] first forty-eight hours [after the] investment.

It was through the [children] inhabitants first regai[ned some] their peace of mind [and] sure. The youngsters [quickly] of the houses, quite s[oon] even turning their ey[es] those strangers they s[aw] But finally some of t[hem] still, fascinated by all [the] tle and the color and [excitement] the streets. Germa[n soldiers] make friendly gestur[es] to the sters, call them ove[r] ask them names or give them [pieces of] Soon the shyness wo[re] the end the soldiers [had] would make friends. [Even the] too, would take a peep [at] would stand in the [doorway] ter up the street a sh[ort way] in his pockets, as if [they were] cerned about anyth[ing] in looking at the sky [casually] his pipe. Then perh[aps] he a glance at a piece [of artillery] the German soldiers [gleaming] one of the soldiers [would run] and hold a match fo[r him and] would say: *"Nein,* [take] first, but the soldier [would] angry in the least. I[t] not take father's re[fusal as] but go about their [work as] had happened. In th[e way and] ilar ways the one citi[zen after the] would become reassu[red that] diate danger was th[e tension] it was quite safe to [talk about] ple would say that y[ou could not] those soldiers for a [thing. The] had merely carried o[rders to] were quite human ar[d did not] have arrogantly as v[ictors are] to do. The one cit[izen learned] the other that the st[range soldiery] behaving quite cor[rectly, in a] fashion even.

In the taverns a[t the tap] which had been the [scene to which] German soldiers wer[e no longer] or standing alone [in small] groups. They would [ask some local] fisherman to sit dow[n and have] with them and if he a[ccepted they] say, *"Gesundheit!"* [and the Dutch] would answer: *"Ge[sundheid]"* would say *"Prozit!"* [to show that] was not altogether [ignorant] world and that he k[new a word] of German himself. [And then all] laugh and have ano[ther drink.] contact between the [invaders and] townspeople was gra[dually established] so that on the ninth [tenth day] occupation when a [German regi]band gave a conce[rt in the]

were not only German sol-
ıg, but demobilized Dutch
ell as many civilians. And
ooked about sharp on that
ı would have noticed, too,
the Dutch girls had begun
ck at those yellow-haired
Saxon farm boys in uni-
trolled about in pairs and
for all the world like lads
hboring villages of Gelder-

not long before you could
ople say that it made very
ce to them who was sitting
ue, the former ministers
German governor-general.

### ho Didn't Understand

apers also began to sing a
e. The Germans had not
ess the Dutch. To the con-
utch were Aryan brothers
stined to play a high role
urope.
rse of the fighting in and
prison house where the
ps from the river barges
d themselves and whence
romptly dislodged by the
on of the townsmen, there
lled a policeman by the
elius Meurs. This Meurs
r, named Gyse, a feeble-
idual who earned his liv-
ıg carpets and by begging
ıe church door. Gyse was
n the average boy of nine
emember well, but he had
chest expansion of a giant.
ngth of his hands was such
lmost become a byword in
ty. I knew both the Meurs
my youth, for Cornelius
that Bible school where I
myself for the better part
rs. Their family was ex-
, but at one time it had
the best known in all Hol-
ncestors of those two boys
l casters, and till this day
the name of one or the
Meurs artisans inscribed
of dozens of towns and vil-
southern part of Holland.
he dwarflike Gyse did not
, it must not be supposed
absent from our games.
ed his brother Cornelius
went. He accompanied him
school door in the morn-
waiting for him again when
dismissed in the afternoon,
inter or summer, rain or
two were in fact insepa-
this, I think, for the very
that Cornelius was the
eing who could understand
speech, which consisted of
animalistic grunts and
ed in different tones to ex-
nt emotions.
m battle that we waged in
reed along the Merwede
far outside Gorcum's walls,
served as our one-man
mn. He carried whatever
n to carry. But you could
to Gyse only through his
elius.
ionship between the two
become even closer with
their parents and with the
years. They occupied a
in some back alley. Of an
e could be seen sitting on
reshold looking down the
tly waiting for his brother
duty. When he saw the
re swing around the cor-
ould jump up, run as fast
legs could carry him and
ow his arms around his
rnelius would stoop down
dwarf and, with his hand
he shorter man's shoulders
and Gyse holding on to Cornelius' coat, the two would walk the rest of the way home together.

On the afternoon of the invasion, some neighbors brought the body of Cornelius Meurs back on a pushcart to the place he had always called home. The dwarf brother was not in at the time, so the neighbors placed the body in the bed, a sort of cupboard in the wall that served the two men as a sleeping place. I do not think it was anyone's intention that Gyse should go in there unwarned of the death of his brother. But that is the way it happened. He came home, stumbled into the front room of the cottage but was back in the alley in a minute, screaming his grief in a frightened and pitiful voice. The neighbors tried to quiet him by patting him on the head and speaking kind and reassuring words to him, but nobody could really make it clear to the dwarf what had happened to his brother. He wailed like a possessed soul and kept it up for days. Only after the body had been removed and the funeral had taken place did he grow quiet again. He sat on the doorstep staring straight ahead or sauntered to and fro in front of the cottage, his hands clasped behind his back and his head bent on his chest, as if immersed in deep thought. By and by he walked out into the streets again, too, and he made his appearance again at the back doors of the homes where he had formerly been given small jobs to do.

As he resumed his wanderings through the town and he saw the changes that had occurred—the blackened ruins of the arsenal were not far from his alley—and he saw above all the many strangers in uniform, it must have slowly dawned upon him that there was some connection between these newcomers and the death of his brother.

I have a letter from Gorcum written since the German occupation, wherein the writer remarks that the only person to be unmistakably annoyed by the presence of the Germans was Gyse Meurs. He would, in fact, (I learned) walk up to a German soldier or officer, stand boldly in his path, shake his huge fists and bark those strange, incomprehensible growls at the man until he was frothing at the mouth.

### A Dwarf Makes a Plan

At one end of Gyse's alley, separated from the rows of humble cottages that made up the neighborhood and towering over it like some mighty castle, stood an old windmill. In my youth, I recall, the wings of this mill had become unsafe and had been removed. But it had still been in use thereafter. When the doors of the mill stood open you could see how it was operated by a blindfolded horse. The horse walked around in a circle of sawdust on the outside of a complicated system of creaking beams and crossbeams. These beams met prismlike in the center of the ground floor and there turned on a thick metal point as in the old-fashioned merry-go-rounds that were to be seen until a few years ago at the fairs of Flanders and Holland. But the millstones, which ground the corn, were invisible. They were on the story above. You could hear them rolling about with thunderous rumble on the oaken floor above.

For some reason, probably because the mill's outside gallery projected above the city walls and could be used as a military observation post, the Germans a day or so after the occupation of Gorcum requisitioned the building. Troops were quartered in it and some of the men even slept between the giant millstones.

For days on end Gyse Meurs could be seen sitting on the grass of the earthen wall watching the goings on at the mill,


## How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson



**Barbara:** Who are *you* to say I haven't any *pep appeal!*
**Auntie:** Dear! Dear! A little job for me.



**Auntie:** *Good* morning, children. Did I hear some one mention PEP? I was just thinking how *delicious* a bowl of KELLOGG'S PEP would taste for breakfast. And, you know, it's rich in two important vitamins. Vitamins for pep! Let's have some!




**Auntie:** Yes, my dears, there would be no pep in any of us—no what you call "oomph"—without vitamins. We need them all. And that delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is extra rich in *two of the most important ones*—vitamins $B_1$ and D.
**Bob:** Saay! This PEP *tastes* swell!



**Barbara:** Now that we've learned about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become your "pep appeal" girl.
**Bob:** *Sweetie, I can hardly wait!*

## Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin $B_1$, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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**THE FIRST RADIO** time signal ever broadcast was read from the face of a Longines Chronometer by an announcer on N.B.C.'s Station WJZ in February, 1927. That Longines Chronometer was an important instrument in broadcast station operation. To switch programs from one studio to another or to join several stations in a hook-up—in 15 seconds or so—the watches in each place had to agree to the second with all other watches in the system. This was a major time problem. The problem was solved through the use of Longines Navigational Chronometers, hundreds of which went into broadcast station service. Then, the broadcast stations bought hundreds of Longines 1/5 second timing watches to measure radio programs bit by bit, so that they would fit to-the-second into the time allotted for them. Truly, in radio broadcasting also—Longines is the most honored watch.

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For seventy-five years Longines has concentrated on the single problem of making fine watches, better and better; watches for radio broadcasting, watches for the navigation of airplanes and battleships; and millions of watches for the service of discriminating men and women throughout the world.

Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals, and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece.

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*Federal tax included





the soldiers coming and going, the bread and supplies being delivered and all that. Nobody disturbed the half-witted dwarf, who did not come near enough to be in anybody's way, and the Germans soon grew accustomed to seeing him there with his knees drawn up level with his chin, staring at them as if he were mesmerized. For three weeks, night and day, Gyse Meurs never left his observation post and thoroughly familiarized himself with the habits of the soldiers quartered in the place.

### The Vengeance of Gyse

On the night of June 12th he struck and his vengeance was something like Samson's last performance in the temple of Dagon of the Philistines. Around ten o'clock of that day he noticed the soldiers returning from the taverns in town and that they were accompanied by women. He could hear their subdued, secret laughter as they walked up the cobblestoned pathway leading up to the mill. No sooner did he hear the heavy oaken door slam shut than he crawled out of his hiding place. He then approached the mill with a long ladder which he placed against the gallery. He climbed the ladder, scaled the railing of the gallery and, moving stealthily forward, lifted himself to one of those narrow slits that served to let in the daylight in the upper story. What he saw inside apparently steeled him with resolution to carry out the rest of his design. Like a cat he slid down the ladder once more and raced for the door. He tried the latch and it opened. Gyse Meurs was inside the mill. It seemed that his eyes could penetrate the Stygian darkness of the wide room, for he ran with unfailing step around the machinery toward the small door that gave access to the narrow stairway leading upstairs. Noiselessly he slipped the heavy iron bolts into their locks—the German soldiers were locked in, except for the door upstairs that opened on the gallery. Again Gyse ran through the darkened mill room, came outside and raced up the ladder.

On the gallery he took hold of the great metal wheel which had formerly, in the times when the mill was still equipped with wings, been used to set the hood or roof of the mill to the wind. With an effort that made him gasp, Gyse lifted the wheel and carried it to the side where the door was located and then wedged it tightly between the door and the railing of the narrow gallery. The wood creaked, but the dwarf worked on as if he had not heard anything. When he had the wheel in place, he lifted himself once more to one of the windows and looked inside. Almost at once he dropped back. One of the soldiers had seen something move against the glass of the ten-inch-wide aperture in the wall and had walked over to look out. But Gyse was gone. He slid down the ladder and entered the dark mill room once more. For a moment he stood still to listen. He could hear footsteps upstairs and voices. One man was coming down the stairs; his feet could be heard stumbling uncertainly on the narrow wooden stairway.

Then Gyse seized hold of the wooden beams at the place where the horse used to be harnessed to the machinery and, planting his feet in the sawdust, he heaved with all his might. It was as if the whole structure were about to crack. The machinery grated and creaked, but slowly it came into motion. Gyse kept on walking and pushing. Above his head he could hear the millstones go into motion and above their rumble the cries and shouts of the trapped soldiers. Faster and faster he walked, knowing perhaps that if he could come to a trot, that is exceed the normal pace of a horse, the millstones would be torn loose from their moorings and go careening over the floor above. Whether he knew that this would happen or not, this did as a matter of fact occur. But what he could not see was that an oil lamp was upset upstairs and that the burning oil was spreading over the floor, which was as dry as tinder. In five minutes the mill was a huge flaming torch that threw a ruddy glare on the water of the river and that could be seen for miles around. But then also the alarm had been given and the volunteer fire department of Gorcum was on the way. Soldiers were hacking at the door with axes and picks but could not break it down. Burning timbers were falling from the gallery and from there on the firefighters below. Finally a hole was chopped into the door large enough to let in one man. As this man pushed through the opening Gyse saw him by the light of the burning woodwork of the ceiling and he rushed forward. Before the impact of the dwarf the German soldier went down like a sack with Gyse on top of him, throttling the life out of him with his strong fingers. Then the building crashed.

The bodies of thirteen German soldiers were removed from the ruins the next day. But also the charred remains of two unrecognizable females. The German high command, after a thorough examination of the building, reached the conclusion that the dwarf who was found with his fingers buried deep in the throat of the dead German soldier was responsible, but that he must have acted with the connivance of others and the announcement was made that unless the citizens of Gorcum would come forward voluntarily and denounce the accomplices of Gyse Meurs, thirteen citizens, chosen by lot, would have to pay with their lives for the crime committed against the German army.

The selection of the persons to be executed in retaliation for the dwarf's insensate action of revenge had been left to the discretion of the Gestapo's representative in Gor
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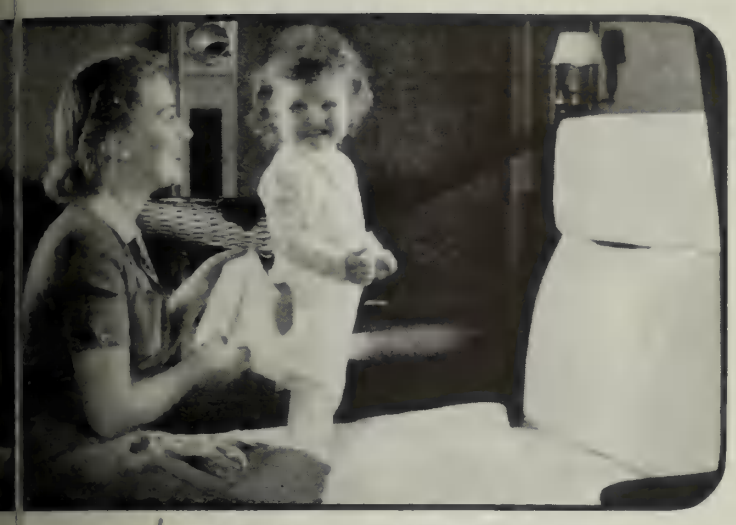
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"Never mind combing it—I'm going right home to l

# ...i this Pullman QUIZ

...E are five illustrated questions about Pullman service a... the modern Pullman car. Whether you're a seasoned ...l, or whether you have yet to board a Pullman for the ...e, you'll find it entertaining to see how well you "know o...s". And you'll find, incidentally, that "knowing the ...ill help you get more enjoyment out of that most enjoy... w... to travel . . . by Pullman.



...pproximately how wide and how long is your bed in a Pullman lower ...3 ...n. wide by 5 ft. 10 in. long . . . (2) 33 in. wide by 6 ft. long . . . (3) 35 ...y ft. 2 in. long . . .

...n. wide by 6 ft. 2 in. long. For, in every way, the Pullman berth ...ed give you *home* comfort. The mattress is soft and restful; the sheets ...a clean; the pillows—*two* of them—are full size. Within easy reach ...ec lamps, coat hangers, and a shelf for your belongings.



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**QUESTION:** *All Pullman porters are carefully trained in the duties of: (1) A bed maker . . . (2) A valet . . . (3) A night watchman . . .*

**ANSWER:** All three. Your Pullman porter is expert at making up your bed so it's smooth and comfortable. He brushes your clothes, shines your shoes, performs a host of helpful personal services. At night, there's always a porter on call . . . to bring you, for example, a drink of water or an extra blanket.




**QUESTION:** *What one of these 14 things is not found in a Pullman washroom?*

1. *Washbowls*
2. *Tooth-scrubbing bowl*
3. *Mirrors*
4. *Soap*
5. *Hamper for used towels*
6. *Individual towels*
7. *Hot water*
8. *Slot for used razor blades*
9. *Outlet for electric razor*
10. *Comb and brush*
11. *Toilet*
12. *Shelf for toilet articles*
13. *Coat hangers*
14. *Lounge seats*

**ANSWER:** No comb and brush, for obvious sanitary reasons. But there's little else you could ask for that isn't in the spic-and-span Pullman washroom.




**QUESTION:** *What is the charge for a lower berth in a Pullman for a 300-mile trip? (1) $10.95 . . . (2) $7.50 . . . (3) $2.65 . . .*

**ANSWER:** $2.65. This is the Pullman charge for your space. Your first class rail fare cost is additional.

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...OE These questions and answers give you some idea of the comforts and conveniences that are yours when you travel by Pullman. Is there *any* other way to travel that offers you quite so much for so little? And that offers—in addition—peace of mind and the knowledge that you'll speed safely and surely to your journey's end.

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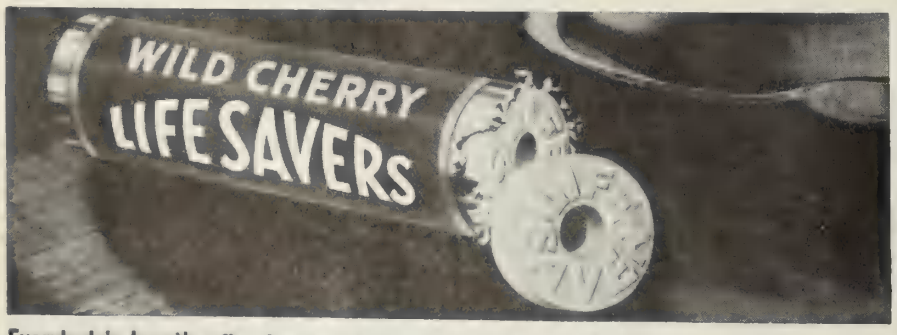

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**Fresh from the mint** can describe a shiny new coin—or the way your mouth feels after cool, tingly Cryst-O-Mint Life Savers. Both are *most* agreeable.



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**Everybody's breath** offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. 14 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

was the remnant of a huge castle and where the Gestapo had established its headquarters, were told that they would soon have their loved ones back. They had merely been sent away to receive instruction in the duties of the new European citizenship along with intellectuals and radicals from other countries occupied by the German armies.

What the relatives were not told, however, was the fact that their husbands, fathers and brothers were chained up to the walls of the old dungeons of the Toll Barracks and that day after day they were subjected to the brutality and mistreatment of the Gestapo men. It was curious, too, that in rounding up the so-called "dangerous" elements, Parteigenosse Schwartz had not paid attention to the types who might have been expected to fear a fascist conquest most.

So it was, for instance, that the only Communist member of the Town Council of Gorcum, who had also been the organizer of the local ironworkers' union, not only had not been molested, but had been placed in charge of the newly established section of the Arbeits-front.

The men who had been arrested were persons like Kees Boon, the smith and local poet, and his friend Jan Trouw, the house painter who preached on Sunday in the chapel of the Darbists. These two men, on whom even the most conservative and reactionary Gorcumers had looked in the past as harmless idealists, incapable of the least act or thought of violence, had been among the first to be taken into custody by the Gestapo. This leads one to think that the Germans entertained different notions on the subject of their innocence and harmlessness. As a matter of fact not the most vociferously patriotic citizens, those who had called for a fight to the death against the invader and who had always been in the forefront of nationalistic and patriotic endeavor, were regarded by the Germans as their most determined opponents, but rather, and strange it may seem, the men of peace at any price, the conscientious objectors, the followers of Tolstoy, the believers in nonviolence.

### Tragedy for Three

The first to join Boon and Trouw in the dungeon of the Toll Barracks had been the president and officers of the district organization of "Kerk en Vrede" (Church and Peace), a young pastor from a near-by village and his colleagues from a small fortified town across the Merwede River. These men, whose fundamental idea had been the preaching of spiritual defense alone, who would have had Holland disarm completely, strip herself of army and navy, and face the world as naked as Isaiah of yore in an attitude of absolute defenselessness, they who were willing to face occupation of their country and subjugation of their people without offering the slightest opposition, in the belief that in so doing they carried out Christ's command not to resist evil, they were indicated as Germany's worst enemies. Their ideas had not had a wide following, but to the extent that their influence had made it felt, one may have expected that the Germans would have hailed them as comrades and collaborators in that they contributed something at least toward disrupting unanimity on the subject of national defense, on which Hitler's victory was partly conditioned. These were the men who had been thrown into jail. And it was out of their midst that Parteigenosse Schwartz selected the first three who were to pay with their lives for the burning of the mill and its soldier occupants.

At the last moment, the Gestapo agent changed his plans abou[t] cution take place in [t] not keep up the prete[nse] oners had been sent [to] political re-education [camp] them at so short a [notice] firing squad in the to[wn] the bowling green.

Parteigenosse Schw[artz] tapo had decided that [the] to take place on the [square] the Toll Barracks, a[nd] closed to the public. [Those] selected were Sylvan d[e] Jan Trouw, the preach[er] and a schoolmaster [named] Strang. The three were [to] fate at noon, three h[ours] death.

A request to see [their] children for a last ti[me] von Schwabenfels h[ad] later countermanded [the] only witnesses of th[e] the inhabitants of th[e] rear garden walls tou[ched] range. Some of th[e] strange procession wh[ich] the iron cellar door [of] racks that afternoon. [Most] of the spectators who [had] Venetian blinds in [the] across his small gard[en] of binoculars how h[e] drawn to the scene by [the] three condemned me[n]

### Hail to the N[ew] Order!

Their faces could be [seen] three men looked gri[m] My old friend, Jan T[rouw] unrecognizable. His l[eft] len horribly and the [right] face was covered wit[h] of beard. . . . They [were] gether. Sylvan de Wi[t] had to be assisted b[y] diers as the party c[ame] steps that lead to the [square] were twelve soldiers [and] officer preceded then[,] tapo agent, Schwartz[,] The three were plac[ed] tree. Schwartz advan[ced] thing to them in Ger[man] did not understand [a] The Gestapo man re[ad] a monotonous tone o[f] the sound of the car[s] tower disturbed the s[till] stillness. Instinctivel[y] three men turned in [the] tion. And then, wit[h] more attention to Sc[hw] verdict, the three of [them] the tune, singing the [old] voices:

"The Lord is gre[at] great, the wonder of [His] endlessly great His lo[ve]! . . ."

When the three co[n]demned [men] gan to sing Schwartz [looked] surprise and ran bac[k] the firing squad. . . . [Then] ment the command [rang] When the smoke had [cleared] secret onlookers saw [that] Strang had fallen fl[at] but Jan Trouw was [still] ing to raise himself. [Blood] ing his shirt in dark [blotches] Schwartz walked ove[r] where Trouw was kn[eeling] revolver in his right [hand] almost raised himse[lf] fired and he fell. Yet [he] rose to his knees. T[he] kicked him in the fa[ce] Sinking back, Jan Tr[ouw] ger at the Gestapo m[an] "And yet you too ar[e] human [being]

For answer Schwa[rtz] steadying his revolve[r] his elbow, fired once [more]. . . .

The new order hac[l been estab]lished in Gorcum!

## The Pied Piper

Continued from page 18

en she will be quite well smoothed the bed and oward, sitting on a chair heila in his arms. "There, l is now ready."

an looked up at her. "I e said courteously. "One f I put her to bed now, ne back and stay with her get a doctor?"

said, "But certainly, mon- r little one!" She watched n to undress Sheila on his isturbance she began to chwoman smiled broadly, tream of motherly French e child, who gradually . In a minute or so How- ndered Sheila to her and The maid looked up at d look for your doctor, ou wish. I will stay with tle."

em, and went down to the e hall, and asked where he doctor. In the thronging paused for a moment. "I n'sieur . . . yes. One of the in the restaurant—he is *jor*."

pressed into the crowded ractically every table was rs, for the most part glum ter some inquiry he found *major* just finishing his ained the position to him. up his red velvet cap and upstairs.

s later he said, "Be easy, e must stay warm in bed perhaps longer—she has tomorrow I think that no fever any more."

ed, "What has she got?" rugged his shoulders in- She is not infectious. Per- been hot, and playing in air. Children, you under- er easily. The tempera- uite high and very quickly. hours, down again. . . ." away. "Keep her in bed, d light food only; I will below. No wine."

Howard. He took out his Without doubt," he said, ."

ed. The Frenchman folded n the breast pocket of his used for a moment. "You ?" he inquired.

Howard nodded. "I shall take them to Paris as soon as she can travel, and then to England by St. Malo."

There was a momentary silence. The officer stood for a moment staring at the child in the bed. At last he said, "It may be necessary that you should go to Brest. Always, there will be boats for England at Brest."

The old man stared at him. "But there is a service from St. Malo."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "It is very near the front. Perhaps there will be only military traffic there." He hesitated, and then said, "It seems that the Boches have crossed the Seine, near Rheims. Only a few, you understand. They will be easily thrown back."

He turned and went downstairs. Howard followed him, and got from the restaurant a jug of cold milk and a few little plain cakes for the children and, as an afterthought, a couple of feet of bread for his own supper. He carried these things through the crowded hall and up the stairs to his own room, afraid to leave the children very long.

He gave the children their supper of cakes, and milk out of a tooth glass; Sheila seemed cooler, and drank her milk with very little coaxing. Then it was time to put Ronnie to bed in the big bed beside his sister. The little boy asked, "Where are my pajamas?"

Howard said, "At the station. We'll put you into bed in your shirt for a start, just for fun. Then get your pajamas."

He made a game of it with them, and tucked them up carefully one at each side of the big bed, with a bolster down the middle. "Now you be good," he said. "I'm just going to get the luggage. I'll leave the light on."

He left them and went down to the hall. The restaurant and the café were more crowded than ever; in the throng there was no hope at all of getting anyone to help him with the luggage. He pushed his way to the door and went out into the street, bewildered at the atmosphere of the town, and more than a little worried.

The station, again, was thronged with troops. Howard crossed to the arrival platform and searched painstakingly for his luggage among the recumbent forms. He found the tin case with his rods and he found the small attaché case; the suitcase had vanished, nor could he discover any trace of the registered luggage.

He had not expected any more, but



**ow, remember! You and Harry must bring all the chil- ren and come visit— Good heavens, what am I saying!"**

DAVID C. GERARD


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KANSAS CITY, MO.
702 Fidelity B'k Bldg.
LOS ANGELES
401 RKO Hillstreet Bldg.
MIAMI
218 Shoreland Arcade
MILWAUKEE
152 W. Wisconsin Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
624 Andrus Bldg.
NEW ORLEANS
1801 Canal Bldg.
NEW YORK
17 East 42nd St.
NEWARK, N. J.
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OKLAHOMA CITY
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OMAHA
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the loss of the suitcase was a serious matter. He knew that when he got to Paris he would find the registered luggage waiting for him in the *consigne*, were it six months later. But the suitcase had apparently been stolen; either that, or it had been placed in safekeeping by some zealous railway official. Under the circumstances that did not seem probable. He would look for it in the morning; in the meantime they must all get on without pajamas for the night. He made his way back to the hotel and up to the bedroom again.

Both children were sleeping. Sheila was hot and restless and had thrown off most of her coverings. He spread them over her more lightly and stretched himself to sleep uneasily in the armchair, desperately worried over what the next day would bring. One fact consoled him: he had his rods quite safe.

DAWN came at five and found him still dozing uneasily. The children woke soon after that and began chattering and playing in the bed; the old man stirred and sat up stiffly in his chair. He rubbed a hand over his face; he was feeling very ill. Then the children claimed his attention and he got up to put them right.

There was no chance of any further sleep; already there was much tramping to and fro in the hotel. In the station yard outside his window, lorries, tanks and guns were on the move; the grinding of the caterpillar treads, the roar of exhausts, the chink of harness and the stamping of the teams made up a melody of war. He turned back to the children; Sheila was better, but still obviously unwell. He brought the basin to the bed and washed her face and arms; then he combed her hair with the small pocket comb that he had found in the attaché case, one of the few small toilet articles he had. He took her temperature, under the arm for fear that she might chew on the thermometer.

It came out a degree above normal; he tried vainly to recall how much he should add on for the arm. In any case it didn't matter much; she'd have to stay in bed. He got Ronnie up, washed him, and set him to dress himself; then he sponged over his own face and rang the bell for the *femme de chambre*. He was unshaven, but that could wait.

She came presently, and exclaimed when she saw the chair and coverlet. "Monsieur has slept so?" she said. "But there was room in bed for all of you!"

He felt a little foolish. "The little one is ill," he said. "When a child is ill, she should have room. I was quite comfortable."

Her eyes softened, and she clucked her tongue again. "Tonight I will find another mattress," she said. "Be assured, monsieur, I will arrange something."

He ordered coffee and rolls and jam; she went away and came back presently with a loaded tray. As she set it down upon the dressing table, he ventured, "I must go out this morning to look for my luggage, and to buy a few things. I will take the little boy with me; I shall not be very long. Would you listen for the little girl, in case she cries?"

The woman beamed at him. "Assuredly. But it will not be necessary for Monsieur to hurry. I will bring *la petite* Rose, and she can play with the little sick one."

Howard said, "Rose?"

He stood for ten minutes, listening to a torrent of family history. Little Rose was eight years old, the daughter of the woman's brother, who was in England. No doubt Monsieur had met her brother? Tenois was the name, Henri Tenois. He was in London, the wine waiter at the Hotel Dickens, in Russell Square. He was a widower, so the *femme de chambre* made a home for *la petite* Rose. And so o minute.

Howard had to exercis tact to get rid of her b cooled.

An hour later, spruce leading Ronnie by the h the station. For half searched the platforms with the tired troops, bu of the lost suitcase. No worked and worried ol help.

They left the station toward the center of the jamas for the childrer some purple sweets call back with them for S bought a large green pic Babar the Elephant. T back to the hotel.

Ronnie said presen motorcar from England. sort is it?"

The old man said, ' I can tell you that." across the road to the was a big open touri sprayed dull green splashed and stained w evidently weeks since it Around it, two or thre tling to get it filled wit water. One of them w the air hose at the whe

One of the men see miliar to the old man. stared across the road where they had met. bered; it was in his clu fore. The man was F something to do with a Morning Record—that quite a well-known line.

Howard crossed the ing Ronnie by the han ing," he said. "Mr. I isn't it?"

The man turned c hand; he had been clea screen. Recognition da "I remember," he sai derers Club . . ."

"Howard is the nam

"I remember." Th him. "What are you d

The old man said, " Paris, but I'm hung u days, I'm afraid." H about Sheila.

The newspaperman ter get out quick. T across the Marne." T at him. "And now the ing up from the south.

THERE was a mo "What did you say were doing?"

"They've declared Didn't you know?"

The old man shool body told me that."

"It only happened French may not have but it's true enough."

By their side a lit out from the full tar one of the men remo slammed the snap c cap with a metallic c lot," he said to Dic across and get a few we'd better get going.

Dickinson turned t must get out of this," You'll be all right if y by tonight—at least. There are boats still Malo."

The old man stare out of the question other child has got a t

The man shrugge "Well, I tell you hor won't hold. They're

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ready. I'm not being a sensationalist. It's true."

Howard stood staring up the street. "Where are you making for?"

"I'm going down into Savoy to see what the Italians are doing in that part. And then, we're getting out. Maybe Marseilles, perhaps across the frontier into Spain."

The old man smiled. "Good luck," he said. "Don't get too near the fighting."

The other said, "What are you going to do, yourself?"

"I don't quite know. I'll have to think about it."

He turned away toward the hotel, leading Ronnie by the hand.

Up in the bedroom things were very happy. *La petite* Rose was there, a shy little girl with long black hair and an advanced maternal instinct. Already Sheila was devoted to her. *La petite* Rose had made a rabbit from two of Howard's dirty handkerchiefs and three little bits of string, and this rabbit had a burrow in the bedclothes on Ronnie's side of the bed; when you said "Boo" he dived back into his burrow, manipulated ingeniously by *la petite* Rose. Sheila, bright-eyed, struggled to tell old Howard all about it in mixed French and English. In the middle of their chatter three airplanes passed very low over the station and the hotel.

Howard undid his parcels and gave Sheila the picture book about Babar the Elephant. Babar was an old friend of *la petite* Rose, and well known; she took the book and drew Ronnie to the bed, and began to read the story to them. The little boy soon tired of it; airplanes were more in his line, and he went and leaned out of the window hoping to see another one go by.

Howard left them there, and went down to the restaurant where he ordered lunch to be sent up to the bedroom, both for himself and for the children.

It came presently, brought by the *femme de chambre*. There was much excited French about the pictures of Babar and about the handkerchief rabbit. The woman beamed all over; it was the sort of party that she understood.

Howard said, "It has been very, very kind of you to let *la petite* Rose be with *la petite* Sheila. Already they are friends."

The woman spoke volubly: "It is nothing, monsieur—nothing at all. Rose likes more than anything to play with little children, or with kittens, or young dogs. Truly, she is a little mother, that one." She rubbed the child's head affectionately. "She will come back after luncheon, if monsieur desires."

Sheila said, "I want Rose to come back after luncheon, Monsieur Howard."

He said slowly, "You'd better go to sleep after luncheon." He turned to the woman. "If she could come back at four o'clock?" To Rose, "Would you like to come and have tea with us this afternoon—English tea?"

She said shyly, "*Oui, monsieur.*"

SHE went away, and Howard gave the children their dinner. Sheila was still hot with a slight temperature. He put the tray outside the door when they had finished, and made Ronnie lie down on the bed with his sister.

Later in the afternoon, when the children were asleep, he took a long walk.

When he returned, things were still happy in the bedroom. *La petite* Rose, it seemed, knew a game which involved the imitation of animals in endless repetition:

*"My great-aunt lives in Tours,*
*In a house with a cherry tree*
*With a little mouse (squeak, squeak)*
*And a big lion (roar, roar)*
*And a wood pigeon (coo, coo) . . ."*

and so on quite indefinitely. It was a game that made no great demand on the intelligence, and Sheila wanted nothing better. Presently they were all playing it; it was so that the *femme de chambre* found them.

She came in with tea, laughing all over her face. "In Touraine I learned that, as a little girl, myself," she said. "It is pretty, is it not? All children like 'My Great-Aunt Lives in Tours'—always, always. In England, monsieur, do the children play like that?"

"Much the same," he said. "Children in every country play the same games."

They played a little more after tea; then Howard washed the children as the *femme de chambre* remade the bed. She helped him to undress them and put them into their new pajamas; then she held Sheila on her capacious lap while the old man took her temperature carefully under the arm. It was still a degree or so above normal though the child was obviously better; whatever had been wrong with her was passing off. It would not be right, he decided, to travel on the next day; he had no wish to be held up with another illness in less comfortable surroundings. But on the day after that, he thought it should be possible to get away. If they started very early in the morning they would get through to St. Malo in the day. He would see about the car that night.

Presently both the children were in bed, and were kissed good night. He stood in the passage outside the room with the *femme de chambre* and her little girl. "Tonight, monsieur," she said, "presently, when they are asleep, I will bring a mattress and make up a bed for Monsieur on the floor. It will be better than the armchair, that."

"You are very kind," he said. "I don't know why you should be so very, very good to us. I am most grateful."

She said, "But, monsieur, it is you who are kind. . . ."

He went down to the lobby, wondering a little at the effusive nature of the French.

Again the hotel was full of officers. He pushed his way to the desk, and said to the girl, "I want to hire a car, not now, but the day after tomorrow—for a long journey. Can you tell me which garage would be the best?"

She said: "For a long journey, monsieur? How far?"

"To St. Malo, in Normandy. The little girl is still not very well. I think it will be easier to take her hom

She said doubtfully, "Th Citroën would be the best. I not be easy, monsieur. You u —the cars have all been tak army. It would be easier to go

He shook his head. "I'd ra car."

She eyed him for a momer sieur is going away, then, the tomorrow?"

"Yes, if the little girl is we to travel."

She said awkwardly, "I am but it will be necessary for M go then, at the latest. If the li still ill, we will try to find a monsieur in the town. But heard this afternoon, the hot taken over tomorrow by th *Principal* of the railway, from

He stared at her. "Are th the offices from Paris, then?"

She shook her head. "I what I have told you, monsieu guests must leave."

HE WAS silent for a minute said, "What did you sa name of the garage?"

"The Garage Citroën, monsi telephone and ask them, if

He said, "Please do."

She turned away and wen box; he waited at the desk, w anxious.

She came back presently. possible," she said. "There available for such a journey. Monsieur Duval the proprie garage regrets also—but Mo have to go by train."

He said very quietly, "Surel be possible to arrange someth must be a car of some sort o

She shrugged her shoulde sieur could go to see Monsie perhaps, at the garage. If a Dijon could produce a car journey it would be he."

She gave him directions the garage; ten minutes later the Frenchman's office. T owner was quite positive. "A he declared. "That is the l monsieur; I could find the petrol—not a liter that has taken by the army. Only by get petrol for the car—you u And then, the roads. It is n to make one's way along th



**"Don't pay any attention if my husband slams the door—he's a sound-effects man"**

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Paris, not possible at all, monsieur!"

The old man was silent.

The Frenchman said, "If Monsieur wishes to get back to England he should go by train, and he should go very soon."

Howard thanked him for the advice, and went back to the hotel. In the lobby the girl said to him: "Monsieur has found a car?"

He shook his head. "I shall stay here till the day after tomorrow. Then, if the little girl is well, we will go on by train."

He paused. "One thing, mademoiselle: I shall only be able to take one little bag for the three of us, that I can carry myself. If I leave my fishing rods, would you look after them for me for a time?"

"But certainly, monsieur. They will be quite safe."

He went into the restaurant and found a seat for dinner. It was a great relief to him that he had found a means to place his rods in safety. Now that that little problem had been solved, he was amazed to find how greatly it had been distressing him; with that disposed of he could face the future with a calmer mind.

He went up to the bedroom shortly after dinner. The *femme de chambre* met him in the corridor, the yellow, dingy corridor of bedrooms, lit only by a low-power lamp without a shade. "I have made monsieur a bed upon the floor," she said in a low tone. "You will see." She turned away.

"That was very kind of you," he said. He paused, and looked curiously at her. In the dim light he could not see very clearly, but he had the impression that she was sobbing.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked gently.

She lifted the corner of her apron to her eyes. "It is nothing," she muttered. "Nothing at all."

He hesitated, irresolute. He could not leave her, could not just walk into his bedroom and shut the door, if she was in trouble. She had been too helpful with the children. "Is it madame?" he said. "Has she complained about your work? If so, I will speak to her. I will tell her how much you have helped me."

She shook her head, and wiped her eyes. "It is not that, monsieur," she said. "But—I am dismisse I am go tomorrow."

He was amazed. "But wh

"Five years," she said. " e ve have been with madame—i I sea of the year, monsieur—five ears tinuously! And now, to b lismi at the day! It is intolerable at." began to weep a little loud

The old man said, "But v dame done this?"

She said, "Have you not ard hotel is closing tomorrow. to b office for the railway." Sh ai tear-stained face. "All of are missed, monsieur. I do no now will happen to me, and *la* te Ro

HE WAS dumfounded, what to say to help the viously if the hotel was to for the railway staff there need for any chambermai hotel staff would have to tated, irresolute.

"You will be all right," h "It will be easy for so good *chambre* as you to get ano

She shook her head. "It the hotels are closing, and can now afford a servant? monsieur, but it is not so. I how we shall live."

"You have some relatio that you can go to, no dou

"There is nobody, monsi brother, father of little Ro in England."

Howard remembered the at the Dickens Hotel in R He said a word or two of fort and optimism to the v ently he escaped into the was impossible for him to help in her great trouble.

She had made him quit able bed upon a mattress floor. He went over to t bed and took a look at the sleeping very deeply thou seemed hot. He sat for a in the armchair, but he so he had not slept properly fore and he had had an a worrying day. Presently and went to bed upon the

*(To be continued ne week.)*



**"I think we have a leak around here. The Army seems to be getting their plans before we get them**

# The Trap

Continued from page 19

d to rest. Her nerves were mind raced on and on. She on his westbound train: ty, fifty miles from New w. She saw him, tall and and smiling and affable. were with him. The breaks with him. Luck, the curse

Huck's fault. Huck couldn't k could never help it.

as white and strained. She her lipstick and brightened vivid crimson. She left the Street.

ed at a market on Amster- ught some lamb chops and went down 77th to a grimy ilding on the corner at Co- went up in the ancient ele- sixth floor. She was home. a long entrance hall, the ed a smoke-stained yellow, a living room—a corner with large, sunny windows on the turrets of the Mu- e dome of the Planetarium le green park across the a kitchenette and a bath. apartment. Johnny thought ixty a month, a lot of rent ıy, but he wanted the best.

ed her dress. She put on a The lamb chops went on range, and potatoes to be the broccoli. Why had she She never touched it.

d out the table in the liv- l carried dishes in from the o set it. She lit a cigarette. d back and forth from the o the kitchenette, her high briefly on the uncarpeted hall.

ed on only one lamp in the when she pulled down the re shouldn't be too much rought out the silver salt shakers Johnny's sergeant hem, and the crystal the rney had sent. Johnny

napped the lock and she an instant, gathering her othing the starched skirt, collar so that it lay close asts, and then she turned and cried, "Johnny!" and im.

r in his arms and held her

head and kissed her cheek. skily, "How's the kid to-

ired." She made a great ontrolled her voice. She hidden from his eyes. She ught it would be so hard. n the image of Huck to he tone of Johnny's voice her will. She couldn't go it. "I've—I've been shop- pper's waiting. You hurry Did you—did they catch r again?"

ice." The tone of his voice, d and hopeless, made her meet his eyes, unsteadily. at once that no part of his s for her. His black, Irish ak; his shoulders were lax and inexpressibly tired.

d worked in a steel mill be- come to the city to go on still spoke of the hot mill kness in his voice. He had ler. He was ready at any trate the technique of pry- sheets of steel with tongs, sheets double, slinging them under the steam hammer, riding them up into the pack furnace. He had liked the work. But it hadn't been steady and he'd had a cousin on the cops and the cops had looked like steady work. "But I'll bet the old mill's running now. I'll bet it's running seven days now. I'll bet you could make money there now."

Alarm swept over her and she said, "Tell me what's the matter. You look dreadful." It struck her abruptly. She exclaimed: "Surely they're not blaming you!"

"Well, no." He fumbled with words. It was he who was evasive, not she. "Only, the hell of it is, he must have used my key. Some way, he must have got it off my ring."

"But it might have happened to anyone! They all said he was so—so slick! They can't—they couldn't blame you!"

"He used my key. I went out of the room when I shouldn't have. It damn' near looks as if I sprung him."

"Johnny. Johnny, have they said something to you?"

"No." He took a deep breath. "I quit." She stared at him without answering. He blurted: "I had to do it, honey. This case was too big. It meant too much to the D.A. And look at the sergeant. He'll be broke. Look at the black eye it gives the D.A.'s detail and the whole department. Look at those guys that'll beat the D.A.'s case now. It don't help to try to duck it. It's all my fault. The least I could do was turn in my badge." He breathed deeply. "So that's what I did."

She said at last, "Go wash. Don't talk about it any more. You're all worked up."

"Well, you're crying."

She held him longingly.

"Don't worry about the job. I can get another job tomorrow. Over in Jersey. Northeastern's got a rolling mill over there. It's a little outfit. Handmills. That's my job. I know how to do that. We'll be all right."

A steel mill. Johnny, she cried despairingly in her soul, a hot mill, whatever it is, a lusty, ugly belching hot mill, a lovely, smoking steel mill.

She said furiously through her sobs: "I'm not worried about the job. Can't I be sorry for you?"

"Well, it was my fault."

"Don't say that any more!"

HIS hands gripped her shoulders and his eyes beseeched her for understanding. "Look, sweetheart. It wasn't that I'd have had to stand charges. I don't think I would have. It was the way I felt. That was all, and I knew how the rest of the guys felt about it too. I had to do what I could to square it with myself, didn't I?"

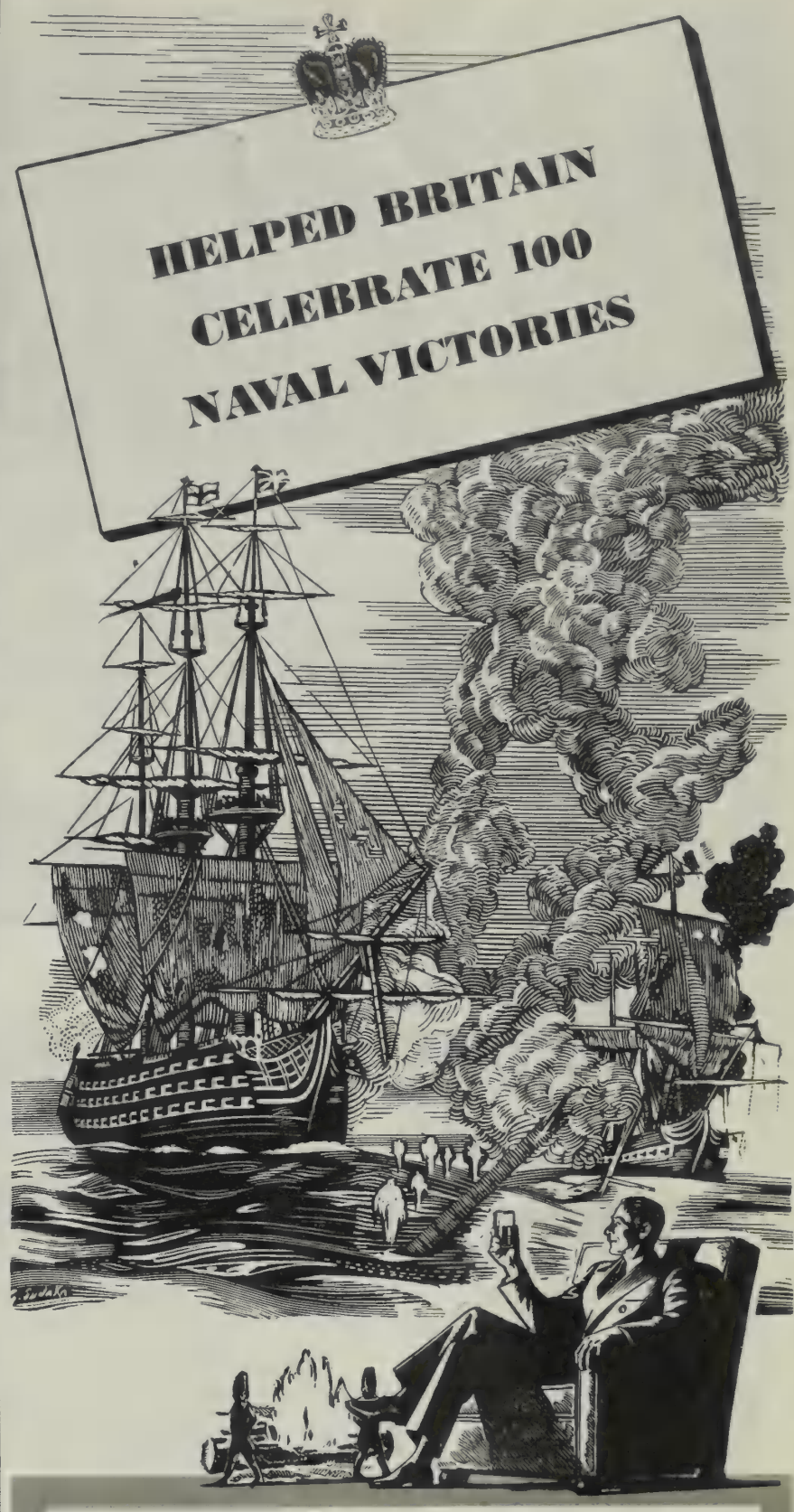
At a wild thought she said, "But if they should catch him again—" and smothered her words immediately.

"That wouldn't cut much ice. The D.A. might not be so sore, but . . . Hell, they won't get him. But it's okay. We'll be all right."

She sniffled and caught her breath and smiled, her eyes wet with tears. "We'll be wonderfully all right. We don't care. We will be. Now come to supper."

Johnny tilted back his chair and hooked his feet around the table rungs and lit his pipe. His face in repose was gentle and young and honest, and it wrung her heart. Then he looked at her and a mask of good nature that he did not feel tonight concealed him, drawn on with an effort.

"I've got the best little cook in the




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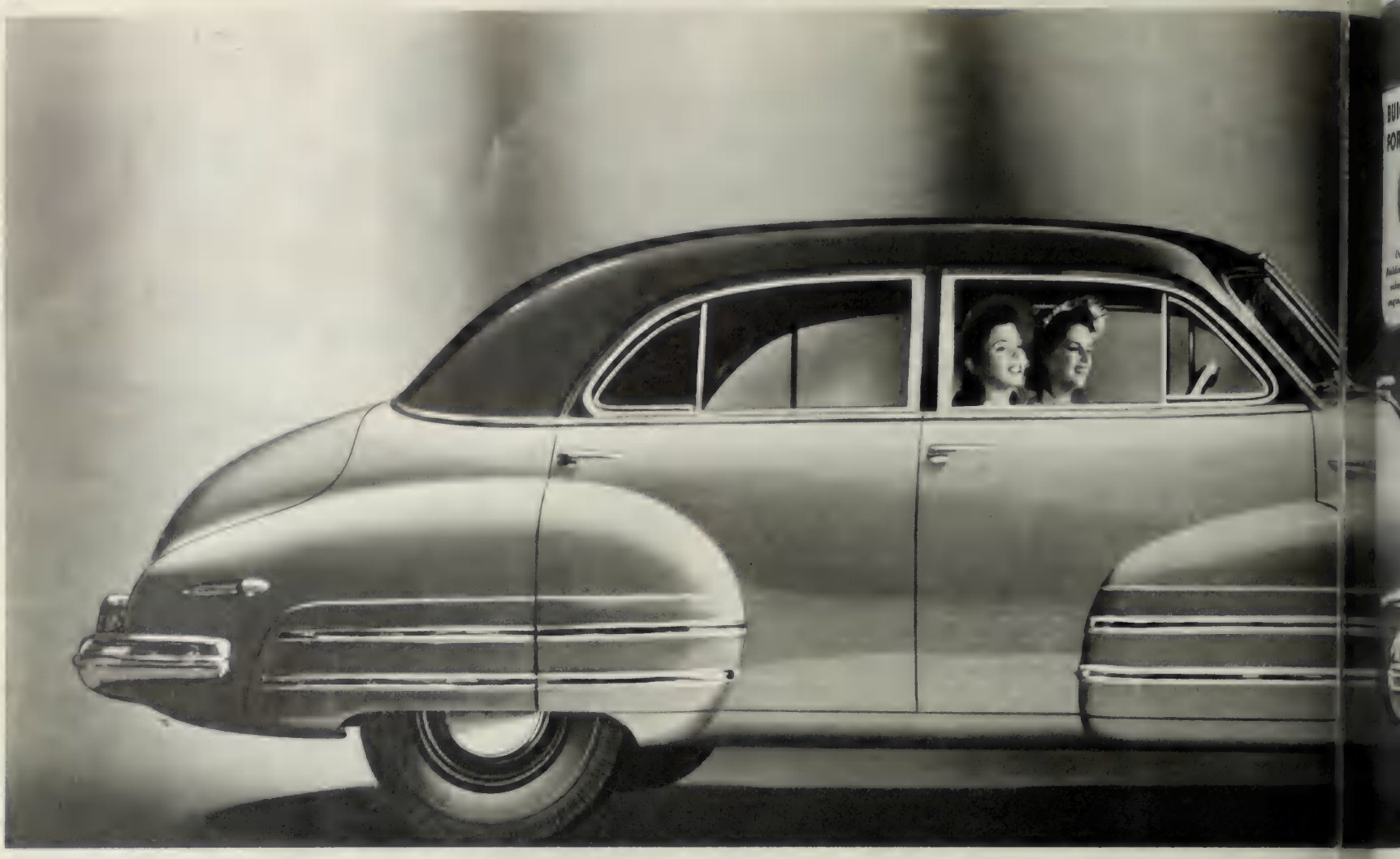



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need to conserve defense materials,
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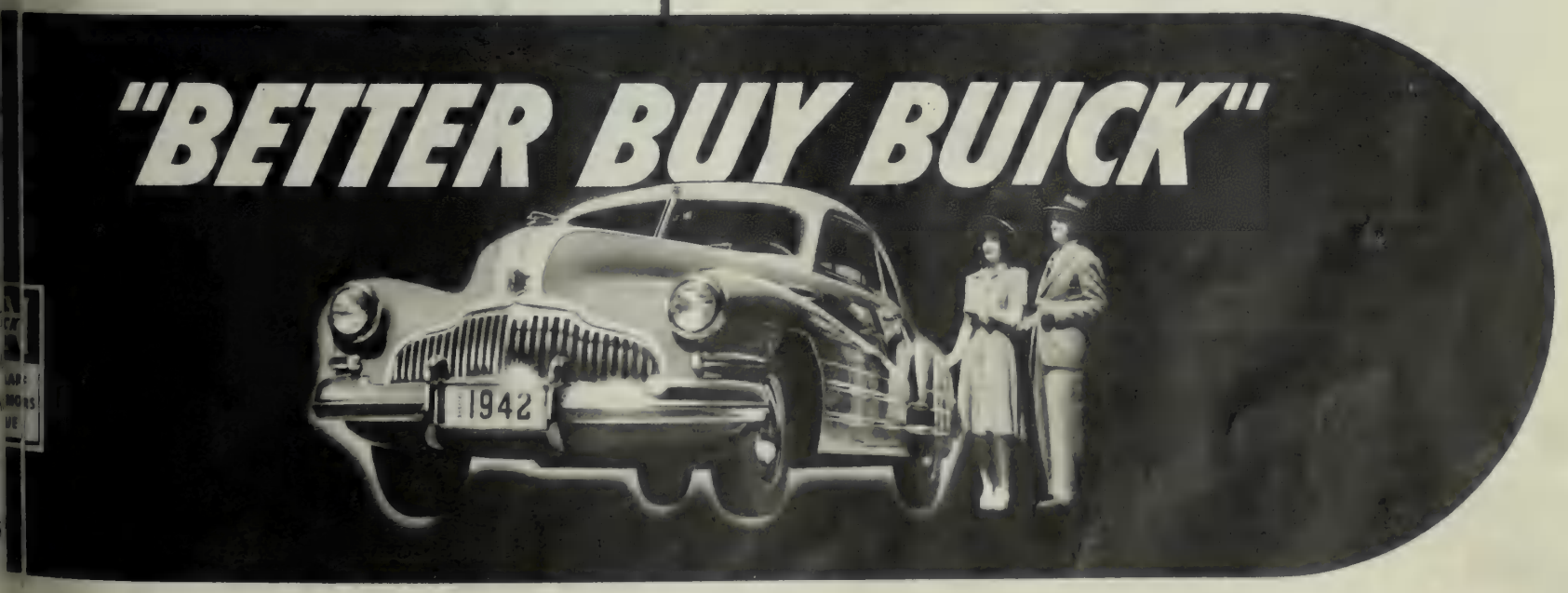
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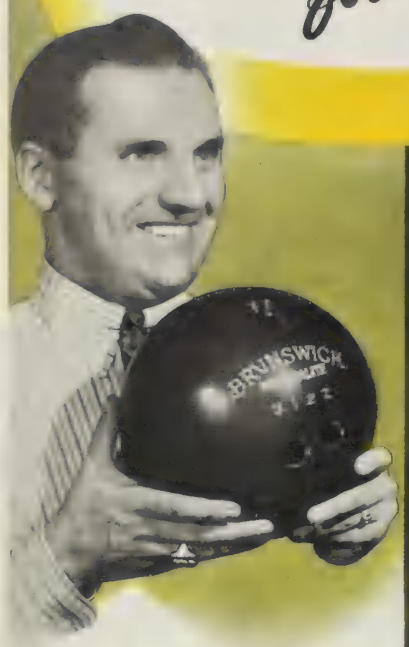
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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois


world," he said, kidding her. "That was a swell supper, honey."

"I don't know why I got broccoli."

"Why, for me. I could live on it." He turned his head. "There's someone in the hall."

The buzzer sounded.

Hilda jumped up. "I'll see."

She opened the door at the end of the narrow hall. It was a middle-aged man in an old raincoat. He studied her with sharp and pleasant blue eyes. "Johnny home?"

"Yes. Will you—come in?"

"I'm Cap Thompson."

"Oh, yes! He's spoken of you."

He said flatly, "You're his new wife." He gave her another noncommittal appraisal and followed her to the living room. She felt vaguely afraid.

Johnny came out of his chair. "Hey, Cap!"

"H'are you, son?" They shook hands. "Nice place you've got here."

JOHNNY was deeply pleased. He introduced Cap Thompson again to Hilda. He said, "Sit down. Make yourself at home." He added with diffidence: "I didn't think I'd see any of you guys again."

Cap Thompson settled himself in the chair. He asked bluntly, "Why not?"

"Well, after—"

"Forget it. We're all human. The D.A.'s the only one that's down on you. And you've turned in your badge so there's not much he can do."

Johnny sat down, depressed. "I sure don't blame him."

"He'll get over it. It wasn't the only case in the world. There'll be others." Cap Thompson grinned dryly. "Although judging from the papers you'd think otherwise."

"Anything new on him?"

Cap Thompson pursed his lips and shook his head. "I'm afraid he's out and away. He's cute, that Barrow. Plenty cute. He's lucky, too." He glanced at Hilda and away again. "I just thought I'd drop around and tell you we're all sorry about the way it went."

"Thanks, Cap. . . . But stick around a while. I'll open some beer."

"There isn't any," Hilda told him. She wanted Cap Thompson to leave. His bright eyes returned briefly to her. They looked through her.

"I'll chase down and get a few cans," Johnny insisted. "Stick around, Cap. I'll let you talk to my wife while I'm gone."

"It'll be a pleasure."

Johnny's steps sounded in the hall and the door slammed behind him. Hilda put her hands together in her lap and looked at them.

"Too bad," Cap Thompson said.

She looked up.

"The break Johnny got." He held up a fist and looked at his fingernails while he talked. "I've been watching him. I was the one that had him assigned to the district attorney's office. He would have made a good cop. He's a serious boy about his work."

"Yes."

"You take this case. He was wound up in it. Well, it wasn't really much but the papers played it up. Because of the kind of people they were," he explained, "living in swell hotels. We don't get many racket guys like that any more."

"Yes," she said, "I read all about it. Johnny told me all about it."

"Of course, the whole thing was this guy Barrow. This Huck Barrow. The gambler. The D.A. had just enough to threaten him with to make him agree to turn state's evidence. But, of course, Hamlin's a killer. Barrow was naturally afraid his life wouldn't be worth a nickel if he went on the stand and convicted Hamlin. He was between the devil and the deep blue sea. But the point was, we had him and Hamlin had to play on our side.

"But we all knew he'd t of testifying if there was do it."

"Yes," Hilda said. "Joh all about it."

"Barrow kept complain safe in jail," Cap Thomps imperturbably. "So we p hotel and put a guard on and his sergeant. We knew to hold. We took every p knew how to take." He we did keep him for two other week and the trial been on."

"Yes," Hilda said. "I k was so glad it was almost

Cap Thompson stood u hands behind his back and to the false fireplace. He t and said irrelevantly, "L how long have you and married?"

She touched her lips wi "Almost a month."

His eyes explored her. S

"You didn't know eac long, did you?"

"No."

"Did you work in towr

She nodded. She was d afraid to speak.

"I keep thinking," Ca said, "that I've seen you keep thinking that it was

"Maybe . . . maybe o

"Might have." He adde "You're pretty enough to if you don't mind my say

"Thank you."

He asked casually, "V you worked?"

"I—I danced."

"Oh. Well, maybe I saw show."

"Oh, I don't think so. around at little places, lit on Long Island and i and . . ."

"Hamlin owned some Bronx." He studied h again. His head came up eyes looked at her with friendliness in them and swear I saw you today, si Central Station."

"No. I wasn't . . . I ha

"Didn't see anybody o

"No! I—"

"A crowd around you," son said impersonally. "

SHE put up her hands his eyes. She covered her hands and pressed he her cheeks.

Cap Thompson's voic Johnny I was called awa him walk to the hall. H won't be able to dig up a row's too sharp to lea place."

Her hands slipped d face and she looked at h will, her eyes black in l

"And I wouldn't say Johnny," Cap Thompson way he looks at you. I one to say anything to h what you done." He was dog face, across the room with hers as she rose, aut aware that she was mo chair. His hard, brigl through her. He said blackhearted cheat."

He turned and went q hall and out the door.

There were no tears l whispered desperately, " couldn't think of Huck a Her mind saw no on Johnny Bell, steelworke chump and sucker an Huck. Johnny Bell. Jo

fix her face before Johnny She had to do that. She the bathroom, and the f shame and horror moved ike a ghost.

ll, whom she had met and cheated and ruined, to save ave Huck, who had never or anything and to whom ays given everything. It at she should have Huck, should be who he was, and ith her the only one who m, always the only one who im, who had given herself and given Johnny to save

y Bell was not hers. She she pleased with herself, Bell was not hers. Johnny hers to sacrifice on the ir- altar of Huck.

always had everything else. ore had been too precious or him.

his young, black Irish cop, Bell. Johnny. Her hus-

l against the bathroom door to laugh. She thought, I'm 'm hysterical because I've ohnny Bell as my husband, time. Because I've just something. For the first life I've found something I ck have. For the first time

l the hall door open, and y striding toward her, and peaking to her, and heard n his voice, but she didn't stinguish the words.

"Listen to me, Johnny. I you. I let Huck Barrow le your key while you were got it to him and he waited to use it and he got away. I found you and met you d you because you were m, so I could do that. I've to you, every minute of uck Barrow is my brother."

e hummed around her. She at him. Her shoulders were taut and moving with each her head leaned against the f the door and her eyes were

t last, "What's the idea of now?"

I . . . I have to."

She was silent.

"Did Cap Thompson accuse you of it? Did he scare you into it?"

"No. No! He did guess at it."

"I thought he might," Johnny said. "He thinks of everything."

It took a moment for her to understand him. "You thought he might?"

"I knew about it this afternoon," Johnny's voice said. "After Barrow got away. After I spent a couple of hours up in the Bronx making sure who you were."

She turned her head and looked at him. There was nothing accusing in his face. He seemed to be smiling. There was an expression deep in his eyes she had not seen there before.

"I missed my key this morning. You'd broken off one of your fingernails in my key ring and I noticed it, but I didn't understand what it meant until Barrow got away."

She pressed her back against the door, her hands behind her, her dark eyes searching his face unbelievingly. "You knew, you knew when you turned in your badge. When you came home tonight."

He was not judging her. He said simply, "Your brother thought Hamlin would have him killed if he testified. You were trying to save his life."

She shook her head, her lips parted. "But you didn't say anything. You weren't going to tell me. After I'd done that to you, you'd have gone on. You'd have gone on forever and kept still. You'd have let me believe you didn't know."

"Well, you just told me about it yourself. We had the same reason." He said soberly, "You don't hurt someone you love."

SHE spoke presently, her arms tight around him and her head resting against his chest, "But I've broken a law, Johnny. I'm an accomplice."

His hand stroked her hair. His voice was gentle: "They caught him upstate. Took him off a Chicago train. I brought a paper."

She moved to see his face, startled. But she felt no other emotion. Neither, she reflected, had Huck, when the arrest had come. He would have been startled, that was all. He was a great believer in luck, and accepted whatever it brought him, and didn't believe in anything else.

She smiled at that and said, "He'll laugh when he hears what it brought me."




**"Shall I wrap them up, or do you want to wear them?"** JAY IRVING


# OH, YEAH? COULD BE CAN DO

THE FIRST TIME somebody told me that Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil would remove carbon from my engine, I just said to myself:

"Oh, yeah?"

Then more and more of my friends kept telling me that it had cleansed the carbon out of their motors and pretty soon I was saying to myself:

"Could be."

* * *

And then I tried it myself. I saw my first fill come out black and I noticed that each fill after that was less and less discolored, because RING-FREE was keeping me on top of the formation of carbon. And then I said to myself:

"Can do."

Maybe you are still at the "Oh, yeah?" stage or perhaps you've gone as far as "Could be."

Well, mister, if you'll actually try Macmillan RING-FREE yourself in your own car, you'll join the rest of us who know that when it comes to removing carbon, RING-FREE CAN DO!

* * *

How can it?

Because a solvent is retained in the oil when it is refined by the Macmillan exclusive, patented process.

That solvent dissolves the binder, as chemists call it, holding carbon to the metal parts of your engine. Then the carbon particles are floated away and are carried away when the crankcase is drained at the time you get your next fill of RING-FREE.

As you continue to use RING-FREE, your motor is continuously cleansed of carbon.

* * *

In the operation of an automobile, partially burned fuels and oils are bound to create carbon. But you are not bound to let it get ahead of you until it has to be cracked out.

RING-FREE turns the tide in your favor. It cleanses your engine as it lubricates. It keeps you on top of carbon.

RING-FREE CAN DO!

MACMILLAN RING-FREE MOTOR OIL

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**Try it at OUR risk!** Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil is *guaranteed* to remove carbon, cleanse your motor, save gasoline, reduce wear and repairs. It makes your motor run smoother, reduces friction by thorough lubrication and adds pep and zip. Try a fill and if you are not satisfied that RING-FREE is doing these things, your money will be refunded by your dealer immediately.

Ask your dealer for "What You Can Expect from Macmillan RING-FREE Motor Oil," our new circular, or write us for it direct.

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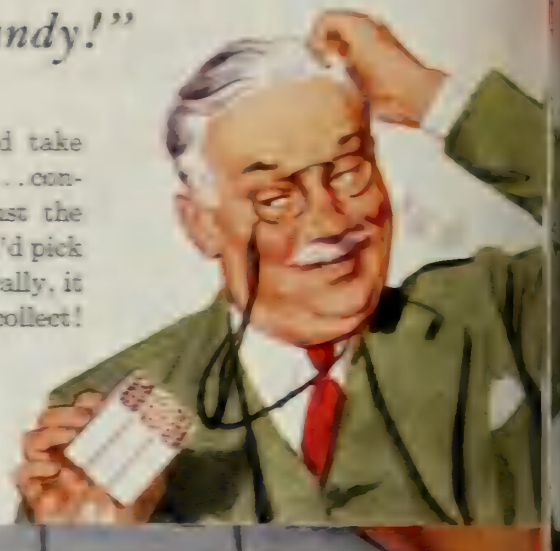
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*and won a box of candy!"*



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You're sure to win, because the tobacco in Raleighs is more golden-colored. You can see it at a glance. That golden color is proof of quality . . . at the great tobacco sales, only golden leaves bring the top prices.

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Golden color is the expert way to pick a milder, tastier smoke. So try a pack of Raleighs today. And be sure to save the coupon on the back for your choice of more than sixty luxury premiums!

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# Willie—Wow!

## ello

**eld he's a five-star but when the whis- ıe's a one-man foot- tossing 200-pound ough the air with st of ease. Hardly ever baffles him— ose bus schedules**




PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

**Wee Willie Wilkin's tremendous strength helps to make him top tackler in pro football. His 400 pounds of Redskin teammates are Jack Banta and Wayne Millner**

LLIE WILKIN has, for traight football seasons, e entire city of Washing- a continuous state of deli- as it tried, unsuccessfully, he perplexing problem, to Wee Willie a screwball to be a great football (2) "Is Wee Willie a great r who happens to be ■

e, mentioning the problem nse is misleading. Wash- is still trying to solve the as yet no one has made strides toward an accept- You see, Wee Willie al- ll is, and very definitely s an enigma to Washing- they love it.

Wee Willie is Wilbur Byrne twenty-five, six feet four inches tall and a mere 265 in tiptop playing condi- s like a Swede, with cotton ty of freckles, but he is rish. Strangely enough, on frame there isn't an ounce during the off season when twenty or thirty extra is as hard as nails and is strong as Samson was re- —maybe stronger.

### of Many Surprises

s tackle with the Washing- ootball team and, it might plays a lot of tackle. He is astest men on the squad ize and weight and, sure- nimble to the surprising en pulls out of the line to erference, a trick that few National Football League ven dream about or much —especially in the devas- er Wee Willie sweeps all

Wee Willie can pull out play to the *left,* which is when you stop and consider edy halfbacks usually have ing to the port side. As a t, quite a few All-Americas run to the left, and at least ent of the present group of not, so you can see Mr. Wil- a gent once he gets his moving.

, and that's the screwball s, Wee Willie is quite a guy. into more trouble than a k at a W.C.T.U. conven- Rube Waddell, Pepper Mar- Bets Poffenberger rolled into a all player. He's the Peck's Bad Boy and Katzenjammer Kids in a single lump. Naturally he's eccentric, reckless, happy-go-lucky, courageous, thoughtless and, like all of his ilk, never has learned the value of a dollar. Take those ingredients, add those other mysterious essentials that go to make up a screwball, mix thoroughly and lo, there's Wee Willie in the flesh. He's the worrywart of Coach Ray Flaherty's life, yet one of the most important cogs in the Redskin machine; he can get into more hot water in ten unguarded minutes than all the rest of the squad of 33 men can find during the entire season—and, in some manner, get out of it—with or without repercussions, depending on his luck.

But with it all, there isn't a more popular Redskin player than Wee Willie, not only with the fans but with his teammates. He is as gentle as a lamb and is a steady buffing post for verbal barbs and embarrassing pranks perpetrated by gents whom he could bounce around like so many rubber balls. Yet he takes all of the ribbing with a good-natured grin and a redder-than-usual face. Just like a punching bag.

His pranks, and "pranks" is used advisedly, hurt no one except himself, especially in the pocketbook. For instance, in 1938, his first year in pro ranks, he was fined $25 no less than nine times during the 11-week season for training infractions. It is not definitely established that he walked the straight and narrow path those other two weeks,

*(Continued on page 55)*

BIG DOINGS LAST NIGHT!

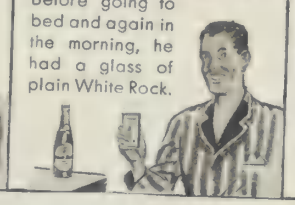
Feels chipper today!



HOW?



Last night he saw to it that his highballs were mixed with White Rock.



Before going to bed and again in the morning, he had a glass of plain White Rock.



Beneficial, natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity. Help protect you against over-acidity. Make you feel better next day. Improve your highball.

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# Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 22

Philip was quicker than I was. He saw the seriousness of my discovery and urged me to come over at once and consult with him.

I went out, encountering Miss Williams, who was looking for a truant pupil. I assured her that I had not seen Angela and that she had not been to the house.

I think that Miss Williams noticed there was something amiss. She looked at me rather curiously. I had no intention, however, of telling her what had happened. I suggested she should try the kitchen garden—Angela had a favorite apple tree there—and I myself hurried down to the shore and rowed myself across to the Alderbury side.

My brother was already there waiting for me.

WE WALKED up to the house together by the way you and I went the other day. Having seen the topography, you can understand that in passing underneath the wall of the Battery Garden we were bound to overhear anything being said inside it.

Beyond the fact that Caroline and Amyas were engaged in a disagreement of some kind, I did not pay much attention to what was said.

Certainly I overheard no threat of any kind uttered by Caroline. The subject of discussion was Angela, and I presume Caroline was pleading for a respite from the fiat of school. Amyas, however, was adamant, shouting out irritably that it was all settled—he'd see to her packing.

The door of the Battery opened just as we drew abreast of it and Caroline came out. She looked disturbed, but not unduly so. She smiled rather absently at me, and said they had been discussing Angela. Elsa came down the path at that minute and, as Amyas clearly wanted to get on with the sitting without interruption from us, we went on up the path.

Philip blamed himself severely afterward for the fact that we did not take immediate action. But I myself cannot see it the same way. We had no earthly right to assume that such a thing as murder was being contemplated. (Moreover, I now believe that it was *not* contemplated.) It was clear that we should have to adopt *some* course of action, but I still maintain that we were right to talk the matter over carefully first. It was necessary to find the right thing to do, and once or twice I found myself wondering if I had not, after all, made a mistake. Had the bottle really been full the day before as I thought?

I am not one of these people (like my brother Philip) who can be cocksure of everything. One's memory does play tricks on one. How often, for instance, one is convinced one has put an article in a certain place, later to find that he has put it somewhere quite different. The more I tried to recall the state of the bottle on the preceding afternoon the more uncertain and doubtful I became. This was very annoying to Philip, who began completely to lose patience with me.

We were not able to continue our discussion at the time and tacitly agreed to postpone it until after lunch. (I may say that I was always free to drop in for lunch at Alderbury if I chose.)

Later, Angela and Caroline brought us beer. I asked Angela what she had been up to, playing truant, and told her Miss Williams was on the warpath, and she said she had been bathing, and added that she didn't see why she should have to mend her hor when she was going to things to go to school w

Since there seemed further talk with Philip a I was really anxious to t by myself, I wandered of toward the Battery. Just tery, as I showed you, t ing in the trees where th an old bench. I sat ther thinking, and watching posing for Amyas.

I shall always think of that day: Rigid in the yellow shirt and dark bl a red pull-over slung ro ders for warmth.

Her face was so alight health and radiance. An of hers reciting plans fo

This sounds as thoug dropping, but that is not fectly visible to Elsa. Amyas knew I was the her hand at me and Amyas was a perfect be —he wouldn't let her res and aching all over.

Amyas growled out as stiff as he was. He w —muscular rheumatis mockingly, "Poor old said she'd be taking on valid.

It shocked me, you kn hearted acquiescence in gether while they were suffering. And yet I against her. She was so fident, so very much in didn't really know what She didn't understand just assumed with the of a child that Caroline right," that "she'd soo She saw nothing, you and Amyas—happy tog ready told me my poi old-fashioned. She had qualms, no pity either expect pity from radia an older, wiser emotion

THEY didn't talk very No painter wants t when he is working. P minutes or so Elsa wou servation and Amyas reply. Once she said:

"I think you're righ That's the first place w you must take me to s must be wonderful! C bull to kill the man—n about. I understand how felt when they saw a aren't much, but anima

I suppose she was ra mal herself—young an with nothing yet of m ence and doubtful wisc lieve Elsa had begun to *felt*. But she was ver more alive than any pe known. . . .

That was the last tim ant and assured—on t Fey is the word for it,

The bell sounded for up and went down the the Battery door, and It was dazzlingly brig in out of the shady tree see. Amyas was spraw seat, his arms flung ou ing at the picture. I'v him like that. How we already the poison was ing him as he sat?

He so hated and rese

away, that expresses it as well as anything can.

Immediately after that meeting I went to look at as many of his pictures as I could. He had a show on in Bond Street at the moment and there was one of his pictures in Manchester and one in Leeds and two in public galleries in London. I went to see them all. Then I met him again. I said, "I've been to see all your pictures. I think they're wonderful."

He just looked amused. He said: "Who said you were any judge of painting? I don't believe you know anything about it."

I said, "Perhaps not. But they are marvelous, all the same."

He grinned at me and said, "Don't be a gushing little fool."

I said, "I'm not; I want you to paint me."

Crale said, "If you've any sense at all, you'll realize that I don't paint portraits of pretty women."

I said, "It needn't be a portrait, and I'm not a pretty woman."

He looked at me then as though he'd begun to see me. He said, "No, perhaps you're not."

I said, "Will you paint me, then?"

He studied me for some time with his head on one side. Then he said, "You're a strange child, aren't you?"

I said, "I'm quite rich, you know; I can afford to pay well for it."

He said, "Why are you so anxious for me to paint you?"

I said, "Because I want it!"

He said, "Is that a reason?"

And I said, "Yes. I always get what I want."

He said then, "Oh, my poor child, how young you are!"

I said, "Will you paint me?"

He took me by the shoulders and turned me toward the light and looked me over. Then he stood away from me a little. I stood quite still, waiting.

He said, "I've sometimes wanted to paint a flight of impossibly colored Australian macaws alighting on St. Paul's Cathedral. If I painted you against a nice traditional bit of outdoor landscape I believe I'd get exactly the same result."

I said, "Then you will paint me?"

He said, "You're one of the loveliest, crudest, most flamboyant bits of exotic coloring I've ever seen. I'll paint you!"

I said, "Then that's settled."

HE WENT on, "But I'll warn you, Elsa Greer. If I do paint you, I shall probably make love to you."

I said, "I hope you will. . . ."

I said it quite steadily and quietly. I heard him catch his breath and I saw the look that came into his eyes.

You see, it was as sudden as all that.

A day or two later we met again. He told me that he wanted me to come down to Devonshire—he'd got the very place there that he wanted for a background. He said, "I'm married, you know, and I'm very fond of my wife."

I said if he was fond of her she must be very nice.

He said she was extremely nice. "In fact," he said, "she's quite adorable—and I adore her. So put that in your pipe, young Elsa, and smoke it."

I told him that I quite understood.

He began the picture a week later. Caroline Crale welcomed me very pleasantly. She didn't like me much, but, after all, why should she? Amyas was very circumspect. He never said a word to me that his wife couldn't have overheard and I was polite and formal to him. Underneath, though, we both knew.

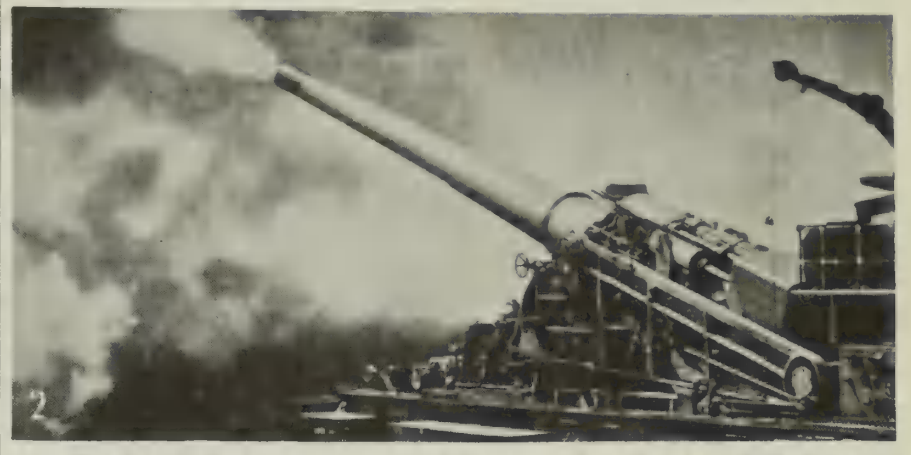
After ten days he told me I was to go back to London.

I said, "The picture isn't finished."

He said, "It's barely begun. The truth



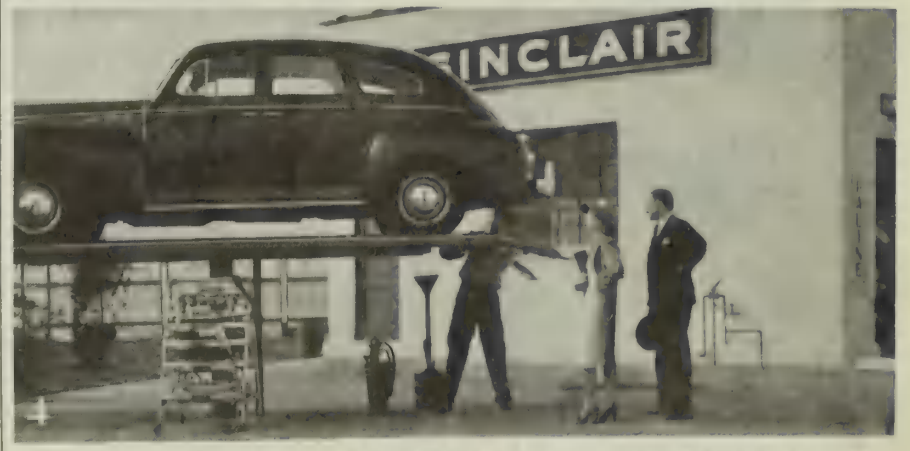

Like most people, Marjorie Woodworth, Hal Roach star featured in "All-American Co-ed," is intensely interested in...



...National Defense news. Big guns for National Defense will soon be tested near Madison, Ind. Here J. L. Simmons Co. and J. C. O'Connor & Sons, Inc., contractors using Sinclair lubricants exclusively, are...



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of the matter is that I can't paint you, Elsa."

I said, "Why?"

He said, "You know well enough why, Elsa. And that's why you've got to clear out. I can't think about the painting—I can't think about anything but you."

I knew it would be no good my going back to London, but I said, "Very well, I'll go if you say so."

Amyas said, "Good girl."

So I went. I didn't write to him.

He held out for ten days and then he came. He was so thin and haggard and miserable that it shocked me.

He said, "I warned you, Elsa. Don't say I didn't warn you."

I said, "I've been waiting for you. I knew you'd come."

He gave a sort of groan and said, "There are things that are too strong for any man. I can't eat or sleep or rest for wanting you."

I said I knew that, and that it was the same with me and had been from the first moment I'd seen him.

We were made for each other and we'd found each other—and we both knew we had to be together always.

But something else happened, too. The unfinished picture began to haunt Amyas. He said to me, "Damned funny, I couldn't paint you before—you yourself got in the way of it. But I *want* to paint you, Elsa. I want to paint you so that that picture will be the finest thing I've ever done. I'm itching and aching now to get at my brushes and to see you sitting there on that hoary old chestnut of a battlement wall with the conventional blue sea and the decorous English trees—and you—you—sitting there like a discordant shriek of triumph."

He said, "And I've got to paint you that way! And I can't be fussed and bothered while I'm doing it. When the picture's finished I'll tell Caroline the truth and we'll get the whole messy business cleaned up."

I said, "Will Caroline make a fuss about divorcing you?"

He said he didn't think so. But you never knew with women.

I SAID I was sorry if she was going to be upset; but, after all, I said, these things did happen.

He said: "Very nice and reasonable, Elsa. But Caroline isn't reasonable, never has been reasonable, and certainly isn't going to feel reasonable. She loves me, you know."

I said I understood that, but if she loved him she'd put his happiness first, and, at any rate, she wouldn't want to keep him if he wanted to be free.

He said, "Life can't really be solved by admirable maxims out of modern literature. Nature's red in tooth and claw, remember."

I said, "Surely we are all civilized people nowadays!" and Amyas laughed. He said, "Civilized people my foot! Caroline would probably like to take a hatchet to you. She might do it, too."

I said, "Then don't tell her."

He said, "No. The break's got to come. You've got to belong to me properly, Elsa. Before all the world. Openly mine."

I said, "Suppose she won't divorce you?"

He said, "I'm not afraid of that."

I said, "What are you afraid of then?"

And he said slowly, "I don't know. . . ."

You see, he knew Caroline. While I didn't.

If I'd had any idea . . .

We went down again to Alderbury. Things were difficult this time. Caroline had got suspicious. I didn't like it; I didn't like it a bit. I've always hated deceit and concealment. I thought we ought to tell her. Amyas wouldn't hear of it.

The funny part of it was that he didn't really care at all. In spite of being fond of Caroline and not wanting to hurt her, he just didn't care about the honesty or dishonesty of it all. He was painting with a kind of frenzy, and nothing else mattered. I hadn't seen him in one of his working spells before. I realized now what a really great genius he was. It was natural for him to be so carried away that all the ordinary decencies didn't matter. But it was different for me. I was in a horrible position. Caroline resented me—and quite rightly. The only thing to put the position quite straight was to be honest and tell her the truth.

But all Amyas would say was that he wasn't going to be bothered with scenes and fusses until he'd finished the picture. I said there probably wouldn't be a scene. Caroline would have too much dignity and pride for that.

I said, "I want to be honest about it all. We've *got* to be honest!"

Amyas said, "To hell with honesty. I'm painting a picture!"

I did see his point of view, but he wouldn't see mine.

And in the end I broke down. Caroline had been talking of some plan she and Amyas were going to carry out next autumn. She talked about it quite confidently. And I suddenly felt it was too abominable what we were doing—letting her go on like this—and perhaps, too, I was angry, because she was really being very unpleasant to me in a clever sort of way that one couldn't take hold of.

And so I came out with the truth. In a way, I still think I was right. Though, of course, I wouldn't have done it if I'd had the faintest idea what was to come of it.

The clash came right away. Amyas was furious with me for telling Caroline, but he had to admit that what I had said was true.

I didn't understand Caroline at all. We all went over to Meredith Blake's to tea, and Caroline played up marvelously—talking and laughing. Like a fool, I thought she was taking it well. It was awkward, my not being able to leave the house, but Amyas would have gone up in smoke if I had. I thought perhaps Caroline would go. It would have made it much easier for us if she had.

I didn't see her take the coniine. I want to be honest, so I think that it's just possible that she may have taken it as she said she did—w suicide in her mind.

But I don't *really* thir she was one of those int and possessive women wi of anything that they th them. Amyas was her think she was quite prepa rather than to let him and finally, to another w she right away made u kill him. And I think t happening to discuss co just gave her the means t already made up her mi was a very bitter and reve —vindictive. Amyas k that she was dangerous.

The next morning sh showdown with Amyas. of it from outside on t was splendid—very pati He implored her to be r said he was very fond child, and always woul everything he could to a ture. Then he harden "But understand this: I' going to marry Elsa, an stop me. You and I alv leave each other free. happen."

Caroline said to him please. I've warned you

Her voice was very q was a queer note in it.

Amyas said, "What Caroline?"

She said, "You're mi *mean to let you go.* Soon go to that girl *I'll kill y*

JUST at that minute Phi along the terrace. I g to meet him. I didn't overhear.

Presently Amyas cam it was time to get on w We went down together He didn't say much. Just line was cutting up rou talk about it. He wan trate on what he was day, he said, would a picture.

He said, "And it'll be I've done, Elsa, even if blood and tears."

A little later I went up get a pull-over. There w blowing. When I cam Caroline was there. I s come down to make one




**"That last permanent didn't last very long, dear!"**



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Amyas. Philip and Meredith Blake were there too.

It was then that Amyas said he was thirsty and wanted a drink. He said there was beer but it wasn't iced.

Caroline said she'd send him down some iced beer. She said it quite naturally, in an almost friendly tone. She was an actress, that woman. She must have known then what she meant to do.

She brought it down about ten minutes later. Amyas was painting. She poured it out and set the glass down beside him. Neither of us was watching her. Amyas was intent on what he was doing and I had to keep the pose.

Amyas drank it down the way he always drank beer—just pouring it down his throat in one draught. Then he made a face and said it tasted foul; but, at any rate, it was cold.

And even then, when he said that, no suspicion entered my head. I just laughed and said, "Liver."

When she'd seen him drink it Caroline went away.

It must have been about forty minutes later that Amyas complained of stiffness and pains. He said he thought he must have got a touch of muscular rheumatism. Amyas was always intolerant of any ailment, and he didn't like being fussed over. After saying that he turned it off with a light "Old age, I suppose. You've taken on a creaking old man, Elsa."

I PLAYED up to him. But I noticed that his legs moved stiffly and queerly and that he grimaced once or twice. I never dreamed that it wasn't rheumatism. Presently he drew the bench along and sat sprawled on that, occasionally stretching up to put a touch of paint here and there on the canvas. He used to do that sometimes when he was painting. Just sit staring at me and then at the canvas. Sometimes he'd do it for half an hour at a time. So I didn't think it specially queer.

We heard the bell go for lunch and he said he wasn't coming up. He'd stay where he was and he didn't want anything. That wasn't unusual either and it would be easier for him than facing Caroline at the table.

He was talking in rather a queer way—grunting out his words. But he sometimes did that when he was dissatisfied with the progress of the picture.

Meredith Blake came in to fetch me. He spoke to Amyas, but Amyas only grunted at him.

We went up to the house together and left him there. We left him there—to die alone. I'd never seen much illness, I didn't know much about it; I thought Amyas was just in a painter's mood. If I'd known—if I'd realized, perhaps a doctor could have saved him. . . . Oh, why didn't I— It's no good thinking of that now. I was a blind fool, a blind, stupid fool.

There isn't much more to tell.

Caroline and the governess went down there after lunch. Meredith followed them. Presently he came running up. He told us Amyas was dead.

Then I knew! Knew, I mean, that it was Caroline. I still didn't think of poison. I thought she'd gone down that minute and either shot or stabbed him.

I wanted to get at her—to kill her. . . .

How *could* she do it? How *could* she? He was so alive, so full of life and vigor. To put all that out—to make him limp and cold. Just so that I shouldn't have him.

Horrible woman! . . . Horrible, scornful, cruel, vindictive woman! . . . I hate her! I still hate her!

They didn't even hang her.

They ought to have hanged her. . . . Even hanging was too good for her. . . .

I hate her! . . . I hate her! . . . I hate her! . . .

*(End of Lady Dittisham's Narrative)*

NARRATIVE OF CECILI

DEAR M. Poirot:
I am sending you those events in Septemb ally witnessed by mysel

I have been absolutely kept nothing back. You to Carla Crale. It may have always been a bel Palliatives are harmful. the courage to face re that courage, life is me people who do us most people who shield us fro

Believe me, yours sin
CECI

My name is Cecilia V engaged by Mrs. Crale her half sister, Angela V I was then forty-eight.

I took up my duties very beautiful estate ir which had belonged to M ily for many generation Mr. Crale was a well-kn I did not meet him until dence at Alderbury.

The household consis Mrs. Crale, Angela War of thirteen) and three se been with the family ma

I found my pupil an promising character. marked abilities and it to teach her. She was and undisciplined, but th mainly through high spi always preferred my girl An excess of vitality can guided into paths of real achievement.

On the whole, I foun nable to discipline. She what spoiled—mainly who was far too indul was concerned. Mr. C was, I considered, unwis her absurdly one day ar sarily peremptory on a He was very much a possibly owing to wha artistic temperament.

I have never seen, r possession of artistic a supposed to excuse a ma exercise of self-control. self admire Mr. Crale's drawing seemed to me coloring exaggerated, b was not called upon opinion on these matte

I SOON formed a dee Mrs. Crale. I admire and her fortitude in th her life. Mr. Crale wa husband, and I think th the source of much p stronger-minded woma left him, but Mrs. Cral to contemplate such a dured his infidelities a for them, but I may s not take them meekl strated—and with spiri

It was said at the tri a cat-and-dog life. I far as that—Mrs. Cral dignity for that term to *did* have quarrels. And that was only natural cumstances.

I had been with Mrs two years when Miss peared upon the scer down at Alderbury in 19—. Mrs. Crale had viously. She was Mr and she was said to purpose of having her

It was apparent at Crale was infatuated w that the girl herself ing to discourage him. my opinion, quite out

ıde to Mrs. Crale and with Mr. Crale.
Irs. Crale said nothing to ld see that she was dis- happy and I did every- wer to distract her mind - burden. Miss Greer sat Mr. Crale, but I noticed e was not getting on very l, no doubt, other things

am thankful to say, no- e of what was going on. some ways young for her er intellect was well de- as not at all what I may s. She seemed to have d undesirable books and ns of morbid curiosity ften do at her age.
e, saw nothing undesir- riendship between Mr. Greer. Nevertheless, she Greer and thought her e was quite right. Miss l, I presume, a proper she never opened a quite unfamiliar with y allusions. Moreover, sustain a discussion on l subject.
rely taken up with her rance, her clothes, and

ink, did not even realize er was unhappy. She was e a very perceptive per- lot of time in hoydenish as tree climbing and wild ng. She was also a pas- and showed excellent e liked and disliked.
as always careful to con- f unhappiness from An- ted herself to appear rful when the girl was

ent back to London—at ll you, we were all very servants disliked her as much as I did. She was the kind of person who gives a lot of unnecessary trouble and forgets to say thank you.

Mr. Crale went away shortly afterward, and of course I knew that he had gone after the girl. I was very sorry for Mrs. Crale. She felt these things very keenly. I felt extremely bitter toward Mr. Crale. When a man has a charming, gracious, intelligent wife he has no business to treat her badly.

However, she and I both hoped the affair would soon be over. Not that we mentioned the subject to each other—we did not—but she knew quite well how I felt about it.

Unfortunately, after some weeks, the pair of them reappeared. It seemed the sittings were to be resumed.

Mr. Crale was now painting with absolute frenzy. He seemed less preoccupied with the girl than with his picture of her. Nevertheless, I realized that this was not the usual kind of thing we had gone through before. This girl had got her claws into him and she meant business. He was just like wax in her hands.

The thing came to a head on the day before he died—that is, on September 17th. Miss Greer's manner had been unbearably insolent the last few days. She was feeling sure of herself and she wanted to assert her importance. Mrs. Crale behaved like a true gentlewoman. She was icily polite but she showed the other clearly what she thought of her.

On this day, September 17th, as we were sitting in the drawing room after lunch, Miss Greer came out with an amazing remark as to how she was going to redecorate the room when she was living at Alderbury.

Naturally, Mrs. Crale couldn't let that pass. She challenged her and Miss Greer had the impudence to say, before us all, that she was going to marry Mr. Crale. She actually talked about marrying a married man—and she said it to his wife!

*(To be continued next week)*



"She wants to swap this dime necklace for it" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN







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director (photograph cen
putes the firing data. A
generator supplies the
can fire 20 to 25 high-e
shells a minute at a ra

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLI

**With the electrical calculators doing the mathematical work, gun crews concentrate on loading and firing. One observer and two "trackers" aim the height finder (below) at the airplane. These men develop stereoscopic vision for this job, must be quick at identifying planes**



# Our New Army

IT'S about time we put in a word for the officers—especially the shavetails—who aren't as financially fortunate as most people, including privates, think. Take a second lieutenant, who gets $125 a month base pay, plus sixty cents a day for grub. First place, he spends about $1.25 daily—more than twice his allowance—for vittles, while the private gets his for nothing. Second, third and et cetera places, the shavetail has to get up $300 to $350 for his uniforms, spends $100 a year maintaining his wardrobe, and shells out four bucks a month for Officers Club dues and orderly fees. And although officers are quartered in separate rooms in Army barracks, the government provides only a cot, bedding and one chair. Unless he's satisfied with these meager furnishings the officer has to buy additional comfort out of his own pocket.

Our shavetail's daily life isn't so free and easy, either. He doesn't have to submit to nightly "bed check" but if he's wise he doesn't stay up all night just for the heck of it. If he wants to advance himself there's plenty of home study to get through, he has to plan the next day's activities for his men, and he has to rise and shine with them, preferably with a clear eye and an agile mind. A private's day ends at 4:30 P. M. (maneuvers excepted) but four afternoons a week, from 5 to 6 P. M., our shavetail attends officers' meetings. On top of that he serves on boards of investigation, courts-martial and other odds and ends. So there you are, men. You get sick of routine and tired of going broke a week before payday. The second looies do too.

**WASHINGTON**

3D DIV.

FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. with Third Division membe belts. Because so few are con officers ruled they're to be w coms. This resulted in a slow burn who had bought belts on their own, b no sympathy from one old sergeant, son belts are Fancy Dan stuff. "Save "and use 'em for razor strops when

THERE'S no official word on it y (Can Do) Infantry thinks it's goi crack at skiing pretty soon. Tip-o of good skiers the War Department ing out this way. Since last winter, t to its roster Pvt. Walter Prager, o ten top-notch skiers and Dartmout seasons; the captain of the Univers ski team; a former skier in the Polish ant instructor at Yosemite Nationa while German army ski trooper, a snow men. Besides, the 15th has "r a few more crack skiers, whose draft ting nearer, will wind up in the C Capt. P. R. Lafferty doesn't wait for though; he keeps in touch with gooc try over, and the ones the War De send out automatically he tries to Incidentally, selectee-snatching by a man good at this and that is a fi ground industry involving red tape, people and the ability to convince a part with a certain individual.

The 15th was one of three outfits for winter warfare experiments and morale, they modestly opine they we eighteen-man ski patrol was lucky Rainier in the fort's back *(Contin*




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# Wee Willie—Wow!

Continued from page 43



remains that he was not line and so must be given any doubt. While he has te habit of getting into lso the good luck to skin isible effect usually, but becomes imperative that ut of his latest mess by In such cases, Willie is and it was in restitution pranks in Miami that he urdine Field and played st magnificent games of had ever seen and, in so himself as a regular for season. At that time he in a big-league profes- fore and he had seen his Redskin bench only two ly. Incidentally, he was t game against the Chi- at's how good a football

le gesture on the football ened Washington to the t this big, likable, devil- was a great player also all side. It happened in when the Redskins, then he league, were playing ns. Injuries and bad luck e team to such an ex- ore loss would just about maining hopes that the lly and retain the title liantly won in 1937.

### e Spoils a Punt

period the Lions were y 5-to-0 lead by virtue field goal and a second- and nearly 48,000 paid riggs Stadium were bel- Lions to hold on for the that would have been deed. Midway in this Redskin Sammy Baugh's curate punts obediently ounds on the Lions' 12- ree plays gained nothing ouple of yards but with , one of the best kickers in pro ranks, ready to punt far into Redskin territory and comparative safety, the situation was not particularly precarious for the Lions. But Wee Willie popped up.

The ball was snapped perfectly and Huffman also handled it perfectly, took his two quick steps and swung his powerful right foot. At that moment the roof fell in on Huffman.

Wee Willie had, by the simple medium of charging straight ahead, blitzkrieg style, crashed his way through the tough Detroit line. Ace Gutowsky, ■ burly citizen whose duty on punts was to protect the kicker, saw Wilkin coming like a berserk bull and threw what ordinarily would have been ■ bone-crushing block straight at Wee Willie. Master Wilkin did not pause but threw up his hands and caught the full force of Gutowsky's 205 pounds as you would catch a medicine ball and with a mighty heave such as a two-handed shot putter would use, hurled Gutowsky *backward* through the air so that he came down *atop* Huffman with an impact that was terrifying to hear, just as Huffman's foot connected with the ball. Result: A blocked kick, untouched by Redskins but by a Detroit player who was an unwilling pawn of the tremendous strength that is Wee Willie's.

That was the pay-off. That the Redskins recovered the kick and, two plays later, scored from the 14-yard line is almost superfluous. They did just that and won the game, 7 to 5. But the touchdown was almost unnecessary. For when Wee Willie catapulted Gutowsky into Huffman, the play so stunned the Lions that right then and there they were a licked crew. Imagine a guy tossing 205 pounds a distance of eight or ten feet within a split second!

After the game, Coach Ray Flaherty, the old Gonzaga U. stand-by and former New York Giant end, grinned his delight at Wee Willie's feat. "I never saw anything like that before in my life," joyously exclaimed Flaherty, "and I have gone through twenty years of football. I still don't see how he did it and I still can hardly believe it, but doggonit, he did!"

Ask Flaherty about Wee Willie sometime. He will tell you Wee Willie is, unquestionably, just about the best tackle in the National Football League. "*But*," Flaherty will continue, "if Wee Willie concentrated and set his mind to it, he could become the *greatest* tackle the game of football ever saw. He has all the natural ability and a physique that is made to order for the job. And, instinctively, he is a great player who does the right thing at the right time without having to stop and think about it. It just comes natural, like Babe Ruth's habit of never throwing to the wrong base."

### Fighter Turns Footballer

Wilkin was Flaherty's personal discovery, which explains why Flaherty is so delighted with Wee Willie's development into one of the game's greatest tackles. If it hadn't been for the fact that Flaherty is a boxing fan, Wee Willie might have been fighting Joe Louis along about now for the heavyweight championship of the world instead of chasing ■ pigskin around the gridiron. For Flaherty first saw Wilkin in a boxing ring. And the way Flaherty finally got Wee Willie to put his signature on a Redskin contract also has its screwball side.

It happened in January, 1938. Only the month previously the Redskins had whipped the Chicago Bears, 28-21, for the National Football League championship and, as conquering heroes, were in the midst of a coast-to-coast exhibition jaunt hoping to pick up a few odd dollars. Games were booked in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Houston and Miami. Training at San Francisco before the trek started, the entire squad was invited to a boxing show.

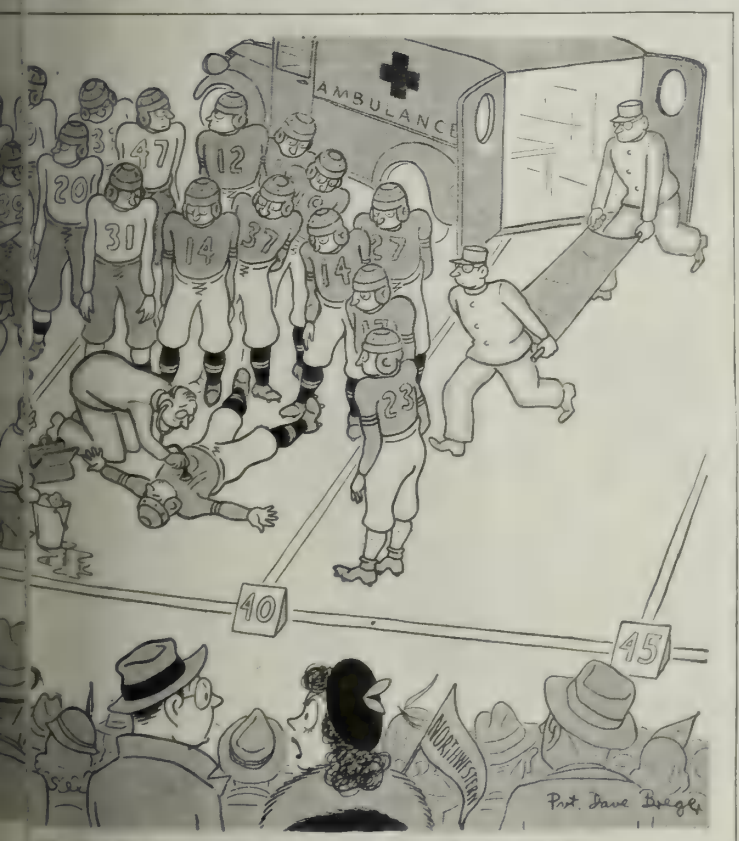
When Wee Willie was introduced from the ring, Flaherty perked up as he watched the twenty-one-year-old giant strip from his bathrobe. He was further impressed with the easy grace with which the boxer moved about. He didn't see much of Wee Willie in action but what little he did see was impressive. Wee Willie merely stuck out his left, feinted with his right, shifted easily and let go a crashing one-two that laid out his foe colder than a hunk of dry ice in less than a minute!

Flaherty turned to Pat Frayne, one of the Pacific Coast's top sports writers and remarked, "Gee, if that guy could only play football, wouldn't he be a wow?"

Frayne smiled knowingly and replied, "Don't you know who he is? That's Wee Willie Wilkin, of St. Mary's. Slip Madigan (St. Mary's coach) says he is the greatest tackle he ever saw."

Flaherty almost broke a leg in getting down to the dressing room. Wee Willie had ■ manager who had signed him to a contract the year before. But the boy wasn't twenty-one when he signed and, of course, the paper was illegal. Nonetheless, Wee Willie is a square gent and wouldn't run out on his manager, refusing to join the Redskins, although he readily admitted he would rather play football than be a fighter.

All arguments failed and Flaherty went away empty-handed. That night after the fights, Flaherty and ■ small group of friends visited ■ small roadside café for ■ snack before retiring. There, as large as life and ■ good deal more jollicose, sat Wee Willie, the picture of a perfect host, lavishly entertaining ■




"Such a fuss over him! After all, it's only a game!"
PVT. DAVID BREGER





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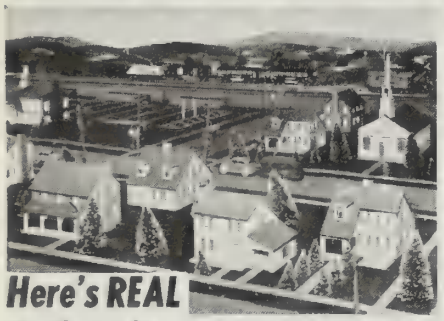
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party of gaping admirers. Flaherty once again tried to talk Wee Willie into a football career, but no soap. Eventually came time to pay the check and Wee Willie glanced at the total and dejectedly drew eight crumpled one-dollar bills from his pants pocket. Needless to say, he was quite a bit short. The eight dollars represented his entire share of the $25 purse after his manager had deducted his "cut" and training expenses.

Flaherty seized the opportunity, graciously paid the check and started pouring words of wisdom into Wee Willie's attentive ear, telling him of the advantages of playing pro football, where there is no such thing as a manager's cut and training expenses. Wee Willie was impressed but still refused to abandon his ring career, although he again admitted the soundness of Flaherty's argument.

But the next day, however, Flaherty visited the boy's mother and, between the two, finally convinced the young giant that he would be better off on a gridiron than in a prize-fighting ring. The convincer was the fact that Mrs. Wilkin never wanted Wee Willie to become a fighter.

Three days later, just as the train bearing the Redskins to Los Angeles was pulling out of the station, Wee Willie reported, wearing a pair of moccasins, a pair of slacks and a sports shirt, open at the throat. He carried a toothbrush, no paste, and a razor holding a single blade. He was thus "packed" and ready for his coast-to-coast and return tour!

The Redskins have since found out quite a bit about Wee Willie. They never give the guy his entire pay check, but deduct such items as room, board, laundry, clothing bill and accessories, which is paid by the club via charge accounts. Then they give Wee Willie an allowance and send the remainder to his mother, who banks it for him. Mrs. Wilkin thus is business manager for her son.

During the off season he is a miner. When the club sent him a questionnaire asking what he mines and where, he filled in the blank thusly: "Anything and Anywhere."

### He Even Opens Train Windows

Wee Willie is really a holy terror. On a train he unconsciously demonstrated his almost unbelievable strength to the club for the first time. The cooling system went haywire and one by one the Redskins pulled and tugged trying, without luck, to open a window for a breath of fresh air. Just about the time when all seemed lost, Wee Willie strolled through the car, looking for the diner, where he also does good work. "Hey, Rookie," Captain Turk Edwards, whom Wee Willie adores in hero worship, barked at the startled lad, "come over here and raise this window." They settled back to watch the fun.

Wee Willie, strictly on his mettle in front of the whole team, braced himself, got a firm grip on the lifts, hunched his mighty shoulders and gave a gigantic heave. With a rending, ripping, tearing sound that startled everyone, the window shot up to its limit and nearly slammed its way through the roof of the car. Wee Willie calmly stepped back and renewed his search for the diner, unaware that he had done anything extraordinary.

The Redskins have also learned never to send Wee Willie the cash for transportation to and from training camp. Now they send the actual ticket, usually for busses, which method of transportation he honestly prefers. Once he was four days late in reporting to training camp, much to the consternation of George Marshall and Coach Flaherty. It developed that he couldn't keep the bus schedules straight and insisted on exploring each stopover town, missing connections frequently. As one bus looked like another to him he usually got on the first one that came along. Twice he triumphantly returned to San Francisco on wrong busses and had to start out all over again. When the Washington sports writers heard of this, they hopped on the episodes with great glee, calling Wee Willie the "Corrigan of the Bus Lines." Wee Willie paid not the slightest bit of attention to the stories and went into training just as if nothing had happened.

But the guy really can play football. And loves it.

In 1939 when the Redskins met the New York Giants for the Eastern Division championship and the right to play the Green Bay Packers for the title, Wee Willie duplicated his famous stunt of tossing the protector into the punter when he picked up Hank Soar and sailed him into the arms of the Giant punter, causing another blocked kick and setting up the Redskin touchdown which was scored on the very next play. That was the year the Giants beat the Redskins 9-7 after a near riot. So you can see how important that play was to the Redskins at the time.

Last year when the Chicago Bears whipped, or rather slaughtered, the Redskins by the prohibitive and unheard of score of 73-0, Wee Willie played virtually the entire game. When he left the field with only a few minutes of play remaining, he received the only ovation accorded a Redskin player that day by the 36,000 fanatics who jammed Griffith Stadium in Washington. The roar was thunderous and heart. Because every or 000 knew that if Wee V been in there, the Bea won by 173 to 0, or may instead of a mere 73 to good he was that day!

### A Tribute to Gr ness

As he left the field, one Bears walked over and o Wee Willie raised a w grinned. Two plays b tackled that same Bear s the Chicagoan had sever out! Yet the Bear coul recognize the greatness sensational play for su cause.

Is it any wonder, then skins will put up with V his antics six days in th have him around on the day afternoons?

Last year when the te into Pittsburgh for an i a remark was dropped would stop at a certain h

"Gee," spoke up F former Indiana star, "I li I played with Pittsburg is right next to the frei I used to think those tra to run right through n night."

Wee Willie was sit "Hope I don't forget my one of 'em," he grinned.

Everybody laughed. doubted he would do i struck him. For Wilbu is football's biggest screw can say that again!



"What do you mean—one of them is bound to show t ?"

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WHEN IT'S AH Exide YOU START

# Last Love

Continued from page 15

him, too. Then the merry-go-round and the columnists start again and pretty soon someone puts him in a picture. That's what he wants, Pat. A free ride until someone says, 'How about giving Jeff Tyler a chance?' "

"How about it?" said Pat. "Who got you started, baby?"

She made it sound as simple as that. With Pat it was only the past that counted. It didn't matter to Pat that you had finally been able to make yourself forget Jeff and appreciate Charles and all the solid, lasting things he stood for. Pat never thought about the future. She was as loyal as she was plain and she went entirely by the record and nothing else.

"I—I can't help it, Pat," she said shakily. "I took my beating and I'm through. Nobody has to do it twice!" Her eyes were blue wounds in an ashen face. Jeff was responsible for everything good or bad that had ever happened to her. If it hadn't been for Jeff there wouldn't have been a screen career nor this house in the hills. If it hadn't been for Jeff and knowing that he was throwing her aside, she wouldn't have needed those things!

HE HAD been a famous musical-comedy star with five big shows to his legend when she met him. She had made the chorus call on his new show and Pat had sort of looked out for her during those four months when she saw him every night but never talked to him. He had been much younger than she had expected, with dark curly hair and smiling eyes, and it had been hard to believe he was Broadway's most famous man-with-the-ladies.

Julie had fallen in love with him, simply and completely, believing that it was for keeps. Believing that she was the one he would always want because she understood him so well and loved him so much. But he hadn't cared about that. Instead, he had tried to start her on a career of her own. Teaching her how to sell a song and her personality, putting just enough heart into it that it would touch people without embarrassing them. When he was finally able to talk the producer into giving her some business he had been as pleased as if it were his own first big chance on the stem.

She had realized then that he was so immersed in his own career that he thought everyone else was similarly driven. He would neither have suspected nor understood her being content at just being with him; wouldn't have believed that she had not been seeking a career when she answered that chorus call but only a way of earning a living. A chance to leave Tenth Avenue and everything on it far behind her.

His next show had slipped a little, as if he were growing stale, and he had come back in the spring with another and it too was off at the box office. They hadn't been turkeys but they hadn't been good, either. She herself had done all right in those shows and her freshness had attracted the talent scouts and Jeff began talking about her going out to Hollywood. The screen wasn't for him, he said, but that was no reason she should pass up a chance to cash in the easy way.

*It's wonderful,* he said. *You make faces at a camera and get a good tan and they pay you money for it. They see you in Oshkosh and Honolulu on the same night and yet you never have to make a sleeper jump. They roll out the rugs and "yes" you and take up your option every night at six o'clock.*

He had begun drink
more than he could ha
after a while he didn'
keeping their dates.

She couldn't stand it
too bad she had taker
that led her to Hollyv
town where they wou
was carrying the torch.
her for the test, sittin
rector when it was sh
seemed almost relieved
the coast and out of h

But that was all a lo
she could never explain
to Charles. And Jeff
into town, expecting h
to the première and
gossip build-up, not kn
did she would wreck a
that lay before her. An
something to the pas
future even more.

"I wouldn't cry, baby
because you love a gu
to cry about it."

Julie raised her head
Not because of Jeff, an
over." She made hers

"It's been over a l
said. "It's like a Frenc
It said that while fir
greater, second loves a

Pat lit a cigarette,
tray beside her on the
said. "I didn't know
proverbs when they w

There was nothing
She rose and went sl
door, small and terrib
smart camel's-hair coa
biting her lips, knowir
needed Pat's help. Sh
shook her head at the
eyes.

"I'm sorry, kid," she
have to do it yourself.

JULIE was up while t
over the hills. She
bank airport a half-
sleeper plane was du
York. She killed the t
shop.

The droning voice of
announced the sleepe
She was still tired but
had gone out of her e
ways laid it on the line
and once he realized
take him to the premiè
it meant far more tha
date with Charles an
would be the first to t

*I'm not selling out, even Pat could say I have to think of my o to save the happiness have with Jeff. I'll n about the première. I' him a break. It isn't coming here to see m a job.*

She kept telling her
over, dreading the n
lean face and easy sn
in the door of the pla
sengers were thinning
clustering in their owr
and Jeff hadn't app
was off and the crew
plane. She stopped
ing if there had been a
and he only smiled ar
She went to the pas
they didn't know any
name was not on the

She drove home slo
the pieces together.
another plane that aft
said he would arrive

nough without having very last minute. Pat she would have to do it

the house, still trying mind what to do, and ight there in her living there, having a cup of who was still in her

you get here? I went rt and you weren't on ."

g her hands, grinning taking the planes these I'm not using that kind ad laughed it off, as else, but it only made nore conscious of his same gray one he had en she last saw him.

" she said. "If you had v, Jeff!"

was embarrassed then. ie," he said. "I've been self for a change."

oked as if he had. His and he even looked as a little weight. He had thin.

g her a cup of coffee, ing in stride, as if this rk and Jeff's dropping coffee was the most the world. Julie was cup Pat offered her, g to occupy her hands o keep up the conver- him all the amusing happened to all the hey had known in New re now in pictures, but ne off.

to do another show?"

"Soon, I mean?"

Pat, as if seeking her led and, after a luxuri- o her feet. "See you kids later," she said. "I want to make myself human."

Julie was still waiting and when Jeff looked at her she saw the indecision in his eyes, as if he didn't know just how to start. Jeff Tyler, who was always so smooth and so sure of himself.

"I'll be catching another show," he said. "Not right away though." A grin tugged at his lips. "I've got some other angles."

Like me, she thought. The première and a free ride until you light on your feet. There was no bitterness in that knowledge. He had a right to expect her to repay those old debts. But at least she could choose the best way to do it. It was still her life.

Her hands were steady as she put the cup and saucer on the coffee table. She raised her eyes and somehow she even smiled.

"I wanted to tell you about the première, Jeff."

"Première?"

He was going to make her do it the hard way. She realized that and it stiffened her will, bringing the color to her cheeks and relieving her of any guilt. So, as if he didn't already know quite as much about it as she did, she told him the details of the opening at Carthay Circle; about the radio broadcasts and the parties afterward. Telling him as if they both didn't know that it had been important enough to bring him all the way out to the coast.

But when she had finished he did something she wasn't prepared for. He played straight. He looked out the window for a long time and when his gaze did come back to her his eyes were those of a stranger.

"I'm sorry," he said slowly. "I wasn't trying to crash your party, Julie. I didn't know about the première. I—I just happened to have a few days and I wanted to see you."

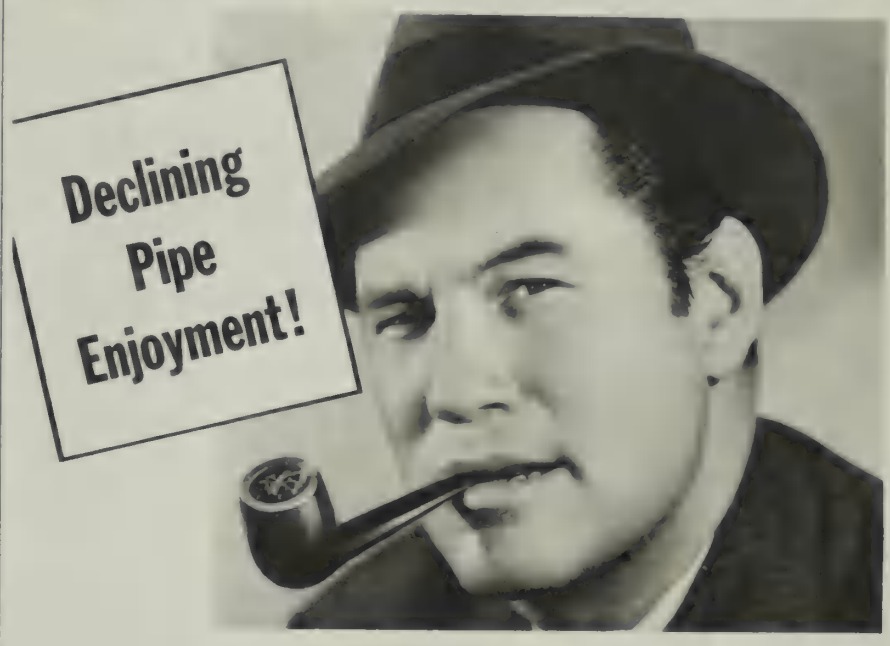
Her will, only a moment ago so firm




a! That one hurt him! Lookit them knees buckle! C'mon, up and fight! . . . Ha! Missed me, chum! Well, I had my . . . I'm gonna slap this slob right inta them typewriters—"

JOHN RUGE


# ARREST.




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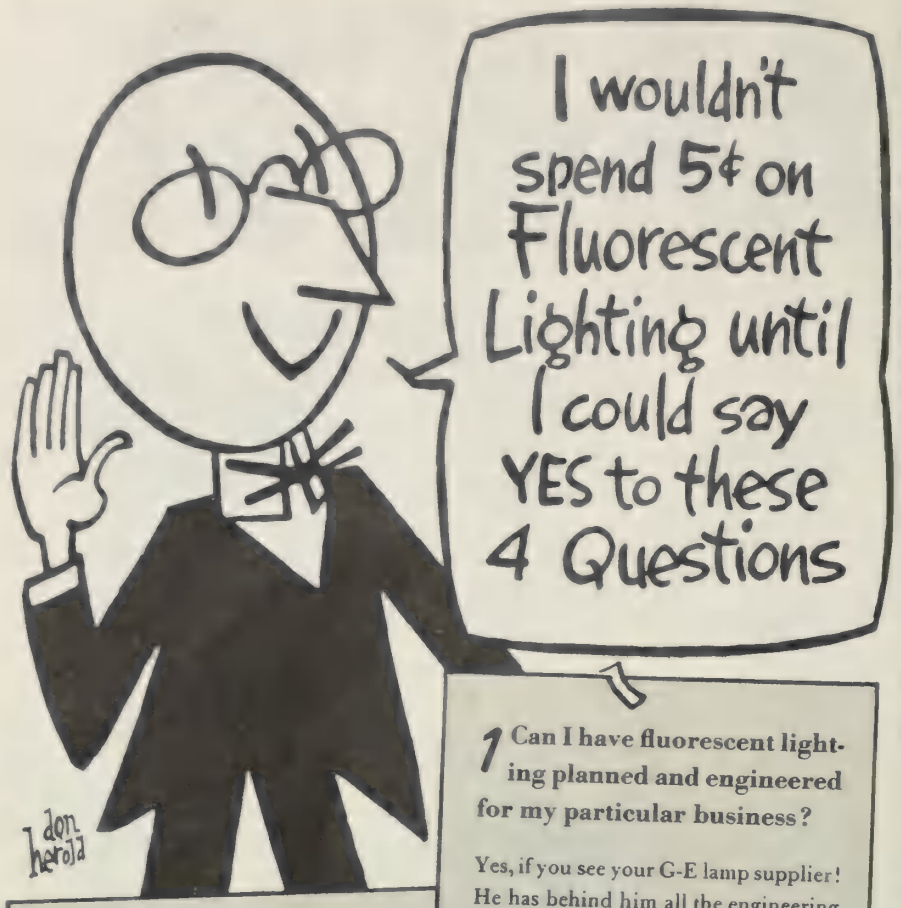


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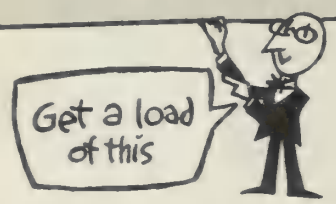



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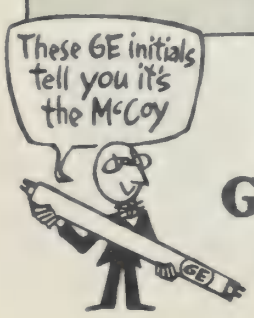
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and sure, failed her then. To find he had so lost his pride that he would lie about the whole thing, pretending he had not even known about the picture, left her defenseless. She had never thought Jeff would need anything that badly. Jeff, who had always been so proud and gay, able to laugh even when the going wasn't to his liking. Now to find him so hopeless and beaten, seeking that pitiful handout of the profession, a last chance, banished everything else for the moment. For the first time in his life Jeff really needed her.

Sam would have been proud of her at that moment, and Pat, too, but for different reasons. For Julie smiled, erasing the years and their hurts, and taking them back to the time when she was just a chorus girl and not too good a one at that, and lucky to have Jeff Tyler notice her.

"You don't know how much I wanted you to be here, Jeff," she said gently. "It wouldn't have seemed like a real christening unless you were taking me to my first première. That isn't asking too much, is it?"

Some of the strain left his features but it still wasn't Jeff. He could smile like him, even look like him, but the eyes had lost their careless gaiety and were almost too quiet.

"If you really want me to go," he said, "why, you can count me in, Julie. But this is a big night for you. I wouldn't want to be spoiling your fun."

She laughed, and if it was unsteady he would still think it was just her excitement at seeing him again. "As if you could spoil it!" she said, wishing she could make herself believe that. "I do have a date, Jeff, but I'm sure he won't mind your coming along. Not when he knows how much I want you to be there."

WHENEVER she was to recall the première it was not the roped-off crowds and the lights, nor even the well-wishers clapping Sam on the back, telling him that he had done it again and assuring her that she was terrific, that she was to remember. It was not Charles' kindness, pretending that he had wanted Jeff along, as if it was as much his idea as hers. It wasn't anything like that. It was Jeff's dinner jacket. That, more than fame, more than Charles, reminded her how much her world had changed. When she thought of that even the whispers of the people remembering she had once been Jeff's girl faded, losing themselves in all the other little whispers.

Her eyes followed her image on the screen but her heart, less disciplined, could only remember taking Jeff to the studio and getting the wardrobe to give him a dinner jacket for the première. They had laughed it off, making a gag of it, as if Jeff Tyler being minus a dinner jacket was the funniest thing in the world. It was so funny that when she got home she had cried.

*We have to put up a front,* said Jeff. *We have to give it a production. Jeff Tyler and his one and only discovery. Can you imagine Columbus discovering America without a black tie to his name?*

He had liked Charles, too. Charles had been delayed at the door and while they waited for him Jeff had given a funny, crooked little grin. "He's the white folks," he said. "The boy who brings it home every Saturday night. He's a nice guy, Julie."

"He is," she said soberly. When she had told him about Jeff being in town it was Charles who had suggested his accompanying them before she could even mention it herself. She had been fumbling over the phone, trying to tell him just enough, and he had understood or thought he did. He was only sorry that they could the house later. But his parents' party the could do about that.

"That won't matt said. "I—I'm sure plans."

So there she was, s old life and her new become a star and only of the men be so blond and quiet a dark and smaller, laughter and fame stranded by it. Onc glanced at Charles went back to the Julie's image and try warmth and hopes trusted to a man who still didn't speak the

Then the picture w there was the surge t people waiting to Most of them knew him and they crowde ing about his plans, have to get together after they had found one wanted him. An were talking their br pressionless eyes lin Charles. His car fin they were riding out warmth of the nigh and behind them the of the searchlights b one, their duties dor

Now the evening yet just beginning a made it increasing There was a gap, mi filled while they obs ties, Charles and Je polite and meaningl men do when thei woman with them. told Jeff about the

*He wants me to r And I'd promised.*

"I wonder if you ping me off at Cha "I wanted to see sc thought we might cu

Julie hoped he di in Charles' voice:

"Of course, old m have a lot of friend see."

They turned on they reached Chase was filled and there cars waiting to disc gers at the door. would show there Julie looked away, ing in there in his bo having a drink with ging off his visit to ing that he was s pictures. Playing i he knew that in H only as good as yo

"You can just dr said. "There's no u other cars to go."

He was standing smiling as they dr

JULIE was still tir While the party Charles' parents a expected—his fath dignified and his m with cool approval- enjoyed herself. secret great happin they liked her, fo still with her, cast long road that w Bringing her home more tender than possessive, as if goaded by that sh

She dressed sl wondering just hov Hadn't he always t

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PROFESSIONAL APPLICATIONS AT YOUR BARBER


to take care of that number-one chance? Pat said almost the same thing and yet when she told them that she had a chance for happiness and was going to take it while she could, they would both think she had sold out. That she was playing it safe, turning her back on old loyalties, wanting happiness more than respect.

*If I do it's my own life. People are always telling you that and yet they don't like it when you take their advice. But when you've been hurt too much and want too much, their advice doesn't help anyhow. You have to take care of yourself, Julie. Nobody else will.*

PAT was finishing her breakfast when she came into the dining room. Pat looked up and then she went back to her copy of the Hollywood Reporter as if it were more important than anything Julie might have to say. She couldn't know what Julie had decided and yet it was as if she had already guessed and passed judgment.

Then Julie knew what was wrong. A dinner jacket had been placed on the chair where Pat always piled everything that she was taking to the studio, not trusting her own memory.

"Jeff's been here! Why didn't you wake me?"

Pat's gaze was cool and level. "You weren't home," she said. "He was here last night. After you dropped him at Chasen's."

It could have been an accusation. No matter what she had said it would have sounded like an accusation.

"But—but he didn't need to bring it back so soon. I'm going to see him today."

"Are you?" said Pat. "You better make it fast then. He's leaving this afternoon."

"This afternoon?" There was no reason for her to be so white and shaken. Everything was working out just right and yet she was filled with terror—as if everyone were pushing her into the very destiny she had been seeking. "But I was going to speak to Sam! I was going to make him give Jeff a chance! That's all he needs. Just a chance."

"Maybe he doesn't want a chance."

Julie could feel the color slipping from her face. Her terror was in her eyes now and there was bewilderment, too. She had to pay Jeff back somehow. She could never live with herself if she didn't. It shouldn't matter that much to her and yet it did.

"He doesn't want a chance?" she said. "Jeff? Why not?"

Pat's eyes softened. "Why don't you ask him, baby?"

HE WAS living in a hotel at the wrong end of Hollywood Boulevard. A small hotel with a tarnished lobby and a fat, soiled clerk behind the desk. The clerk peered at her through watery eyes when she asked Jeff's number and after rubbing a reflective hand across the stubble of his chin, shuffled over to the register. "Two-o-six," he mumbled, seating himself at the switchboard. Before he could put through the call Julie was running up the stairs.

She didn't want to talk to him over the phone, didn't want a painful scene in that shabby lobby. Some blind compulsion had driven her there, knowing she had to have it over once and for all, tearing the last pages of the past from her memory. There had been panic in her coming, too. If someone like Jeff could quit cold, putting his last dreams of fame and happiness behind him, then nothing made any sense, nothing was worth fighting for.

She was knocking, knocking, and Jeff opened the door. Whatever she had meant to say, all the things she had meant to ask him, were forgotten. She was too numb at the sudden sight of him to find words or to need them. Jeff could read her emotions so well that he colored, looking more embarrassed than proud, more like some guilty schoolboy than a soldier.

"Jeff!" she whispered. Jeff, standing there in khaki. Jeff in a service uniform, a private's stripe on his sleeve, his black tie tucked into his shirt between the first and second buttons. Trying to smile and only looking more uncomfortable. Jeff, who had always had top billing and ties from Bonder's. "How long have you been in, Jeff?"

"Six months." He managed a grin. "I had to fudge a little when I enlisted but no one asked any questions. I used my own name. You didn't know it was Murray, did you?"

Of course she had, but there was no answering smile. "You didn't tell me," she said. "You weren't going to tell me, were you?"

"Well," he said, and all the laughter had gone out of his eyes, "when I saw how things were . . ."

It wasn't a grandstand play. He had seen what was ahead of her and he had played it her way.

"Oh, Jeff! Why did you do it? You wouldn't have been drafted!"

He looked out the window, gazing at the wall of the neighboring apartment house as if he were hoping to find some answer to her question written on that bleak wall. It was a question he had often asked himself and even after growing accustomed to the uniform and sort of proud of it, he couldn't come up with any good flag-waving answer.

"I just did," he said. "There's a lot of trouble in the world and we don't want it coming over here, Julie. I'm no hero. I wasn't doing anything much and I was tired of it. So, as long as we seemed to need all the guys we could get, I thought I might as well be one of them."

Was it Jeff she had been thinking of only yesterday when she had been so glad Charles had managed to be deferred? It couldn't have been Jeff and yet she had said that there were so many others that they didn't really need Charles and had no right to take him away from his career. But what about Jeff? He had One he was proud meant more to him

"But what about What about all your

His surprise was in he said, "I'll be back. seemed a little mor now. But nothing las this is through I'll b better than I ever w

He would, too. W kind of courage and you couldn't lose. Th ing to gamble their lives if need be wer And if a man could woman must take her never found happine with the future. Sh From the moment sh was leaving, seekir either Hollywood or filled with terror not of losing him again. very far away, safe other, emotionless w

"Jeff," she said, " come here? If you thing."

HE WAS a long t "Maybe I wanted threw away," he sai you get off the stem chance to see things t are, you come up witl The indecision had le I found out I was s most because I had you. You had everyt and it looked as if I guess I hated it anc I even tried going wi ing to prove it had those things. It did found that out and may be moving soon one thing before I lef I loved you."

She was crying. B tears and not unha there was something When you were reall need proverbs. Not always right. Someti last loves too.

**BUTCH** By Larry Reynolds




**"Well, if you must know, I don't want 'em fo basketball or badminton! I burgle in 'en**

## Fur Miracle

Continued from page 16

come snow, come high water. Once the new finish grabs hold of the hair, it settles there as a permanent part. Steam ironing freshens the hair after two season's wear; there are few seams to rip, and no grain to crack.

The woolly lamb takes a hard beating, though, before becoming a coat. Revolving knives shave the fleece down to about a half inch. Then the pelt goes into the tanning and dyeing vats, where preservatives, oils, and chemicals give it pliability, strength, and new texture. Huge driers, holding dozens of the seven-square-foot skins, finish off the processing. No hospital thermometer is watched more anxiously than these drier indicators, for moisture, heat, and ventilation in ever so slightly unbalanced proportions can ruin the whole lot. Finished skins can be run up into a coat in two days—a vast saving over the twenty days it takes to match and fit and seam a Persian.

All merino pelts are not potential fur coats. Far from it. Out of a 1,000-pound bale, the mouton processor sometimes gets thirty soft, thick-haired, unblemished skins; sometimes thirty-five. The other one hundred and sixty-odd skins in the bale make blackboard erasers, mittens, ear muffs, bedroom slippers, etc.

Collegians looked skeptically at the first moutons that appeared four years ago. Too heavy, too bulky, they said. This year's softer, closer-shaved skins have changed their minds. A full two thirds of the moutons in shops are campus swaggers with plaid wool lining and leather frogs.

The flat moire-rippled broadtail coming up in large bales from the Argentine by each ship is not a new fur. Stores called the coats they made of it, ten and twelve years ago, American broadtail. Newly improved processing makes it fur news again this year.

When the pelts arrive in this country they are neither broadtail nor fur. They are the silky long-haired skins of Lincoln sheep—the largest, most massive of British breeds, now being raised in gigantic flocks in Argentina.

Under the wool nap of these sturdy black-faced, white-bodied Lincolns in Argentina is a natural flat curl close to the skin. The curl spreads and loses its character as the lamb grows in size, but in week-old lambs it is easily mistaken for Russian broadtail.

Some unknown quality in the South American climate or diet induces this coveted curl, since Lincolns in England haven't it. Many furriers rate this processed broadtail as superior now to the Russian version. Being coarser, it wears longer. It is one third the price.

New dyes, new chemical lusters, and new finishing turns out a pelt today as supple as a kid glove. Processing is a lengthy, intricate series of dressing operations, of shaving, dyeing, and shaving again, but *never* curling. If the characteristic broadtail pattern is not there naturally, the pelt never gets to first vat. In fact, it doesn't even get to this country. All through the spring and early summer lamb buyers from the big American fur houses went to Buenos Aires to make painstaking skin-by-skin selections to be sure of this curl.

Processed broadtail is graded by the size of the skin and character of the curl. Supers, with small-ridged curls and moire ripple, are the most expensive. They're taken from drop lambs one day to a week old. Twenty-five or thirty supers make a long coat. In white, kaffa, blue-gray, and black, prices start at $150 and go to $500. Deanna Durbin has a full-length white one. Luise Rainer has another; likewise Norma Shearer.

A medium-sized skin from a lamb a month or two months old is called a plushy. Its curl is broader, more open, something like karakul. Twelve to fifteen of these make a $125 coat.

The jumbo pelts come from full-grown sheep, and six are enough for a long coat. The curl has less character, less moire rippling, but its luster, softness and serviceability are appealing. So is its price of $75.

What was that? A "Baa"? Could it be the woolly lamb making snoots at fur bearers?

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

discourage careless and reckless disregard for the lives and safety of others by taking such violators out of the air. In one recent drive they lifted 13 licenses, eight from students and five from private pilots.

Too well do the inspectors know what they are up against, for in their own early flying careers they had the urge at least once to let the folks on the ground see what the old crate could do.

One of the Army's greatest airmen today, a seasoned pilot of 23 years in the cockpit and holder of the D.F.C., recalls only too vividly that, when he first got his wings his star show-off act was to roll his wheels along the slanting roofs of the line of hangars. The enlisted men cheered wildly. One day he hit a hangar. When he got out of the hospital two months later he resolved to become a good pilot. And he did.

LOST to general recollection is the fact that several hundred Americans kept flying alive during its early years in this country before an apathetic public that labeled them scatterbrained adventurers and outright fools.

For 13 years now, they have been united in one of the world's most exclusive organizations, the Early Birds. Only those who can submit positive proof that they soloed an airplane, glider or balloon before December 17, 1916, are eligible for membership. There are now 336 members.

Newly elected president of the Early Birds is Frank T. Coffyn of New York, who was taught to fly by Orville Wright in 1910 and was one of a four-man team organized to do exhibition flying for the first Wright Company. He was the only one to fulfill his two-year contract, the others all losing their lives in crashes. Other officers, names linked forever with the development of aviation, are Igor Sikorsky, first vice-president; Stanley Vaughan, second vice-president; Mrs. G. Floyd Smith, third vice-president; Ernest Jones, secretary and co-founder of the association with Mr. Coffyn and P. E. B. Morriss, a trustee, and Augustus Post, treasurer.

The insignia of the organization is an owl, formed by the two letters EB, with extended wings. Significant it is, for the owl says little, is of course very wise and, being up all night, is the earliest of all birds.

F. R. N.







# City of Courage

Continued from page 13

encouragement to the team of their choice; they groaned when Alexis or Ivan missed what seemed certain goals. Airplanes swooped lazily overhead on the alert against possible daylight raiders, for it was an overcast day, the kind the Nazis like for dive-bombing.

The football was not quite up to that displayed by the leading English professional teams, but it was spirited and hard-fought. Now and then Nikolai, star forward of the Dynamo team, was very wide with his poorly aimed shots at the goal. I'd been told to watch him, for Nikolai is considered to be the Red Grange, the Big Bertha, of Russian football. The reason for his poor timing was soon forthcoming.

"No wonder he is off today," a man from the British embassy said. "He only got back from the front yesterday. They gave him leave just for this game."

Nearly all of the players were in one service or another. Those who were not army or air-force men worked in factories and had been given the Sunday afternoon off to play. They made 15,000 citizens of Moscow (and this temporary citizen) forget the war for the afternoon, which made their temporary holiday well worth while.

### They're Our Kind of People

Then this afternoon there was the circus. The news had just been announced that Orel had fallen. The press room at the Narkomindel (the foreign office) was in a turmoil. My colleagues were grave and discouraged. It is impossible to live long here without coming to love the people of Russia. They are decent, home-loving people, and you could take a slice of them and drop them in our Midwest and within a few weeks you wouldn't be able to distinguish them from our own decent, law-abiding citizens. I haven't been in Russia long but I've been here long enough to learn that these are our kind of people. The other American and British correspondents feel as I do.

I was gloomy in the press room at the Narkomindel, where we bring our stories to be censored and where, while waiting for the process of censorship, we share gossip.

I went to the circus. It was a good circus, but then all circuses are good. Instead of three rings there was only one. There was the same provocative smell of sawdust and the exciting, vibrant atmosphere of the circus as we know it. The arena was crowded and the clowns were even funnier than our clowns. The bareback riders were just as good and the trapeze artists were just as thrilling and the ringmaster just as stentorian in his introduction to this death-defying act or that.

There was a magician who made everyone but the audience disappear and the shrieks of laughter which rang out from the crowded arena were the same shrieks one would hear in Stamford, Connecticut, or Orando, Florida, or Portland, Oregon, when the circus comes to town. There wasn't an empty seat in the huge stadium. For this afternoon laughter is a defensive weapon the Germans have never learned to combat. Hitler cannot kill laughter with bombs.

"And now," the urbane ringmaster said, "we come to the finale. I know you have enjoyed this performance, people of Moscow. I hear your laughter. That is good. Moscow does not wear a frown upon her face despite her trouble. Moscow laughs."

I am no nearer to being a Communist than are you who read this, but I defy anyone to remain objective and impersonal when he is with the people of this city. No matter what your political convictions, these are people who only want to go their own way; who only want to solve their own problems, and today they find the greatest, most horrible battle of the ages being fought. I find it impossible to be neutral in this struggle.

So far food rationing here in Moscow is not severe. One can get as good a meal in a factory kitchen today as one can get in a London West End hotel. There is no clothing rationing but most of the mills are busy making uniforms and the shops have not a great variety of goods in them. But the people of Moscow are not clothes-conscious. As long as clothes are warm they need serve no such frivolous subsidiary purpose as to be ornamental. One may still buy furs, and there are tailors who will make you fur coats or wraps at London and New York prices.

Except for the uniforms one sees on the streets during the day and some queues in front of food shops, one might forget that the most terrible war in history is being fought less than an hour's flying time away. Occasionally muddy uniforms and bandaged heads remind one that Moscow is at war. It is at night that the war comes to Moscow. Black-out is at six o'clock now. It is a more severe black-out than we know in England. The busses and tramcars keep going and their lights and the occasional flashes from their overhead charged electric wires, the headlights from automobile and the street lights make one accustomed to the London black-out a bit dubious as to what effect the Moscow black-out might have. But when the sirens scream even these lights fade. The busses and trams crawl back into their barns. Automobile headlights are extinguished. Traffic and street lighting die and Moscow prepares a black face to welcome her uninvited visitors. Once the raid commences one does not see a single light in the center of the city.

Although to date Moscow has not had one raid which would compare in severity to any one of fifty London raids, this city takes raids far more seriously and perhaps more intelligently than London does. When the sirens sound, the two best hotels in Moscow and the restaurants immediately stop serving food. Guests are orc[illegible] go into shelters. Th[illegible] that foolish courage [illegible] modity; people are [illegible] dangerous contempt [illegible] Soviet rulers are t[illegible] If citizens wish to ge[illegible] by their own foolishn[illegible] But the more people [illegible] the more work for ai[illegible] firemen. There are c[illegible] ber of these and th[illegible] portant things to do [illegible] wounds of citizens w[illegible] being out of doors. [illegible] trians walk through [illegible] when a raid is on.

### A Curfew for [illegible]

There is a twelve-[illegible] on raidless nights, a [illegible] special permits are [illegible] that hour. The corr[illegible] ceive the precious n[illegible] movement. But th[illegible] for even the most i[illegible] up-late to stay up fo[illegible] on quiet nights the [illegible] rants close at ten. [illegible] clubs and no hideaw[illegible] vivial may gather. [illegible] be shocked to see [illegible] celebrated night ha[illegible] to bed each night a[illegible] correspondents was [illegible] til yesterday, when [illegible] and National hote[illegible] there was no more [illegible] course, can be obtai[illegible] a very special frie[illegible] Beer is nonexistent [illegible] British or American [illegible] It looks as if circun[illegible] ready forced the cor[illegible] what is virtually a [illegible] to-bed policy, will [illegible] become teetotalers [illegible]

But Moscow is gi[illegible] tastes and feelings c[illegible] count. The invader[illegible] if he approaches, M[illegible] humanly possible, w[illegible] cow has a great e[illegible] courage. For a yea[illegible] don going through [illegible] London was equal [illegible] guess is that Mosc[illegible] found wanting. W[illegible] very soon.



"About the middle of my second year [illegible] decided I might as well be comfortab[illegible]





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**CRUSH-PROOF BOX** ...Regent's crush-proof box keeps each cigarette really fresh, fully protected...in perfect smoking condition

REGENT.....a new standard of smoking enjoyment!

# Our New Army

Continued from page 52

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### NEW YORK

BARRACKS. The
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jackhammers, pontoons, bridge trestles, oars and anchors, poison-ivy leaves, block and tackle and an assortment of winged wheels, lightning bolts, blood-dripping bayonets and gosh knows what all—but he isn't satisfied. Men of the regiment hail from New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Georgia, Alabama and twenty other states from Maine to Texas, so it's a national problem. The only rule is, keep it simple.

### KENTUCKY

1ST ARMORED DIV.

FORT KNOX. It took the First Armored Division some time to decide on a tag, but now it's all settled: The oldest armored force division will henceforth be known as Old Ironsides. Hundreds of nicknames were double-checked by Maj. Gen. Bruce Magruder before the winner hit the spot. Among the runners-up were Hurricane, Cobra, Armadillo and Greased Lightning, which many a Collier's reader will recognize as his suggestion.

On the other hand, the newly activated Fifth Armored, also at Knox, wasted no time in adopting Victory as its sobriquet. The division's Pvt. Sidney Huttner thought that V for Fifth and Victory were pretty logical and Brig. Gen. Jack W. Heard, in charge of the division's organization, agreed with him. Pvt. Huttner got a week's furlough.

### GEORGIA

QUARTERMASTER DEPOT, Atlanta. While trying to equip a photographic studio, the public-relations officer here asked the supply officer for a daily fifty pounds of ice to cool chemicals. "I don't think I can raise the money," said the supply officer. "What?" yelled the P.R.O. "You buy thousands of pounds of ice every week for the water coolers around here. You mean to say you can't tack on another fifteen cents a day?" "That," said the supply officer, "is subsistence ice and it comes out of the subsistence fund. What you're talking about sounds suspiciously like industrial ice, or maybe chemical ice, and that's something else." The P.R.O. is still wondering what becomes of all the billions appropriated for defense needs.

### ALABAMA

GUNTER FIELD, Montgomery. About ten weeks from now class SE-42-A will graduate. It contains 183 men, 153 of which are Englishmen, who will be the first English cadets to graduate from an American training school. In uniform and temperament they're different from Americans but their faces are about the same. They weren't selected, as our men were, by physical standards and the amount of college work they had finished. They toss out any would-be American flier if he has a couple of bridges in his mouth, but the Englishmen with false teeth seem to learn just as fast. Most of them were picked on merit from the ranks and they are serious about, and grateful for, their twenty-five weeks of training. It's much longer than they'd have got at home and they think it'll pay big dividends. Some of the boys were at Dunkirk and all have seen some action, bombing and fighting. They think about it as a job to do and are in a hurry to get back home. That's their only objection to the long training period.

The Britishers like the Southern weather and American people. They think our girls really thought of some-


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Name Mr. Mrs. Miss .....

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# Mary's no longer contrary



Of course Mary's garden was beautiful—all silver bells and cockle shells—and pretty maidens in a row. But she still was glum and contrary.

You see Mary liked to chew gum. But she never could find one that was just right.

One day her dentist suggested she try Dentyne. He told her Dentyne's pleasant firmness would be good for her teeth.

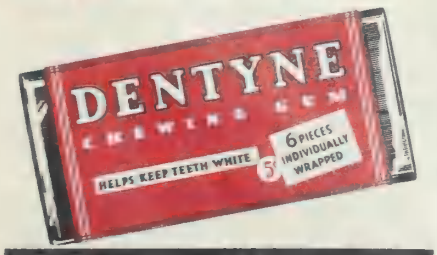
So Mary got a handy, flat, flavor-tite package of Dentyne — and promptly tried one of the six individually wrapped sticks. When she tasted that temptingly different, uniquely warm and delicious Dentyne flavor she stopped being contrary in exactly one-tenth of a second. "This is *my* chewing gum," cried Mary. "I'll never chew anything else."

And now Mary sings as she gardens.

Moral: You, too, will feel like singing when you taste Dentyne. Get a package today.



6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE




HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE


thing when they thought of rolling their stocking tops to keep them from sliding down. The plenitude of ice amazes them and they wonder what would happen if one of them took an American bride back to England, where refrigerators are rich men's toys. They are beginning to like our hustle, which prevents their having tea, allowing them only enough time to drop a nickel into a machine for a soft drink. Our slang puzzled them, as their slang puzzled our own cadets, but they were the first to call canned milk "armored cow." Their original trouble—understanding a drawling inspector over the interplane phone—is gone; they can understand and be understood now. They all want to get back to England and are confident of the outcome.

### RECOIL

RELYING upon "usually reliable sources" we boldly announced in this column for October 11th that "there's no such place as Ragley, Louisiana." While that statement was rolling in great numbers from the Collier's presses we flew over, tramped upon and drove through most of the Pelican State's southwest territory, often having occasion to observe evidence that there is definitely a place called Ragley. It will undoubtedly interest the town's twenty-five inhabitants to know that readers from many other states gave us resounding tut-tuts for placing Ragley in the fiction department.

### GENERAL

SOME of the file clerks and others who handle official mail at the assorted posts are a couple of hops ahead of the congressmen advocating free postal privileges for soldiers. For example, a soldier on maneuvers who's onto the system and who wants to drop a newsy note to the boys back at the home camp simply slips his dispatch into the same envelope containing the postage-free official mail going that way.

INCIDENTALLY, Pvt. G. K. Page, Jr., 30th School Squadron, Scott Field, Ill., has an idea. "I think," suggests he, "that every civilian to a soldier, sailor enclose a postage sta we write fifteen o week. . . ."

"I'M NOT squawk ing Israel, of 8t Brownwood, Texas, yer or something. as a buck private at weeks the Army re gives me a Specialis ing—a neat $15 rai later, I've acquired geant's rating, meri month. But wait Army regulations, r was automaticall further. It requires ice before my serge function, and so fa two months. So wh a sergeant at $21 pe

KEEP plugging. time before you' —at a dollar a year.

# Dates for Defense

## By Jim Marshall

**Los Angeles' dancing debs ride five hundred miles to put on a party for soldiers—and hope other cities will follow suit**

FINALLY, Private Padgett had himself quite a party. When you can get 140 of southern California's prettiest debs, Junior Leaguers and young society matrons to ride 500 miles, pay their fares, dance five hours with 2,000 soldiers and sit up the rest of the night in day coaches—that's something.

It all started one evening at a Camp San Luis Obispo mess table. The camp is the home of the Fortieth (Sunburst) Division. It lies out in the hills, five miles from San Luis, halfway point between Los Angeles and San Francisco, five hours from either city. The distance makes it tough for the boys: Most of them can't afford city trips on $21 a month; city folks don't get to the camp much.

Anyway, after mess the boys were discussing the sad lack of feminine companionship when Private George B. Padgett spoke up: "Listen, fellows, how'd you like me to get a couple of hundred dancing debutantes up here from Los Angeles one Saturday night?" This offer got only laughs and nobody thought anything more about it. No doughboys dreamed that night of holding lovely social registerites in their khaki arms while the band played on . . . .

Private Padgett however, being a man of mettle, got himself a pass and went to Los Angeles. There, he called up Mrs. Dean Christy, a big shot in the Junior League, and told her about the Camp San Luis blues. Mrs. Christy said uh-huh, she understood, and called up Mrs. Howard Elliott, another "popular society matron," and told *her*. Mrs. Elliott said uh-huh, she understood. Then Mrs. Christy and Mrs. Elliott started calling up various socially eminent ladies known to society editors as dowagers—why, no one will ever know.

Finally, everybody in society was collecting girls and the thing became known as Dates for Defense, or the Christy-Elliott Expeditionary Force.

Society was raided for bluebloodedchaperones. Each chaperone was placed in command of ten debs, subdebs and postdebs. Finally 140 girls and fourteen chaperones were assembled, stowed away in three special cars of Southern Pacific's Daylight Limited and sped to San Luis one Saturday afternoon.

Captain Phil Wilson, the Fortieth Division's morale officer, in charge of the welcome, soon had the girls distributed into waiting trucks and the expedition rolled the five miles to camp. The boys took the girls around to see the sights and then set them up to swell dinners in various mess halls. This was strictly a rank-and-file affair; officers barred. After dinner, trucks and cars re-gathered the girls and concentrated them at the big recreation center. The Fortieth has a dance band made up of star musicians from half the name bands of the West, and from eight o'clock on the floor was jammed.

Brigadier General E. J. Dawley, who commands the divi Mrs. Dawley. He w and then cut in o didn't last a minute cut in on the gene thing you don't se buddy! After that, for himself. Captai the camp morale around two thousa the hundred and fo evening.

'Way after midn chestra played out, lapsed on the floo slippers, rubbed th "Whee! What a pa to get up again in t the station, thanke helped onto the tr dawn. Lots of them bers behind, too. .

Mrs. Christy an engineered this firs party, say the plan camps that are fa more or less negle ally will make rat or more.

Mrs. Elliott fro gathered some idea dances at army ca she says, wear info fort is essential—b important, too. Suit ers for traveling an for the evening are

Wear walking s heels and toes f camp; carry two ex some plain high-he ing. Take along a these and stow in i in tubes, a toothbr tle of cologne. If include a short, sir much the better. of pearls are suffi

All camps have recreation halls ha visitors, so clothes up are simple.

Parties for soldi uplift trade as Morale—but don't It's just a slang Soldiers Happy.

Makes debs ha



CONNELL

**A Los Angeles socialite grants a request for her telephone number**

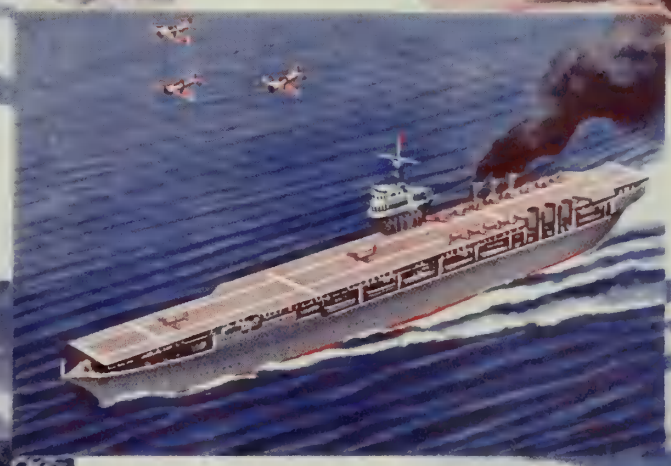
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America's Most Distinguished Beer

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

# Return from Maracaibo

Continued from page 17

of West Indian avarice. h was intimately related to el Hibbert whose word was i the Ministry of War at s a good woman, but opin- Sh dominated a large section ciety. And for nineteen h supervised the smallest ne only daughter.

ve at breakfast—Madame d rginie—when Marthe, the c d maid, brought them the h rrival of the ship from n as if in passing, Marthe h eyes averted, that Jean Cl alier de Beaupré, had se er and was, rumor had it, to ut ashore in Cayona and or ne.

o g men of France were ne fortunes abroad in that e seventeenth century. Vi re sniffed.

th Beaupré name," she said. is an Antoine? What have ir own?"

ha heard nothing more than h been a fatal duel in the r F ntainebleau. Commodore Co u was quietly buried in y ng widow was inconsol- it Paris; and this morning in le Beaupré, said to be a m with intensely black hair s ck as a hawk's, was com- ir ayona with seven trunks clc ing and such accoutre- o manuscript poems.

e aire listened in silence. d nissed the maid with a er nd. For a moment her d the charming display of isc in the garden beyond the lil Her expression was— e. e daughter—not entirely abl Finally she spoke.

e," he said, "you must on no on rse with this Beaupré. nc meet him. We shall not n. forbid it."

sai Virginie. "As you say,

da later, in the tiled drawing M dame Chretien Henri de rgi Vilaire and the Cheva- au met face to face across abl and they fell in love.

wh neither said anything. ed each other mutely and dde strange secrecy in their loo ng, needed nothing more. ior urged about them, but ur vare of it. Jean Antoine plo pounding in his heart.

Here, at last—and in what a remote outpost of civilization!—was the woman who had persistently and intoxicatingly occupied all his dreams. He had believed her a fancy never to be achieved—and there she sat.

Her rose-colored lips were a little open. Her eyes gleamed as darkly as the sea at night; and the delicate configuration of her cheeks and her brow seemed wondrously akin to music.

Madame Beriot, the hostess, had introduced them. "Virginie," she had said, "this is the Chevalier de Beaupré. He is a newcomer to our colony; be nice to him"—and here she giggled—"but be cautious, my dear. The chevalier is said to be a poet."

She had swished on, clutching the hands of other guests. And Virginie had slipped into a chair beside a small mahogany table, and Jean Antoine, whose eyes were fixed upon her, had taken the chair opposite her.

After a while Jean Antoine broke their silence. "I have heard of you," he said, holding his voice low. "I have heard of you and also of madame your mother. I have been told that your mother's door is closed against me. A pity—" He paused. "And what the young men of Tortuga have been telling me about you is not exaggeration."

"What have you been told?" Virginie asked, meeting his eyes, speaking firmly and clearly.

"They said you were beautiful. I cannot dispute it."

"That's impertinent."

"It isn't meant to be," Jean Antoine said, slowly. "Nor is it quite reasonable of you to regard it so. I have my own thoughtful standards of beauty; I do not by any means always agree with the mass. It happens that I find you exquisite—is there something in the code of the Indies that requires me to keep my opinion darkly to myself?"

She did not answer.

The Chevalier de Beaupré was conscious of a wave of gallantry. A smile lay on his lips. "We men of Paris," he said, "are inclined to be impetuous—"

The girl stood up then. She looked at him coolly. "Nonsense," she said. "You're being silly; affected, and aware of it. I had better tell you here, at the beginning of your visit, that this is a frontier colony. We're rather primitive here. We don't place any particular value on the lacy phrases of the court. Paris is remote. We prefer it so."

She nodded curtly, and went to speak to the hostess. Jean Antoine's eyes followed her across the room. . . .

Love at first sight, though sometimes beautiful, is always flavored by absurdity. It bears no relation to the hard facts of living.

In her carriage, going home, Virginie Vilaire clasped her hands tightly before her and felt the uncommon warmth in them; her head was light and too warm. She forgot the sway of the carriage on the steep, flowered hill; in her mind she said again the words—all the words—that Jean Antoine had spoken to her. She saw again his brown face with the black hair and the intensely black eyes. She saw his quick, confident smile—

And when consciousness, trembling, returned from this retrospective assault, she knew that she had fallen in love with Jean Antoine, Chevalier de Beaupré.

"But this is unreasonable!" she cried under her breath.

She was sharply provoked with herself. This was the behavior of a child, she said; this was the way one expected a kitchen maid to behave. And she reminded herself sternly that she was neither child nor kitchen maid.

Before she reached the lane of her mother's house she had come to a decision. This was not love, she said; this was but a sort of hypnotism. Jean Antoine de Beaupré had cast a spell upon her by the magnetism of—of his personality. Simply that. And it was utterly fraudulent.

Then, more calmly, she told herself—her face drawn tight with seriousness—that love began with admiration; and in the Chevalier de Beaupré there was little to admire. He was, if not exactly dissolute, at least loose, uncurbed. He trampled upon the people about him. Presumptuousness was written in his smile—the theatrical cocksureness of the boulevardier. And wasn't it true that he was a murderer?

The carriage stopped. She went quickly up the stairs to the veranda. "Mother," she said. Madame Vilaire was in her chair beside the lamp, a book in her lap. She looked up. "Mother," the girl said, "I think I had better tell you that I've met the Chevalier de Beaupré. At Madame Beriot's. You were quite right not to receive him."

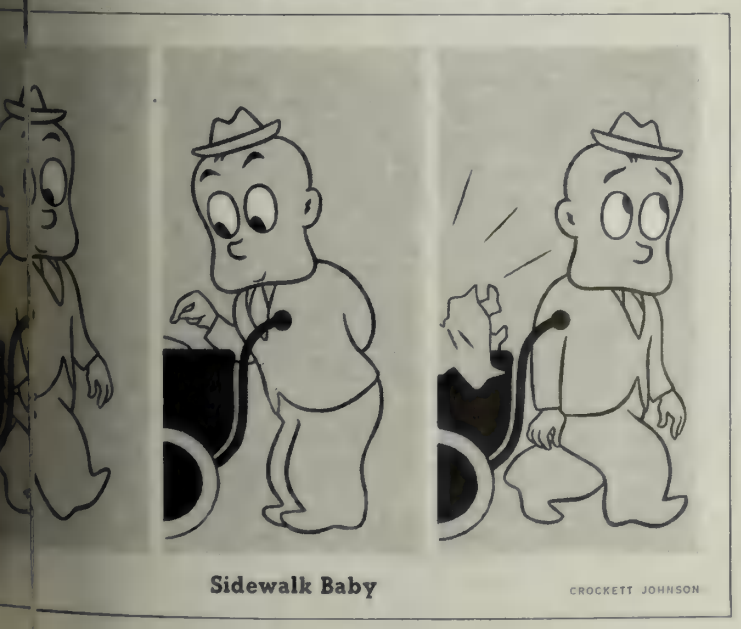
"Yes?" said Madame Vilaire. Her eyes were searching. After a moment, without any change of expression, she looked down again at her book. "Yes," she said.

IN THE morning a Negro boy came bearing a brief letter from the Chevalier de Beaupré. It was addressed to Madame Vilaire.

The chevalier respectfully begged to inform Madame that he was now a visitor in the colony; and, in that he had known with some intimacy the Madame's cousin Marcel Hibbert in Paris, he ventured to request permission to call upon Madame and offer his compliments. Would five o'clock in the afternoon be convenient?

Madame Vilaire commanded the black boy to wait. She sat at her desk and wrote a reply. Madame Vilaire was forced by regrettable circumstances to inform the Chevalier de Beaupré that five o'clock would not be convenient. Further, while Madame Vilaire appreciated the chevalier's courtesy in offering his compliments, she found herself unable to receive him. Then or any time in the future. She signed the note with a hard stroke of the quill.

Within the hour the Negro boy was back. He carried a sealed letter for Mademoiselle Virginie Vilaire. But it was Madame Vilaire who tore open the seal. Would Mademoiselle condescend



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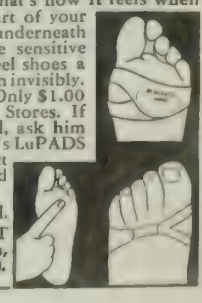


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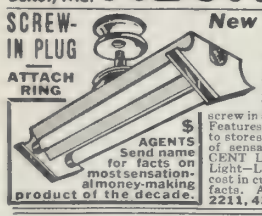
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to receive the Chevalier de Beaupré in her garden that afternoon at four o'clock?

Madame Vilaire's face was grim. She summoned her daughter. "You will please read this," she said. The girl took the letter in her fingers. Then she lifted her eyes. Madame Vilaire said, "Of course you will not receive him—"

"Of course not," the girl said.

To the Negro boy on the lower step of the veranda Madame Vilaire said, "You may tell the Chevalier de Beaupré that the response is 'No.' Do you understand?"

The boy said he understood, and went away.

"Insufferable effrontery," snapped Madame Vilaire.

Her daughter said, low, "Yes, *Maman*. I agree with you fully."

They stood on the veranda watching the retreating figure of the chevalier's messenger, and Madame Vilaire quivered with anger, but Virginie was as motionless as stone.

IT WAS then that the Chevalier de Beaupré went away. Then or very shortly thereafter. But Virginie Vilaire did not hear of the departure until a week had passed.

It developed—the story leaked out fast enough, and was a fortnight's sensation—that the newcomer to the colony had passed several evenings in the cabarets of Cayona with the young boar hunters, who for one reason or another found it expedient to live away from France. With Jean Antoine they discussed the great names of the Spanish Main—Ravenau de Lussan, Nau of Olonne, de Gramont, Laurent de Graff.

"Not one of these but made a fortune capturing the Spanish ships, sacking the Spanish towns," said Philippe Latouche, a violently bearded youth whose family was said to live in Provence. "I knew de Gramont personally, before he received his commission in the army and went away from here."

"I knew him too," another said; and, turning to Jean Antoine, "He took Maracaibo and Torilha, you know; collected the very deuce of a ransom. A really remarkable fellow—"

Philippe Latouche put in, "The great day of filibustering is over, I fear—"

"Is it?" Jean Antoine said. He closed his fingers about a bottle and filled his glass. "Why?"

They hastened to explain, those young men. The Spaniards were more alert in these times; their towns were without exception better garrisoned, better fortified. Almost invariably, now, their ships traveled in twos or threes across the Caribbean. It was no longer so easy a matter—

"If it were easy," Jean Antoine said, "I think I should not enjoy it." He looked slowly from face to face. "How many of you gentlemen have any money to invest?" he asked.

"Invest in what?" one asked.

"I have decided," Jean Antoine replied, bracing his elbows on the table, "—I have just now decided to attack Azua in Spanish Santo Domingo. It's a small place, but it will do for a beginning—"

The face of Philippe Latouche was screwed up in astonishment. "What," he asked, "do you know of the problems—"

"Very little," said Jean Antoine, cheerfully. "But I have a certain ability with the sword. I shall need a ship and a navigator and a few score of men under me. You've heard my question—how many of you have money to invest?"

That was the beginning of it. None of the gentlemen had money to invest. It was from his own pocket that the Chevalier de Beaupré bought the frigate Turtle, of forty guns—an old, rotten-bottomed ship. In the taverns on the water front he recruited, ance of a keg of rum, a five men—mostly Frenc a representation of th Dutch, the Portuguese.

The Turtle was provisi went out on the morni many of those on the wh see the Chevalier de Be

"Confounded fool," sa touche, summing up opi

When the Turtle retur later, she looked a small under the side of the called Trinidad. Turtle stood well into the ba their hooks together.

The story was quickly den bold attack in th chevalier had captured of Azua. The retreat v the attack. And, bound coast of Santo Doming countered the Trinidad. The chevalier had outm with a single broadside her commander off the c the crew into headlo boarding had not been

At Azua and at sea, busters had been lost f sixty-five.

The booty was unloa day. Night fell. The Beaupré, wearing his sw Governor Ogeron in the the hill.

THE fear that had st of Virginie Vilaire heard of the Azua voy through the weeks of th sence, to a numb achin much of anger.

The thing was so stu a venture conceived i rected by a conceited hardly more than a bo self; a rash, headstron king's painted consort. prodigal.

Angrily, she shut him But he crept back.

Her mother referred At breakfast one mo abruptly, as if thinki not escape the Spania fools. I doubt that we again."

She did not say his girl knew she was spea toine, and the girl did torment that lay in her noticed; Madame Vil occupied with other t

On the day that the on the day that people through the arcaded loud voices of the loo the bedeviling of the iards—Virginie Vilair room. The fear was and the vast, angry a to replace it. *Now, s Chevalier de Beaupré self. Oh, yes! Now swagger—now the adn turn upon him—*

And she flung hers and with eyes that we stared through the m responsive ceiling.

The pleasant admi ony did indeed flow ou de Beaupré. He di twice in a week with was invited to drink dame Forban, whose fleet of thirteen ship to drink brandy with Labastille, who as a only to archbishops.

But it was at the Beriot that Virginie V a second time.

She had feared t there; but she had b he would not dare to

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families of Cayona the
acaibo still had an un-
Seven years before—in
air de Gramont had pil-
n on the Caribbean shore
rica; he had sailed from
a frigate, a few fly-boats,
seven hundred. He re-
easure. But of his seven hundred filibusters, only forty saw Tortuga again.

There was still an ugly terror in the sound of it—but for the Chevalier de Beaupré Maracaibo had become, almost overnight, a magic word. It seemed the logical development of his Azua conquest; he saw it as a test of spirit, he saw it as a citadel that, unassailed, would forever taunt him. He made no secret of his plans. Cayona knew his date of sailing, the governor honored him at dinner. There was some difficulty in raising a crew, but the chevalier went personally once again to the grogshops along the quay and paid for rounds of rum and spoke in glowing accents. He had a way with him; and there was the Azua adventure to endorse him. He sailed with three hundred men.

IT WAS a grand departure, an affair of pomp and pageantry. Fully half the people of Cayona, it seemed, were crowded along the water front, and a curvetting flock of shallops provided escort down Tortuga channel.

Then the shallops dropped astern, Cayona was hull down, and the chevalier's cannon shouted a deep-throated goodby.

But not quite all the citizens of Cayona thought it could be done—this sacking of Maracaibo.

"He'll not be back," said Madame Vilaire, concisely.

But she said it to herself. Her daughter was confined to her room suffering from headache. Her daughter had not been at all well during the past week, and Madame Vilaire was considering the advisability of sending the girl to France for a change of air, a change of scene. A young girl should not have headaches so constantly—

On the hill, however, Governor Ogeron confided to his friends, "Yes, yes; I've invested rather heavily—"

"I've put in a few thousands myself," said the Marquis de Labastille; and Jacques Forban, who owned a fleet of thirteen ships, revealed that he too had contributed to the outfitting of the Chevalier de Beaupré's expedition—but did not mention that he had done so largely at his wife's persistent urging.

"We should see young de Beaupré's sails in the channel within five weeks' time—"

The marquis agreed with the governor. "Oh, yes," he said. "In five weeks, I'm sure of it."

"In confidence," Governor Ogeron proceeded in his official manner, "I may tell you that I am preparing a citation for His Majesty's attention. I believe



"Would you care to play something for us?" PERRY BARLOW






# TWO SHIPS A DAY

WHEN 14 merchant ships were launched at United States yards on one recent day, we thought we began to foresee the end of the Battle of the Atlantic. The end of that battle is probably a long way off yet, despite the 66% cut in sinkings for the past summer and despite the spreading vigilance of the United States Navy. Nor have we reached, by a long shot, our goal of two merchant ships a day. But we shall in all probability complete our planned 1,400 merchant ships by the end of 1943—which is to say that seawise, at least, American defense production is doing well.

And American ship production is the first ingredient in an eventual Allied victory. If Hitler can shatter the bridge of ships to Britain, the British will have to quit, starve, or go down fighting. If he can't, it seems a better bet each day that the other essentials of an Allied victory can be produced in time.

That we are qualified to fight this part of the war is evidenced by our performance in this war up to now, and even more by our phenomenal shipbuilding in the other war. On one day in the 1914-18 struggle, after our shipyards had really got going, 95 vessels went thundering and smoking down American ways into the water.

The implications of all this excite your imagination. Particularly, how about after the war?

After the other war, we were mainly stuck with a lot of no-good hulks, most of them chargeable to the Hog Island[illegible] time, it looks as if that won't h[illegible] we hope nobody is relaxing in [illegible] that it can't happen. It looks [illegible] provided we don't have to tur[illegible] marine over to a conqueror, w[illegible] war years with enormous tonna[illegible] shipping on hand.

We hope it all foreshadov[illegible] American enterprise on the s[illegible] into a decline after the Civil [illegible] really recovered. While we b[illegible] in wartime and send them out [illegible] goods where needed, let's kee[illegible] huge potentialities for peaceti[illegible] round-the-world prestige after [illegible]

# STRIKES AGAINST GOVERNMENT

THE State, County and Municipal Workers of America, a C.I.O. "union" of civil servants, took an obviously Communist-inspired step at its 1941 convention. The group amended its constitution so as to make strikes part of its program—though its leaders were careful to say that they would use the strike weapon only in extreme situations.

And here may be the next big labor question which this country will have to settle. There are almost 5,000,000 persons working for various agencies of government in the United States. If this C.I.O. organization or any other outfit lines up a considerable percentage of these workers and insists on the right to strike, it will be pretty tough. Americans ought to be forewarned of the possibilities now.

No U. S. city as yet has signed a collective bargaining agreement with a "union" of its employees like the agreements continually signed between private employers and employees. The opinions of courts, city attorneys and state attorneys general to date are unanimous that cities have not the power to sign collective bargaining agreements.

Yet this C.I.O. organization's leaders now propose to arrogate to themselves the right to call strikes against government. We do not see how any government agency can recognize such a right, or back down an inch in its refusal to recognize it. President Roosevelt stated the case succinctly several years ago. "All government employees should realize that the process of collective bargaining, as usually understood, cannot be transplanted into the public service . . . militant tactics have no place in the functions of any organization of government employees."

The reason why they have no such place is that such tactics amount to organized rebellion against government itself. A[illegible] that admits a right of its ow[illegible] strike against it abdicates. It [illegible] 100% a government, and turn[illegible] mental power to labor leaders.

Congress may have to legis[illegible] ter. If so, we think stern me[illegible] justified.

But the wiser and more p[illegible] settle the argument would be [illegible] simply to stay away from this [illegible] union, and from all other org[illegible] claim the right of civil servants [illegible] the taxpayers who hire them [illegible] salaries. The leaders of these [illegible] beckoning their dupes to a sh[illegible] came out of the Boston police [illegible] That affair was a disaster to th[illegible] licemen and it came close to b[illegible] to the entire American labor [illegible]

ollier's

15, 1941 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA



# WHERE THE R.A.F. FAILED

BY REAR ADMIRAL HARRY E. YARN

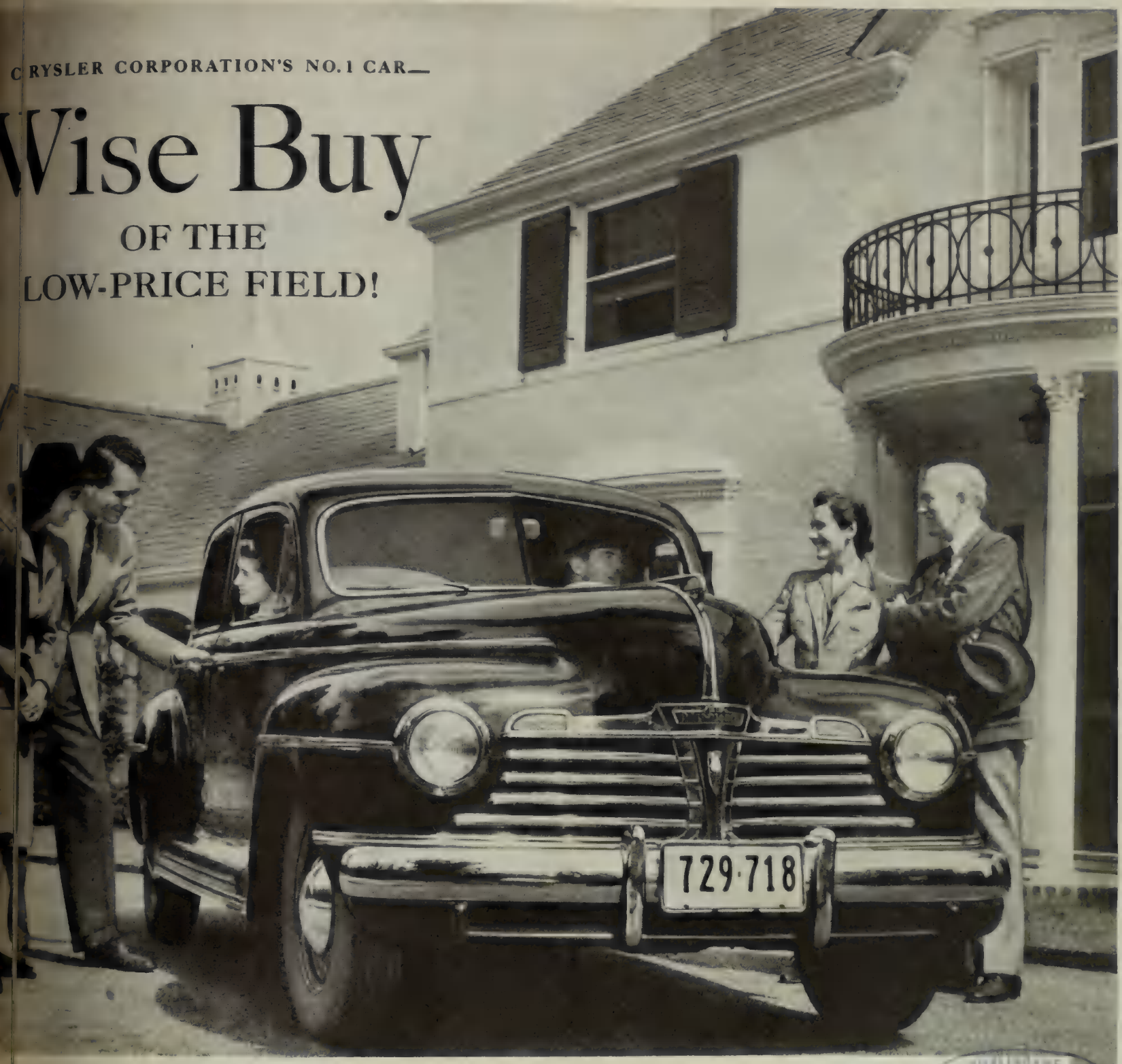
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NOVEMBER 15, 1941


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COVER WALTER BOMAR




# ANY WEEK

A FOOTBALL referee with a passion for anonymity informs us that he has appealed to the OPM on behalf of brass and steel whistles. He admits that no whistle manufacturer has asked him to intercede but that he has "the best interests of lovers of football at heart." As we get it, OPM is about to decree that the brass and steel, to say nothing of the nickel, that go into whistles for football referees shall go to make tanks, battleships and guns, and for one we're glad of it. "Whistles not made of steel, brass and nickel," our referee says, "lack command, carrying power, authority. Unless the official is able to emit a shrill, piercing command the players are apt to pay no attention. Once when I was refereeing a bitter game between Fordham and St. Mary's something went wrong with my whistle—a plastic affair which I had to pick up at the last moment owing to theft by a souvenir-hunting lover of football. Before I could get the attention of the players, not one but twelve fouls and rule infractions had been committed by the boys in their youthful zeal." But we shall have nothing to do with his complaint. We hope he has to use a small tin whistle that can't be heard five feet away. We, too, have the best interests of lovers of football at heart. As far as we're concerned there's entirely too much whistling by football officials. Every time the going gets nice and criminal on the field one of those officials blows a whistle—and we're against it.



FRANK GERVASI, who has literally watched this war around the world—the North Atlantic, England, Africa, the Near East, India, Thailand, the Far East and back by way of Manila and San Francisco—has just about finished an article which we shall send to a young fellow from Philadelphia who is now in the Army—in Hawaii. We mentioned something along this line two weeks ago but the Philadelphian's letter spurs us to emphasis. This American soldier was picked up by the draft in the neighborhood of Twelfth and Tasker streets, Philadelphia. As we remember Twelfth and Tasker streets, it is the home grounds of quite a number of excellent citizens. But it isn't a semitropical paradise and we are casting no aspersions. His letter from Honolulu is bitter with recitation of the hardships of army life. So we promise him Mr. Gervasi's story wherein he may read of the army life of British, French, Italian and German lads of his own age dying slowly in sand that poisons, heat that maddens and loneliness that does unspeakable things. They have a tough time too, kid—almost as tough as you have amid the beauty of the lilies and the *dolce far niente* of Waikiki where the peace of the night is broken only by the plang of the ukulele and the thump of hula feet.

IN PURSUANCE of the policy of this department, we are paying no attention to such cracks as one just received from Mr. Jacob Blanquette of Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Blanquette says that "the Italian army in retreat is the Fascist army in the world." We are much more interested in domestic crises. We're advised, for example, by Mr. W. W. Tuttle of Worcester, Massachusetts, that there is a nation-wide scarcity of diapers because that particular kind of cloth is in great demand by our soldiers. They use it to clean their rifles with—when they get the rifles. Likewise, according to Mr. James Rayen of Pittsburgh, there's a road intersection in Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, with one finger-board advising you that you have but five miles to go to be in Paradise. However, another arrow directs the traveler to Panic, only three miles away.

IN THE meantime we shall concern ourselves with a problem of an education officer in one of our draftee camps. One of the lads, from the Virginia mountains, was having quite a little trouble with his studies. Presently the officer decided that the lad's eyes needed attention. The doctors gave the boy tests and discovered perfect eyesight. It wasn't until some time later that they turned up the real reason why the soldier wasn't doing so well in class. He couldn't read or write.

FOR this week's romantic episode, we offer you the idyl of Señor Dairo Ingeliste, a talented and handsome young fellow of Belo-Horizonte, the lovely capital of the state of Minas Geraes, Brazil. We have it from our Rio de Janeiro agent. Señor Ingeliste, a light in his eyes and a song in his heart, went to call upon his sweetheart. Now the parents of the young lady were going calling and, as it would be quite out of the question to leave the young people in the house alone, their integrity notwithstanding, the old folks assigned a trusted servant to chaperon the lovers. For a while a decorum of the first order obtained, Señor Ingeliste discoursing learnedly upon the situation at home and abroad, his young lady yessing him with maidenly demureness and trying gallantly not to fall asleep. The duenna sitting hugely near by had nothing to do but approve and take belts at mosquitoes. But presently, what with the moon, the fragrance of the
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***...t of carelessness at the wheel ...s little-understood law— ...ack salesman out of work.***

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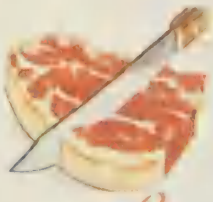
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"They are delicious for dinner," *says* **MRS. LOWELL THOMAS**



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# WING TAIL



**Different and efficient: the tail of the Navy's big X[illegible]M-1**

SCHEDULED for first flight tests this month is the 70-ton Navy Martin XPB2M-1 long-range patrol bomber, the Navy's counterpart of the Army's mammoth Douglas B-19. Sitting alone on its beach gear and viewed from a distance, it appears conventional in design—a high-wing monoplane with the four engines in the leading edge, and a rugged hull for heavy sea operations. But the tail assembly is different. It is tacked onto the top side of the rear fuselage a few feet forward of the rear gunner's turret, and it looks as if a puff of wind would blow it off. But it was tried out in earlier Martin models—there's no guesswork here.

Instead of being perfectly horizontal, the stabilizer has a steep V-shaped angle, known as a dihedral in the trade. The rudder fins, instead of being vertical, are toed in. By designing them at these angles the Martin engineers not only have raised the horizontal surfaces above the turbulent air of the propellers and high out of the water, but the toe-in provides greater rudder-fin efficiency and in effect increases the size of this part of the tail. No use dragging along extra area if you don't have to.

BACK in the days when automobiles had to be cranked, a few people tried it with the brakes off. They found how easy it is to get run over by their own cars. And there are two pilots, one in South Carolina and one in Maryland who no longer have licenses to fly because they spun the props of their airplanes without someone in the cockpit and without blocks in front of the wheels. They didn't get a scratch, but people have been run over by their own airplanes (and chopped up by the props), so there's a regulation.

AIRPORTS rapidly are becoming self-contained communities with restaurants, barbershops, branches of downtown department stores and now banks and stockbrokers' offices. It is only natural that the latter two should be at the financial center of the universe, New York, and its La Guardia Field.

The bank at La Guardia is a branch of the Empire Trust Company. In the first week it banked $200,000 in deposits. The stockbrokers' b[illegible]ch of Lynch, Pierce, Fenner Beane elaborate setup. The rincipal stocks are automatica registe the board by means o telea system. Another boa[illegible]s so e that through a code s[illegible]m the ant dials the head off and in seconds the board sho the late of the stock desired an s high for the day.

IN THE early days schedu transportation, a he hy perc of passengers were dheads anyone who had a frie around port could get a pass. e airline that the deadhead o oday w paying passenger of to rrow. deadheads could be re d upon up the wonders of a transpor Now the airlines are stricted same manner as the roads, a free tickets are limitec compa ployees and their fam s and ment officials having pervisio air transportation. M than such legal deadheads re trans over the domestic ai es dur fiscal year ended June 1941, o eight per cent of all p engers And the people who id cash during that period tot d 3,2u7,

THERE'S a young who has had his pri ce pilot cate lifted for 60 da for flyi plane with a passenge while th controls were fully op ative. happened; nobody got rt. But recollection of goverr nt insp as well as in the goverr nt reco many fatal accidents ectly a able to a passenger fre ng the inadvertently or thro fright reporter has vivid rec ctions inadvertently, he sent avy pla ing toward earth when old-fas news camera on his la orked against the stick in back while he gleefully wa ed the rush up at him. Vio t tugs stick by the pilot brou the pa to life and from then the form and executed a policy ing for moval of the controls that he concentrate on his ae l assig without killing himself



**U MEASURE A MILLIONTH OF A VOLT?**

ount of power developed in your home ntenna by a signal from a distant station sured in millionths of a volt. Your lowest e electric lamp bulb uses billions of times ower. Yet, without moving parts to guide our radio service technician can trace this unseen electrical impulse through a maze of licated parts, coming quickly and unerringly e seat of any trouble which may interfere its transformation into sound.

# Your service man will make your old Radio

# ERFORM BETTER – LAST LONGER

n by a competent service man radio or phonograph perform ger. This means real economy nal enjoyment for you. Even t means keeping your radio in der during these critical times adio set forms an essential, and l, link in our national defense.

radio-phonographs, although ill be fewer this year due to in materials. Consequently, if btain one, the matter of service looms more important than

xcellence of modern radio con- et owners have come to expect way of continued performance. matter of service is neglected— stops operating entirely. Actually, it is no wiser to wait for this to happen than it is to wait for your automobile to break down completely before having it overhauled. Just normal usage over a period of time causes tubes and other parts to wear out, robbing you of the kind of efficient reception that makes listening a pleasure.

Every year or 18 months, depending upon how much your set is used, a routine service check-up by a competent technician is highly important. It is an inexpensive way of correcting minor troubles and finding out whether additional repairs are advisable. For example, your service man may be able to reduce noise by cleaning or replacing worn volume or tone controls, or by removing dust from variable condensers. He may make it easier to separate crowded stations by re-aligning highly sensitive tuned circuits. Often he can reduce noise and improve sensitivity, selectivity and fidelity of tone, simply by replacing weak or worn tubes. He may diminish interference from powerful nearby stations by repairing or replacing your antenna (which probably hasn't been inspected since it was put up). He may quiet noisy phonograph motors by oiling and adjustment... Quickly, efficiently and economically, he will make any changes or repairs that you desire — with a resulting improvement in radio performance that will often amaze you.

Regardless of the make or model of your old radio, it is his job to help you get the most out of it — to make it operate satisfactorily over a long period of time. Call him today. Keep your radios working — and keep them working well!

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RCA

Probably half of all old radios now in use could be greatly improved, simply by replacement of tubes that have become weak or worn through long hours of use. When replacing yours, be sure and insist on genuine RCA Tubes—the choice of leading dealers and service technicians.



# IS ONE OF THESE HAIR PROBLEMS YOURS?



If your hair lacks lustre . . . if it's dry, hard-to-manage . . . or if loose dandruff sheds on your shoulders . . . here's good news: 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments will make a glorious improvement.



## TWO STEPS TO LOVELIER HAIR AND RELIEF FROM *DRY SCALP*

NEVER . . . NEVER . . . just take it for granted that you don't have Dry Scalp. This nuisance often begins inoffensively—goes unnoticed until dull, dry hair and loose dandruff give real cause for concern.

No fear of this, though, if you'll let 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic be your guard. Its special properties make it ideal for keeping your scalp in condition . . . your hair looking its loveliest. Here's all you do:

**(1) BEFORE EACH SHAMPOO,** massage your scalp vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to stimulate scalp circulation.

**(2) AFTER EACH SHAMPOO**—and before each date—brush just a little 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic over the surface of your hair with your fingertips, and press the wave in place. Get a bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic today . . . for softer, more beautiful hair . . . for the good of your scalp and wave.




**'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no drying ingredients.**

**By actually supplementing the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp supple . . . the hair lustrous and well-groomed. Try it!**

# Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.




# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*A number* of the most beautiful paintings of ocean-bed life have been produced by artists working in the water on the sea bottom, sometimes at a depth of fifty feet. In such cases, the painter wears a diver's helmet, uses an oiled canvas stretched over plate glass on a metal easel and applies his colors with a palette knife.

*No* wedding ring may be legally worn in the British Isles unless it has been hallmarked by one of the six assay offices. Yet thousands of married women, unaware of the law, the Wedding Rings Act of 1855, wear rings that are not legal. *—By Nathan Wolff, Ray Brook, New York.*

*Although* the stars have been scientifically studied for hundreds of years, not one was ever measured until December 13, 1920, when the diameter of Betelgeuse was determined with the aid of a special type of interferometer at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California.

*A rule* in the by-laws of the International Typographical Union of North America bars any member of a subordinate union from being eligible for election as a delegate if his wearing apparel "does not bear at least five union labels." *—By Walter P. Githens, Hamden, Connecticut.*

*Numerous* restaurants in China have had so many customers depart suddenly without paying their checks, owing to air-raid alarms, that many restaurant owners now make the customer settle first, by buying tokens as he enters and using them to pay for each dish as he is served.—*By Wah Cheung, Kweiyang, China.*

*America's* outstanding case of human fertility was that of Mrs. Mary Austin, who gave birth to thirteen sets of twins and six sets of triplets, or forty-four children, within thirty-three years. Incidentally, a total of sixty-one babies were born to her two sisters.—*By Mrs. Lindsey O'Bryon, Buffalo, New York.*

*Some* snails re[ce so] nourishment that t[ hav] nothing for five yea[r t a time] the other hand, son[ moles a] voracious that the[y ave de] starvation when de[ved of] for only ten hours.

*Housing* more th[an five hun] monks, the Sam-din [Monaste] the Yam-dro Lake [Tibet i] only institution of [kind in] world that is headed[ a wom] one Dor-je Pa-m[o -By Ch] *Nixon, Ithaca, New* [ork.]

*When* a foreigne[r becomes] gaged to a girl in [land an] cannot afford to co[ or send] her at the time, the[ hold wed] ceremonies and are [ally-mar] on the same day a[s nour in] respective countries [ each of] glove.

*Owing* to some u[n own m] ological condition, [ound w] sometimes "jump" [at a] example, the explo[n of an] munition station in [land in] although heard for [a stance of] miles, was inaudib[le betwee] and 115 miles.

*The* Shakespea[re Garden] Lightwoods Park[ irmingh] England, is one of [e most o] prehensive flower b[s of its] in existence, having [ore than] of the 214 plants th[e ment] in his dramas. Vi[sors can e] buy a guide book [ntaining] names and location[s of the pla] the plays in which [ey are m] tioned, the speakers [the lines] the words spoken.

*Who's Who in* [merica a] matically lists an [Army off] when he becomes [general, li] tenant general, ma[ general] brigadier general, a[ a Navy] cer when he becon[ an admi] vice-admiral or rea[dmiral.]

**Five dollars will be paid [each intere]or unusual fact accepte[d for this colu]Contributions must be a[ccompanied by a]factory proof. Address [keep Up with]World, Collier's, 250 Par[k Avenue, New Y]City. This column is copy[righted by Colli]The National Weekly. N[o part of the items]be reproduced without e[xpress permissio]the publi[sher.]**



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LER'S
NAL WEEKLY
MBER 15, 1941



He led all the attacks and the whole battalion got infected with No-Medals' blood lust

# Sin of the Father

## By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

PUBLIC LIBRARY

**Embarrassing revelations from the past of a remorseful veteran who didn't raise his boy to be the kind of soldier Dad was**

OH, MILDRED, I'm so glad you could come right over—"

"Is it Reid—has he been—"

"No, no—not Reid. Not yet, thank God. Though it's a wonder—I mean Edgar—oh, I'm just worried *sick* about Edgar—"

"B-bad news—?"

"Not *medically*. Heaven knows I went through enough about that. But the clinic said his heart was organically sound. Just too much smoking—and he will eat cheese on pie. But it's the way Edgar—I mean his general attitude toward Reid. I haven't slept for two whole nights since we got back from camp!"

"Fathers and sons frequently disagree, Janey. Why, only last week—"

"Oh, if it was only a disagreement. A simple thing like that. You could bring it out in the open. I mean, I could make Edgar *talk*. That's fundamentally the whole trouble. Edgar won't talk to me. He won't talk to Reid. I mean—about the war. He never would. It's simply maddening to distraction—"

"Edgar never did have much to say on any subject, Janey. I remember telling Joe—"

"It isn't as if Edgar was sulking. For a long time I thought it might be that—you know, when I wanted to name Reid for my family. Men usually want a junior. But it simply isn't conceivable that he would sulk for twenty years about a little thing like *that*. Would you like a highball, Mildred?"

"No, thanks, dear. Just some sherry—in fact—"

"Yoo-hoo, Callie?"

"Yas'm?"

"Sherry! I'm too distracted to take anything myself. Couldn't keep it on my stomach. Imagine—a

whole day at camp with Reid, and that man acting like a human clam. I don't believe he spoke one whole sentence. Poor Reid—well, I thought he would simply sink through the floor—"

"Why? We've always thought Reid and his father were unusually close—"

"Not on *that* subject. The war, I mean. Reid wanted to quit Harvard last fall and go into the Navy flying—whatever they call it. I put my foot right down. I said, simply, 'Reid hasn't the proper temperament to fly those airplanes. He is an intellectual, scholarly type—why, he'd be killed in one week's time,' I said. What I went through with that boy. Merely because Sammy Clain and the Westerhout boy—Screwball, they call him—and a very pat description—well, I said, 'I don't care what those wild hooligans want to do, you are not going to fly airplanes.' Oh, we had it hot and heavy—"

"What did Edgar say?"

"Edgar? Why, that's just the point. He didn't say one single word. Instead of taking my side, he shut up like a human clam. I said, 'Look, Edgar, you were in the last war. You were in France. I want you to tell Reid from your own wealth of experience just how dangerous those airplanes are.' But do you think he would? Not one helpful word of advice could I get out of him. It was simply heart-rending. 'Listen!' I said. 'Reid is your son, as much as mine. Don't you love him?' And do you know what his very illuminating reply was?"

"What?"

"He said 'Let the kid decide for himself.' Just as though a twenty-year-old boy, who has always led a sheltered, scholarly type existence could decide such a matter of life or death."

"But I thought Reid—"

"He did. Oh, yes, he traipsed right off to Pensacola—without telling me a word. All the time, I thought he was safe in school. Edgar denies it, but I have my suspicion. Where did Reid get the money to go to



had the laugh on bo
put young Master R
spun him around—a
or didn't get dizzy—I
Anyway, they would
training. I could ha
his temperament was
say nothing of the m
he got at Bar Harbo
sles—"

"Edgar told Joe—"

"What was that, d

"I forgot. It was

"That's just the
Everything is confid
from *me*. When I thi
at camp, my blood fa

"At camp? Why, I
Reid was going to cl
ferment—"

"So I did, my dea
for Edgar—he did no
waiving exemption.
ways been so strang
public issues of the
pecially, war. Do yo
that not once when
gether, after he came
and not once during o
Edgar ever spoken o
experiences in the la

"Just the opposite
always—"

"But not my darlin
ply will not discuss it.
gentle—I sometimes
that's disloyal. Tha
thought."

"Joe and I have o
dered—p'raps some
jam. Not that Edga
to do his duty—or an
but a lot of the boys
innocent jams—"

"Mildred!"

"Oh, of course w
taken—"

"I LOVE Edgar dear
horses could not
mean thought or un
But that's just where
in. That's really why
you—to talk to some
created the tension
Edgar."

"H-how do you me
actly—"

"Surely, you know
my dear. Reid na
his father. But Edga
Reid just what he did
when Reid was a littl
memories were still
Reid would ask, 'Ho
did you kill, Pop?'—
mal hero-worshiping
that. You'd think, w
Edgar would have s
relieve Reid's natural
osity?"

"You should hear J
According to Joe, he
Château-Thierry all

"Not Mr. Edgar
ways turn it off wit
dred—"

"Yes?"

"I remember now.
to me now! Once, jus
Reid, 'I did nothing to
those were his exact
fits in with Edgar's
at the camp. Oh, of
remember what Reid
big rowdydow over hi
Oh, of course—"

"You can't go by
Janey. If I were you

*(Continued on page 70)*

**"I had to settle tha
hash. I pushed righ
I certainly ticked th**

# Life the Pint

## y Quentin Reynolds

RADIO FROM MOSCOW

**not all killing. Behind the ront Russia's doctors, both nd small, fight to save the ed, while Russian women to donate precious blood**

ALEXIS MATVEEV lay on his doctor had just taken 25 grams of his spinal column. When the brain d the spinal column generates an f fluid and this has to be removed. ing easily and no fear showed in his Two weeks before, he had been found ide Bryansk with a large piece of rain and one chance in a thousand he was in the hospital under the world's greatest brain surgeons, Dr. h Grastchenkov.

lked soothingly to the young soldier. d the dressing from the boy's skull. at a bullet wound because the skin, ed of its weakness, closes quickly t is not easy to look at a shrapnel he shrapnel, being jagged and dull, cuts. Alexis had been operated on e. The wound was ugly and nearly y exposed. But the wound wasn't kov. He smiled as he looked at it; and touched the brain and, surpris- not even wince. But I did.

a wonderful organ," the doctor said, n my face. "It is so wonderful that f feeling pain. Skin, muscles, bones but not the brain."

essing back with quick, deft fingers, he'd be back fighting in a month or t.

, who studied in Cambridge and efeller Institute in New York, per- ery day at the hospital which is part nstitute of Experimental Medicine. e spinal column are his special prov- he is acknowledged master in these ond, looks younger than his forty nds are large and capable. Though ve he has a quick smile. He looks y.

cases are brought to him. Day after shrapnel and bullets from brains or Then he supervises the long conva- y to final recovery.

t I took from the brain of Alexis," he ere back in his office. "Pretty big, about seven grams. But he will be rapnel lodged in the left lobe of the is speech. It also paralyzes his right is wound is healed we'll go to work a few men here who had exactly the unds. They're learning to talk and ite again with the right hand."

wards in the hospital run by Grast- es not think a crowded ward is con- l recovery. The neat, clean rooms . We went into a room where four rning again to talk and to read and ook turns reading aloud, laughing at stakes, and they laughed, too, when s he tried with the pride of the v the doctor that he could walk the m. Here was Captain Kafelev, who ed in the fighting near Mogilev. He hair looking small and schoolmas- neatly trimmed black beard. But hs he will be almost recovered and ork. Sergeant Peter Zinchenko, who with a large bit of steel helmet in, talks normally, but his left side is le was wounded outside of Smolensk. there?" I (*Continued on page* 84)



SOVFOTO

**The Metshnikov Institute's 2,000 guinea pigs are one of the weapons in Russia's continuous fight against the epidemic diseases that are always more dangerous in wartime. Below, a Red Army soldier goes to a base hospital. Problem of Russian doctors is complicated by the very high percentage of shrapnel wounds**

SOVFOTO



# Gilmore the Gamin

**By Kyle Crichton**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WALL WHALER



**The checkered c eer o ginia Gilmore, wh served grease monkey, r le a bi Mexico and wou d up, surprisingly, in Holly**

HOLLYWOOD was thing o this summer an we don to the climate. he clim Hollywood was invente for octo ians, cameramen and x-reside Iowa. Except for the cloudbu January, every mornin the san sun comes out and suf cates th silly people. The bea y we mind is female beauty nd the now glutted with it.

Among all those pea -blown and Park Avenue mod , Virgi more is a standout. S has th of a startled goober a the fa seraph. And yet whe she Hollywood she was t worst- mess that ever entere he city Surprised?

"Mr. Goldwyn put o hand eyes when he saw her,' ay the ants, "and with the oth he wa away, crying 'please, p ase.'"

Eventually, howeve he p under contract, where still but she has never done picture and serves merely as a inor G investment, being loan out f studios at a profit. She curre pearing in Swamp Wa at 20 tury-Fox, having her ha tinted color and looking so what albino.

The best way to tr the story is chronologically She w in Los Angeles, her or nal Sherman Poole, and e has tough life, first and la Beca parents were divorced Mamm little Sherman and m ed up Francisco. Mamma w ked as tists' model for a whil nd the ried a Chevrolet deal Wh broke up, Mamma ma ed a dealer.

"Always automobile en." sa ginia. "Very strict abo that."

But Mamma was al a rem woman, who saw to i that he loved one was well dr ed and starve. Virginia manage to get high school and then lked h into the University of C ifornia

"Rotten high-school ades." Gilmore, "but I convi ed the needed me in the dram c cours

### Actress Becomes Gr se Mor

The university had regula ter but the plays were oduced gymnasium and Virgi did al The direction was good d she cessful in Irwin Shaw's ury th and other plays. But ter two it was found that eve the fer from San Francisco to erkeley burden and she depart the h precincts forever.

For the next two y rs, bel or not, she had a regu job g cars at her stepfath s gara wasn't just an adverti g idea wore the jumpers, she rawled the cars, she got oil a grease hair.

"You can't fool me or autom she says grimly. "I ca x any any auto that was ever ade. word and I'll name y all the right now."

About that time she d some graphs taken for a Chri as gift. fixed her up pretty, pa ed her shoulder and sent her o n.

*(Continued on* ge 64)

# Captains All

## By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

**Captain Morgan, our favorite pirate, in an impressive demonstration of courage, cunning and cruelty**



**Captain Morgan's profanity grew impassioned once more as his frantic shouts and caperings went unregarded. Then his luck changed**

Spiritu Sanctu was out of sight heading south in the early ng to prey on the little coast- ls Captain Morgan had con- t worth the looting. He sat f driftwood and cursed his late his late crew, and the infinitely bean all about him, and even ew picturesque phrases for the Santa Lucia, which by failing p for capture and looting had ed the mutiny of Captain men. They had marooned him on this desolate sand cay stol bullet in his shoulder and their finest maledictions, to die as lingeringly as possible. And Captain Morgan swore because he could see no hope of disappointing them.

The islet was at most a half mile in one direction by a quarter mile in the other. There was one small indentation which was almost a bay. There was tussock-grass here and there. There was a sizable sand dune to windward which might provide shelter from the worst of a gale. But that summed up the sand cay.

The sea was infinitely blue. The sky was bluer. Long blue waves came foaming up over a sand bar and then on to the cay itself. Gulls flapped and squawked above the sea. A stiff breeze blew steadily in the wake of the waves. Now so soon after sunrise, it was cool and refreshing. Presently it would be hot. By midday the island would be a furnace. By nightfall—what with his wound—Captain Morgan should be half-mad with thirst. And in a certain indefinite number of days he should deteriorate into no more than a blackened, mummified corpse.

But the fates had not reserved this ending for Captain Morgan at this particular time. It may be that his future exploits with the Belle-Marie—that ship not yet diverted to his uses and the yet-unthought-of lootings and zestful treacheries she was to make possible—were part of some ironic scheme of things so far unfathomed. In any case, the sun was no more than three hours high when, quite improbably, the faintly jagged horizon to the westward was broken by a small and stationary speck. By that time Captain Morgan's throat was parched and his temper exhausted. The sun was blistering and the heat of

*(Continued on page 40)*

# The Pied Piper

## By Nevil Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

*The Story Thus Far:*

JOHN SIDNEY HOWARD, a retired English barrister, loses his only son when the boy, a member of the R.A.F., is killed. Restless, lonely, longing for peace and quiet, he leaves England and goes to Cidoton, a French village where, in days gone by, he had spent many a happy vacation.

There, in that tranquil spot, the old man (he is nearly seventy) tries to forget the war. . . . The Germans overrun Holland and Belgium; they drive on toward France. Not at all alarmed, Howard nevertheless feels that his place is at home; old though he is, he may be of some use to his country.

Before he leaves Cidoton, an Englishman—a man named Cavanagh, who, employed by the League of Nations in Geneva, feels that he should not leave his post, come what may—asks him if he will take his two children, Ronald and Sheila, back to England with him.

Howard is very fond of Cavanagh's wife, a guest at the hotel. He promises to take the children under his wing. . . . The journey toward the Channel is none too easy. In Dijon, where the trio share a small hotel room (the only one obtainable), Sheila becomes ill. It is then, when the old man is desperately in need of a friend, that he finds one: touched by his plight, a chambermaid takes the children in hand, and acts as nurse, maid, counselor.

The maid has her troubles, too. Her brother, Henri Tenois, a widower living in England, has entrusted her with the care of his daughter—Rose (whom she calls "*la petite* Rose"). She finds it difficult to make both ends meet for the two of them. . . . "*La petite* Rose" is a shy little girl with long black hair. Seeing much of her, in a short time, Howard realizes that she is a lovely little person. . . .

The French railway authorities take over the hotel. Howard is notified that he and the children must go elsewhere. The old man makes frantic efforts to hire an automobile; cars are available—but no "petrol"! Returning to the hotel, he encounters the maid. She is sobbing. "Is anything the matter?" Howard asks. "I am dismissed," the woman replies. "The hotel is closing. I do not know how we shall live."

Howard is deeply distressed. But what can he do? So, after a few words of meager comfort and of optimism, he goes to his room. The children are sleeping; Sheila is feverish. Anxious, worried, the old man undresses and goes to bed—on a mattress laid on the floor by the maid.

### III

WHEN Howard awoke, the dawn was bright. The children were awake and playing in the bed; he lay for a while simulating sleep, and then got up. Sheila was cool, and apparently quite well.

He dressed himself and took her temperature. It was very slightly above normal still; evidently whatever it was that had upset her was passing off. He washed them both and set Ronnie to dress himself, then went downstairs to order breakfast.

The hotel routine was already disarranged. Furniture was being taken from the restaurant; it was clear that no more meals would be served there. He found his way into the kitchen, where he discovered the *femme de chambre* in depressed consultation with the other servants, and arranged for a tray to be sent up to his room.

That was a worrying, trying sort of day. The news from the north was uniformly bad; in the town people stood about in little groups talking in low tones.

The girl from the desk met him as he went upstairs. He could keep his room for one more night, she said; after that he must get out. She would try and arrange for meals to be sent to the room but he would understand—it would not be as she would wish the service.

He thanked her, and went on upstairs. On the landing he met the *femme de chambre*. She hesitated, then stopped him.

"Monsieur is leaving tomorrow?" she said.

"I have to go away, because they want the room," he replied. "But I think the little girl is well enough to travel. I shall get her up for lunch, and then this afternoon she can come out for a little walk with us."

"Ah, that will be good for her. A little walk, in the sun." She hesitated again, and then she said, "Monsieur is traveling direct to England?"

He nodded. "I shall not stay in Paris. I shall take the first train to St. Malo."

She turned her face up to him, lined and prematurely old, beseeching: "Monsieur—it is terrible to ask. Would you take *la petite* Rose with you, to England?"

He was silent; he did not quite know what to say to that. She went on hurriedly: "I have the money for the fare, monsieur. And Rose is a good little girl—oh, she is so good, that one. She would not trouble Monsieur, no more than a little mouse."

Every instinct warned the old man that he must kill this thing stone dead—quick. Though he would not admit it to himself he knew that to win through to England would take all his energy, burdened as he was with two little children. In the background of his mind lurked fear, fear of impending, absolute disaster.

He stared down at the tear-stained, anxious face, and temporized. "But why do you want to send her to England?" he asked. "The war will never come to Dijon."

The woman said, "I have no money, monsieur. Her father is in England, but he cannot send money to us here. It is better that she should go to England, now. In England she would be safe. Here in Dijon, I am afraid." She began to cry again.

He patted her a shoulder. "There," think about it this a thing to be decided made his escape f down to the street.

Once out in the s got what he had mindedly he walked the town, wondering the charge of anoth he sat down in a caf self a *bock*.

From his chair up stared out upon the Bad times were com he and his children damn' quick. If the they would bring wi their trail of pilla gradually mounting they faced the ine must not let his ch that. Children in beaten down, would



luck on little Rose. He ainst her; indeed, she had the last two days. He and it difficult to manage had not been there. She tle girl, hardly more than and amused in a way that f could never have man-

that it was impossible to normal times he might l of her; he had tried in a young girl who would m to Calais. True, Rose years old but she was ; they grew up very

sible to take her?
ed desperately cruel, im- e her behind.
miserably irresolute for In the end he got up and back to the hotel, des- d. In his appearance he ears.

He met the *femme de chambre* upon the landing. "I have made up my mind," he said heavily. "*La petite* Rose may come with us to England; I will take her to her father. She must be ready to start tomorrow morning, at seven o'clock."

THAT night Howard slept very little. He got up at about half past five, and shaved and dressed. Then he awoke the children; they were fretful at being roused and Sheila cried a little, so that he had to stop and take her on his lap and wipe her eyes and make a fuss over her. In spite of the tears she was cool and well, and after a time submitted to be washed and dressed.

Ronnie said sleepily, "Are we going in the motorcar?"

"No," said the old man, "not today. I couldn't get a car. We're going in a train."

"Is that the train we're going to sleep in?"

Howard shook his head patiently. "I couldn't manage that either. We may have to sleep in it, but I hope that we'll be on the sea tonight."

"On a ship?"

"Yes. Go on and clean your teeth; I've put the tooth paste on the brush for you."

Presently there was a tap upon the door, and the *femme de chambre* was there bearing a tray of coffee and rolls.

Behind her came *la petite* Rose, dressed in her Sunday best with a large black straw hat, a tight black overcoat and white socks. She looked very uncomfortable.

Howard said kindly in French, "Good morning, Rose. Are you coming with us to England?"

She said, "*Oui, monsieur.*"

The *femme de chambre* said, "All night she has been talking about going in the train, and going to England, and going to live with her father. She has hardly slept at all, that one." There was a twist in her smile as she spoke; it seemed to Howard that she was not far from tears again.

"That's fine," he said. He turned to the *femme de chambre*. "Sit down and have a cup of coffee with us. Rose will, won't you, Rose?"

The woman said, "*Merci, monsieur.* But I have the sandwiches to prepare, and I have had my coffee." She rubbed the little girl's shoulder. "Would you like another cup of coffee, *ma petite?*"

She left Rose with them, and went out. In the bedroom Howard sat the children down, each with a buttered roll to eat and a cup full of weak coffee to drink.

The children ate industriously. The *femme de chambre* came back with several large, badly wrapped parcels of food for the journey and a very large wine bottle full of milk. "There," she said unsteadily. "Nobody will starve today!"

The children laughed merrily at the poor joke. Rose had finished, and Ronnie was engulfing the last mouthful, but Sheila was still eating steadily. There was nothing now to wait for and the old man was anxious to get to the station for fear that they might miss a train. "You don't want that," he said to Sheila, indicating her half-eaten roll. "You'd better leave it. We've got to go now."

"I want it," she said mutinously.

"But we've got to go now."

"I want it."

He was not going to waste energy over that. "All right," he said, "you can bring it along with you." He picked up their bags and shepherded them all out into the corridor and down the stairs.

At the door of the hotel he turned to the *femme de chambre*. "If there is any difficulty I shall come back here," he said. "Otherwise, as I said, I will send a telegram when we reach England, and Rose is with her father."

She said quickly, "But Monsieur must not pay for that. Henri will send the telegram."

He was touched. "Anyway, it will be sent directly we arrive in London. *Au revoir, mademoiselle.*"

"*Au revoir, monsieur,* good luck." She stood and watched them as he guided the three children across the road in the thin morning sunlight, the tears running all unheeded down the furrows of her face.

In the station there was great confusion.

THE train they took went slowly, stopping at every station and occasionally in between. From Dijon to Tonnerre is seventy miles; they pulled out of that station at about half past eleven, three hours after leaving Dijon. The children had stood the journey pretty well so far; for the last hour they had been running up and down the corridor shouting, while the old man dozed uneasily in a corner of the compartment.

He roused after Tonnerre, and fetched them all back into the carriage for lunch of sandwiches and milk and oranges. They ate slowly, with frequent distractions to look out of the window. But presently they were full. He gave them each a cup of milk, and laid Sheila down to rest upon the seat, covered over with the blanket he had bought in Dijon. He made Rose and Ronnie sit down quietly and look at Babar; then he was able to rest quietly himself.

He was dozing a little when the train pulled in to Joigny soon after one

*(Continued on page 73)*




**There was no time to do anything nor was there anywhere to go. He shouted to Rose to lie down, quickly. Then the machines were on them**

# Suspicious Speed

By Bob Considine



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

**The horses themselves are honest enough, but the crooked trainers and owners who dope them are ruining both the thoroughbreds and the sport. The government and honest racing commissions are doing their best to stop it**

QUIETLY sucking on a bottle of cola, a man walked into the stall of a thoroughbred race horse not long ago, at one of the many U. S. tracks where proprietors like to say they are in the business only to improve the breed.

The colt in the dim stall spotted the bottle in the man's hand and suddenly went as insane as a horse can go. It plunged to the far corner of the stall, kicking at the partitions and whinnying shrilly.

The man with the bottle walked out of there and later that day placed under arrest the trainer of that particular colt. The charge was violation of the Harrison Narcotic Act. The man with the bottle was known around the stables as an assistant trainer, but in truth he was a government dope sleuth running to ground a strong hunch that the trainer had been hopping up that colt with a narcotics formula mixed into bottles of that particular kind of cola drink.

The anguish of the colt, to whom the sight of such a bottle had come to mean postrace horrors, was enough evidence for the government man, who soon seized the stable's dope cache.

Thus the office of Harry Anslinger, chief of the Treasury Department's Narcotic Bureau, rid the turf temporarily of another criminally inhumane louse. One more defenseless thoroughbred was for the

**Even the most clo ly guarded horses are not sa from the practice of doping ere's Wh his cough syrup c tained**

from the ravages c the after the "drench." The maining in the so-called S rt of King given another war g to clean Some took the wa ng.

But other trainer assistants and unscrupulous mists and narians—the despa of the hors in the game—were busy to t warning. They wer oo busy t dream up a narc c mixture would make their h ses run fas yet not be detecte f the race a saliva test of the rimed hors the race. When p e recently Joe Bedelli, a disti uished Ne public enemy, they und in his a well-nigh perfec horse-dopi mula, according to slinger. It the "junk" with c us juices the saliva test.

In California this ason. gove men and the state's arless racin missioner, Jerry esler, dis that many horses w being pep with caffeine mix in cough One stable had 17 llons of th

The saliva test led to de caffeine. It was d overed by sleuthing, as was t morphine cough syrup a vete arian now suspension in Flori prescribed redoubtable Whirla y at Hial February.

### A Shot for the C at Whirla

The harmless-lo ing cough which Trainer Ber ones fed loved Whirlaway w found to one-eighth grain of rphine per A. L. Raphael, one Anslinger made the discovery He quickly mined, of course, at so far famed Calumet St e was con Whirly was being eated only cold. It is patent th he three-y champion needs tificial p about as much as c s a comet. ever, the vet was na ed, pleaded before a Florida cing Comm tribunal, and was g n a long s sion.

Tampering with ace horses roughly into three asses. The the narcotic formul for making run faster, the na tic formul slowing them dow and the no cotic formulas co cted from lethal exhilarators caffeine.

As for the first, e principa used is heroin. Ex ienced hor will tell you that drug or fo or stimulant will ake a hors faster than it is ab to run whe physically fit and w s to run. shrewder formulas ll lift a sl horse to his peak n e often the However, no guara e goes with the zippiest "Speed l." It is lik ing a drink of whis Usually i you a lift; sometim t gives you Anslinger believes t heroin or ture which stresses oin may in a sluggish horse as ch as six over a mile!

The use of dep sant narco normally confined mobs atte to put over a betting up. In orde their horse may wi they must the better horse in e race, or better horses, and g them som to slow them dow They must fast and furtively, even the that are not adverse pepping u horses with dope wi ound the of mobsters who wa to slow the

In line with the a ve, the hor

*(Continued page 78)*

# rder in
# rospect

## atha Christie

D BY MARIO COOPER

*Thus Far:*

BLAKE, an amateur chemist, to a small group of guests at his y house. Later, after his guests Philip; Amyas Crale, an artist ar away, and his wife, Caroline; beautiful girl, whose portrait ng, and Angela Warren, Mrs. ter—have left, he notes that a ne (a poison) has disappeared itory.

g day, while Crale is in his gar- the portrait of the Greer girl s everyone knows, he is madly drinks some beer which his wife nks it, *and dies of coniine poi-*

is strong against Mrs. Crale. he crime, she is tried, convicted to penal servitude for life. One dies. But before she dies, she r—to be read by her young la," when she is twenty-one—sserts her innocence.

after the trial, Carla reads the ich, she employs Hercule Poirot, riminal investigator, who is liv- to dig up what he can about possible, *learn the truth.*

s no time. One by one, he in- the witnesses who are still liv- ntly he is in possession of some cuments—written accounts of affair by the following persons: . Philip Blake, Lady Dittisham following the murder, the girl lecting husbands), and Cecelia had been Angela Warren's gov- me of the tragedy.

rts, the two Blakes disagree— that, undoubtedly, Caroline her husband; while Meredith trong belief that Amyas com- (as Caroline had contended at dy Dittisham, in her account, as had loved her, had planned orce and marry her. She says, at his wife (in a jealous frenzy) st one occasion, threatened to

iams' recollections prove inter- Belgian. The woman had, obvi- aroline Crale—and disliked her ssing Elsa Greer, she says: "One rawing room, Miss Greer had to say, before us all, that to marry Mr. Crale. She actu- out marrying a married man— it to his wife!"



**She must have spoken with great emphasis. "Amyas will marry Elsa only after I am dead," she said**

### IX

, very angry with Mr. Crale. d he let this girl insult his r own drawing room? If he un away with the girl he gone off with her, not into his wife's house and p in her insolence.

f what she must have felt, id not lose her dignity. Her e in just then and she im- manded confirmation from

not unnaturally, annoyed reer for her unconsidered he situation. Apart from e, it made *him* appear at a e, and men do not like ap- a disadvantage. It upsets

here, a great giant of a man, sheepish and foolish as a oolboy. It was his wife who he honors of the situation. nutter foolishly that it was at he hadn't meant her to this.

ver seen anything like the n she gave him. She went room with her head held was a beautiful woman— beautiful than that flam- —and she walked like an

I hoped, with all my heart, that Amyas Crale would be punished for the cruelty he had displayed and for the indignity he had put upon a long-suffering and noble woman.

For the first time I tried to say something of what I felt to Mrs. Crale, but she stopped me.

She said, "We must try and behave as usual. It's the best way. We're all going over to Meredith Blake's to tea."

I said to her then, "I think you are wonderful, Mrs. Crale."

She said, "You don't know. . . ."

Then, as she was going out of the room, she came back and kissed me. She said, "You're such a great comfort to me."

She went to her room then and I think she cried. I saw her when they all started off. She was wearing a big-brimmed hat that shaded her face—a hat she very seldom wore.

Mr. Crale was uneasy but was trying to brazen things out. Mr. Philip Blake was trying to behave as usual. That Miss Greer was looking like a cat who has got at the cream jug—all self-satisfaction and purrs!

They all started off. They got back about six. I did not see Mrs. Crale again alone that evening. She was very quiet and composed at dinner and she went to bed early. I don't think that anyone but I knew how she was suffering.

The evening was taken up with a kind of running quarrel between Mr. Crale and Angela. They brought up the old school question again. He was irritable and on edge and she was unusually trying. The whole matter was settled and her outfit had been bought and there was no sense in starting up an argument again, but she suddenly chose to make a grievance of it. I have no doubt she sensed the tension in the air and that it reacted on her as much as on everybody else. I am afraid I was too preoccupied with my own thoughts to try to check her, as I should have done. It all ended with her flinging a paperweight at Mr. Crale and dashing wildly out of the room.

I WENT after her and told her sharply that I was ashamed of her behaving like a baby, but she was still very uncontrolled and I thought it best to leave her alone.

I hesitated as to whether to go to Mrs. Crale's room, but I decided in the end that it would, perhaps, annoy her. I wish since that I had overcome my diffidence and insisted on her talking to me. If she had done so, it might possibly have made a difference. She had no one, you see, in whom she could confide. Although I admire self-control, I must regretfully admit that sometimes it can be carried too far. A natural outlet to the feelings is better.

I met Mr. Crale as I went along to my room. He said good night, but I did not answer.

The next morning was, I remember, a beautiful day. One felt when waking that surely with such peace all around even a man must come to his senses.

I went into Angela's room before going down to breakfast, but she was already up and out. I picked up a torn skirt which she had left lying on the floor and took it down with me for her to mend after breakfast.

She had, however, obtained bread and marmalade from the kitchen and gone out. After I had had my own breakfast I went in search of her. I mention this to explain why I was not more with Mrs. Crale on that morning as perhaps I should have been. At the time, however, I felt it was my duty to look for Angela. She was very naughty and obstinate about mending her clothes and I had no intention of allowing her to defy me in the matter.

Her bathing dress was missing and I accordingly went down to the beach. There was no sign of her in the water or on the rocks so I conceived it possible that she had gone over to Mr. Meredith Blake's. She and he were great friends. I accordingly rowed myself across and resumed my search. I did not find her and eventually returned. Mrs. Crale, Mr. Blake and Mr. Philip Blake were on the terrace.

*(Continued on page 30)*



# Willy's Place

## By William Fay

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BAUMHOFER

**The tides of football ebb and flow for Willy Kleeps. He's out of the game for good, but he's still just as happy in the restaurant business**

BIG WILLY KLEEPS, the former football star—the sand-lot boy who once made history with the Giants and the Green Bay Packers—rubbed the top of the bar with a damp cloth. He rubbed it slowly while he listened to the little man who said, "You never know your friends until you need a friend." The little man had reference to the obstacles involved in acquiring a beer without a dime.

"That's this town for you," said Willy. "You never know it in this town."

A lot of things you don't know in this town, he thought, until it comes to dollars and to cents. He looked about his premises—The Gridiron Bar and Grill—the whole ten thousand dollars' worth of it. Friends? He could recall Grand Opening Night, the year before, this time of year, with souvenirs in the form of little footballs, with "The Compliments of Willy Kleeps" upon them, and a Chinese kitchen in the back, with many items on the menu, such as Foo Goo Puy, and other fancy things, but not so much as twenty plates of Foo Goo Puy consumed in twelve months come and gone. It wasn't Willy's fault, of course. It was the fickle mob that persecuted him. They told one another day and night that "Willy Kleeps is a bum." It just was life, and the wretched joy that little men can find in tearing down the great. Meanwhile, they drank their beers and ate their food in Benny Palermo's place.

"You draw a nice glass of beer," the little man said, looking in his glass. The glass was empty. Willy filled it up again. I'm glad somebody likes it, Willy thought. He knocked the high, rich collar off it with a celluloid stick. "I seen your sign when I was coming down the road," the little man, whose name was Bertie, said. "I seen where it said Willy Kleeps." He grinned and sipped the beer. "It's like talkin' to Dempsey or Babe Ruth. You know? Except I didn't figure you would be behind the bar yourself."

"Well, it's a slow night," Willy said.

Bertie asked him, "Could you use a feller around the place?"

Willy shook his head. He pointed to the kitchen in the back. "I've got a Chinaman I want to fire," he said. "Except I owe 'im four weeks' pay. You like chow mein?"

The little man ate chow mein for a while and Willy rested with his legs stretched out behind the bar. He was a man made large, with heavy shoulders sloping into mammoth arms, with hands that were incredible and meant for throwing footballs, and his chest was as deep as the paunch beneath his chest and it all weighed heavily on his feet. He sat there looking at his Dartmouth ring. He had never been to any college as a student, but he liked his Dartmouth ring. He'd won it from a tackle on the Green Bay Packers, in a dice game played in 1933. He liked the way the ring looked against the pinched fat of his little finger. He rubbed it on his apron, made it shine.

WILLY was half asleep, but he thought he heard someone come in the door. He stood up and looked across the bar. George Felix and a girl had come into the place. The girl was seated at a table across the long, unpopulated room, her back to him. He guessed she wasn't George's friend, because he hadn't heard them speak. The girl wore an Oxford suit and summer furs and a little hat that was tight on her head, and she looked nice, what he could see of her. He turned to Bertie, who was simply standing there. "You take this towel and fold it across your arm," he said. "Then you ask the lady what she'll have."

George Felix said, "Hello, Willy."

"Hello, George."

George Felix was the owner and the coach, the trainer and the publicist for Central City's Bluejays. Central City's Bluejays weren't bad; they weren't

*(Continued on page 53)*

**The things they called to him were choice and fancy things they'd invented while he'd been out of the game. He waved to them. Somebody threw a bottle**

# RED SQUIRE

**By Patricia Strauss**

**About Sir Stafford Cripps, wealthy and aristocratic Socialist who became Great Britain's "Christian in the Kremlin"**

THE compulsion of the Honorable the Right Honorable Sir Stafford Cripps, K. C., M. P., British Ambassador in Moscow, to say what he thinks is right, and criticize what he thinks is wrong, has kept him in political hot water since he first entered the House of Commons as Solicitor-General in the Labor Government of 1929-31. It finally resulted in his expulsion from the Labor Party.

He was the despair of the party chiefs. They were delighted when lean, austere Cripps stood up in the House of Commons and, with invariable courtesy, made the most devastating attacks on the policy of the Conservative Government. But they were considerably disconcerted when he turned his serious, unsmiling attention to the Labor Party and subjected it to equally trenchant criticism. Not in whispers behind committee-room doors, but publicly. Labor chiefs urged him to be "loyal." But he did not understand party loyalty. "I am loyal to my principles," he said, "not to any party machine." When it expelled him the Conservative press said the Labor Party had "blown its brains out."

One of the first things Winston Churchill, "black sheep" of the Conservative Party, did when he became Prime Minister in May, 1940, was to send for Cripps, "red sheep" of the Labor Party, and ask him to go to Moscow. It was the most difficult job Churchill had to offer, and Cripps was the only man of ambassadorial caliber England the Russians would trust.

When fifty-two-year-old Cripps left to take up his bleak task in a lonely neutral capital, people whispered that it would be the end of him. It was even suggested that Churchill had sent him to Moscow to "get rid of him." Cripps himself was bewildered. He said to a friend soon after he arrived in Moscow, "Of all the various occupations I thought might follow, that of ambassador never was among them. When anyone here addresses me as 'Your Excellency' I involuntarily glance over my shoulder to see whether some excellency is standing behind me."

Conservatives in England have always regarded Cripps with a mixture of vexation and admiration. By birth, background and bank balance he should have been a "natural" for the Conservative Party. He is a well-tailored, well-poised, well-traveled aristocrat. Youngest son of the wealthy Lord Parmoor and a product of exclusive Winchester College, he violated class traditions and became a popular working-class leader.

Cripps did not suddenly become a Socialist by tripping over a hungry child in a dark doorway, nor from any personal grudge against the world. With his sister and three brothers he grew up at Parmoor, the beautiful family estate in Buckinghamshire, in an atmosphere of gracious affection and gentle culture. From their father the children inherited the old tradition that wealth carries with it responsibilities of public service. His brothers remember him as a rather lonely child. While they spent their school holidays hunting and shooting, he went off to remote corners of the grounds and spent whole days working alone.

Cripps' aunt, Beatrice, married Sidney Webb. They are now Lord and Lady Passfield, but they are internationally known as "the Webbs," father and mother of English Socialism. Their books have converted numerous earnest young students to Socialism, but they did not convert their nephew.

His father, Lord Parmoor, a leading lawyer and Conservative M. P., was also an eminent churchman. He made great efforts to live his life as a "practical Christian," and inculcated the ideal into his children. Young Cripps responded strongly. Now when he makes public statements which earn him the epithets "red," "dangerous revolutionary" and "heretic," he is merely translating into contemporary terms the Christian principles to which he firmly adheres. He no longer believes in institutional religion, does not go to church, and has a poor opinion of churchgoers whose daily conduct is not influenced by their Sunday worship. The word "Christian" has no terrors for him; he uses it without the slightest trace of embarrassment, even to an audience of hardened leftists. He says he can "sum up" his Socialism "by stating, as a principle, that human life and not property must be the first consideration of any wise

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**Russian insistence played an important part in Britain's selection of Sir Stafford Cripps as ambassador to the Kremlin. One of England's best political minds, Sir Stafford has for many years advocated better relations between England and the U.S.S.R.**

HULTON



# Who's the Toughest?

## By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



**Eddie's ma got the prize but Little Nocky got the lumps. A story of justice administered with pleasure**

I KNOW you will wonder how I got in on all the angles of this thing, for I'm not Eddie Miller, I'm not the Dolly Sisters or Eddie's ma or one of the Out-of-Town Mob. The answer is I'm a newspaperman and like a baker's thumb I get into a lot of things. When a screwball thing happens the only thing about it that surprises a newspaperman is that it didn't happen sooner. He is an optimist like the old lady that didn't care what happened so long as it didn't happen to her.

A newspaperman is something like a duck. No matter how deep the ocean is it only comes up to his hips. That's a lot of preamble for no constitution so let's start.

This thing was actually an elimination contest to see who was the toughest. The Out-of-Town Mob ran second to the Dolly Sisters, who turned the loving cup over to Eddie's ma. I got into the middle of it because I like to plaster a small bet on baseball. And my share of the story starts in the middle and works both ways like a fellow getting paid on Wednesday.

It had been going on some time before I heard of it. I was sitting in the old Friars Club with Ring Lardner, Willie Collier, Harrison Fisher, Damon Runyon and other old-timers when the page boy whispered to me that Eddie Miller was in the reception room.

"Boys," I said, getting up, "the gravy train is at the depot. Eddie just got around with the golden cabbage."

Ten of us had each sunk two hundred and fifty in a pool against another twenty-five hundred smackers of Arnold Rothstein's. We bet on the last game and we won. That was five hundred for each of us and that ain't hay. At least I never saw it sticking out of barns. The series had been over ten days now and no Eddie, no money and no nothing. We figured that Eddie couldn't stand the strain and had bought himself a pair of new shoes. I didn't think that Eddie would lam with my dough. But, after all, trusting a betting agent with that kind of coconuts is something like sending a cabbage leaf by a rabbit. But now that Eddie was here everything was all right. That's what I thought.

Well, Eddie was in the reception room and he didn't have any new shoe for he was in his bare feet. That was little extra even for the old Friars Cl where they would tickle a raisin un it walked out of the rice pudding. O motto in the old days was anything f a laugh, but Eddie was two stops p that stage. Even when he was feeli good he had the pasty look of a pap hanger's brush. But this time he look as if he had been held over for autopsy. I pointed to his bare dogs a he fainted.

It's the third week in October s know his feet aren't sunburned. Th are plenty red and have a dozen blist on the bottoms. They're those big wa blisters. I don't know where Eddie w eating the last ten days but the wait were very careless because I see th or four hunks of toothpicks under big-toe nails. Now, I can put two two together without cement. Edd been snatched. He has been bund by a new mob that I have heard rum of for some time. They're foot doct and when they give you the full tre ment you don't walk for weeks. W I'm having Eddie carried up to my r he comes to, says, "Tell my mother in Hollywood" and faints again.

When he comes to the bat again ab sixteen hours later he has an antise turban of medical gauze on his head some bumps and cuts I hadn't noti But the doctor who worked on found bruises all over and he says tween the feet and the head Eddie be in bad shape for two weeks. The thing he does is to call his ma and it is long distance from California. T he says he will be home about the of November.

THEN he hangs up, turns to me says, "I was snatched."

"That's what the Dolly Sisters ured," I said.

Well, Eddie turns a double white time like a tube of toothpaste co out both ends.

"You wouldn't do that to me, w you?" he wants to know.

"Do what?" I asked. "It's alr been done to you."

"I mean my mother," Eddie w pered. "They say if I turn on the ph graph they will grab her."

"How about our money, Eddie ask.

"You'll have to wait until I ge other stake. They took that five g eighteen grand more of mine an note for twenty-seven grand more."

"What?" I yelled. "A snatch taking notes?"

"They're the toughest mob I saw." Eddie shivered all over like a Model T on a hill. "They took th grand I was holding, found my books for the eighteen and ma me in the General Trust in broad light in my bare feet. They mad close out the account. Say, the could have looked over and see bare feet but he never tumbled. they ask where I want to be set and I say here because I know you Little Nocky."

"Little Nocky has been lookin this mob himself," I said, "because upset the status quo and put the on the home-town boys. So they Little Nocky's brother and hold for one hundred grand and settl half. All Little Nocky knows i an out-of-town mob. Too toug him."

"So you told the Dolly Sisters?' Eddie. "That mob's too toug them. If I don't get twenty-seven on the line in two weeks, what's to happen to my mother?"

"Nothing's going to happen t Eddie," I told him, "but you're to be snatched again. By the

*(Continued on page 89)*

**Eddie can hear someone yelling "Giddap, you!" and there is a feller crawling into the room with Eggers standing on his back**




# PROVED ALL WAYS for *Come what may!*

THE BROAD HIGHWAY of business-as-usual is temporarily closed—Americans have taken to the *great detour* of National Defense. It is a hard new way, and no man can say what wilderness we may traverse before we emerge again upon the open road.

Men and their machines face new endurances, new sacrifices. And as we go forth to meet this challenge that is not of our choosing, we shall find also *new accomplishments, new victories.* We travel into wilderness, but our route is the right-of-way to America's destiny.

Americans are proud of the American character. They believe it to be sound and deep beyond the needs of this emergency. And may it be remembered that it is not on life's four-lane highways that character is molded.

Since the days of the pioneers the heart and sinew, the spirit and the soul, of this nation have been nourished *on the detours.* Hard work has made its people strong. As we judge by the past, we may know that *we shall gain again* by setting wheels off beaten paths to sterner ground.

As with men, so with machines! In the scene above, one of the Army's 6-wheel-drive 2½-ton INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS rides the twist course at the International proving ground. Brawn and character are bred into a truck—not on the broad and finished highway but on such a "detour" as this, where a routine hour of torture packs more punishment than many trucks meet in a working lifetime. *For the military and civilian needs of the nation, Internationals, now as always, are proved all ways for COME WHAT MAY!*

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# Where the R.A.F. Failed

Continued from page 17

added up to the major British mistake of the war. I believe that the mistake lies in the fact that it is an independent unit.

We who oppose creation of a separate Air Force have always argued that the split command would intensify the inevitable confusion of war. Without the maximum collaboration between armies and navies and their supporting air forces, we have long been convinced modern fighting would be disjointed and costly. And naval pilots, we have argued, must have a good supply of Navy background, Army pilots of Army background. If trained independently, we have been certain they would have too little knowledge of either of the other services. Planes are as much a part of the land or sea unit with which they fight as are the big guns. What magnificent chaos we would have if the artillery, whether on shipboard or battlefield, were controlled by a separate organization! The R.A.F. and the Italian air force are completely independent, their pilots trained on the theory that excellence in flying is about all a flier needs to serve with credit over water or land; a high percentage even of the aviators now with the British fleet were so trained.

In July, 1940, Italian planes dumped several sticks of explosives on the warships Cavour and Cesare, of the Italian fleet. Thanks to poor marksmanship, the two ships escaped with scarcely a scratch. But on February 9, 1941, the Italian heavy cruiser Pola was badly damaged by its own air force. Purely cases of mistaken identity, which no trained seamen would commit. But they were not reserved for the Italians alone. Forty-eight hours before the Germans actually invaded Norway, R.A.F. scout planes saw transport ships churning through the North Sea. Only mildly interested in the phenomenon, they reported it through routine channels, and it finally reached the admiralty after the invasion was under way. Had the pilots been wise in naval matters, wise enough to understand what they saw, England would have known two days earlier of the German movement, and she might conceivably have changed the entire course of the Nazi invasion of Norway.

### The Help That Came Too Late

Haphazard R.A.F. participation contributed in an all-out fashion to the grimness of the battle of Crete. The handful of British planes available to defend Crete was tragically inadequate. All R.A.F. aircraft assigned to the Middle East, commanded by Air Marshall Sir Arthur Longmore, were concentrated some 300 miles away, at Mersa Matruh in Egypt. During the Nazi attack on Crete, few R.A.F. planes appeared, despite frantic appeals by both the army and navy to Mersa Matruh. Army headquarters for the area, under General Wavell, and navy headquarters under Admiral Cunningham, were at Alexandria—almost 200 miles from Mersa Matruh.

Whether the appeals were lost while being relayed hundreds of miles in all directions, or whether the R.A.F. was unable for other reasons to heed them, the fact remains that the army and navy were unable to get help, and consequently met head-on the full pulverizing force of the Nazis. Finally, when the British began evacuating the island, R.A.F. planes appeared. But most of them might almost as well never have come, because the pilots could not recognize the British ships they were s posed to escort to Alexandria.

Further disruption came when group of ships loaded with evacuees supposed to pick up its R.A.F. esco few miles off Crete. Just as it about to sail, a destroyer was pedoed and its load of battered sold had to be transferred to other sh delaying the entire group. The R. escort arrived at its rendezvous on t but the ships weren't there and it turned to Egypt. The navy tried ously to get the air group back, bu was futile and the ships, completely posed, were bombed two thirds of way to Alexandria—hours of pure

After the whole terrible affair done, three fourths of the British n craft in the engagement were dama and a few sunk—and resentment an the evacuated soldiers was so st that R.A.F. enlisted men were forbi to be on the streets of Alexandria the rescued soldiers were disemba

### A Lucky Miss

When the Ark Royal was pursuin Bismarck in one of the epochal sea tles of the war, it carried only pilots who had any experience in operations, and three others pressed into action who had neve fore even taken off from or lande an aircraft carrier. The inexper showed up vividly at one point. Royal scouting planes picked up sound of a ship. They dropped through the clouds and let fly w torpedo. Fortunately, they missed ship was the Sheffield, a British c assigned to shadow the Bismarck.

Similarly, in a sea battle sou Sardinia, R.A.F. observation ai were constantly roaring back and in the battle area, seeing most of went on, and a Sunderland flying was in direct touch with the E flagship. But reports from the were so confusing and incomplet at no time did the naval comm know the extent to which the It were damaged, nor could he est accurately the composition, dispo speeds and courses of the Italian As a consequence, he lost a magn chance to separate the enemy fr base and destroy it—the Italian clean away, making a minor e ment of what might well have b major victory.

Time after time the R.A.F., wh trolling the coast of England, s submarines but refused to attack, taining it was the navy's duty. while, the Admiralty one day plaintive wireless from a Britis marine commander saying he in to dock "if friendly aircraft cea tacking us."

North Sea naval reconnai planes frequently found Germa sels nicely exposed to attack, b had to ask the R.A.F. bomber co to wage the fight. One high nav cial testified that such request usually futile, because the bom lots seldom could find or identi gets at sea.

Nor was all of the pathetic flou confined to naval matters. In th ern desert, the R.A.F. attacked van of vehicles, destroying consi supplies of gasoline. Too late, tackers learned they fought th troops. For want of gasoline, a of valuable tanks were stalled, the expedition. And near Ba Iraq, the R.A.F. actually attack ish ground forces. Such episod

ed to the flat statement by one anking British officer in the Mid- ast campaign: "I will not go into again unless I am able to give orders to the air squadrons allo- to my support."

final demonstrations of how in- etely co-ordinated training can air performance, let us return mo- rily to the Italian air force. On er 11, 1940, Italian planes sighted ish naval force near Sicily, head- est. The observers reported the consisted of one aircraft carrier everal destroyers. A small con- t of warships came out to attack eak force—and discovered that in there were two cruisers in the . Before the Italians could get heads from the lion's mouth, they st three ships. In another engage- Italian destroyers had painted red hite stripes running fore and aft e forecastles, and the battleships, ding to observers, flew banners "of stic dimensions" so their own fliers l be able to recognize them.

question is sure to be brought up "Why don't you talk about the ans? They too have an independ- ir force." The answer is simply he Germans do not have a separate rce. Every part of the entire Nazi achine is controlled by a central l, or military staff, of men experi- l in land, sea and air operations. general rule, naval fliers are trained rk with the navy, army fliers with rmy.

ly by ardent practice in co-ordina- with army troops can such precision ttained as that which the Nazi as show when they move forward ground troops, using bombs ed from low altitudes in place of artillery barrages of conventional methods. And similarly with the schel 126, a hedge-hopping plane d "the eyes of the Panzer divisions." Heuschel flies very close to the nd, observing and photographing y territory, occasionally bombing machine-gunning enemy positions. oth cases the planes are part of troops, just as in naval operations a carrier the planes are part of leet.

e British have profited from their akes to the extent that they have ed two major branches of their air e back to the navy. In 1938, the onsibility for operating aircraft di- y attached to the fleet was with- n from the Air Ministry and given e Admiralty. Two years later, the tal Command—charged with pa- ing and defending areas off the coast ngland—was likewise switched. But rge number of the pilots were trained inally with the R.A.F., and their rance of naval tactics and strategy caused the mistakes to continue.

### The Lesson of Matapan

ven so, the British have fared far er when the air strength worked er—and with—the branch of the ice mainly involved in any particu- engagement. The battle of Cape tapan has been publicized far and e as an example of what planes can when they click into action with great strength. But the R.A.F. had no t in Matapan. The excellent per- nance was put on solely by planes of Fleet Air Arm, taking orders from fleet commanders.

he attack on the Italian ships in harbor of Taranto was another sterly performance. In one night, the tish damaged severely two enemy tleships and two cruisers, with vir- lly no hardship to themselves. Here in, the R.A.F. had no part. The et Air Arm, with pilots trained for navy, was decisive.

A comparable situation arose on land when General Wavell made his successful offensive from Sidi Barrani to Benghazi. The planes he used were R.A.F. ships—but for the expedition they were under Wavell's command. There was no bombing of their own men and supplies on that trip.

We often hear that a unified air force would mean greater stimulation for military aviation, and would insure better equipment. Yet certainly the condition of the R.A.F. at the beginning of the war is weak testimony on both counts. We all know now the lamentable lack of British planes when the Nazis started out. Particularly scarce were flying boats and bombers, both precious to the defense of Britain.

### They Paid with Lives

Nor were there sufficient fighters for aircraft carriers. In the Mediterranean, the lack of properly controlled reconnaissance planes interfered badly with the work of British submarines. Through it all, the Fleet Air Arm complained strongly that it was getting improper supplies from the Air Ministry. Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes summed it up when he wrote last year, "It cannot be denied today that men have paid with their lives because the government failed to provide the navy with an air service which those best qualified to judge insisted it should have."

Because of all these things, and more, not a single one of the reports I have read from our observers abroad has favored an independent air force.

There are other fundamental truths we can get from the war if we open our eyes to them. One school of aviation authorities has long been set on the idea that bombing attacks far in the rear of enemy lines could by themselves be decisive in a war. Yet for four years the Japanese have bombed China's cities promiscuously, killing thousands upon thousands of people, and the principal result has been a strengthening of Chinese morale and resistance. Likewise, the German's fierce bombing of London has united the people. Even the damage to English industrial plants, while often severe, has been far less crippling than most of us suppose.

The spectacular aspects of these wild bombing forays have been partly responsible for the suggested compromise by which the Army and Navy would retain their air arms, while another independent organization was built up. The main purpose of the new unit would be operations in which bombing and aerial fighting were done without the help of the other two services.

But it seems illogical, because we would have virtually no place to use the organization. Certainly if our mainland were attacked outright, as England's has been, the defense would be a joint proposition, with Fleet, Army and Air Force participating. If we were forced to fight in some other part of the hemisphere, it would be even more obviously a partnership. And as things stand now, it will be many years indeed before we can intelligently dispatch bombing missions to any distant point abroad.

I can speak with true authority only of the Navy, but I think it is indisputable that our fleet has the finest naval Air Force in the world. In any conceivable war we might be dragged into, it would be helpful beyond all reckoning. The British have, after a tragic series of mishaps, moved to restore naval aviation to the navy, attempting to reach a degree of our own efficiency. Why, then, should we ignore the bitter lessons learned by the British, and deliberately—under guise of "progress"—put ourselves into the position they have had to vacate?





## Two Trains of Thought

Sometimes we think Diesel-Liners are better for a certain purpose. Sometimes we think Steam-Liners are better. We play no favorites. We have no preferences. We make no snap judgments. We study each problem separately, and come up with our answer. Sometimes it's a Diesel-Liner. Sometimes it's a Steam-Liner. Whichever it is, we build it. It will do the job it was intended to do. And it will be one of the world's finest, most modern locomotives.

**AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE**

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# ock that Toot!

**ive Camerer**

**ch whistle-blowing is robbing a of its zip and enthusiasm**

playing college football it takes a man several s before he can begin thinking of football of- ls dispassionately. When he is in there battling , he either hates them or he is scared to death of can do to his team. As a spectator, he is still ractically every game he sees will be marred by at is merely an indication of the official's petti- o unfair as to leave a bad taste in the mouths of hat profits by it.

at reason this article is something in the nature n Letter to the Men in the Striped Shirts and its. Whistle-blowing is all right but don't blow s out! Also, Keep a Civil Toot in Your Cheek! t be afraid to take a little advice from your fel- ls at a crucial moment!

his season in a professional game between the hia Eagles and the Brooklyn Dodgers, Red Frie- ee, suffered a broken leg. Fortunately for the he game but unfortunately for Mr. Friesell, the as caused by a block thrown by Perry Schwartz, lyn end. If it had been done by a Philadelphia scandal would certainly have followed. For, ays previously, Friesell had called a penalty for n Philadelphia on a play in which the Philadel- n was charging downfield to cover a punt. eale, the Philadelphia coach, rushed out on the otest.

in the name of heaven could an end attempting a punt-receiver be guilty of clipping?" bellowed It's crazy. It doesn't make sense!"

is effrontery and for being on the field where belong, Neale got his team an extra penalty of rds and a fine case of apoplexy as well. Accord- ale, motion pictures of the game reveal that he lutely right and Friesell was absolutely wrong. asking for a replay of the game, which he prob- 't get. Mr. Friesell is resting at home with his ast.

ention the celebrated Dartmouth-Cornell fifth- dent of last year, in which Mr. Friesell was also it will seem that I am conducting a crusade im, which I certainly don't want to do. Friesell regarded as a leading Eastern official for some just happens that he was on the spot in that fa- sode.

mber? There were only seconds to go and Cor- the ball on Dartmouth's six-yard line. It was wn when Scholl of Cornell flipped a flat pass in- r Murphy. It was batted down by Norton, the th back. Head Linesman Joe McKenney took nd headed for the twenty-yard stripe, ruling it a k. Friesell signaled McKenney to toss him the

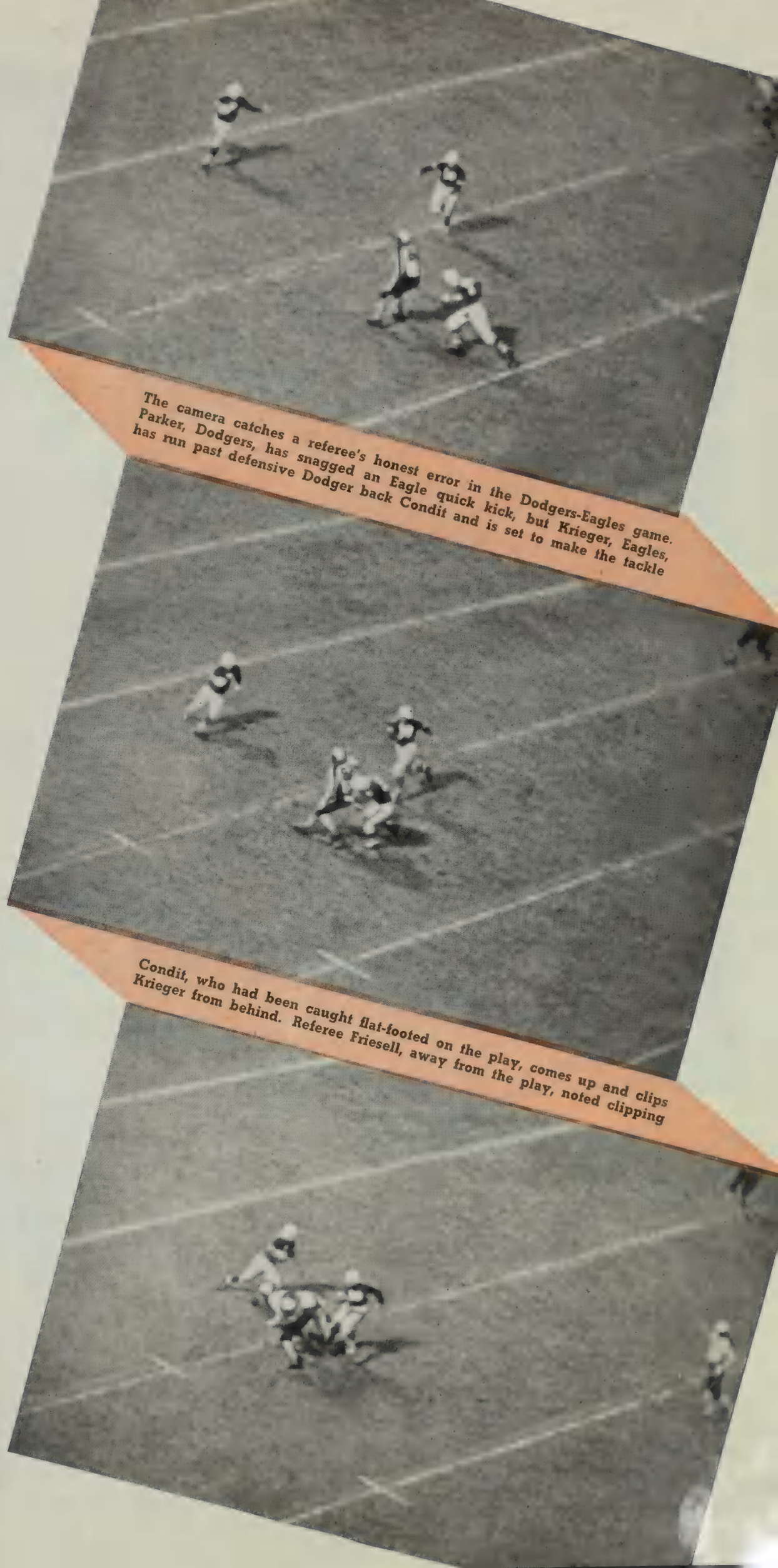
ell's ball—fourth down!" he shouted.

devil you say," Lou Young, Dartmouth's captain, have cried in some heat.

devil I don't," is the reported Friesell answer.

ll scored on the next pass and walked off with a ry.

the motion pictures of the game were run, it n that Cornell had scored on the fifth down and th was finally awarded the game by telegraph, andsome apology by Mr. Friesell and national ex- that was entered into by everybody but Presi- sevelt himself. The point isn't that Dartmouth tually accorded justice but that the fiasco could en avoided if the four officials had huddled on and thrashed it out. *(Continued on page 82)*



**The camera catches a referee's honest error in the Dodgers-Eagles game. Parker, Dodgers, has snagged an Eagle quick kick, but Krieger, Eagles, has run past defensive Dodger back Condit and is set to make the tackle**

**Condit, who had been caught flat-footed on the play, comes up and clips Krieger from behind. Referee Friesell, away from the play, noted clipping**

**falling, lands with his legs atop Condit. Ref- esell, apparently basing his decision on that fact, Krieger and not Condit had committed the clip- d penalizes the Eagles. When Coach Neale pro- e ruling, he drew an additional 15-yard penalty**

## Frank loses his law case



**FRANK NEEDS A LAXATIVE;** but he's got to try a case in court this morning; he doesn't know about quick-acting Sal Hepatica.

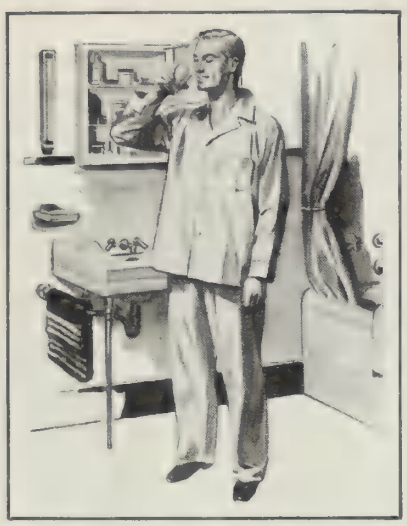
He postpones taking anything, postpones badly needed relief.



**FRANK IS SO TROUBLED** by constipation symptoms that he loses his temper—and loses the case.

Head aching, thoroughly uncomfortable, he hears the unfavorable verdict.

## Bert wins his plea



**BERT NEEDS A LAXATIVE;** he's got to go to court this morning, too.

But he doesn't put off till tonight the laxative he should take this morning. He takes gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica.



**RELIEVED AND FEELING** more like himself—Bert wins his case.

Sal Hepatica worked quickly, gently, thoroughly; helped turn his sour stomach sweet again, too.

## Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

WHEN YOU FEEL the need of a laxative, don't delay: take speedy Sal Hepatica. It usually acts within an hour. Acts in a natural way, without discomfort or griping; acts gently by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract.

No wonder 3 out of 5 physicians, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica. Try this speedy, sparkling saline the very next time you need a laxative!






Sal Hepatica—keep in mind—does something more. It is decidedly helpful in counteracting excess gastric acidity. Helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

## SAL HEPATICA

**"TIME TO SMILE!"** Tune in on **EDDIE CANTOR**—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.


# Murder in Retrospect

**Continued from page 21**

It was very hot that morning if one was out of the wind, and the house and terrace were sheltered. Mrs. Crale suggested they might like some iced beer.

There was a little conservatory which had been built onto the house in Victorian days. Mrs. Crale disliked it, and it was not used for plants, but it had been made into a kind of bar, with various bottles of gin, vermouth, lemonade, ginger beer, etc., on shelves, and a small refrigerator which was filled with ice every morning and in which some beer and ginger beer were always kept.

Mrs. Crale went there to get the beer and I went with her. Angela was at the refrigerator and was just taking out a bottle of beer.

Mrs. Crale went in ahead of me. She said, "I want a bottle of beer to take down to Amyas."

It is so difficult now to know whether I ought to have suspected anything. Her voice, I feel almost convinced, was perfectly normal. But I must admit that at that moment I was intent, not on her, but on Angela. Angela was by the refrigerator and I was glad to see that she looked red and rather guilty.

I was rather sharp with her, and to my surprise she was quite meek. I asked her where she had been and she said she had been bathing. I said, "I didn't see you on the beach." And she laughed. Then I asked her where her jersey was, and she said she must have left it down on the beach.

I mention these details to explain why I let Mrs. Crale take the beer down to the Battery Garden.

The rest of the morning is quite blank in my mind. Angela fetched her needle book and mended her skirt without any more fuss. I rather think that I mended some of the household linen. Mr. Crale did not come up for lunch. I was glad that he had at least *that* much decency.

After lunch, Mrs. Crale said she was going down to the Battery. I wanted to retrieve Angela's jersey from the beach. We started down together. She went into the Battery; I was going on when her cry called me back. As I told when you came to see me, she aske to go up and telephone. On the wa I met Mr. Meredith Blake and I back to Mrs. Crale.

That was my story as I told it a inquest and later at the trial.

What I am about to write down I never told to any living soul. I wa asked any question to which I ret an untrue answer. Nevertheless, guilty of withholding certain facts. not repent of that. I would do it ag am fully aware that in revealin I may be laying myself open to ce but I do not think that after this of time anyone will take the matte seriously, especially since Ca Crale was convicted without m dence.

THIS, then, is what happened: I met Mr. Meredith Blake as and I ran down the path again as q as I could. I was wearing sand and I have always been light on m I came to the open Battery do this is what I saw:

Mrs. Crale was busily polishi beer bottle on the table with her kerchief. Having done so, she to dead husband's hand and press fingers of it on the beer bottle. time she was listening and on th It was the fear I saw on her fa told me the truth.

I knew then, beyond any p doubt, that Caroline Crale had p her husband. And I, for one, blame her. He drove her to a p yond human endurance, and he his fate upon himself.

I never mentioned the incident Crale and she never knew that seen it take place. I would nev mentioned it to anybody, but one person who I think has to know.

Caroline Crale's daughter m bolster up her life with a lie. H much it may pain her to know t truth is the only thing that matt

Tell her, from me, that her m not to be judged. She was dri




**"May I watch the next one with you?"**

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STREAKING across the sunlit sky a giant plane of commerce is uniting *in record time* the busiest markets of the nation.

Over a route that once heard the creak of prairie wagons and the clickety-clack of the first transcontinental train, the reassuring drone of the airplane now sounds by day and by night.

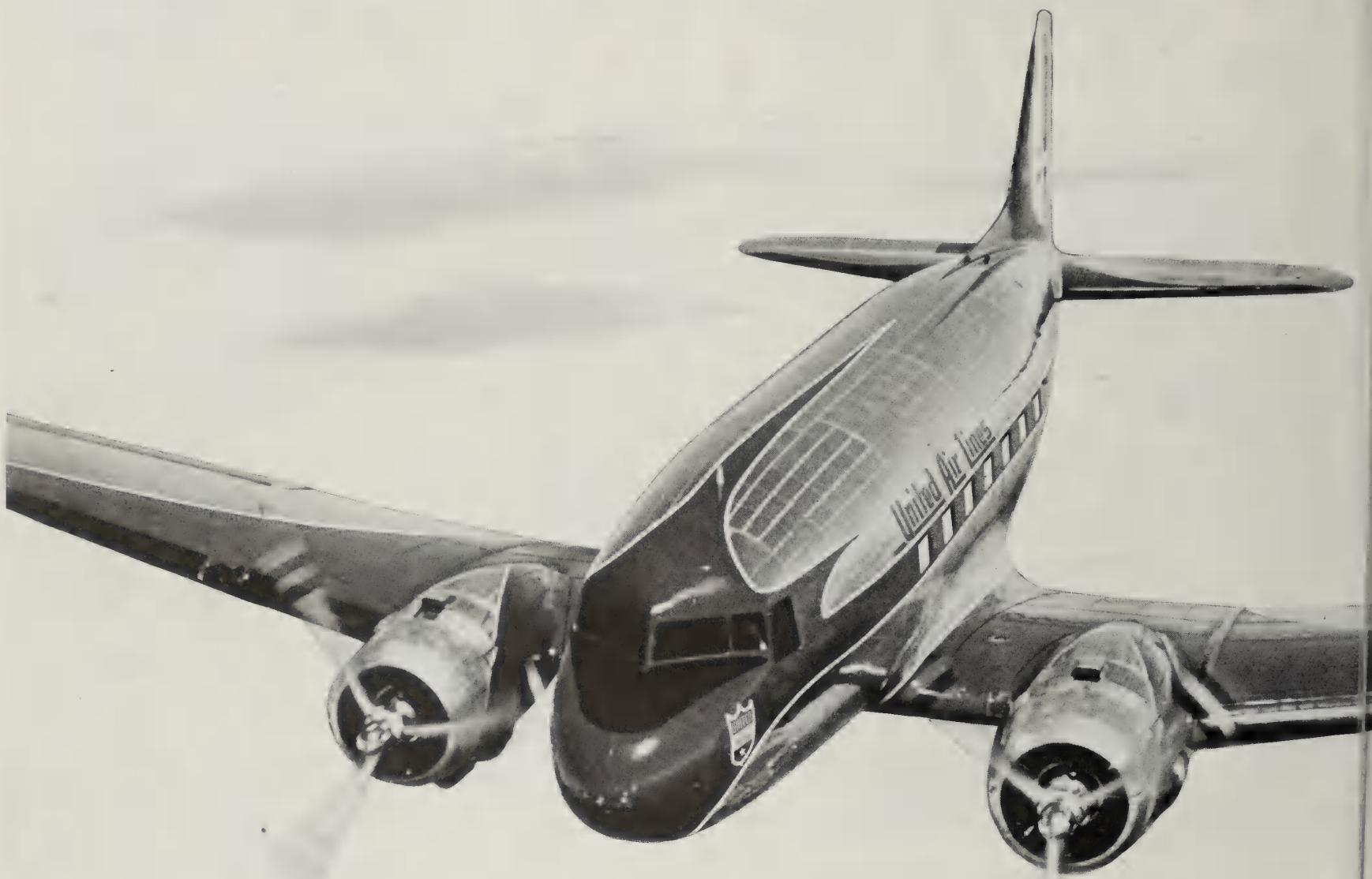
For the Overland Trail, the straight, central way across the continent, now more than ever is the nation's life-line of trade—the Business Route!

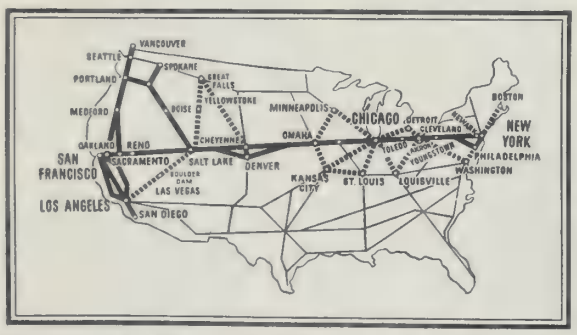
Passenger, mail and express volume moving over United's Main Line Airway is the greatest in the history of any long-distance air route. Men and women, traveling on the nation's business, must count every hour—and are riding the skyways to save time.

These men and women cut corners by going *direct*. The Main Line Airway serves the heart of the industrial East; sleepless factories of the Great Lakes region; the Mid-West market-basket; every major production center on the Pacific Coast.

So strategically planned is the year-round Line Airway that every important city in the U States is within 24 hours of your home. Be the East and Mid-West and the Pacific Coa can go one way, return another, at rates th lower than you think.

Take your business to the Main Line skies Business Route of the nation. By sunlit d under the midnight stars, United's 40,000 c coast flights ride with you!




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# AIR UNITED AIR LINES LINE

• YEAR ROUND, THE MAIN LINE IRW
FOR PASSENGERS, MAIL AND EXPR

**There are 77 men on the ground** for every Main in the air—meteorologists, electricians, radio ew, men, technicians. They speed you through on me. ervations from hotels, travel agents, or local U ed

…d what a loving woman can endure. …is for her daughter to understand …d forgive.

*(End of Cecilia Williams' Narrative)*

NARRATIVE OF ANGELA WARREN

…EAR M. Poirot

I am keeping my promise to you and …ve written down all I can remember that terrible time sixteen years ago. …t it was not until I started that I real…d how very little I *did* remember. …til the thing actually happened, you …, there is nothing to fix anything by. The very first intimation I had of the …ole thing was what I overheard from … terrace where I had escaped after …ch one day. Elsa said she was going … marry Amyas! It struck me as just …iculous. I remember tackling Amyas …out it. In the garden at Handcross it …s. I said to him:

"Why does Elsa say she's going to …rry you? She couldn't. People can't …ve two wives—it's bigamy and they … to prison."

Amyas got very angry and said, "How … devil did you hear that?"

I said I'd heard it through the library …ndow.

He was angrier than ever then and …d it was high time I went to school …d got out of the habit of eavesdrop…ng.

I still remember the resentment I felt …en he said that. Because it was so *…fair.* Absolutely and utterly unfair. I stammered out angrily that I hadn't …en listening—and, anyhow, I said, why …d Elsa say a silly thing like that?

Amyas said it was just a joke.

That ought to have satisfied me. It …d—almost, but not quite.

I said to Elsa when we were on the …ay back, "I asked Amyas what you …eant when you said you were going to …arry him and he said it was just a …ke."

I felt that ought to snub her. But she …ly smiled.

I didn't like that smile of hers. I went … to Caroline's room. It was when she …as dressing for dinner. I asked her …en outright if it were possible for Am…as to marry Elsa.

I remember Caroline's answer as …ough I heard it now. She must have …oken with great emphasis. "Amyas …ill marry Elsa only after I am dead," …e said.

That reassured me completely. Death …emed ages away from us all.

I don't remember much about the …fternoon at Meredith Blake's, although … *do* remember his reading aloud the …assage from the Phaedo, describing …ocrates' death. I had never heard it be…ore. I thought it was the loveliest, most …eautiful thing I had ever heard.

I don't remember much that hap…ened the next morning either, though I …ave thought and thought. I've a vague …eeling that I must have bathed, and I …hink I remember being made to mend …omething.

But it's all very vague and dim till the …me when Meredith came panting up …he path from the terrace and his face …as all gray and queer. I remember a …offee cup falling off the table and being …roken—Elsa did that. And I remember …er running—suddenly running for all …he was worth down the path—and the …wful look there was on her face.

I kept saying to myself, "Amyas is …ead." But it just didn't seem real.

I remember Dr. Faussett coming and … is grave face. Miss Williams was busy …ooking after Caroline. I wandered …bout rather forlornly, getting in peo…le's way. I had a nasty, sick feeling.

Miss Williams took me into Caroline's …oom later. Caroline was on the sofa. …he looked very white and ill.

She kissed me and said she wanted …e to go away as soon as I could, and it was all horrible, but I wasn't to worry or think about it any more than I could help. I was to join Carla at Lady Tressilian's, because this house was to be kept as empty as possible.

I clung to Caroline and said I didn't want to go away. I wanted to stay with her. She said she knew I did, but it was better for me to go away and would take a lot of worry off her mind. And Miss Williams chipped in and said, "The best way you can help your sister, Angela, is to do what she wants you to do without making a fuss about it."

So I said I would do whatever Caroline wished. And Caroline said, "That's my darling Angela." And she hugged me and said there was nothing to worry about.

I had to go down and talk to a police superintendent. He was very kind, asked me when I had last seen Amyas, and … lot of other questions which seemed to me quite pointless at the time, but which, of course, I see the point of now. He satisfied himself that there was nothing that I could tell him which he hadn't already heard from the others. So he told Miss Williams that he saw no objection to my going over to Ferrilby Grange to Lady Tressilian's.

I went there and Lady Tressilian was very kind to me. But, of course, I soon had to know the truth. They arrested Caroline almost at once. I was so horrified and dumfounded that I became quite ill.

I heard afterward that Caroline was terribly worried about me. It was at her insistence that I was sent out of England before the trial came on. But that I have told you already.

As you see, what I have to put down is pitiably meager. Since talking to you I have gone over the little I remember painstakingly, racking my memory for details of this or that person's expression or reaction. I can remember nothing consistent with guilt. Elsa's frenzy, Meredith's gray worried face, Philip's grief and fury—they all seem natural enough. I suppose, though, someone *could* have been playing a part.

I only know this, *Caroline did not do it.*

I am quite certain on this point and always shall be, but I have no evidence to offer except my own intimate knowledge of her character.

*(End of Angela Warren's Narrative)*

CARLA LEMARCHANT looked up. Her eyes were full of fatigue and pain. She pushed back the hair from her forehead in a tired gesture.

She said, "It's so bewildering, all this." She touched the pile of manuscripts. "Because the angle's different every time! Everybody sees my mother differently. But the facts are the same. Everyone agrees on the facts."

"It has discouraged you, reading them?"

"Yes. Hasn't it discouraged you?"

"No, I have found those documents very valuable—very informative." He spoke slowly and reflectively.

Carla said, "I wish I'd never read them!"

Poirot looked across at her. "Ah—so it makes you feel that way?"

Carla said bitterly, "They all think she did it—all of them except Aunt Angela, and what she thinks doesn't count. She hasn't got any reason for it. She's just one of those loyal people who'll stick to … thing through thick and thin. She just goes on saying, 'Caroline couldn't have done it.'"

"It strikes you like that?"

"How else should it strike me? I've realized, you know, that if my mother didn't do it, then one of these five people must have done it. I've even had theories as to why?"

"Ah? That is interesting. Tell me."

"Oh, they were only theories. Philip


## Pilots Are Push-overs!



**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,** this is Test Pilot Rufus Harechest, as audacious an airman as you can ever hope to meet. And this is his adoring wife named Anne. The scene of our little drama is the Harechest home in the early morning. Curtain!



**"MY DEAR,"** says our hero, assuming his most determined look, "never take halfway measures with life's little difficulties. The tougher the remedy the surer the cure." And he praises the merits of a good strong *purge.*

**"WONDERFUL MALE LOGIC!"** says Anne. "Blast away at trouble with both fists, eh? Why don't you use the same finesse on the ground you're supposed to have in the air? Did it ever occur to you to find and correct the *cause* of the matter?"




**"NOW WHAT** does teacher suggest?"

"Just a crisp, toasted breakfast cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. It has just what it takes to *get at the cause* of constipation due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet."




**"HEY!" SAYS THE HERO.** "This tastes like a million! If ALL-BRAN can make me join the 'regulars,' I'm enlisting right now!"

"But remember," says Anne. "Eat it every day and drink plenty of water."

## Join the "Regulars" with Kellogg's All-Bran

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING...
BUT NOT THE *Toast*

When the lads come home from camp or cruise, they'll fetch man-size appetites with them. So be prepared for home defense! Surprise them with a *Toastmaster* Toast 'n Jam* Set—watch faces light up and toast go down! There's nothing like *Toastmaster* toast—toasted *automatically,* timed to a split second, and popped up, piping hot and perfect. No watching, no turning—no burnt, wasted slices, no wasted current!

Dietitians declare that toast is bread in its most digestible and appetite-stimulating form. And *Toastmaster* toast, buttered and spread with jam or marmalade from the gay-colored Franciscan ware jars, is almost a breakfast in itself!

Let this Toast 'n Jam Set be your joy and comfort! With 2-slice automatic toaster, jam jars, toast plate, and walnut tray, it's forever useful—morning, noon, and night. See it, and other *Toastmaster** products, wherever fine appliances are sold.



TWO GOOD INVESTMENTS!

United States Defense Savings Bonds and Stamps—for safety and freedom in the years ahead.

Quality merchandise, like a *Toastmaster* toaster—for economy and performance in the years to come.

TOASTMASTER *Toast 'n Jam Set*

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Blake, for instance. He's a stockbroker, he was my father's best friend—probably my father trusted him. And artists are usually careless about money matters. Perhaps Philip Blake was in a jam and used my father's money. He may have got my father to sign something. Then the whole thing may have been on the point of coming out—and only my father's death could have saved him. That's one of the things I thought of."

"Not badly imagined at all. What else?"

"Well, there's Elsa. Philip Blake says here she had her head screwed on too well to meddle with poison, but I don't think that's true at all. Supposing my mother had gone to her and told her that she wouldn't divorce my father—that nothing would induce her to divorce him. You may say what you like but I think Elsa had a bourgeois mind—she wanted to be respectably married. I think that then Elsa would have been perfectly capable of pinching the stuff—she had just as good a chance that afternoon—and might have tried to get my mother out of the way by poisoning her. I think that would be quite *like* Elsa. And then, possibly, by some awful accident, Amyas got the stuff instead of Caroline."

"Again it is not badly imagined. What else?"

Carla said slowly, "Well, I thought—perhaps—*Meredith!*"

"Ah! Meredith Blake?"

"Yes. You see, he sounds to me just the sort of person who would do a murder. I mean, he was the slow, dithering one the others laughed at, and underneath, perhaps, he resented that. Then my father married the girl he wanted to marry. And my father was successful and rich. And Meredith did make all those poisons! Perhaps he really made them because he liked the idea of being able to kill someone one day. He had to call attention to the stuff being taken so as to divert suspicion from himself. But he himself was far the most likely person to have taken it. He might, even, have liked getting Caroline hanged—because she turned him down long ago. I think, you know, it's rather fishy what he says in his account of it all—how people do things that aren't characteristic of them. Supposing he meant *himself* when he wrote that?"

Hercule Poirot said: "You are at least right in this—not to take what has been written down as necessarily a true narrative. What has been written may have been written deliberately to mislead."

"Oh, I know. I've kept that in
"Any other ideas?"

Carla said slowly: "I wondere
fore I'd read this—about Miss Wi
She lost her job, you see, when
went to school. And if Amyas he
suddenly, Angela probably w
have gone after all. I mean, if it
off as a natural death—which it
might have done, I suppose, if M
hadn't missed the coniine. I r
on coniine and it hasn't any dist
post-mortem appearances. It mig
been thought to be sunstroke.
that just losing a job doesn't s
very adequate motive for murd
murders have been committed ag
again for what seem ridiculously
quate motives. Tiny sums of
sometimes. And a middle-age
haps rather incompetent go
might have got the wind up a
seen no future ahead of her.

"As I say, that's what I though
I read this. But Miss Williams
sound like that at all. She doesn
in the least incompetent—"

"Not at all. She is still a very
and intelligent woman."

"I KNOW. One can see that.
sounds absolutely trustwor
That's what has upset me rea
you know—*you* understand. Y
mind, of course. All along you'
it clear it was the truth you w
suppose now we've *got* the trut
Williams is quite right. One
cept truth. It's no good basing
on a lie because it's what you
believe. All right, then—I can
My mother wasn't innocent! S
me that letter because she w
and unhappy and wanted to spe
don't judge her. Perhaps I sh
like that, too. I don't know wh
does to you. And I don't bl
either—if she felt so desperate
my father, I suppose she coul
herself. But I don't blame m
altogether, either. I understan
little—how *he* felt. So alive a
of wanting everything. . . . He
help it—he was made that way
was a great painter. I think tha
a lot."

She turned her flushed, exc
to Hercule Poirot with her ch
defiantly.

"So you are satisfied?" Po
"Satisfied?" said Carla Le
Her voice broke on the word.

Poirot leaned forward and p
paternally on the shoulder.
he said. "You give up the fi




**"Oh, by the way, you don't mind going without bread do you, darling? The stupid grocer sent the unsliced kind!"**



**HEAD ACHES AND PAINS DRIFT AWAY?** When, at the end of a hard day, you lay your tired ...wn on a Beautyrest . . . there comes over you a feeling of rest and relaxation so complete that your legs and arms and elbows and fingers no longer seem part of you. Like magic, your bodily cares seem to dissolve into thin air. This is *luxury* comfort. Only Beautyrest gives it.

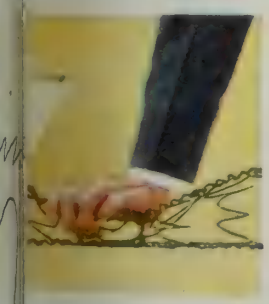
# *Better read this before you buy a mattress*



### 1. Are you an uphill sleeper?

If you're the lighter partner in a double bed, you know what we mean by "uphill" sleeping. The heavier person often forms a "valley" in the bed, and you spend your nights on its slope. The mattress that gives you this rest-robbing experience may *look* comfortable, but looks tell you *nothing*.

For mattress comfort comes from the inside. And there are two main types of mattress "insides" —the ordinary type and the Beautyrest.



### 2. Springs are joined in other mattresses

Tear back the cover and padding of the *ordinary* mattress and here's what you find—the springs are all joined together. When you push one down, the others around it must go down, too. Since the springs are not free to yield separately, the whole mattress must slope toward the spot where your greatest weight lies.

In contrast to the "sag" support this kind of mattress gives, see how the *Beautyrest* operates...



### 3. But Beautyrest's 837 coils are separate!

The "heart" of the *Beautyrest* is 837 resilient coils, each in its own muslin pocket. They are *not* joined together! When you push one down, its neighbors stand erect and even—as when you walk through a field of grain. The Beautyrest *cradles* every tired inch of you. However you lie or turn, it conforms exactly to the natural contours of your body.

That's *buoyant* support. It's the secret of Beautyrest's *luxury* comfort.



### 4. Can a 10-year guarantee be conservative?

Beautyrest's can! Listen to this. That famous independent laboratory, the United States Testing Co., chose 17 leading makes for their Certified Test #11760. Each was subjected to the same grueling treatment on Mattress Endurance Machines.

The Beautyrest lasted *three times longer* than even the next best make! No wonder we promise to rebuild your Beautyrest free of charge, if any structural defect occurs within ten full years.



### 5. Beautyrest stays "fresh" inside, neat outside

The Beautyrest has eight *working* ventilators around its deep sides! Put your hand over one as you sit on a Beautyrest. Feel the air come breathing out, to be drawn back in again as you rise. This keeps the Beautyrest fresh and sanitary inside.

Lumps and hollows just won't form on a Beautyrest. And a patented "sag-proof" border keeps the edges firm and even, always. So, you have to turn your Beautyrest only 4 or 5 times a year!

THE NEW
**Beautyrest**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BUILT FOR SLEEP
PRICE $39.50
GUARANTEED AGAINST STRUCTURAL DEFECTS FOR 10 YEARS
SIMMONS COMPANY

*This is the Beautyrest label.*

### 6. When is $39.50 a bargain price?

Ans.: When you buy a Beautyrest. For, remember, Beautyrest lasted three times longer than any other mattress tested, *regardless* of price!

Why, on our conservative 10-year guarantee alone, Beautyrest's $39.50 (slightly higher in Canada) figures out to only a penny a night. A penny a night! *That* is a bargain—a bargain for *luxury* comfort that we defy you to equal.

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, $[illegible].

# Know your M's



1. This is M____



2. This is a M_____



3. This is a M_____



4. This is a M___



5. This is a M_____




6. This is M_____ & M___

The whiskey that's Mild, Mellow, Moderate-priced.

**ANSWERS:** 1, *Maize;* 2, *Microscope;* 3, *Manatee;* 4, *Mask;* 5, *Mollusk;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense . . . for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

## –Know Mattingly & Moore

*Blended Whiskey—86 Proof—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore*

The Best of 'em is

M&M

: when it is most worth fighting.
noment when I, Hercule Poirot,
very good idea of what really
d."
ar stared at him. She said: "Miss
s loved my mother. She saw her
her own eyes—faking that sui-
dence. If you believe what she

ule Poirot got up. "Mademoi-
ne said, "because Cecilia Wil-
ys she saw your mother faking
Crale's fingerprints on the beer
on the beer *bottle,* mind—that
ne thing I need to tell me defi-
once for all, that your mother
kill your father."
dded his head several times and
t of the room, leaving Carla
after him.

L, M. Poirot?"
ilip Blake's tone was impatient.
t said, "I have to thank you for
mirable and lucid account of the
agedy."
Blake looked rather self-con-
"Very kind of you," he mur-
"Really surprising how much I
ered when I got down to it."
t said, "It was an admirably
rrative, but there were certain
ns, were there not?"
ssions?" Philip Blake frowned.
ule Poirot said, "Your narrative,
e say, was not entirely frank."
e hardened. "I have been in-
Mr. Blake, that on at least one
ring the summer Mrs. Crale was
ning out of your room at a some-
mpromising hour."
was a silence broken only by
Blake's heavy breathing. He said
"Who told you that?"
ule Poirot shook his head. "It is
ter who told me. That I *know,*
the point."
there was a silence, then Philip
nade up his mind. He said, "By
t, it seems, you have stumbled
purely private matter. I admit
does not square with what I have
down. Nevertheless, it squares
than you might think. I am
now to tell you the truth.

"I *did* entertain a feeling of animosity toward Caroline Crale. At the same time I was always strongly attracted by her. Perhaps the latter fact induced the former. I resented the power she had over me and tried to stifle the attraction she had for me by constantly dwelling on her worst points. I never *liked* her, if you understand. But it would have been easy at any moment for me to make love to her. I had been in love with her as a boy and she had taken no notice of me. I did not find that easy to forgive.

"My opportunity came when Amyas lost his head so completely over the Greer girl. Quite without meaning to, I found myself telling Caroline I loved her. She said quite calmly, 'Yes, I have always known that.' The insolence of the woman!

"Of course, I knew that she didn't love me, but I saw that she was disturbed and disillusioned by Amyas' present infatuation. That is a mood when a woman can very easily be won. She agreed to come to me that night. And she came."

Blake paused. He found now a difficulty in getting the words out. "She came to my room. And then, with my arms around her, she told me quite coolly that it was no good! After all, she said, she was a one-man woman. She was Amyas Crale's, for better or worse. She agreed that she had treated me very badly, but she said she couldn't help it. She asked me to forgive her.

"And she left me. *She left me!* Do you wonder, M. Poirot, that my hatred of her was heightened a hundredfold? Do you wonder that I have never forgiven her? For the insult she did me, as well as for the fact that she killed the friend I loved better than anyone in the world!"

Trembling violently, Philip Blake exclaimed:

"*I don't want to speak of it,* do you hear. You've got your answer. Now go! And never mention the matter to me again!"

"I want to know, Mr. Blake, the order in which your guests left the laboratory that day."

Meredith Blake protested: "But, my dear M. Poirot—after sixteen years! How can I possibly remember? I've told you that Caroline came out last."

"You are *sure* of that?"

"Yes—at least—I think so. . . ."

"Let us go there now. We must be *quite* sure, you see."

Still protesting, Meredith Blake led the way. He unlocked the door and swung back the shutters. Poirot spoke to him authoritatively: "Now then, my friend. You have showed your visitors your interesting preparations of herbs. Shut your eyes and think."

Meredith Blake did so obediently. Poirot drew a handkerchief from his pocket and gently passed it to and fro. Blake murmured, his nostrils twitching slightly: "Yes, yes—extraordinary how things come back to one! Caroline, I remember, had on a pale coffee-colored dress. Phil was looking bored. . . . He always thought my hobby was quite idiotic."

"Reflect now," Poirot said. "You are about to leave the room. You are going to the library, where you are going to read the passage about the death of Socrates. Who leaves the room first—do you?"

"Elsa and I—yes. She passed through the door first. I was close behind her. We were talking. I stood there waiting for the others to come, so that I could lock the door again. Philip—yes, Philip came out next. And Angela—she was asking him what bulls and bears were. They went on through the hall. Amyas followed them. I stood there waiting still—for Caroline, of course."

"So you are quite sure Caroline stayed behind. Did you see what she was doing?"

Blake shook his head. "No, I had my back to the room, you see. I was talking to Elsa—boring her, I expect—telling her how certain plants must be gathered at the full of the moon, according to old superstition. And then Caroline came out—hurrying a little—and I locked the door."

He stopped and looked at Poirot, who was replacing a handkerchief in his pocket. Meredith Blake sniffed disgustedly and thought, "Why, the fellow actually uses *scent!*" Aloud he said: "I am quite sure of it. That was the order: Elsa, myself, Philip, Angela and Caroline. Does that help you at all?"

Poirot said: "It all fits in. Listen: I want to arrange a meeting here. It will not, I think, be difficult. . . ."

"WELL?"

Elsa Dittisham said it almost eagerly—like a child.

Poirot said, "I want to ask you a question, madame."

"Yes?"

Poirot said, "After it was all over—the trial, I mean—did Meredith Blake ask you to marry him?"

Elsa stared. She looked contemptuous, almost bored. "Yes—he did. Why?"

"Were you surprised?"

"Was I? I don't remember."

"What did you say?"

Elsa laughed. She said, "What do you think I said? After *Amyas*—Meredith? It would have been ridiculous! It was stupid of him. He always was rather stupid."

She smiled suddenly.

"He wanted, you know, to protect me—to 'look after me,' that's how he put it! He thought, like everybody else, that the assizes had been a terrible ordeal for me. And the reporters! And the booing crowds! And all the mud that was slung at me."

She brooded a minute. Then she said, "Poor old Meredith! Such an ass!" And laughed again.

Once again Hercule Poirot encountered the shrewd, penetrating glance of



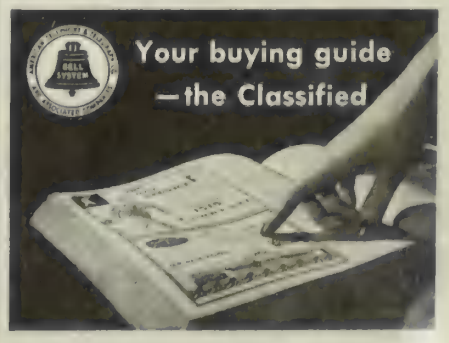

**"I always have the same problem in cafés —trying not to catch a waiter's eye!"** JEFF KEATE




**Quickly find where to buy it** —in the Classified Section of your Telephone Directory.

**You'll also find,** in many cases, answers to questions such as: Is a certain store open evenings? Does it deliver? Does it do servicing?

**Mr. S. wanted** to get in touch with a particular hardware dealer. He remembered only that the name started with "S" and the firm was on West Side Avenue. He looked in the Classified under Hardware and recognized Stone Brothers as the one.






**Keep your resistance up—wear**

# *Jockey* Longs

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Jockey Over-Knee
For scratchy tweeds.



Jockey Midway
Squirm-free comfort for ordinary wear.



Jockey Bellin
A trim, youthful waist line for dress-up occasions.



Jockey Short
For summer sports.

America's top experts on physical conditioning say that when it comes to keeping your resistance up during cold weather, a light covering next your skin is worth a bulky overcoat. The smart way to get that is with Jockey Longs . . . because whether you're lean as a minute steak or beefy as a Minnesota tackle, this garment will fit you. Made from fabric knitted to mold itself to your form, Jockey Longs are also tailored to your calf, ankle, hip and waist measurements. Furthermore, like all Jockey garments, they incorporate the famous, inverted *Y-front to provide masculine support and buttonless freedom from squirm, creep, bunch or bind. Jockey Longs are available in all weights from lightweight cotton to wool. Get a pair for those occasions when you're going to be exposed to cold. Matching shirts are contoured shorter in front to avoid bunching, longer in back to keep them in place. Children's sizes down to 4 years.

"Quality Corner"—Better stores offer Jockey in Rayon, mercerized cotton, linen and cotton, wool and cotton mixtures and the new elastic super-textile, Coopreme.

EASY TO REMEMBER *Jockey* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

That you may be sure of getting genuine Jockey, the name Jockey appears on the label of every garment made by Coopers and Jockey merchants are identified by the statue displayed in their windows or on their counters. Be sure to look for both whenever you buy underwear.

*—The Source of Support.




TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE

Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Macrae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

Miss Williams, and once again felt the years falling away and himself a meek and apprehensive little boy.

There was, he explained, a question he wished to ask.

Miss Williams intimated her willingness to hear what the question was.

Poirot said slowly, picking his words carefully:

"Angela Warren was injured as a very young child. Mrs. Crale threw a paperweight at her. Is that right?"

Miss Williams replied, "Yes."

"Who was your informant?"

"Angela herself. She volunteered the information quite early."

"What did she say exactly?"

"She touched her cheek and said: 'Caroline did this when I was a baby. She threw a paperweight at me. Never refer to it—will you?—because it upsets her dreadfully.' "

"Did Mrs. Crale herself ever mention the matter to you?"

"Only obliquely. She assumed that I knew the story. I remember her saying once, 'I know you think I spoil Angela, but, you see, I always feel there is nothing I can do to make up to her for what I did.' And on another occasion she said, 'To know you have permanently injured another human being is the heaviest burden anyone could have to bear.' "

"Thank you, Miss Williams. That is all I wanted to know."

POIROT slowed up a little as he approached the big block of flats overlooking Regent's Park. Really, when he came to think of it, he did not want to ask Angela Warren any questions at all. The only question he did want to ask her could wait. . . .

No, it was really only his insatiable passion for symmetry that was bringing him here. Five people—there should be five questions! It was neater so. It rounded off the thing better.

Angela Warren greeted him with something closely approaching eagerness. She said: "Have you found out anything? Have you got anywhere?"

Slowly Poirot nodded his head in his best China mandarin manner. "At last I make progress," he said.

"Philip Blake?" It was halfway between statement and a question.

"Mademoiselle, I do not wish to say anything at present. The moment has not yet come. What I will ask of you is to be so good as to come down to Handcross Manor. The others have consented."

She said, with a slight frown: "What do you propose to do? Reconstruct something that happened sixteen years ago?"

"See it, perhaps, from a clearer angle. You will come?"

"Oh, yes, I'll come," Angela Warren said slowly. "It will be interesting to see all those people again. I shall see *them* now, perhaps, from a clearer angle (as you put it) than I did then."

"And you will bring with you the letter that you showed me?"

Angela Warren frowned. "That letter is my own. I showed it to you for a good and sufficient reason, but I have no intention of allowing it to be read by strange and unsympathetic persons."

"But you will allow yourself to be guided by me in the matter?"

"I will do nothing of the kind. I will bring the letter with me, but I shall use my own judgment, which I venture to think is quite as good as yours."

Poirot spread out his hands in a gesture of resignation. He got up to go. He said, "You permit that I ask one little question?"

"What is it?"

"At the time of the tragedy, you had lately read—had you not?—a life of the painter Gaugin."

Angela stared at him. Then she said, "I believe—why, yes, that is quite tru She looked at him with frank curiosi "How did you know?"

"I want to show you, mademoise that even in a small, unimportant m ter I am something of a magician. Th are things I know without having to told."

THE afternoon sun shone into the l oratory at Handcross Manor. So easy chairs and a settee had b brought into the room, but they ser more to emphasize its forlorn asp than to furnish it.

Slightly embarrassed, pulling at mustache, Meredith Blake talked Carla in a desultory way. He broke once to say, "My dear, you are v like your mother—and yet unlike too."

Carla asked, "How am I like her how unlike?"

"You have her coloring and her of moving, but you are—how shall I it—more *positive* than she ever w

Philip Blake, a scowl creasing forehead, looked out of the window drummed impatiently on the pane. said: "What's the sense of all this perfectly fine Saturday afternoon—

Hercule Poirot hastened to pou on troubled waters:

"Ah, I apologize—it is, I know, pardonable to disarrange the golf. M. Blake, this is the daughter of best friend. You will stretch a poin her, will you not?"

The butler announced, "Miss V ren."

Meredith went to welcome her. said: "It's good of you to spare the Angela. You're busy, I know."

He led her over to the window.

Carla said, "Hullo, Aunt Angel read your article in the Times this n ing. It's nice to have a distingu relative." She indicated the tall, sq jawed young man with the steady eyes. "This is John Rattery. He an hope—to be married."

Angela Warren said, "Oh!—I know . . ."

Meredith went to greet the nex rival.

"Well, Miss Williams, it's a many years since we met."

THIN, frail and indomitable, the elderly governess advanced u the room. Her eyes rested thoughtful on Poirot for a minute, then they w to the tall, square-shouldered figure the well-cut tweeds.

Angela Warren came forward to eet her and said with a smile, "I feel e a schoolgirl again."

"I'm very proud of you, my ar," said Miss Williams. "You've do credit. This is Carla, I suppose. She won't remember me. She wa too young. . . ."

Philip Blake said fretfully, "W t is all this? Nobody told me—"

Hercule Poirot said: "I call it— e— an excursion into the past. Shall not all sit down? Then we shall be ad when the last guest arrives. And then she is here we can proceed to our usiness—to lay the ghosts."

Philip Blake exclaimed: "Wha om-foolery is this? You're not going t hold a *séance*, are you?"

"No, no. We are only going t discuss some events that happene long ago—to discuss them and, perha s, to see more clearly the course of the . As to the ghosts, they will not mate ialize but who is to say they are not h e, in this room, although we cannot see hem. Who is to say that Amyas and C oline Crale are not here—listening?"

Philip Blake said, "Absurd non-sense—" and broke off as th door opened again and the butler ann nced Lady Dittisham.

*(To be concluded next wee*




# HISTORY IS REPEATING ITSELF!

**The success of the original Hudson Super-Six . . . a car war-born and ahead of its time in performance, economy and long life . . . is still remembered. Now after a quarter-century of development and advancement, another new car is getting a warm welcome from buyers who are again looking for a car they can depend on throughout a period of emergency . . . the new 1942 Hudson Super-Six, on display today at all Hudson dealers!**

EVEN today, countless people remember the original Hudson Super-Six with an affectionate loyalty that few, if any, other automobiles ever enjoyed.

It served them well and economically; in every way it met the requirements of those unusual times.

Now—as in 1916—most people are buying their new cars with unusual care; they expect to drive them for a longer time than usual. Now, as then, economy takes on new importance. And again there is a great new Hudson Super-Six to meet their needs!

*Come and Try the New*
**HUDSON**
***DRIVE-MASTER****



*Easiest of All Ways to Drive!*
*No Gear-Shifting . . . No Clutch-Pushing!*

**Available at low extra cost on all 1942 Hudsons (and worth many times what it costs)*

Naturally, a quarter-century of engineering progress has brought revolutionary advancements to the Super-Six. The latest—and perhaps greatest—is Hudson's new Drive-Master. Double carburetion adds greatly both to performance and economy. Double-Safe Brakes contribute to safer driving; conditioned air ventilating and heating to healthful comfort the year round; Airfoam Seat Cushions to restful relaxation. These are just a few — plus the new beauty of Symphonic Styling.

The *number* of these new Hudsons to be built is limited by the requirements of defense production, in which Hudson is extensively engaged. In *quality,* they maintain the high standards established during Hudson's 32 years of engineering leadership.

We think you will be surprised at the low price of the new 1942 Hudson Super-Six. Your nearest Hudson dealer wants you to know that you will be most welcome to come in, look, ask questions and drive a Super-Six today. This year — of all years — it will pay you to shop carefully — and early.

***Also on Display — New Hudson Commodore Six and Eight; and New Hudson Six (priced among 1942's lowest)***

NEW 1942

# HUDSON SUPER-SIX

BUILT TO SERVE BETTER . . . LAST LONGER . . . COST LESS TO RUN



# Why bubbles leave home

When air bubbles from a melting ice cube meet the sparkle-bubbles in your highball, what happens? They go buggy-riding together—right out of your drink . . . then ice water dilutes what's left.

Prevent this bubble-snatching. Use Sparkling Canada Dry Water, as all smart hosts do.

Its pin-point carbonation—millions of tinier bubbles—stays home . . . keeps drinks tangy to the end. Enjoy its finer flavor soon!

**P. S.** *Drink a glassful any time. It's good for you.*




THE ANSWER TO YOUR TALL DRINKS'

S (SAVE) O (OUR) S (SPARKLE!)

*Sparkling*

CANADA DRY WATER

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For better ginger ale highballs use Canada Dry, "The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

Also try Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer, Lime Rickey, Quinine Water, Spur

# Captains All

Continued from page 15

the sand underfoot no less than furnace-like. But he saw the speck.

An hour later, it was barely a mile away. The improbability continued. It was not a ship. Not even a galleon of the Dons, or a *guardacostas* which would eagerly have rescued him to enliven a Spanish holiday by his execution. It was a ship's boat. An open boat with a single mast and a scrap of square sail, with a solitary man lolling in its stern sheets. This man made aimless gestures to himself as his boat rose and fell on the tall blue waves. He seemed to be singing lustily, but it was minutes before Captain Morgan could realize the truth. The man in the boat was drunk. Roaring drunk. Singing drunk, sailing all alone in a ship's boat a full fifty leagues from any useful shore.

Captain Morgan's profanity grew impassioned once more as his frantic shouts and caperings went unregarded. Then his luck changed. The man in the boat—he was short and fat and bull-like of build—bent unsteadily forward. He straightened up with a drinking cup, apparently, in his hands. He gulped. And then a surging of the boat toppled him sidewise and bumped him smartly against the gunwale. He grasped it with both hands to steady himself. The badly trimmed boat swung downwind. Its motion became that of an unruly horse. The tiller jerked this way and that, totally eluding the fumbling, besotted gestures of the fat man as he attempted to recapture it.

He fell clumsily upon it as Captain Morgan roared from the beach:

"Starb'd y'helm, y'fool! Clear the point an' come about—"

The swayings of the boat confused the fat man. His arms waved wildly while Captain Morgan fairly danced with rage, bellowing orders which did not carry through the roar of surf.

Tall waves lifted the boat. They bore her shoreward in a splendid sweep. Then they foamed and let her down with a crash upon the sand bar, and picked her up and swung her sidewise, and then rolled her over—snapping off her mast—and then worried her in the roiling water. Captain Morgan heard the cracking of planks and fairly danced with rage.

Arms flailed in the turbulent smother. There were intermittent glimpses of wreckage. The bow of the small boat was hopelessly stove in, but the stern remained apparently in one piece. And presently the fat man appeared almost at the beach. He seemed to float cork-like even in such a smother. Later still he practically rolled into shallow water and then got unsteadily to his feet. And he was still drunk.

"By the devil!" said Captain Morgan furiously. "You're a pretty sot! A fine fool! A stupid dolt! An idiot! You—"

THE newcomer's eyes fell upon him at first vaguely. Then they focused and he paled. He gulped. Then he smiled wanly.

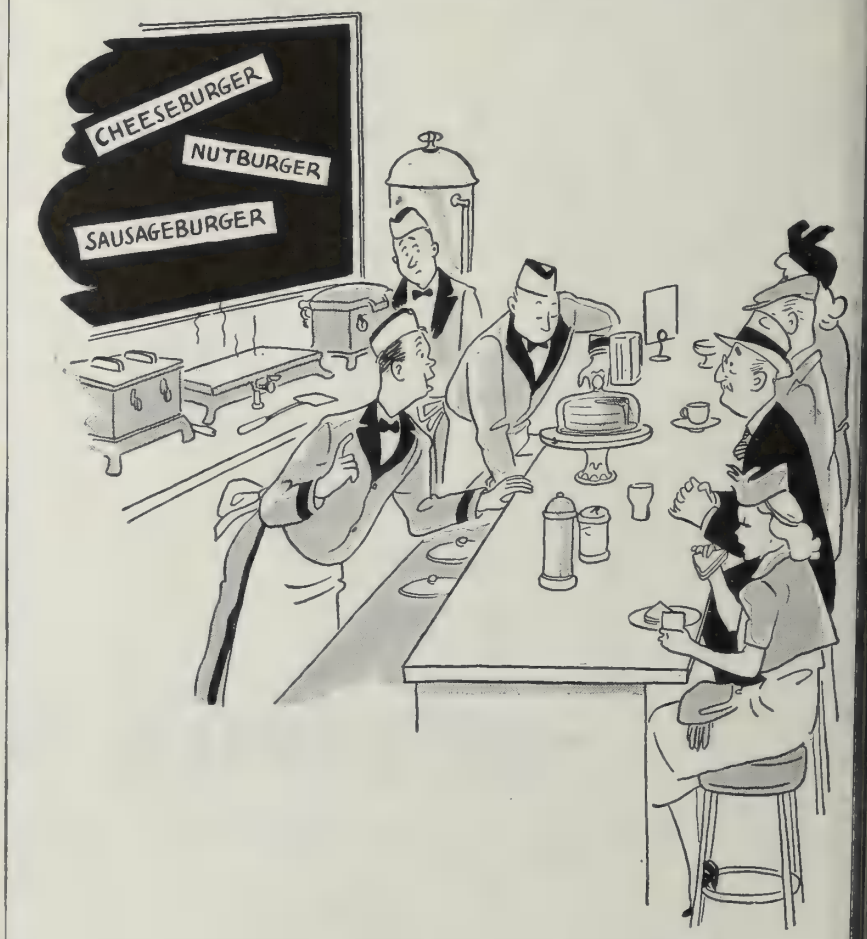
"If it ain't Cap'n Morgan!" he said in a desperate attempt at cordiality. "I didn't know y'were here, Cap'n. How d'ye do?"

His hand closed nervously over the knife in his sash. There were pistols stuck there too, but their priming was wet. They were useless. Yet it was plain that the newcomer would have fared much better had they been in firing order.

"I don't know you," said Captain Morgan in an ominous tone, "yet you know me well enough. Who are y', and from what ship?"

"Carvel's my name, Cap'n. Captain Sam Carvel o' the Naughty Sal."

He tried to grin ingratiatingly, but




"I'll have that plain hamburger for you in a few minutes, sir. It has to be fixed up special!"

BO BROW

# "I want something that begins with 'R' —and it's not a raise"



**Yesterday I got** up my courage to talk to the boss about something that's been on my mind for a long time.

*I said*, "One reason why you are such a good executive is that you have the knack of delegating authority to those who know how to use it best.

"But there's *one* person you've overlooked—and that's *me!* You really ought to give me authority to choose the make of typewriter I like best!"

Then I explained how it would work to *his* advantage. For I'd choose a *Royal*. And a Royal, I know from experience, means not only *better* work, but *faster* work.

I pointed out that only Royal has MAGIC* Margin—and it really *is* magic to a typist, the way a flick of the finger changes margins instantly! And *Segment* Shift, that lets the carriage ride smoothly along, without popping up and down every time you shift. And Touch Control*, another exclusive Royal feature. It makes the Royal my *personal* machine, adjusts the keyboard action perfectly to my style of typing. And speed? Royal's speed is so velvety and effortless that it really helps keep errors out of last minute, hurry up letters!

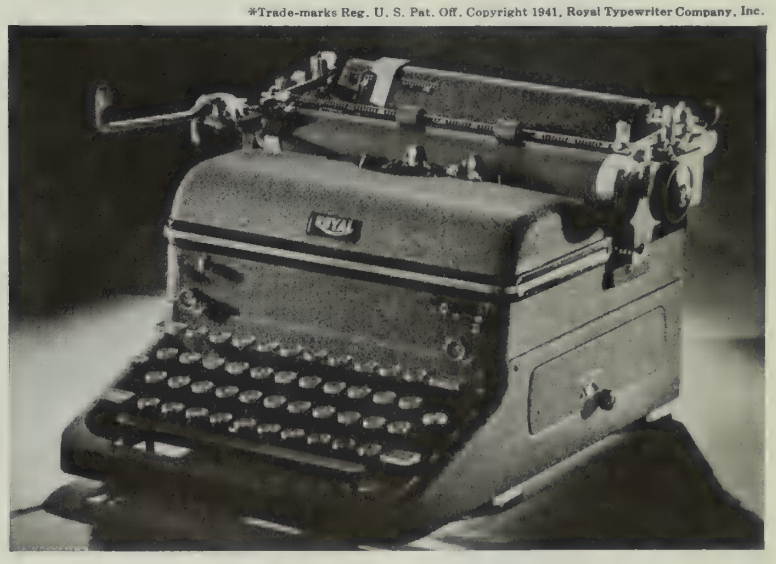
"But, there's still more!" I said. "Royal can actually *save you money*. It's more durable, needs fewer repairs and less servicing. That's because the machine is so well protected, both inside and out. All we need to do is phone the local Royal representative for a free 'desk test'—then you'll be convinced of all these things, yourself!"

◆ ◆ ◆

**P. S.** This morning, there on my desk was a brand new Royal. I *knew* he was a good executive!

## ROYAL
### World's Number 1
## TYPEWRITER

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**MAGIC* Margin**—Just flick this handy lever to change and set margins *automatically*. No fussing with mechanism. Only Royal has it!

**Segment Shift**—The carriage doesn't clatter and pop up when you shift on a Royal! Less noise . . . less eyestrain.

**Touch Control***—Do you tap, *peck*, or POUND when you type? A twirl of this dial adjusts key tension exactly to your individual touch. Only Royal has it!

**Accelerating Type Bars**—Royal's fast type-bar return naturally enables you to type faster.

**NoType-bar Blur!** Dancing type bars flash *unseen* on a Royal. This means less eyestrain, as does the "no glare" finish of the machine itself.

**Finger Flow Keyboard**—Only Royal has this scientifically planned keyboard, with "finger comfort" keys covered with glare-absorbing Lucite. Corner keys are platform-shaped for greater speed and ease.

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was not easy. The wetting had partly sobered him, and fearful emotion seemed to sober him more. He took sudden note of Captain Morgan's appearance; the clumsy, makeshift bandage about his shoulder and the sling for his right arm; the once-fine clothes torn to ribbons in the savage battle before Captain Morgan was marooned. He gaped. Then he said suspiciously:

"Cap'n Morgan wi' no weapons an' no crew? Am I drunk or dreamin', Cap'n?"

"Y'are indifferent sober," said Captain Morgan icily, "and ■ good two hundred leagues from Port Royal, and as far from ■ drop to drink unless you salvage that little keg yonder. I've but one arm fit to use."

Captain Carvel still blinked. He turned and surveyed the sand cay. Half ■ mile in one direction. A quarter of a mile in the other. Tussock grass and sand dunes and utterly empty sea all about, empty, that is, save for bits of wreckage in the surf. The sight of them completed the sobering process.

SUDDENLY he ripped out a blistering oath and went waddling back to the water. He went thigh-deep into the spume, groping anxiously for ■ handhold on the largest bit of wreckage in sight. It was the after half of the boat he had been sailing. He tugged at it, puffing, until the veins stood out on his forehead. Presently the half boat lay beached with only the furthermost surges of foam sweeping through it. Captain Carvel took the knife from his sash and cut lashings. He heaved, and then he came splashing ashore with an ironbound wooden chest in his arms. It was not a large chest, but it was heavy. It taxed his strength to carry it, and not all his bulk was fat.

Captain Morgan's eyes glittered. The elaboration of the ironwork said that the chest was Spanish. Its strength and Captain Carvel's anxiety told more. Captain Carvel now cast a doubtful, highly suspicious look at Captain Morgan, and searched all the world with his eyes once more. Then he hesitated a long time, and went reluctantly into the surf again. He salvaged the cask Captain Morgan had mentioned, a soggy bag of seabiscuit, an unappetizing lump of buccaned beef, and another cask that lay deep in the water. But from time to time he looked sharply back at the chest he had first brought ashore, and when he had finished he said uneasily:

"Cap'n Morgan, y'are truly wi'out a ship or sloop or even a piragua?"

"The fools on th' Espiritu Sanctu," said Captain Morgan harshly, "pounced on me while I slept. I pistoled three o' them and stabbed two more. But here I am."

"Marooned."

"For the time being," said Captain Morgan coldly. "It seems y'are no less unlucky yourself, Captain Carvel. How came you to be here?"

Captain Carvel scratched his head reflectively.

"I were drunk when I came ashore," he admitted. "You saw't. But before—Well, we on the Naughty Sal had heard of ■ plate ship that was leavin' Caracas. We went to find her. An' we did. They fought. We won. The Dons jumped o'erboard, leavin' her to us. We helped the last ones jump," he added blandly. "She were ■ nice prize."

Captain Morgan's face grew savage.

"The Santa Lucia!" he said wrathfully. "I'd marked her down myself! 'Twas for lack o' her capture that my men mutinied!"

"Aye? But y'see, Cap'n Morgan, when we'd looted an' sunk her, we went over to Dead Man's Cay, an' there my lads broached a couple o' hogsheads o' rum to celebrate. An' first thing y'know, all han's were dead drunk. An' when one of 'em woke up near sober, he couldn't work the ship all to hisself, so he took a mug or two to pass the time till somebody else come to, so he was drunk again when that happened."

"Y'had no discipline," said Captain Morgan scornfully.

"Mayhap," admitted Captain Carvel, "but it worrited me. I thought to myself, I did, that sooner or later the lads would be fightin', so there'd be fewer to divide wi' when it came time to part the loot from the plate ship. An' there was this here chest o' gems that was down i' the cabin' o' the Santa Lucia, worth more than all the Dons' bullion. So to save trouble, Cap'n Morgan, I took that chest o' gems an' I put it in a ship's boat wi' ■ leetle keg o' rum, some water, an' some victuals, an' I set sail all by myself. An' to tell the truth, Cap'n Morgan, I'd a bos'n, one Tom Savage, who was a mite too pop'lar wi' my lads, an' he'd a notion o' puttin' me out o' my place an' bein' captain in my stead." He sighed. "I'll wager he's cap'n now."

"I know the man," said Captain Morgan negligently. "He sailed under me once. For insolence I gave him four dozen lashes an' keelhauled him, to boot. He's sworn to ha' revenge for that, I hear." Then he added professionally: "You slashed the riggin' o' the Naughty Sal to hinder pursuit?"

"Aye," confessed Captain Carvel. He mentioned smugly, "An' besides, I set a bit of fire in her hold to keep the lads busy."

"You stove all the tubs an' buckets, o'course," added Captain Morgan again, "an' had a slow match to th' magazine?"

"Why, no, Cap'n Morgan. I did not. I was in haste."

"Y'are a fool, then," said Captain Morgan in satisfaction. "Triply damned and an idiot to boot. They'll be here come sundown to flay you alive an' toast y' over a slow fire."

Captain Carvel scratched his head.

"How'd they know my course?" he demanded.

"Fool!" snapped Captain Morgan. "Y'could ha' but one! Where'd a man of our trade find a new ship? Port Royal! How close to the wind could y'sail to make it? The course you sailed! No other!"

HE BEGAN to stride up and down the sand, thinking deeply and impatiently. Captain Carvel said uneasily:

"D'ye think Tom Savage would ha' the wit to know it, Cap'n?"

"Who would not?" demanded Captain Morgan over his shoulder.

Captain Carvel meditated deeply.

"A bad fix we're in then, Cap'n Morgan. What d'ye say?"

"I say," said Captain Morgan peevishly, "that it's a devilish long time that my throat's been parched. Pray tap that keg, Captain Carvel! My throat's a furnace!"

But Captain Carvel had meditated to some purpose.

"Look ye', Cap'n Morgan," he said painfully. "Our cases are alike more ways than one. Let's agree that if the Naughty Sal should come on us, we're sailin' in consort an' it's all for one an' each for t'other till we're safe in Port Royal. An'—an'—" The offer seemed to come with a wrench, but he made it, "—an' a fair split on the chest o' gems to boot. If ye will, Cap'n Morgan, here's my hand on't."

He offered a pudgy, hamlike hand. Captain Morgan took it with his one good one. And then, painfully, Captain Carvel held savagely fast and snatched out his knife, boring in with the obvious resolution to stab Captain Morgan to the heart.

But he did not. Instead, as the pudgy but powerful fingers tightened, Captain Morgan moved with a catlike swiftness





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a terrifying ferocity. He snarled as aped, and the knife passed over his lder. But his knee went savagely, bly deep into the fat man's belly all of Captain Morgan's weight and behind it.

man could stand such a blow. Cap- Carvel uttered an explosive groan. collapsed in a convulsed, tortured on the ground, his face greenish, ing and gasping for breath.

ptain Morgan pricked him deeply his own knife point.

low speak up!" he snarled icily. the devil! y'do not honor me try- o kill me with so old a trick! But had some plan! Speak it, or you'll speak again!"

PTAIN CARVEL wheezed and asped and choked. Sobbing curses led up between his gasps. Captain an pricked him again.

old!" wheezed Captain Carvel, "I'll ee! I—I'd ha' changed clothes wi' an' built a fire. An' when my lads , they'd ha' thought 'twas me that lead-drunk an' fell in the fire an' burned."

olt!" cried Captain Morgan angrily, ld they mistake me for the fat ss o' thine? An' what o' the gems?" d ha' had to let them find the most m," wheezed Captain Carvel. "Yet a' kept out a double handful or o' the best, an' they'd ha' gone on nowin' I yet lived."

ptain Morgan said sardonically, as lucked away Captain Carvel's ls and his powder-horn and bullet- n:

a! For a moment I'd hopes of you 're naught but a fool. Had your carried, 'twould ha' left you ma- d here, an' you'd ha' lost most o' ems to boot. 'Tis no way for a in in our trade to plan!"

sat down and began to draw the d charges and reload the pistols. id it clumsily, because he had but hand and that the left one. For a while there was no sound save the surf and the wheezing, anguished breath of Captain Carvel, and such clicking sounds as the recharging of the pistols necessitated. But the fat man's breathing grew easier after a time. After a long while he sat up groggily.

"Fetch the keg o' rum," commanded Captain Morgan. His voice grew softly ferocious. "Bring me to drink, an' then fetch a plank splintered off from that boat o' yours. 'Tis to serve as a spade."

The pistols were ready. Captain Carvel's face turned a sickly hue.

"Nay!" said Captain Morgan impatiently. "I've no need to murder you. Not now! 'Tis to dig a pit for Tom Savage."

Captain Carvel, sadly chastened, waddled away. But he brought the keg, and he brought the plank. Captain Morgan drank deeply, and then led the way to the leeward side of the sand dune. He picked a spot at random and said:

"Dig here, Captain Carvel. A deep, wide hole, sufficient for the folly o' all the Naughty Sal's crew."

Captain Carvel protested indignantly. He put forth his rank. Captain Morgan put forth a pistol. Captain Carvel dug furiously. His belly hurt him. He stopped to rest. And Captain Morgan let off one of the two recharged pistols so close to his ear that he jumped and howled a protest.

"I ha' yet another pistol," said Captain Morgan savagely. "Dig!"

The sun rose higher. It grew close to midday. The white sand was a furnace-like flame which made the eyes water. But even worse than the light was the heat.

It was terrible to Captain Morgan. To Captain Carvel, streaming fat and sweat as he labored, it was sheer purgatory. He panted and wheezed as he dug. Then he sobbed. But Captain Morgan drove him on with threats and curses and once—he had recharged the first-fired pistol—with a bullet that drew




"Mrs. Jones isn't home. Could you bring him back tomorrow?"

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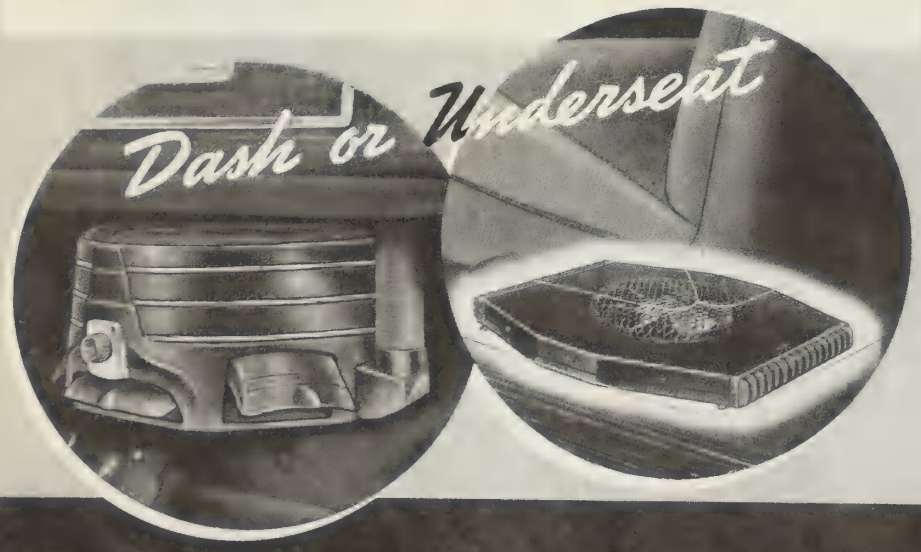
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blood. It was near to sundown before he let the fat man cease.

"Now fetch rum an' water," he commanded sardonically. "I'll e'en let you drink—a little. Not too much. We ha' more yet to do."

Captain Carvel tottered on his feet, but Captain Morgan was as good as his word. He let the exhausted fat man drink—a little. Then he drove his captive to the beach. He forced him to load himself with dry, parched bits of driftwood. He forced him to carry them close to the monstrous excavation he had made. He made him carry a second load, and a third. Then he bade him set a fire ready to light.

"Cap'n Morgan," said Captain Carvel thickly, "a fire will guide the Naughty Sal to us, wi' men who've reason to flay us both alive!"

"Set the fire!" Captain Morgan commanded.

THE flames blazed brightly as the dusk grew deep. Captain Carvel collapsed. But Captain Morgan turned upon him waspishly. A pistol in his left hand glittered in the firelight.

"Not yet," he said harshly. "I ha' to think for both of us, so you must e'en work for both. Fill up the pit again."

"Cap'n Morgan—" panted Captain Carvel desperately.

"Dolt! Lackwit!" roared Captain Morgan. "Who'd look for a chest o' gems at the bottom of an empty pit? An' who'd fail to dig where a man wi' wealth to hide had dug before? To work!"

But it was easier work, if no less onerous to the exhausted fat man. And now, too, Captain Morgan was not so merciless. Three times he had his captive precede him to the beach while he searched the sea with eyes and ears. On his third trip, some time in the middle watch, he saw the distant glimmer of phosphorescence which could only be foam under the forefoot of a moving ship. Straining, he caught the vague outline of sails in the starlight.

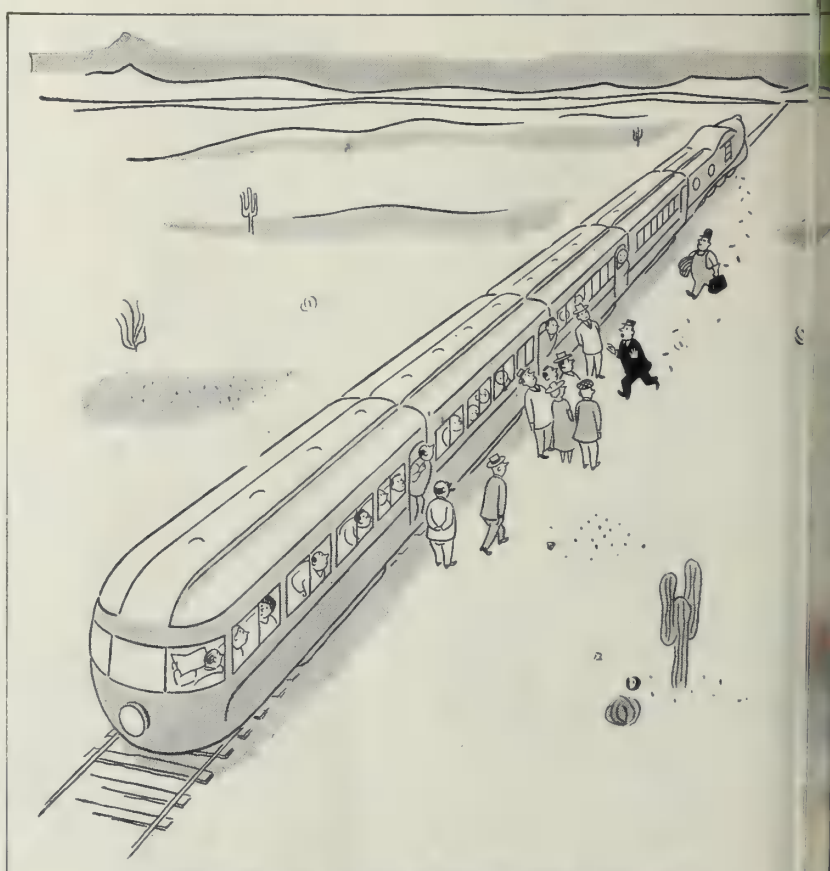
"Now, by the devil!" said Captain Morgan delightedly, "we ha' them! Baited by our fire! An' the pit is filled just enough to be tempting! Come now, Captain Carvel, harken to what I tell 'ee. When I'm afloat, take the ch gems to a spot I'll point out, an' I come ashore wi' a boat—"

Captain Carvel stared despai out over the sea. He also saw th blur of spread canvas. The Na Sal, loaded with shipmates whon robbed and tried to roast, cor avenge their injuries. He was su deep in exhaustion and despair e curse. But Captain Morgan stru him savagely with a pistol muzzl spoke savagely, swiftly, precisely gradually a single ray of hope spra in Captain Carvel's breast an panded, and after a little he very blubbered in a mixture of exha and anticipatory relief.

The gray blur of the ship came r and solidified, and became a small vessel such as many S prizes turned into, once their bo stern castles were hewn away. dently Tom Savage knew this anc well. Moving gently in the light a came about in something very c silence, and there was the creak o falls. Then she came up into the lost way, and the anchor went Captain Morgan listened sharp sounds to tell him the state in they left her. Blocks creaked, bu was no evidence that men went a furl sail.

"One boat has gone to t'other the island," said Captain Morgan fiedly, "to pounce should you try away. They know not that you is wrecked. They'll land from th Mayhap—"

They saw the upper works of t glowing in the thin and ruddy re of the fire. Her hull was in shad sounds came ashore which tra themselves easily. Another bo ered. Men swarmed into it. creaked. The freebooter's l came straining toward the islan darkness. In minutes, it beached figures ran across the sand and i firelight. Savage shoutings res The firstcomers had found, in t sure evidence of the presence fugitive commander. Then the ings changed. They'd found the filled-in pit he'd dug. It meant that he'd buried his chest of gen



**"There'll be a slight delay, folks—the engineer just reached the automatic retirement age"**

TONY




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1942

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ALBERT RICHARD
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the plate ship, but had been interrupted by their coming before he could complete its hiding. Some men ran across the island to the farther beach to roar the information across the water to the other longboat, hovering offshore on that side. A stentorian voice by the fire bellowed orders to organize a complete search of the island for the dethroned skipper.

Captain Morgan ignored such trivia. He kept his eyes upon the second boat drawn only indifferently ashore. Three members of the crew of the Naughty Sal at first remained to guard it. But one of the three ran up into the firelight when someone found the bit of plank with which Captain Carvel had dug. Already sand flew as men tore at the loosened stuff to recover the treasure he had filched from them. Other men scattered to search for their former captain. Shoutings resounded to the skies.

IT WAS too much. A second of the three boat guards ran to join in the search—whether for jewels or revenge was indeterminate. Only one remained. And then Captain Morgan, his eyes glittering, moved toward the boat along a carefully felt-for line of waist-deep water. He was in shadow. He was offshore. His approach was unsuspected.

It seemed a long time, but actually it was less than a quarter of an hour before the boat moved away from the shoreline with one man only in it. That man was Captain Morgan. The boat-guard's body lolled in the shallow water. There had been no alarm. More, the boat-guard's pistols now reposed in Captain Morgan's sash, their priming preserved unwetted. He sculled with his one good arm, swearing under his breath at his own awkwardness. But he moved steadily toward the ship.

Minutes later, he moderately raised his voice.

"Ahoy, the Naughty Sal!"

A startled, suspicious voice:

"Who's there?"

"Captain Morgan," said that gentleman shortly, "o' the Espiritu Sanctu. Throw me a line to board!"

A scurrying, of providential feet. Then a bleating bellow:

"Stand off, or we fire!"

"Tush!" said Captain Morgan fully. "You ha' an able anchor aboard, an' with eyes in your you'd see that I am alone!"

Scared and partly bewildered Captain Morgan sculled close weapon fired on him. If he were alone, it was not needful. If he were crammed with men, it would fatal. He climbed the low side Naughty Sal, using his one good and his teeth for gripping the stays. He swung his legs over and found himself in the waverin of a battle lantern's light, while of rigging and sails towered overhead.

"Hah!" he said ironically. "Five men of an anchor watch, an' muskets trained on me. And I a weapon save a knife, and am s to boot. But since y'are so frig me—"

He tossed the knife overside a scornfully.

A voice said hoarsely, very su indeed:

"Now, then, what d'ye want Morgan? When Tom Savage see

"Not when, lads," said Morgan easily, blinking in the the horn-glazed lantern. "No If! I ha' a bargain to offer yo own men mutinied yesterday rooned me on yonder sand ca Captain Carvel came ashore com this morning, but he was roun civil, an' I had to teach him n Your mates ashore will find h presently. But meanwhile th chest o' gems he took when he alone . . ."

He paused. There was eager babbling of questions.

"It is in my mind," said Morgan blandly," that you five to navigate, can take the Nau prettily into Port Royal wi'out t the lads now making so much ashore. Do the five of ye com wi' me, load the chest o' gems a it back aboard, an' we'll cut c




**"For heaven's sake, John, take that thing off of the fender. I'm sure everyone in town has seen it by now!"**

GERA

# HOW TO STOP A TANK—QUICK!



## It Takes a Whole Fleet of Motor Trucks—Busy on the Home Front —to Keep ONE Tank in Action!

OVER many a U. S. highway a stream of trucks goes flashing through the night.

Some are jammed with shell casings. Others are rushing machine gun mountings to hungry assembly lines. Still others carry steel plates for tanks . . . gasoline and oil for motorized columns . . . replacement parts for repairs in the field . . . food and uniforms for the soldiers.

**SPEEDING DEFENSE**

*Forty to sixty per cent of the loads carried by America's freight trucks—throughout America — are for defense.*

Trucks form a giant conveyor system — linking factories together like no other transportation system can. By contrast truck loads are small . . . highly flexible. *Trucks FLOW goods into a plant in a steady stream — keeping pace with production* —instead of dumping a week's or a month's supply at once onto congested platforms.

**FASTER THAN MAIL**

Moreover—trucks are never side-tracked. Deliveries often come through faster than the U. S. Mail! Actually — express service at freight rates.

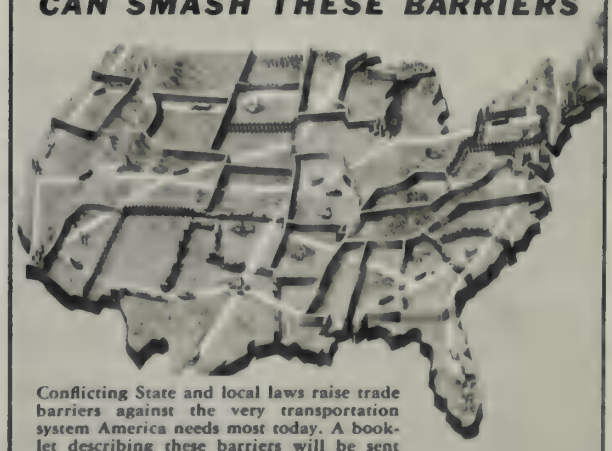
Interrupt this flow and you stop tanks — and troops — *quick!* Shortages may soon develop in consumer's goods. Prices jump.

**CUTTING COSTS**

*Help trucks roll — and you not only speed defense — you reduce the cost of your own food . . . clothing . . . and daily necessities. For everything you eat — wear — or use — comes to you all or part of the way by truck.*

Isn't it time, then, that trade barriers be abolished? Useless barriers that hamper or stop the free flow of goods by truck?

**NEITHER TRUCKS—NOR TANKS—CAN SMASH THESE BARRIERS**



Conflicting State and local laws raise trade barriers against the very transportation system America needs most today. A booklet describing these barriers will be sent to you on request.




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WASHINGTON, D.C.

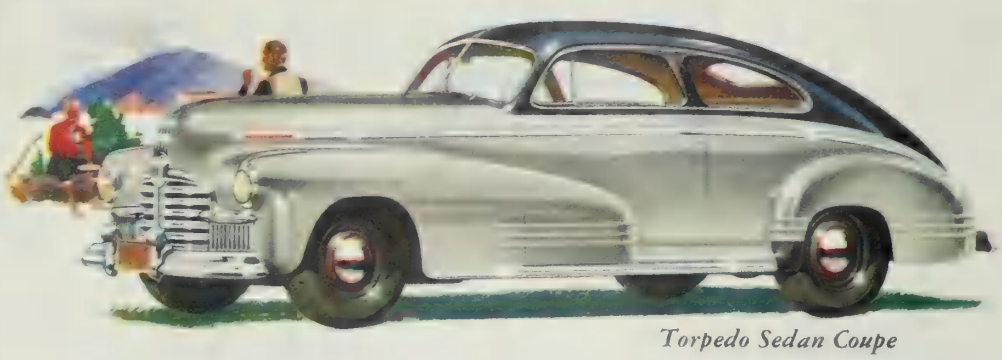
# Here's the perfect car for America today– and for many years to come!



*Torpedo Business Coupe*



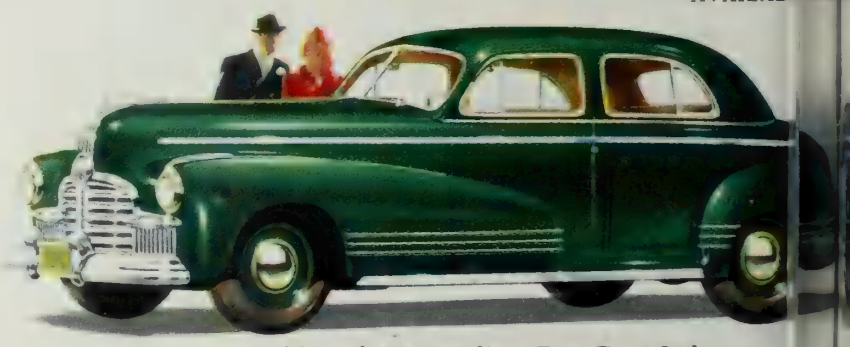
*Torpedo Sport Coupe*



*Torpedo Sedan Coupe*



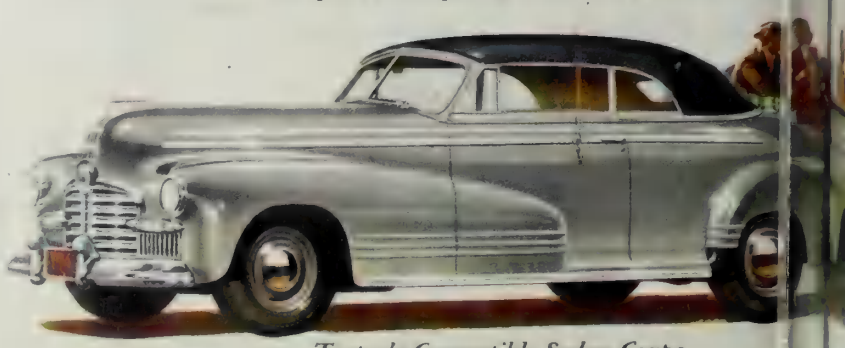
*Torpedo Two-Door Sedan*



*Torpedo Metropolitan Four-Door Sedan*



*Torpedo Four-Door Sedan*



*Torpedo Convertible Sedan Coupe*

1942



*In additio*

**vital, long**

THIS YEAR YOUR choic
going to depend—more
—on *how many years it*

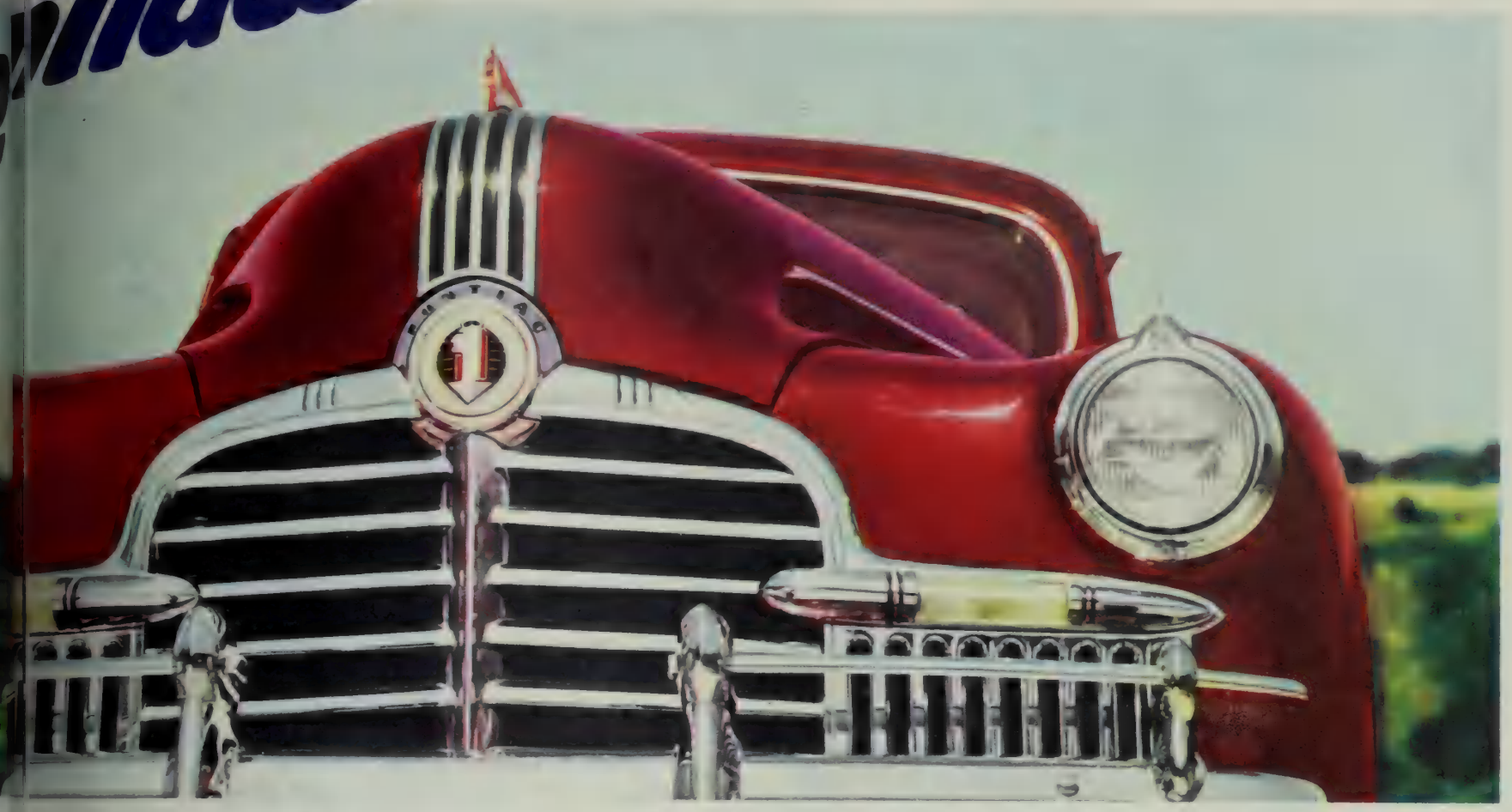
Because of this, it is mor
ever that you investigate
you buy any 1942 car.

The new Pontiacs have
improvements—improve

...W

AVAILAB

# ...tiacs

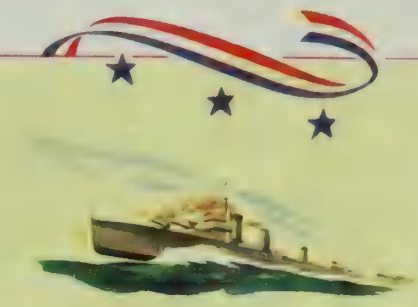


...*vements*, 1942 **Pontiacs** still offer all the ...for which Pontiac has long been famous

...ake without interfering with the ...defense. They are smartly styled ...out. Handling ease, riding comfort ...ability are noticeably improved ...crifice of Pontiac's famous gasoline ...onomy. They are still priced just ...lowest-priced cars. Again in 1942 ...car buyer can afford a Pontiac.

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That is why we say the 1942 Pontiac is the perfect car for America today—*and for many years to come!*



**Full Speed Ahead on National Defense**

To the production of a new type of heavy machine gun for the United States Navy, Pontiac is devoting two entire plants, totaling 10 acres of floor space and staffed with thousands of Pontiac production experts and skilled craftsmen working three shifts a day. In addition Pontiac has a total of 223 sub-contractors supplying machines and material to build this new gun which naval authorities describe as "the most effective weapon of its size ever produced." Defense comes first at Pontiac—and Pontiac is going full speed ahead!

...'ve always liked *and is new ones too!*

...ANY MODEL

GENERAL MOTORS' MASTERPIECE



*Streamliner Sedan Coupe*

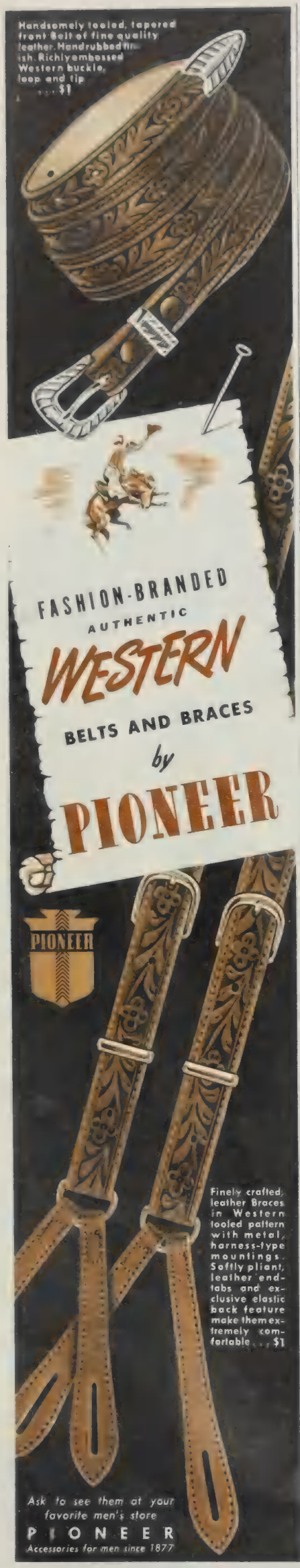


*Streamliner Four-Door Sedan*



*Streamliner Station Wagon*

**THE FINE CAR WITH THE LOW PRICE**




away wi'out fuss or trouble. An' then we'll divide the loot."

Silence. Then a whispering. The men of the anchor watch conferred secretively. It was perfectly obvious to Captain Morgan that they would arrange to secure the chest by his guidance, kill him, and divide the loot among themselves without benefit to their companions. But he gave no sign of this knowledge.

The whispers ended. The leader of the five said gruffly, "What ye say sounds well, Cap'n Morgan, but 'tis known y'are a most unsarvin' man. If ye'll let us make sure ye ha' no arms—"

"One man!" said Captain Morgan sternly. "Only one may touch me! I've no mind to be pawed by a bunch of filthy rogues!"

He submitted, frowning, to the exploration of his sash and the patting of his body to make sure that no weapon was concealed. Then he said shortly:

"Now, there's the boat below. Slip down into her, lads. I'll steer ye to where the chest waits, we'll slip it on board, an'— Ye'll be the heroes o' Port Royal's wenches for as long as ye desire!"

HE STOOD by the rail. One man; two men; three descended. But Captain Morgan held up a bland hand as a fourth made to follow.

"Nay, lad," he said benignly. "Ye trust each other, an' 'tis unseamanly to leave no anchor watch. Do you two bide here."

He descended to the boat and took the steering oar. The other oars struck water. He steered with exactly the air of someone knowing precisely where he was going. Presently he headed directly inshore.

In what seemed seconds the boat beached gently. Captain Morgan saw a movement upon the sand, and moved like lightning.

He seized and fired the first of the pistols he had left in the stern sheets on his way out from the shore. At such close range he could not miss. The flame of the explosion seemed not to have died away before he had snatched up the second pistol and fired it also, and that pistol had not fallen upon the boat's bottom boards before the third of the rowers—in the very act of whirling upon him—met the deadly pellet of lead from the third pistol. Captain Morgan nodded comfortably. By leaving two members of the anchor watch aboard ship, he had made the mathematics of pistols and men come out right, with one pistol, still undischarged, left over. Beside, he had two men on board ship who would be handy for future uses.

Captain Carvel loomed up, staggering and wheezing with his load.

"Ha, Captain," said Captain Morgan blandly. "Art fairly on time. Clear the boat and ship the chest, an' we'll back to the Naughty Sal."

The longboat was huge and heavy, and though Captain Carvel rowed two oars, it moved but slowly. Yet at long last the Naughty Sal loomed up again. A voice hailed cautiously:

"How did ye fare, mates?"

Captain Morgan answered in a hoarse, unrecognizable voice:

"We ha' the chest, but we had some fighting. Heave a line!"

Two voices babbled joyously. A line dropped in the boat. Captain Carvel made it fast. As the bow of the longboat touched the ship, Captain Morgan silently thrust a pistol upon Captain Carvel. The pistol was discharged and useless; from the bottom of the longboat. But Captain Carvel could not know that. Captain Morgan swung to the Naughty Sal's deck. From there his voice sounded in sudden purring ferocity:

"Hoist up that chest, ye scum, or I'll treat ye as I did your mates when they tried to kill me! Haul!"

The joyous babbling of two voices changed to panicky protesting of innocence and loyalty. Captain Morgan's pistol threatened savagely. Then he plucked away their weapons and tossed them overside—his own pistol held in the crook of his injured arm—while driving the two captives to their task with lurid and powerful profanity. Captain Carvel puffed his way over the rail. Then pandemonium set up ashore.

"Aye!" said Captain Morgan approvingly. "On time again, Captain Carvel! An' by the howls ashore, they ha' found out summat's wrong. Do you take one of these lads, Captain, an' drive him to what's needful while I take t'other. But do not pistol him till I gi' you leave, else we may be put to some inconvenience in getting under way." He snapped at the seaman. "For'ard, scum!"

His pistol barrel pointed the command. While raging confusion reigned ashore, there was brisk if rebellious movement on the Naughty Sal. The ship's haltered, anchored motion changed abruptly as her anchor cable splashed overside.

Four men—with seven arms among them—slacked lines here and hauled at others yonder. The great yards on which her fore- and mainsails hung—braced in exactly opposite directions when the ship came to anchor in such raging haste—now creaked about till they were braced in a more normal fashion, suitable for progress in the water instead of a hasty halt at anchor. The Naughty Sal's head fell off and the sand cay swung about until it lay almost dead astern. The ship began to gather headway.

"An' now," said Captain Carvel vengefully, "we kill these two scum! I'll pistol one an' you t'other, eh, Cap'n Morgan?"

"Nay," said Captain Morgan, gently ferocious. "We but set them to swimming shoreward. Jump, lads, or I'll let your heart's blood out o' ye! Jump!"

His pistol glinted in the starlight. The two survivors of the anchor watch gave simultaneous gasps. As one man, they leaped. Twin splashes sounded astern. Captain Carvel swore angrily.

"I ha' a prejudice 'gainst a dirty ship," said Captain Morgan blandly. "If your heart was set on killing them, y'should ha' told me you'd scrub the mess from the planking after. But—" His voice grew blander still "—your pistol is not charged, Cap'n Carvel. I used it when I landed for you an' the chest, an't has not been recharged as yet. 'Twas best to let the lads swim for't."

CAPTAIN CARVEL swore yet again. His pistol clicked, harmlessly. He flung it furiously to the deck. Captain Morgan took the tiller and made fine adjustment with the steering tackles which made it possible for one man to handle a ship of this size.

Whisperings began below the Naughty Sal's forefoot. A rhythmic rise and fall of her deck planking began. Then the comfortable creaking, washing, humming sounds which tell of a ship running easily under sail.

"I think," said Captain Morgan critically, "our jibs could be a trifle better set, Captain Carvel. Will you go for'ard an' see to 't?"

Captain Carvel went forward. Blocks creaked. The movement of the Naughty Sal became, perhaps, a trifle smoother. But Captain Carvel did not return. He stayed forward. No sound came from him at all. Nor, for that matter, from Captain Morgan. The Naughty Sal ran smoothly on her course. The last faint glow of the fire on the sand cay dwindled and was lost below the horizon Captain Morgan, however, seemed still to stand by the tiller, leaning on it, as if he were the only living creature on the ship.

But very suddenly and utterly without warning a gout of flames flashed



the companion hatch leading down what should be the captain's cabin. ell-mouthed harquebus flung its strous charge of bullets into the tall e leaning on the helm. The dis- e was at most ten feet, and the fig- was a perfect target. Moreover, the uebus was the perfect weapon for urderous an assault. Fifty slugs t have torn their way into and ugh the form beside the tiller.

here was a ringing, clanging sound. shape crumpled and fell in a curi- y boneless fashion, forming a vague, dy heap upon the starlit deck. A ss clanged and rattled to the plank- Then Captain Carvel came up out e companion hatch with the smok- harquebus still in his hand, wheez- elief and self-congratulation.

hen something hit him. It was the of Captain Morgan's fourth pistol, led shrewdly by Captain Morgan's hand.

HOUR later, Captain Carvel wheezed bitterly in the longboat n close up under the stern of the ghty Sal. There was a keg of rum another of water beside him, and a of canvas with which he could— presently would—improvise a sail. ain Morgan looked benignly down, ace showing clearly in the light of ttle lantern. He sawed cheerfully a rather dull knife at the rope h held the longboat to the ship. n it parted, Captain Carvel would arooned again in a small boat, ex- as at the moment of his first sight- y Captain Morgan. But this time he o chest of gems. That, and the bul- below decks now belonged to Cap- Morgan by right of conquest. And ould not share it with anybody.

'are a man of parts," observed Cap- Morgan benevolently, as the ds parted slowly under his knife. "Aye, a man of parts, even if y'cannot distinguish ■ Don's tall cloak on a cut- lass stabbed into the tiller head from a brother captain steering wi' the same. I think well of you, Captain Carvel. Wi' time an' training you might make a capable bos'n. It may be even a serviceable mate. But not a captain. Nay! Not a captain in our trade!"

He made ■ deprecatory gesture with the knife.

"'Tis not that you do not try," he conceded sadly. "You try. Aye! I'll wager you'd already planned even your sailing into Port Royal, since one man could not work the Sal in to anchorage alone. But you'd ha' botched it, e'en if you so contrived as to near the port by daylight. You'd ha' beached her, I'll wager, or else signaled to your friends ashore to come out and help take her in. An' in either case the firstcomers would ha' robbed you of half your cargo o' gems and bullion, if indeed they did not slit your throat an' take it all.

"So as a lesson, now, do you take note that I'll sail lubberly enough the last few leagues, if need be, to make my landfall close to dawn. An' close to the harbor mouth I'll nudge ■ piragua I'll find lying off it. There'll be half ■ dozen such, filled with slaves of the tavern-keepers, catching fish for their masters to spoil in the cooking. I'll nudge such ■ little boat wi' the Naughty Sal so 'twill sink an' the slaves in it will ha' no choice but to scramble to my deck. An' then I'll press them for crew to work ship to ■ safe, snug anchorage at a pistol's point. Y'see, lad? 'Tis such fine points that show you should not try to be a captain in our trade. You ha' much promise an' many fine qualities, but—" Here Captain Morgan paused to shake his head admonishingly before severing the last strand of the towrope. "But somehow, Captain Carvel, you ha' not the knack o't!"




"Come, Victor, let's not be defeatist" BARBARA SHERMUND


HERE'S A REALLY SERVICEABLE BILLFOLD DESIGNED FOR SERVICE MEN

# BUXTON'S "SAM BROWNE"

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**OPEN THE HIDDEN "FLAP"** and you have *two* protected "window pockets" for identification, credentials, license or a snapshot.

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**THE COIN PURSE comes out** for separate use—yet double-locks back firmly into place when he wants to keep his coins, bills, papers, etc., in one compact unit.

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*Initials and Branch of Service Insignia Stamped in Gold*

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A personal touch, "his" initials and service insignia (Infantry, Artillery, Air Corps, etc.). For name of dealer who'll do this for you, write Buxton, Inc., 4162 Orleans St., Springfield, Mass., or Dept. K, 47 W. 34 Street, New York City.

**PACKED IN A GIFT BOX**—and sent postpaid to army camp, ship or station. Here's ■ parcel he'll be proud to unwrap. The Caps of the Army, Navy and Marines are completely "Regulation."

# Here's the stand-out money saver of the lowest price field

## NEW 1942

# STUDEBAKER CHAMPION

*New low-cost transportation for the nation*

THIS year, it's a simple matter to get the quality you want—and the operating economy you're entitled to—in a lowest priced car.

This big, roomy, distinctively styled 1942 Studebaker Champion is the answer.

Never before has any car of lowest price offered you so much in brilliantly advanced engineering and sound, solid construction.

Never before has a lowest priced car offered the delightful handling ease, the flashing response, the restful riding comfort and sure-footed safety of this finest Champion in Studebaker history. And it costs little to maintain.

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Moreover, this 1942 Champion is priced with appreciative regard for your increasing expenses. Its moderate price makes it the year's stand-out buy in a lowest price car.

See it now at your local Studebaker dealer's. Planar safety front wheel suspension, automatic choke, shockless multi-ratio steering—all the other famous Champion "extras at no extra cost." C. I. T. terms.

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for a Champion Business Coupe

*These are delivered prices at factory, South Bend, Ind., as of 1941. Federal tax included. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice—but Studebaker quality will remain constant.

# Willy's Place

Continued from page 22

They weren't like the New York
ts; they weren't like the Jersey
Giants, but they played teams like
ensack, Passaic, and the Knights
olumbus, and it was a sporting
ship, Central City, where the gate
ots were sometimes large enough
y a man who played for George a
of clothes and pay his rent and
a little cash besides. He drew a
for George. George tasted it and
down. "What's the matter with
Willy said.
othin' the matter. I'm a slow
er, that's all. Don't be so touchy."
n not touchy. But don't make
at the beer."

U see? You're being touchy now.
et bygones be bygones, Willy. It's
iful beer." George smiled. "Well,
," he said, "we been hit hard by
aft. I've got no reason for color-
ie picture, Willy. I can use you
y against Hackensack."
! That's it. That's what got you
f Palermo's joint. Well, I'm not
sted, George. Not interested."
r three hundred dollars for the
?"
t in this town, George. Not me.
fter the last time. I'm through.
ot my self-respect. What'd foot-
ver do for me, except give me bad
and too much money for a kid?
tter if I never had that kind of
. Be better if I kept on washin'
a garage. And what'd this town
do for me? One day I'm a big
so I figure this is my home town,
ral spot. I sink ten thousand dol-
this place. It's every dime I've
But do they come near my place?
anyone come here? No! But
go to Benny Palermo's place.
int. And all because I'm a tramp
e single game last year. Me,
' in your bush-league park and
them a favor."
st because they booed a little?"
oed? They turned on me like mad dogs," Willy said. "Just because I had a bad day—one bad day."

Mad dogs were rabbits, Willy Kleeps recalled, compared to Central City's sporting populace, his former friends, who turned on him. It was a week before the opening of his bar and restaurant; it was a gesture of good will that made him play for George's Bluejays. After all, he'd been the leading player in the National Football League, not long before, and there was value to his name. But things did not go right. The boys from Hackensack were not impressed, and Willy wasn't in the best of shape, and first thing anybody knew, he fumbled on his five-yard line and Hackensack recovered.

When he tried to run, they sat on him as though he were a public omnibus. When he tried to kick, the Hackensacks all but dismembered him upon the spot, and then, when Benny Palermo thrust an elbow in his windpipe, nearly strangling him, and he, in all the honesty of daylight, swung on Benny's guilty jaw, the crowd began to boo and bellow, "Prima donna! Throw 'im out, the bum!" And little boys, in alto voice, kept chirping, "Willy Kleeps has got the jeeps!"

It all was much too much and Willy threw his helmet to the ground and quarreled with the referee, the linesman and the opposition; and George Felix took him out of there.

Now George, with beer in hand, said, "Willy, that's just life."

"Then I don't want any part of it. Margie was the gal who knew this football business, George. She always said it was a game for cannibals."

George shrugged. "Okay," he said. "But if you change your mind before I get some other guy—"

"I won't change my mind."

George left, and only Bertie, with the towel across his arm, was standing near the bar. He grinned and made a gesture with the towel. "It's just like I was workin' here," he said.

"Don't get ideas. But you can sleep here if you want." Willy looked across the room to where the girl sat over by the pin-ball machine. "See if the lady will have anything else," he said.

"She's still got the same beer," Bertie told him quietly. "She just holds the beer. She's a wonderful-looking girl."

Willy, by squinting, could see her turning the half-filled glass in her long white hand. Willy was a little nearsighted, though he never would confess it, and there was much about the girl he wished to see. He hoped she'd turn around. Finally she did. She turned around and she said, "Hello, Willy."

He knew the voice and his heart turned slowly in him, and with squinting now he saw her face. The girl was Margie, and he walked around the bar and across the room and she stood to shake his hand.

It wasn't always that she'd shake his hand. It used to be that she would put her cheek, her lips against his face, though that was quite some precious time ago. No more. She looked the same. She still stood tall and handsome in her clothes. She had a way of wearing them. The show-girl training, he supposed. She seemed a little tired, but she did not betray the thirty years she recently attained.

"Hello, Margie," Willy said. "Sit down."

They sat and Willy realized that George Felix must have come in through the door with her. "Did you come in with George?" he asked.

"No. I was ahead of him. I knew who it was and I didn't feel like talking. That's why I sat at the table and turned my back. Only your feet were showing behind the bar when I came in."

"Oh. Did you hear what George said to me?"

"I was listening, Willy, but I couldn't hear. I supposed you were talking football, but I couldn't hear. I really couldn't, honestly."

"Well, it's all right. After all—" But he was glad she hadn't heard him telling George his new-found attitude toward football, since such an attitude had always been her own and they had fought on such a basis through a number of years.

"But please don't think that I was snooping, Willy. I—I had just hoped you were through with football, with such a nice place and all."

"All right," he said.

"SO THEN we won't quarrel, Willy?" She held her gloves in her hands and she smiled at him. She did the old things to him and he wanted to reach across the table and hold her face in his hands. But there would be trouble. There had always been trouble.

"You still in show business?" he asked her then.

"Yes, Willy." She looked down at her gloves and her face had flushed a little. "That's—why I've come to see you." And for a moment he hoped that she would say she'd sliced her ham and put it all away, but instead, she said, "I have a chance at a legitimate part—road company of My Sister Eileen. And—oh, Willy, I'm so thrilled—"

"Good Lord! You? In drama? Margie, use your head."

"Must you say that, Willy? Must it always be the same?"

"No," he said. "I'm sorry. It's really nice to see you, Marge." So nice, he thought, that I could weep. It kills me just to look at you. He was conscious

TCH

By Larry Reynolds



"Why'n't you leave things alone you ain't familiar with?"


This shirt will "two-time" you



..and you'll like it!

Wings "two-timing" is in the collar. It gives you twice the amount of wear because it actually outlasts the shirt. Twice the amount of smartness because it can't wilt or wrinkle no matter how much you wear and wash it.

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*Wrinkle-free collar made under Celanese patent*

WINGS SHIRTS

With Aeroplane Fabric Collars

PIEDMONT SHIRT CO., GREENVILLE, S. C










*Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.*

Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee


of the apron he was wearing. He took it off and tossed it on a chair. "My regular man is off," he said.

"You look so—so earnest in your apron," Margie said. She lit a cigarette. She shook the match more than was needed for extinguishing its flame. "I suppose you are wondering why I came here?"

"I couldn't help but wonder. Is there anything that I can do?"

"Yes." Then she looked at him. "I thought I was going to be ashamed," she said, "but I'm not. Because, well, anyhow, it's honest, and I thought I'd like to see you, too, before I went away. I—I need some money, Willy."

His head froze colder than the beer. Because he hadn't any money, other than some nickels and some quarters and some dimes.

"I need someone to sign a note," she said, "for three hundred dollars. It's all legitimate. I—I'll have the money, really, very soon. I have some rents due on the stores next month." Her family had left a little real estate, he knew. "Except that I need the money now, and I didn't want to ask anybody else. Not in Central City, anyhow."

Willy breathed a fine relief. To sign a note did not take any cash. Not when you sign. Often, later, but not when you sign. "Be glad to, Marge," he said. "Be happy to. Of course." But he did not enjoy her difficulties. It was not so good to borrow money. He should know.

Margie said, "I have it here. It's one of those things that require a co-maker. Mmmm." She brought some papers from her purse. "The Central City Finance Company," she explained. "I didn't know any company to go to in New York."

Willy's sweat flowed heavily. He couldn't sign the note. He couldn't tell her that he had a note with Central City Finance for himself, and in the sum she named, which was the limit with the Central City Finance. Thus his signature would be no good. He owed them two months' payments now. Willy looked for exits, fast.

"Those bloodsuckers!" he stormed. "You're borrowing from them? You expect *me* to do business with peo like that?"

"Why not?"

"Usury," he said. "Plain usury, don't forget it. I'm a businessman. I'd rather lend you the money myse

"But I didn't want that, Willy. wouldn't have come in that case."

"Why not? What's the matter w my money?" The only thing the m ter with my money, he recalled, is t I haven't any. "What's the matter w my money, Marge?"

"Nothing. Nothing, except—"

"Forget it. You'll have the mone the morning." Oh, he thought. Th me. I'm it. George Felix and his Bl jays and the vengeful Hackensacks, waiting for a chance like this! Be Palermo, and the small boys chirpin the stands that "Willy Kleeps has the jeeps!" The heavy, endless pai it. And more than that, the shame c all to a guy who had been big lea once. Oh, he thought.

"I wouldn't do it," Margie said. ' cept that I must buy some clothes costumes. I'll be leaving tomor Willy. The show opens Friday in E beth."

"And closes in Elizabeth. Throw good money after bad. Ah, well." saw her anger rising, so he said, sorry, baby. Lemme look at you. then I'll get the money. No. No t ble, honestly."

IN THE early evening, when she gone to visit with a cousin, V called George Felix on the ph George wasn't there.

"Where is he?" Willy asked.

"At Palermo's," he was told.

"Palermo's!"

"Having dinner." And the conv tion ended there.

Never in his life had Willy swall pride in such a gulp. Palermo's was on Corriza Street, between a dry and a barbershop. It wa squeezed-in little place, with kit steam instead of curtains on the dows. Just a small spaghetti and bar that Benny ran with Ros wife.

They did all right, when you co

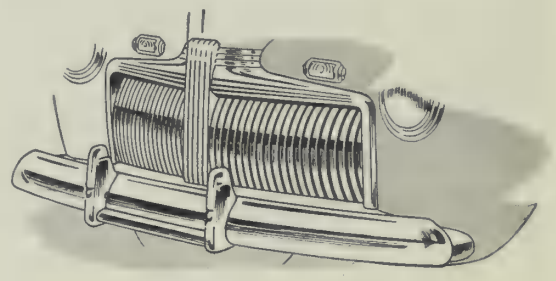


**"Mr. Hindly feels bad about not getting that defense order. He wanted so much to help!"**

IRVING

# How Defense Needs have been met and Ford Quality improved

As DEFENSE PRODUCTION has gained pace, many o e have wondered about its effect on 1942 cars. Would shortages of some trials force substitutes into the motor car? Would buyers get less quality heir money this year? For our part at Ford, we are glad to say that defense rements have been met in full without a single reduction in the goodness te car mechanically—and with many real improvements in its beauty, com- and performance. Some new materials have replaced old ones, generally at er cost to us. In every case, the new is equal to or better than the old. are instances of what we have done . . .



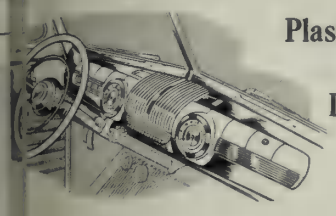
### Steel Stampings for Die-Castings

Exterior parts like radiator grilles, and mechanical parts like generators and starter end plates, are now made from steel stampings instead of die-castings, without affecting their usefulness or appearance. This has freed large amounts of zinc, aluminum and other defense-needed materials.

### Some Results in Defense Metals Saved

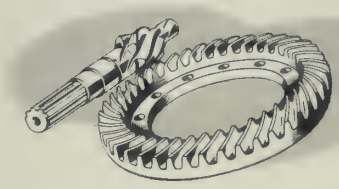
Based on present conditions, here are some examples of how new materials and methods in the 1942 Ford are helping relieve defense "shortages." Figures show the *cut* in use this year of the materials named:

Primary *(new)* Aluminum has been cut out 100% . . . Secondary *(re-melted)* Aluminum has been cut down 70% . . . Nickel has been cut down by 90.7% ... Magnesium, cut out almost entirely, is down 98.7% . . . Zinc has been reduced by 37.5% . . . Copper, Tin, Lead, and Tungsten cut down in varying amounts from 5.2% to 81%.



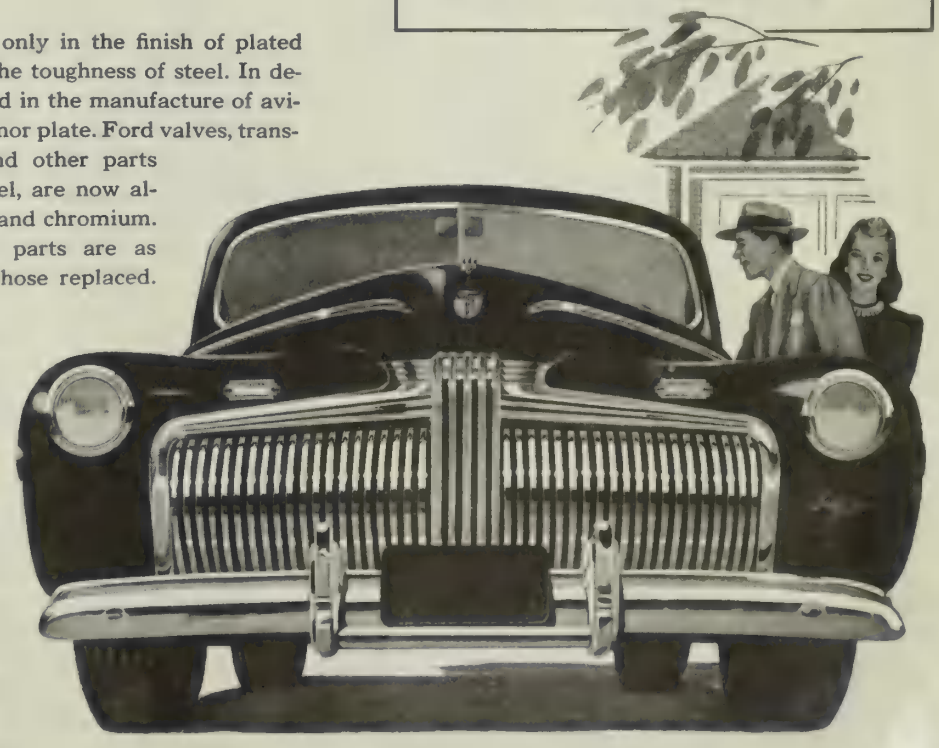
### Plastics Replace Metal for Interior Trim

ve been developing plastics for a long time d. The value of this is now apparent. The se of plastics this year in instrument panel, rille, door handles and other interior trim eased large quantities of zinc formerly used al die-castings, as well as nickel and chro- formerly used in plating bright metal parts. w plastic parts are lighter in weight, fully iceable, and very attractive in appearance.



### Molybdenum Replaces Nickel

Nickel is important not only in the finish of plated metal but in improving the toughness of steel. In defense production it is used in the manufacture of aviation engine parts and armor plate. Ford valves, transmission gears, shafts, and other parts formerly containing nickel, are now alloyed with molybdenum and chromium. For the purpose, these parts are as good as or better than those replaced.



Ford

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We will pay $5.00 for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.



NO CLINKERS IN MY BLINKERS!
SOFT, GENTLE KLEENEX IS TOPS FOR REMOVING MASCARA AND SOOT FROM WELL-KEPT EYELASHES.
(from a letter by I. E. K., Chicago, Ill.)



EVER HEAR A DREAM SQUAWKING!
NEXT TIME WIFEY TELLS ME TO GET KLEENEX, I'LL SAY "YES DEAR" AND GET IT. LAST TIME I BROUGHT HOME A CHEAP SUBSTITUTE AND GOT (CENSORED).
(from a letter by A. B., Paducah, Ky.)




TWO BUNDLES FROM HEAVEN...
KLEENEX IS A HEAVEN-SENT HELP FOR KEEPING BABY CLEAN AND SWEET...AND PREVENTING CODLIVER OIL FROM STAINING HIS CLOTHES.
(from a letter by G. F., Jamaica Plain, Mass.)




Don't put a cold in your pocket
USE KLEENEX*
KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

ered Benny really was a native torn from Hackensack and not a Central City boy at all—and still on autumn Sundays played for Hackensack. It was a thing that Willy in good conscience had to fight. Besides, it was this evidence of Benny's gainful trade that had persuaded Willy, just one year before, to open up a place himself, a bigger place, with Chinese chef and no spaghetti, and with room to move around in; with the name of Willy Kleeps hung high in lights outside to bring the people in, because it was by far a bigger name than Benny's name, or the names of all Palermos stacked one on another higher than the mountains of their native Sicily.

To think that I should ever put my foot in here, he thought.

George Felix sat at a little table that was covered with a gingham cloth, working, with his elbows wide, upon a cutlet Benny's wife had set before him. George looked up and said, "Why, Willy! What a place to find you. Sit down, Willy. Try the veal."

Willy said no, thanks. But he sat solemnly at George's table. He said, "It isn't funny, George, but I'll play Sunday. I'll win you the ball game, George. I need that three hundred dollars." George listened while he chewed and Willy's appetite was monumental. "Have a sandwich, Willy. Have a steak. Or try the stew. Go ahead."

"No. But about the money, George—"

George listened. He said, "All right, you can have it now, but I don't want any temperament. I want a ball game and I figure you're the one to give it to me, Willy—no matter what they say."

ON SUNDAY afternoon, at two o'clock, Willy Kleeps ran out across the short-cropped grass of Felix Field with the Central City Bluejays. He was more excited than he'd ever been at Soldier Field, Chicago, or the Polo Grounds, New York. He heard the crowd in the tight-filled stands. Just noise. No stinging, special words for him. Not yet. He kept his eyes to business as the Bluejays ran formations down the field. He defied the crowd. Let them say what they cared to say, if they paid admission. Margie had the money, anyway.

In the backfield, Willy ran the ball wide in the mock maneuvers of the signal drill, feeling strong and thrilled with motion now, and thinking that, by sheerest chance, there could be one more ball game left in him.

"Who's that bum?" somebody called.

Willy tried to think of other things. But this was hard to do, because the other things he had in mind were not what you'd call pleasant things. He'd left his bar and restaurant in charge of Bertie, feeling that no evil could be set upon it that was not already there. And he had taken Margie to the train and wished her luck and kissed her much more warmly than he had intended, and the train pulled out and left him all alone to face the job at Felix Field.

George had said to him, "You're not in shape, Willy, and we can't make miracles. But we need you for the kicking and the passing and I'd like to have you call the plays. So don't lose your head. Don't go sluggin' Palermo and those other guys."

Hackensack won the toss and chose to kick. Willy lay back deep against the Central City goal posts, tightening the strap of his leather football hat, working his big legs up and down to loosen them. Benny Palermo was set to do the kicking for the Hackensacks, and this Palermo, he was quite a lump of flesh to have around. A third-rate sort of athlete in his high-school days, a sand-lot player after that, Benny was a many-muscled man whose skill and power developed with the years. The iceman's trade, long practiced by Palermo, had bestowed on him the arms of an ape and the strength of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Willy watched him step into the ball and boot it high. The ball grew small to the eye in the high air where it traveled, then it descended, twisting, until Willy caught it safely in his arms and started up the field.

Willy ran hard and with a cold deliberation, seeing Hackensacks of varied size and speed intent on him. He straight-armed and pivoted and moved up to his twenty-yard line where they hit him solidly and hard and pinned him to the grass.

The Bluejays fell into formation. Willy spoke the signals, working from the T, and fed the ball to Grogan, who went to the line but not an inch farther. The contact shook up Willy like a malted milk and he reflected that the man who plays this game for vanity and not for cash has no more brains than you can find inside of a beanbag, and it only proved the truth of all the things that Margie said, and proved the truth of what he'd said to George the other day.

Willy lay back to kick the Bluejays out of trouble. The pass from the center, a grown-up high-school kid, was not too good, and Willy had to leap for it high in the air, then put his foot against it in a hurried kick that went for twenty yards, no more.

"Willy Kleeps has got the jeeps!"

He heard it from the stands. It was a stupid, childish-sounding theme, seized by the mentally unbalanced. Willy told himself he would not listen to the taunts. It all was too ridiculous that they should think a big-league guy—(the Giants, Packers, Redskins and Chicago Bears—with all of these Willy had played)—should lose his nerve in the emergencies of any bush-league game at Felix Field.

Hackensack now had the ball. They played from single-wing, a powered running game. Benny Palermo hit the Central City line for five. Then someone else came through for four and then for six, up to the Central City twenty-five, and Willy told his linemen and his backs where they should play, to watch the pass—a pass was coming, sure as hell, he said. And the pass did come. Benny Palermo ran out wide and tossed a quick diagonal to a skinny end who took the ball from right in front of Willy's nose and scampered to the last white mark, while Willy, in his effort to retrieve his lapse, fell heavily upon his stomach as he missed the skinny man who slipped around him.

WILLY heard them in the stands. He heard them shouting, "Take 'im out!" Now don't get sore, he told himself. Remember, you don't like this game enough for you to get upset. He waved a slow and recognizing hand at those who called his name. They happily stood up to boo at him. The hell, he thought. He shrugged. No more can happen than has happened, anyhow.

Hackensack did not convert for the extra point. They kicked off to Central City once again. This time the ball was gathered in by Grogan, who moved nicely to the thirty-one before they brought him down. Willy had blocked a man out on the play, but, when he got up, his mouth was red. He wiped his mouth off with his hand, and his hand off on his pants. He considered the Hackensack tackle who had done him thus. Now don't get sore, he told himself. Benny Palermo, wandering behind the scrimmage line as the teams lined up again, said, "You was with the Green Bay Packers, wasn't you?" Benny thought his observation was a funny one.

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SCALP CIRCULATION AT YOUR FINGERTIPS
GILBERT Vitalator $8.95
ALSO IN NATURAL PLASTIC OR CHROME $9.95

y called the play, which gave the Jeffers, on a wide sweep to the Willy told himself, be nice, be member George; he let you have undred bucks. He cleared the sack tackle out of there. He did the hard meat of his shoulder suet of the big man's waistline, e man did not get up and Willy ch better now. He held his hands he referee. "All I did was block Villy said, and there was little of that. But the crowd booed, h.

Bluejays gained a first down on rty-five-yard mark. Willy hadn't yet. He thought it might be fun Still working from the T forma- Villy faked the ball to Jeffers, and slipped in through the line, cleats in the earth with a heavy nd went for five yards, ten, and going yet and stumbling from t momentum of his drive. They then, while he was smiling to , and the ball went out of his efore the whistle blew, and Willy at they had punched it from his 'alermo and another guy, and he k inside of himself that they o this thing to him. As he went omeone kicked him in his trou- ad, and he saw few things clearly e Bluejays put the salts beneath e.

up, you bum!" they called out e stands. "You're fakin' it!"

ensack now had the ball, by f Willy's losing it. Palermo ran into the center of the line, his s clearing out for him, his block- ing Willy with a dreadful shock attened him against the grass. ulled himself erect with effort. eorge Felix took him out. George hey'll bury you out there. Those ot everything ready but your one. It's just that they're small- ys who don't like big-time guys."

"Whoever told you I was a big-time guy?" said Willy. Then he sat and brooded and the game moved on into the second half and it was quite a game to see. Jeffers almost got away for Central City once, but Benny Palermo pulled him down and the crowd loved Benny, friend or foe; it didn't matter that he played for Hackensack. There was no further score.

Willy watched. He thought it all was amateur out there. He said to George, "I just shook those ice tongs out of my head. Everything is clear. You know what, George?"

George asked him what.

"Those bums out there. I still maintain that they are bums, especially Palermo." Thanks for the comfort, George told him. "I mean it. Lemme go out there, George."

George said, "The fans'll boycott my ball park."

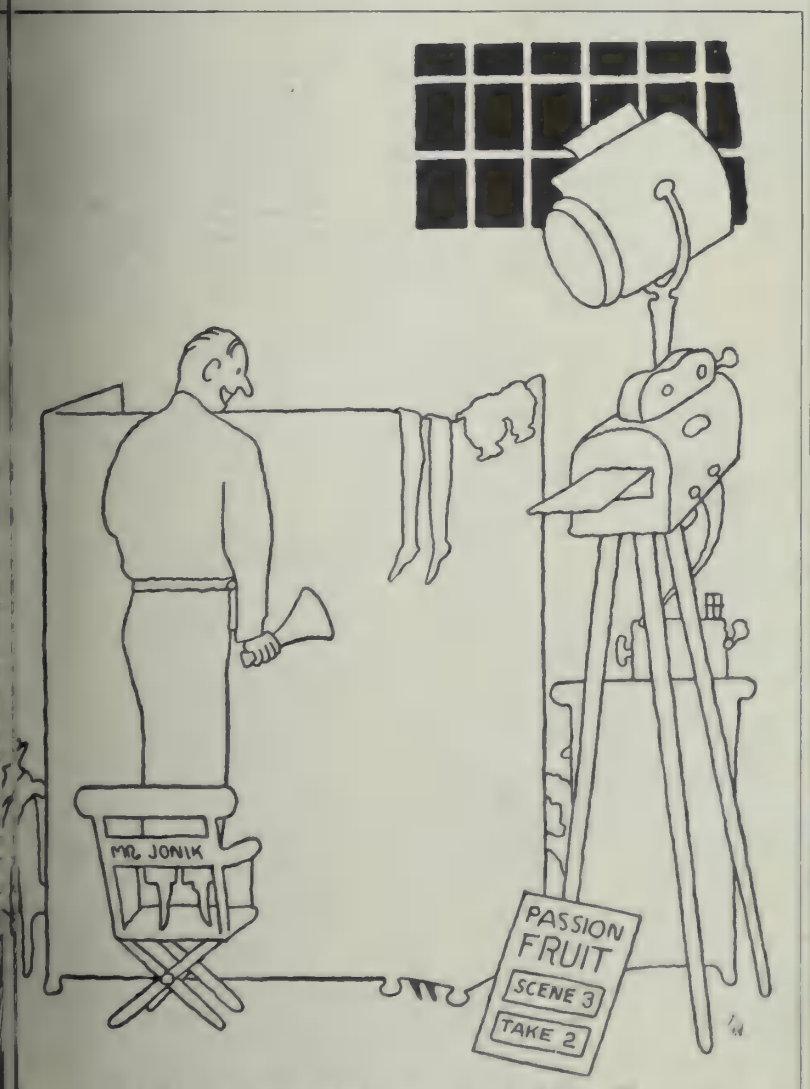
"We'll see," Willy said.

"Go ahead," George said. "We're losin', anyhow."

SO WILLY ran out on the field again and the crowd was yelling while he ran and the things they called to him were choice and fancy things that they'd invented with the greatest concentration through the minutes he had been out of the game. He waved to them. Somebody threw a bottle. Willy tossed the bottle off the grass and then reported to the referee, "Kleeps replacing Goldberg."

Willy figured, well, what can I lose? He took a deep breath and the ball came back to him. He held it tight in one hand with the other swinging free. He picked an artful path between the tackle and the end. He knew that they were waiting for him, tense and overanxious.

He spun easily, away from reaching hands, into the secondary zone, and put his big free hand in Benny Palermo's




"Would you like a taller screen, Miss Dilling?"





YOU CAN'T HELP INHALING—BUT *you can help your throat!*

WATCH *yourself* . . . and you'll *realize* that *all* smokers *sometimes* inhale. And when you do, there's *increased chance* of irritation for sensitive nose and throat passages. But *now* . . . look at the findings reported by eminent doctors—*who compared the five leading cigarettes:*

**IRRITATION FROM THE SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER CIGARETTES *AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES* THAT OF THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS — AND, WHAT'S MORE, SUCH IRRITATION *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!***

You're bound to inhale *some*times . . . but you *can* have this *proved protection.* Full smoking pleasure . . . without smoking penalties . . . if you smoke Philip Morris. No wonder they're "stealing the show"!

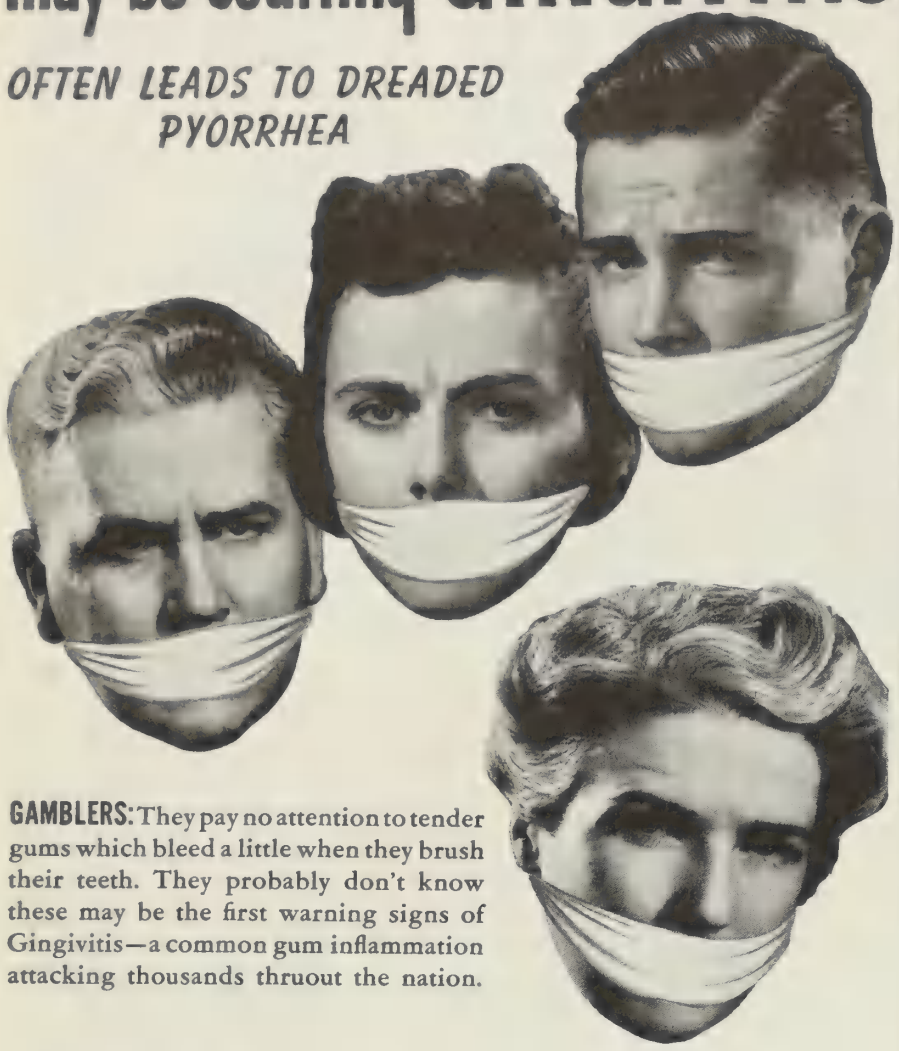



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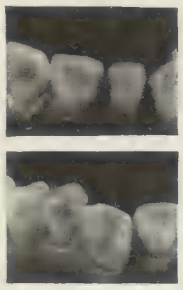
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*OFTEN LEADS TO DREADED PYORRHEA*



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**NEGLECT OF BLEEDING GUMS** of Gingivitis often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea which only your dentist can help. See your dentist every 3 months. Between times help guard against Gingivitis by massaging your gums twice daily with Forhan's—the toothpaste recommended by so many dentists. Clinical investigation shows this easy Forhan method is ONE VERY BEST help in taking wise precaution against Gingivitis.

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**FOR FIRMER GUMS—"NATURALLY" SPARKLING TEETH**


face, and twisted the hand a little as he caromed to the right, then kept on going for a dozen yards. They pushed him out of bounds. Then they fell on him, a drove of them, and it was not an easy thing for Willy to climb back to his feet again.

But he was calling signals steadily. He took the ball and moved out wide. He checked himself and threw a short pass into Jeffers' hands and it was midfield now, and someone, just a lonely, valiant soul, yelled, "Willy! Yay, Willy!"

Willy grinned. His nose was bloody. Willy took the ball and hit the middle of the Hackensacks and spread them with his strength. He got down to the twenty-five before they stopped him, and the stands were vocal now, more violently than ever, but with fewer of their number howling, "Bum!"

The only trouble was that Willy couldn't move. His strength was gone. He let Delancey take it on a sharp reverse that gained no yards. He used this moment to restore himself by swallowing great quantities of breezy afternoon. His legs shook under him. He tried again. He went for five. All Hackensack stood now opposed to him. He faked the center of the line again. He slipped the ball to Jeffers, who sneaked through to the twelve-yard line, while the enemy was busy pounding Willy on the grass.

Once more, he told himself. Just once. But once was not enough because his drive was piled up on the four-yard line and he lay there for a moment when the pile had been unscrambled. He just stayed there in the welcome coolness of the shadows of the afternoon. Get up, he told himself; they'll think you're faking it. And now he knew how much he wanted to have them think well of him, and how it was the nourishment that he had always lived on. He got up and the boys said in the huddle, "Take it, Willy. This is all for you. We'll clear 'em out of there."

"I'm corked," he said. "Let Johnny take it." Johnny meant Jeffers and Willy meant only to be generous and just.

"You follow me," said Jeffers. "This is your game, Willy. This is big stuff we seldom see out here."

The teams lined up again, while tried to pull himself together, g loose ends of his scattered streng side of him again. The ball came He took it. He moved to the right lines locked, like the twisted fing opposed and straining hands. got the tackle who broke throug got him right, and Willy moved h him to the scrimmage line. Pa was there and almost ready ther doubting now and scared a litt and Willy ran him down the way a might run him down, and that w points for the Bluejays, that w score all around. The crowd's grew and cut away the shame year's failure. Willy stood bac as they lined up to try for the point.

He stood easy and relaxed. held the ball for him. He pla neatly where it had to be and Wi a toe to it and watched it cut between the crossbars for the sary point.

IT GETS dark quite early in Nov It was dark when Willy left the ing room. He had been there time, in the showers that helped him and on the rubbing table wh pain and tiredness had lessened body. He felt better now. He sm cigarette and he was pleased that body liked him or at least had s defaming him. He said, "That's football I'm ever going to play, But I'm glad you liked it."

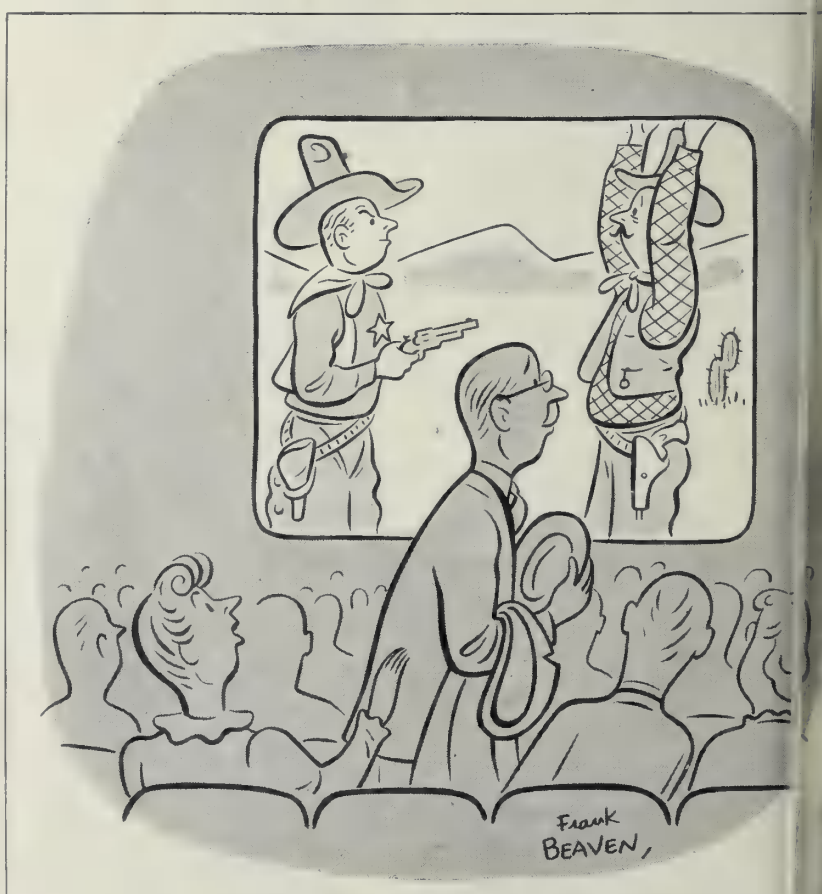
George asked, "Where you now?"

Willy said, "Dunno. Not goi where, I guess. Maybe I'll go my place, make some coffee, radio news, then go to sleep."

"I'll drive you up," George s

George drove his big car fr ball park. The car droned easil until Willy, squinting through hi eyes, could see his name in front see "Willy Kleeps" and "Bar a taurant." His joint. Somebod the lights, he thought.

They went into the place an




**"This isn't where we came in—it's a preview of the movie we saw downtown last week!"**

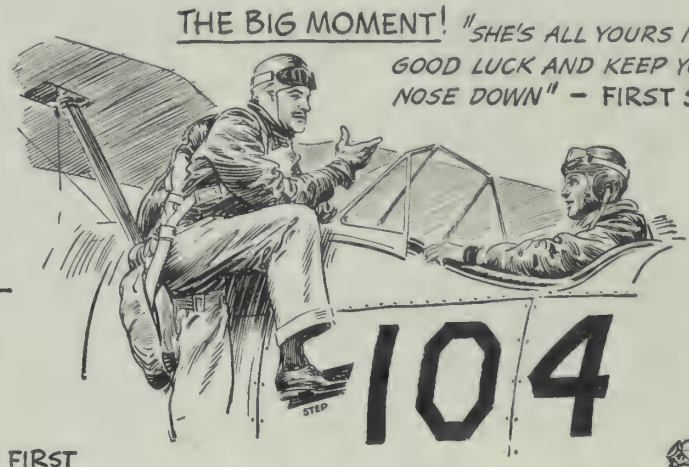
# Life at Pensacola

(U.S. Naval Air Training Base)

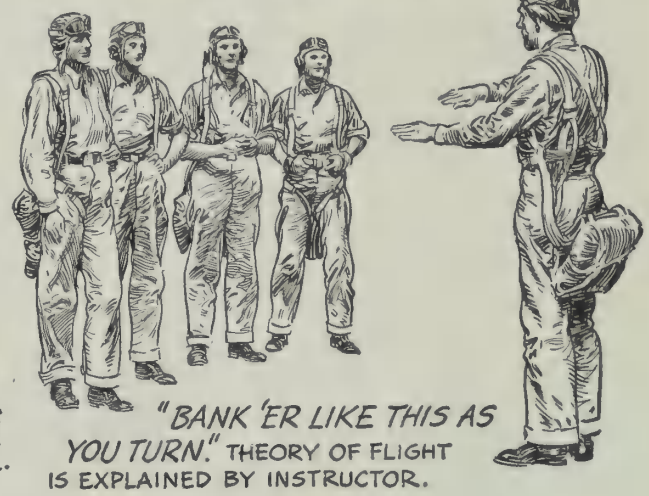
## recently sketched in action by Texaco's artist FRANK GODWIN



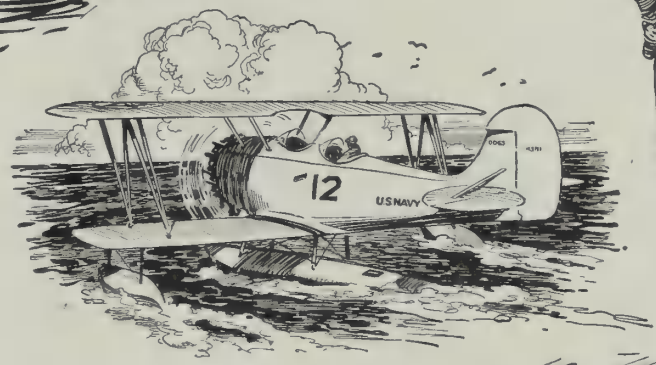
OVER HE GOES! THE FIRST CADET OF ANY CLASS TO SOLO GETS DUCKED BY HIS CLASSMATES!




THE BIG MOMENT! "SHE'S ALL YOURS NOW... GOOD LUCK AND KEEP YOUR NOSE DOWN" – FIRST SOLO!

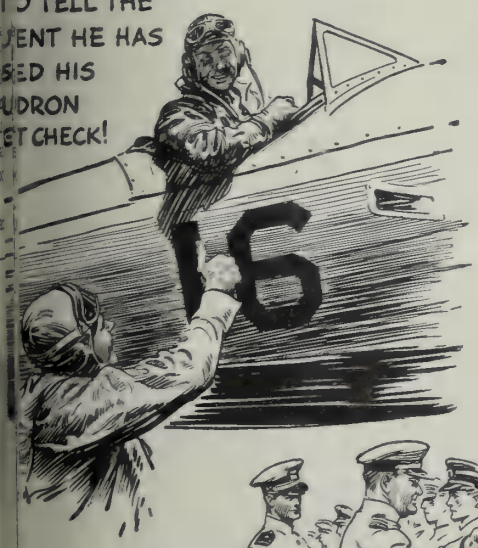


"BANK 'ER LIKE THIS AS YOU TURN." THEORY OF FLIGHT IS EXPLAINED BY INSTRUCTOR.




NAVY PRIMARY SEAPLANE TRAINER TAKING OFF.

"THUMBS UP" – NOT FOR A HITCH-HIKE, BUT TO TELL THE STUDENT HE HAS PASSED HIS SQUADRON FLIGHT CHECK!






...Y'VE WON ...R WINGS... ...H ARE PINNED ...Y THE "C.O." ...RSON. THEY NOW ...OMMISSIONED AS ...IGNS.



TRAINED GROUND CREWS TUNE UP ENGINES

IN THE NAVY, **TEXACO** LUBRICANTS ARE SUPPLIED TO THE FLEET, TO THE MARINES AND TO THE COAST GUARD FOR EVERYTHING FROM BATTLESHIPS TO BOMBING PLANES.


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TEXACO

FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT... 2 GREAT RADIO PROGRAMS

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Every Wednesday night. See your local newspaper for time and station.

METROPOLITAN OPERA.
(Starting Nov. 29)
Complete broadcasts of great operas every Sat. afternoon. Consult newspapers for time and stations.



HE WINS ON EVERY COUNT!

Generations of careful breeding make this dog a champion among champions...one of a kind! He can't be duplicated!




SO DOES FLEISCHMANN'S GIN!

• First in smoothness—first in delicate flavor ...because Fleischmann's Gin comes from a distiller with the longest experience in distilling gin for the American taste! It can't be duplicated!

*Where Character counts -count on Fleischmann's*

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN

*A Pedigreed Gin For Prize-Winning Drinks*
Distilled from American Grain—90 Proof

11½" x 8" color print of above dog painting, without advertising, sent for 10¢. Write Box AK
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK


were many people there and Willy said, "This must be Benny's trap; it can't be mine." But it was his all right. There was the evidence of Bertie, with a cleaner, whiter towel across his arm, and with a vast array of beers set on a tray, alpaca coat, a haircut, many fine illuminating things including Bertie's smile. Bertie said, "You murdered them, Chief. I knew you'd murder them."

Willy couldn't understand the great number of people eating. They were eating chicken fricassee. He looked at Bertie. Bertie said, "The special for today. With Manhasset Muffins."

"But where'd the people come from?" Willy asked.

"You brought 'em, boss. You're the biggest man in town tonight. It's like you said. It's human nature."

THERE were cloths on all the tables; simple, inexpensive cloths of gay design that dressed the room and made you think of daylight; there were autumn flowers spread about, and autumn leaves and no dust visible to Willy's eyes.

A lot of people came and said, "A great game, Willy. It was something that we won't forget."

"Well, thanks; well, thanks."

"The big-league stuff," somebody said. "The kind of thing that you don't see in Central City. That don't mean to cast any reflection, George," the man apologized. "Except that I know class when I see class."

It was nice of everyone.

Then Bertie came back with the beers again and Willy grabbed him. Willy asked him, "Bertie, what goes on? What makes? Is this my joint? No foolin', now."

"Ask her."

"Ask who?"

Bertie nodded toward the kitchen. Willy walked, with people trailing him and talking, toward the kitchen. He said to all of them, "That's fine; that's nice. I'll see you later, sure."

He went into the kitchen. Margie stood there in a pretty dress and she was giving orders to a lady in the kitchen. She had just remove apron; there was perspiration o brow; her cheeks were flushed an looked wonderful, so wonderful Willy wanted to kiss her. Bu couldn't figure things. He said, don't you let me in on it? I put y the train for Elizabeth."

"I got off the train," she sai didn't go to Elizabeth. I came here and had a talk with Bertie he told me all the things you'd s George, and he told me what a g kindly man you were and how the abused you."

"Never mind that stuff."

"And so I told him, 'Yes, I kno whole world knows that Willy's He's just a little silly in the head playing football.' And Bertie s me, 'The man's in love with you. why the beer gets stale inside the I cried then, Willy. I cried very

Willy kissed her lightly on the "How sweet," he said. "But what the drama, baby. What about Great White Way?"

"I—I hated it," she said. "It's it's just that I never could give up- not while you were playing fo anyhow. But I know why you today. You played for me. You have a penny, Willy, but you got hundred dollars for me. I—I hop don't mind, but I bought some beer, darling, and some other and fixed the place up just a bit, and Bertie fixed the lights. this business, Willy. Oh, I very much."

They walked outside and watch people at the tables and the ba Willy said, "You're very good at

"You brought the crowd," she "You won them all this afternoo

"Yeah, but is it gonna last?"

"I think so, darling," Margie She squeezed his arm. "I fire Chinaman first thing. I gave hi weeks' pay. I had to tell him that your wife, but Willy, did you eve that man's chow mein?"

Willy scratched his head. "I like it very much," he said. "B after the first six months."



**"They say distance is very deceiving in the mountains—I hope!"**

DAVID C. G

# CHEVROLET TRUCKS

## WITH "LOAD-MASTER" ENGINE

## *"Geared to Haulage Leadership"*




## IN THESE TIMES

—when loads must move swiftly and surely—

## THE ANSWER IS CHEVROLET TRUCKS

**MOST POWERFUL biggest-selling trucks**

**ECONOMICAL beyond any haulage equal**

**DEPENDABLE as their record A.A.A. tests**

These are times that call for POWER—ECONOMY—DEPENDABILITY—in trucks as well as in men!...That's why the largest demand, *country-wide,* is for America's leading trucks—Chevrolets with the famous "Load-Master" engine....They're the *most powerful* biggest-selling trucks; they're *economical* beyond any haulage equal; and they're *dependable* and *durable* to an extraordinary degree!...Choose Chevrolet trucks for *your* haulage job and down the trucks that are "Geared to Haulage Leadership!"

★ ★ **FOR** ★ ★

★ **THE SERVICE OF** ★

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**CHEVROLET FEATURES GIVE CHEVROLET LEADERSHIP**

**CHOICE OF ENGINES**—Special Economy engine or a Standard engine in Light Delivery and in ¾-Ton models; Standard or "Load-Master" engine (with extra horsepower and torque) in Heavy Duty model • **UNIT-DESIGNED BODIES**—Built in the world's largest commercial body plant, to fill the varied needs of the world's largest group of truck users • **ALL-STEEL CAB**—With extra room, extra comfort, extra safety • **RECIRCULATING BALL-BEARING STEERING GEAR**—Reduces driver effort • **STABILIZED FRONT END** • **HYDRAULIC BRAKES**—With self-aligning brake shoes floating on movable links • **HYPOID REAR AXLE**

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

# Something NEW* has been added!

*Her heart is his—. lipstick, too! Just t. She's added someth. new! And somethi. has now been add. making cigarettes, to create a new, de. blend—gives Old . a new, finer flavo.*




***It's Latakia** (La-ta-kee'-a). A rare, flavorful Eastern Mediterranean tobacco. Now added like a "seasoning" to Old Golds—it brings you new, finer flavor! And Old Gold has an ample supply of Latakia in its American warehouses.*



**Richmond, Ky., Sculptress**—Talented Elizabeth Bates Frear says: "That new Latakia tobacco gives Old Golds an entirely new and different kind of flavor—mild—fragrant—just what I like. Here is really something new in cigarettes."



**New Enjoyment**—"You can tell, right away, something new has been added to Old Gold. Latakia gives an enjoyable new flavor," says Carl Moebus, accountant, Lynbrook, L. I.




P. Lorillard Company

**Same familiar pack—but new Old Golds!**

**founded 1760—blenders of fine tobacco since George Washington's day**



radio equipment is installed in a jeep. These cars have great maneuverability, can do 55 m.p.h.

icers watch scout cars, armed with machine guns and well camouflaged, move up to the "front"



isional antitank company of jeeps, bearing simulated guns, routed more cumbersome armored cars

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF



**THIS ■ CAVALRY. With their ability to navigate in terrain impassable to motor equipment, horses play an essential role in modern warfare. Summer maneuvers proved that horse-mechanized units constitute a formidable enemy even to that mechanical colossus, the tank. These action pictures of the 1st Cavalry from Fort Bliss, Tex., taken in Louisiana, show some of the motorized vehicles used by the horse troopers**



**In bivouac, horses are watered from portable canvas troughs into which river or lake water is pumped. On long trips men and mounts travel in trucks and vans**

# Our New Army

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER: "There are 20,000 of us in the Panama Coast Artillery and every man is a volunteer fighting soldier. We're the only outfit in the services that isn't preparing for war; we're ready—right now. None of us feel we need sympathy because we're privileged to wear the uniform of the United States Army; we need no hostesses; in fact, we need nothing. And if we did, we'd get it the way we've got everything since we came to the jungles in 1939—we'd go out and get it or build it ourselves before a lot of so-called experts could mess it up.

"Our mission is the defense of the Panama Canal against sea and air attack. We're ready to defend it and are confident we can. We've built more than 200 little cities in the depths of a thousand square miles of tropical jungles, without assistance from any civilian or other temporary hero. Each city is equipped with electric power and refrigeration, its own beer garden and telephone and radio system. We've built the network of roads connecting these cities. Our own newspaper makes a profit of a thousand dollars a month, which goes to the Athletic and Recreation Fund. Our men are content to be fighting men, their morale is excellent, their equipment is excellent. They're the best trained soldiers in the U. S. services. Since June, 1940, they've been on an alert status. If fighting starts tomorrow it will change neither their stations nor their routine duties in the smallest detail except that live ammunition will be substituted for the dummy shells with which they go through many hours of drill each day. The crews live and sleep near the guns and can go into action in less than ten minutes at any hour of the day or night.

"In 1940, almost two dozen batteries of the Panama Coast Artillery, firing their seacoast and antiaircraft guns—ranging in size from three to sixteen inches—made such high scores they were awarded the Red E, the highest official recognition for artillery excellence with its guns. This year we beat our own record and now have the greatest number of Red E's ever won by an artillery organization in the service of the United States.

"The long-suffering public might go for these facts."

### NORTH CAROLINA

FORT BRAGG. We will now discuss gambling in the Army and how this fort handles it. Gambling comes as naturally to a soldier as griping about his job and then doing it well. Comes payday, when everybody in barracks has a fistful of folding money and no place to spend it, and the camp is overrun *(Continued on page 65)*

"I'M DRUMMIN' UP BUSINESS for BING, MARY and BRIAN... and me, too!"

"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"

"MY MELANCHOLY BABY"

"CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER, LOVEY MINE"

"THE WAITER AND THE PORTER AND THE UPSTAIRS MAID"

"WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE"

"ST. LOUIS BLUES"

"TIGER RAG"

"BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON"

Cute little Paramount starlet, *Carolyn Lee*, soon to be seen in *"BIRTH OF THE BLUES."*



**Brothers and sisters,** gather 'round! . . . while we tell you 'bout *"BIRTH OF THE BLUES,"* Paramount's rollicking story of the men and women who gave the world America's Red, Hot, and Blue music!

**Who's in it?** Check off these million-dollar entertainment names: *Bing Crosby, Mary ("Kiss the Boys Goodbye") Martin, Brian Donlevy, Carolyn ("Virginia") Lee, Rochester, Jack (King of the Blues) Teagarden* and his Band.

**And songs? Looky**...and listen to "St. Louis Blues," "My Melancholy Baby" (one of the greatest scenes ever filmed!), "Cuddle Up a Little Closer, Lovey Mine," "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," "By the Light of the Silvery Moon," "Tiger Rag"...a brand new 1941 Hit, "The Waiter and the Porter and the Upstairs Maid"...and more, more!

**And all this wealth** of dazzling entertainment woven into a love story that'll play music on your heart-strings.

**So, you can see, "Birth of the Blues"** is in the groove. Better not miss it, 'cause it sure is somethin' to see!

***More Paramount Hits Heading Your Way Soon:***



**Remember "Streamlined Heart,"** that grandest of all Satevepost serials? Well, it's now on the screen, as *"SKYLARK"* ...and it sure makes swell fun. *Claudette Colbert,* as the *"SKYLARK"* who flies so high that she falls flat on her — heart! *Ray Milland* and *Brian Aherne* as the two handsome heart-busters who have Claudette up in the air! For a love lark, a laugh lark, see **"Skylark"!**

***More Best Bets Coming from Paramount!***

**"The Night of January 16th"** — runaway romance and "who-dun-it" hi-jinks, starring *Robert Preston* and *Ellen Drew.*

**"Glamour Boy"** — Mark this down as the surprise hit of the year. With *Jackie Cooper, Susanna Foster, Walter Abel, Ann Gillis.*

**"Among the Living"** — An unforgettable journey into terror with *Albert Dekker, Susan Hayward, Harry Carey, Frances Farmer.*

Paramount Star Parade

* Copyright 1926 by Harms Inc., used by permission

# Gilmore the Gamin

Continued from page 14

'Get a few extras made while you're at it," said Mom, who had some devious purpose in mind.

When the proofs came, there was a family conference and all faces fell with the exception of Mrs. Gilmore's.

"You can always have them retouched," said Mom easily.

During this period Virginia had been playing at a little theater in San Francisco with some success. She was at her best in Waiting for Lefty, and all her friends told her she ought to be on the real stage or at least in the movies, but nobody bothered her at all from Hollywood. Mamma, however, was not so reticent. She took the retouched pictures and shipped them on to Sam Goldwyn.

### What's a Little Bike Trip?

Among Virginia's pleasures at this time was bicycle riding. This was serious business because she used the regular racing bike, the kind where the victim bends his torso to a horizontal line, has his feet encased in special stirrups and really hits the road. Virginia had made several trips to Los Angeles, a mere five hundred miles away, and now she decided she had to see Mexico. A girl friend from the East arrived and they started. They were a touch vague about money but Virginia had fifty bucks, her friend had twenty and they thought this would be ample for a two months' trip.

Quite accustomed to road travel and entirely oblivious to yoo-hoos from truck drivers, ogles from elderly gentlemen and disapproving looks from horrified ladies, they made Salinas by the first night. It had been a strenuous stretch, what with the heat and the traffic, and they thought a glass of beer at the end of the journey would set them just about right.

"We drank up seven bucks' worth, counting a little dinner," reports Virginia.

Next night they felt that a slight touch of refreshment would compensate for the struggles of the day and that took another five bucks. By the time they reached San Diego they were b... Also they were a sight, having the ...pearance of a jockey who has run ... for two miles on a muddy track. ... ing down the trail, Virginia had ... bothered by her long hair. It hu... her waist, was unruly even when f... around the dome and she shed hai... at every bump. She went into a ... store to get more hairpins but ... there decided to buy scissors instea...

"We came out, sat on the curb ... my friend whacked my hair off, ... half the United States Navy ... around watching," says Virginia.

Mamma came through with ... more money at this point and they ... tinued on to Mexico. Virginia, fe... sentimental about her tresses, tie... hair onto the seat of her bike like ... tail and they headed for Nogales ... to astonished queries on the prosp... molestation, Virginia explains:

"One sight of us paralyzed all ... citizens up to the age of eighty."

What halted them finally was a s... case of dysentery acquired soon ... they crossed the Mexican border. ... plain that she was a very sick girl. ... rushed some coin by telegraph an... girls took the next train home.

Mamma was properly commise... and worried when she saw her chi... after putting her to bed and utte... few sobs of pity, she exploded wi... news that she had been cherishing.

"Mr. Goldwyn has sent for you ... cried.

Virginia moaned feebly and t... her head to the wall.

After a week another summo... rived from the great man: Whe... that lovely girl whose photograp... been sent to him? Have her here ... with or never bother me again. Vi... dragged herself out of the cover ... managed to reach Hollywood. Sh... interviewed by Bob McIntyre, ... wyn's casting director.

"This can't be true," said Mr Mc... Intyre, in an awed voice, looking ... photograph and then back at Vi...

She had buck teeth, which we ... centuated by her drawn face an...



**"Afterward Dr. Burton will let you drill his teeth, won't you, Dr. Burto..."**

PERRY B...

l look. Her hair had been hacked at the back in irregular lines and it dropped off in front because of the ysentery.

Go on home, little girl," pleaded Mcre. "This is a tough business and look like hell."

guess I might as well see Mr. Goldsince I've come this far," said Gile, quietly insistent.

Ir. McIntyre put his hand over his s, and waved toward the door.

guess I might as well read for you e I've come this distance," said Vira, planting herself firmly before the t man himself.

### Mr. Goldwyn is Good, Too

o they read together, something en- y new in Mr. Goldwyn's experience. as a one-act play by Noel Coward Sam was amazed at his facility as an r. When she read, he looked at her smiled, thinking of how good he was g to be when she stopped. There some slight trouble with the accentof syllables but for an amateur the dwyn rendition was acceptable. He ed with this verdict to the point of ng Miss Gilmore.

e sent her off to the Studio Club to a room, with orders to report back what her expenses would be. She red it out to the penny—so much for nps, so much for carfare, so much laundry.

Seventy-six dollars," she reported k.

A week?" yelled Sam.

A month," amended Virginia and re- ted it almost immediately, because was what she got, to the penny. No ry but seventy-six dollars a month expenses and not one shilling more.

or six months she was in the hands dentist, at Mr. Goldwyn's expense, ing her buck teeth pushed back. en she presented herself proudly to Goldwyn at the end of that period, found he was horrified again.

You lisp!" he cried accusingly, and as the truth. As a child the buck h had allowed her tongue more lee- y and the tongue had accordingly n longer. When the teeth were d the tongue refused to contract. st assuredly she lisped.

More treatments, this time with a chiatrist. It was a hard job but she won. She still lisps slightly but not when she appears in a scene. If it appears at all it produces an effect which is quite attractive.

Then Sam put her under a stock contract at fifty a week, peon wages in Hollywood. For two years she didn't do a lick of work. She made a test for Rebecca. No dice. She wanted the Patricia Collinge role in The Little Foxes. No soap. Then Sam loaned her out to 20th Century-Fox for a pretty-girl part in High, Wide and Handsome.

"Ai-yi-yi," says Miss Gilmore, in criticism of her performance.

Next she was over at R-K-O doing the ingénue in Laddies. When asked about this Miss Gilmore, who is nothing if not frank about her work, puts her fingers daintily to her nose.

Then came a break when she got a small character part in Western Union at 20th Century-Fox under the direction of Fritz Lang. She felt she was good in that and people said she was good.

Although she is a great beauty, she hates glamor roles and knows she muddies them up. Swamp Water is right down her lane because she has a part in which she looks like somebody who has been weaned in a tree trunk.

In view of her past history as a grease monkey and general hoyden, it is interesting to find that Miss Gilmore is as demure as a squirrel. Nobody has claimed that she is a Pericles for wisdom but she belongs among the smarter of the film ladies. For years she has written poetry under her real name of Sherman Poole and much of it has been printed, some of it in good magazines.

She is probably the only girl in Hollywood who doesn't dance. She has never swung a tennis bat or hit a golf ball or ridden a horse. She swims. She has given up the bicycle. She diets. She reads great big fat books and seems to understand them. Rumor persists that she is the worst-paid actress in Hollywood. When you ask her about that, a thing no gentleman would do, she says:

"What do you want to do? Get Beverly Hills in hysterics?"

This seems to prove that she is not overpaid. The movies may not be much of a career but she has succeeded in doing one thing, anyhow—getting her teeth fixed. Some people never have that luck.

## Our New Army

Continued from page 63

h games; not so much poker as ckjack and craps. To prevent the n from running off to gambling ses in town the Army sort of con- es this pastime, even in such serv- buildings as garages, motor pools, supply quarters. Semiofficially, a com runs the game to keep it on the and up. In one main post unit the poral in charge of the pool room op- tes the game down cellar, furnishing arettes, soft drinks, clean decks of ds, lights and a blanket for the table r some reason the boys never play ds on anything but a blanket). The poral takes a cut from each change he bank in blackjack, a certain per- tage from each pot over a dollar in er and a cut on each roll of dice. The ny profits from this, too; or rather soldiers do, because the dough goes poolroom supplies. One unit of the h Infantry goes farther than that; it s a company game in which the kitty s directly to the Company Fund m which athletic equipment and gazines are bought.

Queried about these somewhat subna goings on, one officer admitted that "the boys are going to gamble and we might as well face it, so why not arrange things so they can benefit?"

THE Field Artillery Replacement Center got word of a shipment of troops from the Midwest, so they sent a crew of trucks and noncoms to greet the new men at the Fayetteville station. When the train pulled in, one lone soldier turned up—lanky William H. Wright, from Arkansas. For some days, until several hundred other men arrived, Pvt. Wright constituted the whole of the 8th Battalion, with a mess hall, an orderly room and three barracks all to himself.

MONTHS ago, hard-labor men and soldiers from the hoosegow were put to work planting soybeans—millions of them, it seemed—around the barracks and buildings at Bragg. The beans grew and sprouted and the men wondered what they had been planted for. Food, maybe? Now in November comes the answer: Plow the crop under to fertilize the soil. But the artillery area won't forget the soybean affair for





Men of America...add to the freedoms that are guaranteed to you as your heritage...the freedom of choice. Exercise it. Look at all three nationally advertised, nationally distributed trade marked shirts, offered to you at identical price ranges. Compare them. We're confident your own good judgment will pick a Jayson Troy-tailored shirt every time! The greater value in fabrics and superior workmanship is immediately apparent. Jayson shirts look more luxurious, fit better and wear longer.

**The WHITEHALL* Group** *exemplifying JAYSON superiorities in white shirts*

Costlier broadcloth...finer weave...better tailoring. In neckband, regular soft or Jaysonized no-starch, wrinkle-free collar models. Sanforized—fabric shrinkage less than 1%...Available at good stores everywhere.

WITH CELANESE WRINKLE-FREE COLLAR Whitehall $2 • Super-Whitehall $2.25 • Whitehall DeLuxe $2.50 Whitehall Pajamas, in White and Solid Colors $2, $2.25, $2.50

*If you cannot locate a Jayson dealer, send size and money order. We will see that you are served.*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

F. JACOBSON & SONS, INC., 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY • SHIRTS • PAJAMAS • SPORTWEAR



*"He said we could cook him instead if I gave him my Arrow Tie!"*

• Prescription for shirt fronts—Arrow Ties! The new fall Arrows have spruce stripes and sprightly patterns . . . plus a wrinkle-resisting lining that discourages creases! Arrows knot to perfection! See them at your Arrow dealer's! $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50.

*ARROW TIES*

*As Outstanding as Arrow Shirts*

*Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*







some time. When the beans sprouted in front of a much-disliked officer's headquarters they spelled out a very insulting message indeed. It was plowed under—but quickly.

LOTS of letters have been leaving the fort bearing S-M-R-L-H on the envelopes. Postmen were puzzled, sweethearts were skeptical until it was explained the letters stood for Soldier's Mail—Rush Like Hell.

6TH ARMY CORPS

WITH THE SIXTH ARMY CORPS ON MANEUVERS. The 16,000 men and 2,300 vehicles of New England's Yankee Division ran the gamut of temperatures on their trip from Camp Edwards (Cape Cod) to Maness (North Carolina), where they established base camp for the duration of the First Army maneuvers. The first night out from Cape Cod was bitter cold . . . Virginia seemed like early summer . . . and in North Carolina the meteorological section of the 51st F.A. Brigade hung a thermometer in the sun and watched it pop up to 118 degrees.

But it wasn't the heat alone that bothered the Northern boys. The Sixth Army Corps (of which the 26th Division is a part) pitched its tents smack in a territory occupied by more than a million peach trees. So what? Well, it seems the trees had bugs. As one YD boy put it: "For every tree there's a million bugs, and just try multiplying that by a million trees." Natives assured the Army that the fruit flies would disappear come the first frost, which would leave only rattlesnakes, copperheads and moccasins for the men to shoo away. The gents of the 101st Observation Squadron, parked near Norwood Airport, have snakes but don't worry about them. "It's these black widow spiders," they say cheerfully, "that have us hopping."

26TH DIV.

There are compensations, though; not the least of which are the Southern gals. They not only look beautiful, the lads state, but "they talk devastating." One fast-working gent worked a little too fast. At the end of the second day in camp he made a beeline for the nearest town (Ellerbe), caught up with something sweet and Southern and sat on the doorsteps with her—just all eyes and ears. Pretty soon, the way we heard it, the mother of this cute mouse ca out and fixed the soldier with stern e "It's all right," she said, "for you sit on the stoop with Charlotte, but don't you two go wandering off." N night, back came the boy for anot session of stoop sitting. Presently mother appeared again. "Charlo honey," she said, "how do you think going to like it up No'th?" The sol didn't go back, we guess.

### TEXAS

RANDOLPH FIELD. Although three months old, Aviation Ca R. E. Knucklehead of the Army Corps has already made an unenvia reputation for himself. Cadet Knuc head is the brain child of Artist J Zumwalt, Randolph Field cartoonis the Training Film Preparation U and his mission is to show Rando cadets how not to fly. Everything does is as wrong as parsley on pean Samples: He didn't know that Corps fliers no longer count to ten fore pulling a parachute ripcord; t simply fall clear and immediately the 'chute into full blossom. Knuc head bailed out, stuttered badly, didn't make it; he beat Santa C down the chimney by two months, g 489 miles an hour . . . Ten minutes reporting to the flying line, his morning, Knucklehead tried to shu the motor by grabbing the propelle At present, instructors are trying to vince him that an aviation cadet sh never try to take off from insic hangar, especially when both doors closed.

Knucklehead doesn't know wha think of cartoonist Zumwalt, who from Galveston. "He's always s taging me!" yells the looping lowb digging himself and his plane out o other mountain. Or so they say.

### CALIFORNIA

40TH DIV.

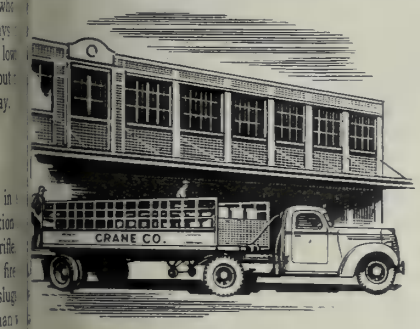
FORT ORD. Deer in s areas of the reservation become so used to rifle, chine-gun and pistol fire hardly wiggle an ear when slugs overhead. A 40th Division man w rather plug himself through the than shoot a deer by mistake, but ians aren't so considerate. So have been sneaking onto the rese



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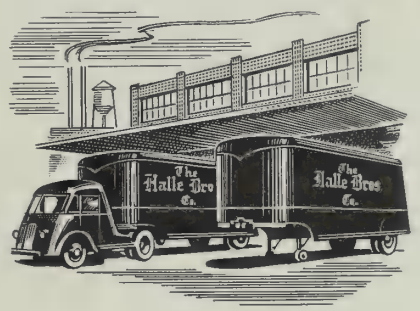

• *Example* — The Crane Company, Chicago, is using a 1½-ton truck and 10-ton Fruehauf Trailer for work on which they formerly used a 5-ton truck . . because any truck can *pull* far more than it can *carry*. Across the country, Truck-Trailers release thousands of heavy-duty engines that are sorely needed for other essential work.

## GASOLINE AND OIL CONSERVED . . .




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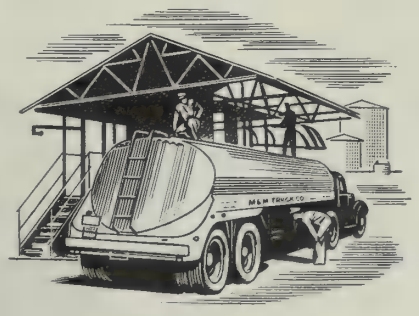
## ENGINE PRODUCTION FACILITIES INCREASED . . .




*Example* —The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland, uses the "shuttle system" between its department store and warehouse. One truck handles three detachable Trailers — it's constantly pulling one Trailer while the others are being unloaded and loaded. Without the "shuttle system," *three trucks* would be required. Thus, production facilities for *two extra trucks* are freed for defense work. Multiply this by the thousands of users "shuttling" with Trailers, and you have an immense added production capacity!

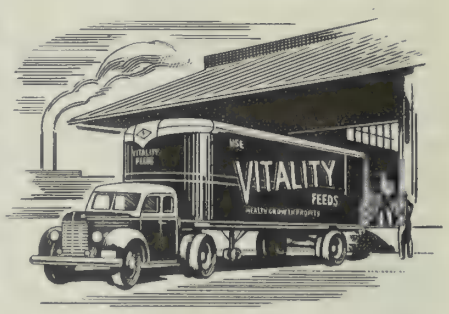
## RAILROAD TANK CARS FREED FOR LONG HAULS . .

*Example*—M & M Truck Co., Denver, whose fleet of fifty 5,000-gal. Fruehauf Tank-Trailers hauls gasoline for one of the major producers, delivers about 15,000,000 gallons in a year. The year-round use of about 100 tank cars would be required to make these same deliveries. Consider, then, the value of 100 cars in the present emergency . . and the fact that this example represents only a very small fraction of the country . . and that Tank-Trailers can assume still larger share of the responsibility!




## RAILROAD FACILITIES RELEASED . . .

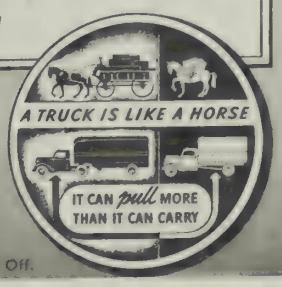
• *Example* — Vitality Mills, Chicago, now ship their livestock feed to certain of their markets by Truck-Trailer, instead of by rail freight. Through faster delivery and improved service, Vitality's business in these markets has increased by 35 percent . . . but, beyond that, the change has released rail facilities for those types of hauling work that railroads can handle best.






*Our soldiers must eat! Transporting their food is just one of the thousands of jobs that motor transport is handling. For example, one firm, using Fruehauf Trailers, hauls 64,000 lbs. of produce weekly to Fort Sill, Okla. Motor transport is helping America to put the job across!*

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I'm still a young fellow, or like to think so, and as long as I've smoked, I've smoked a pipe. Life for me has been a continual round of trying different tobacco.

I've paid as high as six dollars a pound for the stuff. I've had mixtures made to order.

I've smoked tobacco that tasted like honey, that tasted like rum, that tasted like wine, that tasted like maple sugar, that tasted like nuts, that tasted like burning hickory, that tasted like sweet grass. I once smoked a British blend that tasted like somebody's old tweed suit, so help me.

But Edgeworth—I can't possibly explain it, but Edgeworth tastes an awful lot like tobacco! Possibly it *is* tobacco and not malt, not apples, not rum, not wine, not something to disguise the taste of a product the manufacturer is ashamed of.

I shouldn't take up your time like this, really. But I long ago promised the first time I found a tobacco I could smoke for a month or more steadily without tongue-bite, throat irritation, dizziness, and at the same time enjoy the flavor every time I lighted the pipe—when I found that kind of tobacco, I was going to write the manufacturer and tell him about it. *Thanks for Edgeworth, gentlemen!*

*(Signed)* G. T. Fleming Roberts

**NOTE:** Mr. Roberts got acquainted with America's Finest Pipe Tobacco by sending in this coupon for a generous sample tin.

**---SEND FOR SAMPLE (At Our Expense)---**

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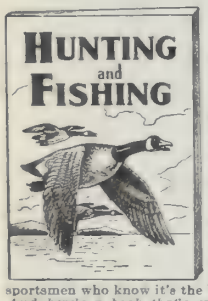
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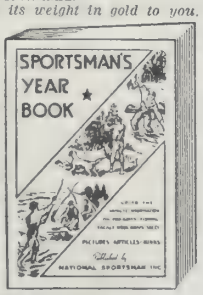
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tion, especially at night, that Post Commander Col. Roger S. Fitch has established deer patrols. Hardly a week passes without one or two of the poachers being nabbed and placed on the colonel's carpet. They get the game laws and the Fort Ord riot act read to them, then the colonel locks up their guns—just in case.

"MAYBE they do it with mirrors," muttered members of the 757th Tank Btn. What they referred to was the sight of eighteen—count 'em—eighteen tanks. For months they've been training with scout cars, jeeps and trucks bearing signs: Tank. The genuine articles aren't new but can get around without tow cars. First time the battalion went out into the hills in the armored wagons some guy put signs on three of them. Field Kitchen, they read.

CAMP ROBERTS. Two officers from Fort Benning came here and let it be known there was room down there for men interested in parachute soldiering. Some 20,000 new men, getting their thirteen weeks' basic training, yawned politely. The officers said it was interesting work. More, and less polite, yawns. Also, added the officers, it meant $50 extra pay per month. The officers signed up 259 out of the stampede that followed, and in a few days the would-be paratroopers were on Georgia-bound trains. Shortly thereafter came a wail from one of the volunteers. "By now," he wrote back, "I expected to have both legs broken from jumping out of an airplane a mile up, but all I've got is housemaid's knee from three weeks of learning how to fold a 'chute."

MOFFETT FIELD, Sunnyvale. The odds are 3,000 to 1 against him but Ralph H. Donovan never sidesteps an argument over the relative merits of the Army and Navy. A chief electrician's mate, he's the only Navy man at this Army Air Corps training center and his job is to keep an eye on a mast that has no ship. It's the huge mooring mast built years ago for the unlucky dirigibles Akron and Macon. The hangar is now an Army plane-conditioning plant. Mate Donovan's duties include (1) running the mooring mast up and down the runway's tracks twice a month to keep it from settling and (2) explaining what a sailor is doing at an Army post.

CAMP CALLAN, San Diego. Selectees of the 56th Coast Artillery training battalion are preparing for war with a few BB guns, a moving clothesline and an electric metronome. Sounds futile, but wait. Lt. Col. Manly B. Gibson, battalion commander, added the above articles to the arsenal, and he uses them as follows:

The BB guns are clapped alongside Springfields with strips of inner tubes, and the BBs land in a short-range target box whence they are retrieved for further use. At thirteen cents a thousand, Lt. Col. Gibson says he isn't going to waste ammunition; moreover, he maintains that his system teaches the boys aiming and firing weapons just as well as though they were using noisy and expensive stuff. On the big 155-mm. guns the air rifle is strapped to the barrel and the gun pointer aims at tiny bits of cloth hanging from slowly moving twine forty yards away. All distances and speeds are on a 1/100th scale. When the gun pointer finds the target he yells "Fire!" and an obliging fellow selectee squeezes the BB-gun trigger. The pellet lands in a near-by tank of water and the splash tells how close the projectile came to the "ship." As for the metronome, Lt. Col. Gibson attached same to the battalion's public-address system and its rhythmic beat has the boys picking 'em up and laying 'em down in astounding unison during basic infantry drill. Lt. Col. Gibson says he wouldn't mind if other camps swiped any or all of these innovations.

### WASHINGTON




FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. To be funny, somebody wrote a Write-to-a-Lonely-Soldier letter and dispatched it to a Chicago newspaper's lovelorn column, signing the name of Pvt. Leon Kvetko, of the 60th Signal Btn. Few days later Pvt. Kvetko went to get a letter he was expecting and was handed 115 of them. To date he has received some 800 as a result of the gag, but he no longer considers it a gag. When he began to wade through the letters he found they were in earnest, from World War veterans, mothers, young girls. Some sent pictures, some sent candy. Pvt. Kvetko parceled them out and his whole company got into the spirit of the thing and pitched in to answer the letters. "I'm the fort's biggest buyer of stationery now," says Kvetko. "Lots of people sent extra stamps and that helps to keep mailing costs down. Funny thing—I never used to write my parents, even, before this thing started." He writes home regularly now, but has to wait a week to find out what's in his mother's notes. She writes in Hebrew, which Kvetko can't read, and he has to get the rabbi to translate her letters for him.

### GENERAL

PVT. KVETKO probably has his hands full, so if you want to write to soldiers, here are some in outlying posts who promise to answer all comers. First Class Privates Sanford Silverman and Ed Farber, Station Dispensary, Dept. Training Center, Rio Hato, Republic of Panama. Pvt. Dick Fayant, Battery H, 73d C.A. (A.A.), Fort Amador, Canal Zone. And Chaplain Chester P. Hanson, U.S. Army Air Base, A.P.O. 801-C Newfoundland, thinks some letters sent to him for distribution at the airport would hike up morale no end. As we've said before, this column cannot forward any correspondence and can concern itself only with the letter problems of men in posts outside the continental United States.

INEVITABLY, many of the current morsels of Army humor are merely modernized relics of former wars and attributed to Army posts from Maine to Texas and diagonally the other way. "This really happened to Pvt. Joe Yardbird at Camp McAntitank," is the way most of them start. We'll print them here from time to time, clearly labeled for easy identification so they won't be confused with the McCoy. Might as well begin with the one about the new soldier who bought and ate sandwiches at the post exchange his first three days in camp because he thought it would be too expensive to eat in the mess hall. That one has come in from posts in nineteen states and is the first and last time it will be printed herein. Kinda funny, though.

BRINGING the total to sixty-two, the following newspapers are reported as mailing free copies to soldiers from their home towns. Michigan: The Berrien Springs Journal-Era and The Charlotte Republican. Illinois: The Downers Grove Reporter, Illiopolis Sentinel and Du Quoin News. New York: The Randolph Register, Pleasantville Townsman, Newcastle (Chappaqua) Tribune, Bayshore (L. I.) Sentinel and nine Long Island papers published by the Griscom-Van Alen Publications, Inc. Pennsylvania: The Easton Express and Westinghouse Valley News. Iowa: The Fenton Reporter. New Jersey: The Rockaway Record. Tennessee: The Greenfield Gazette. Maryland: The Bowie Register. Indiana: The Goshen News-Democrat. Florida: The Dade City Banner, New Port Richey Press and Zephyrhills News. West Virginia: The Mineral Daily News-Tribune.

"BEAN DAY!" writes Technical Sgt. Walter A. Luce, from 8th Army Corps HQ., Brownwood, Texas. "That's what the Army needs. Where are the beans? All my life I've heard about bean-eating soldiers and when I got in the Army two years ago I thought 'Ahhh—here is my chance to get plenty of beans.' Did I? In the two years I don't suppose they've given me beans a dozen times. Roast pork, roast beef, steak, fried ham, roast this and fried that—but no beans. My plan is to instigate Bean Day, and if you can get the idea into print, maybe the cooks and mess sergeants will catch wise, give us beans occasionally and make a lot of soldiers happy."

ALL right, Sergeant; you've stuck your neck out. Is everybody happy?

G. T.




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# Sin of the Father

Continued from page 12

"But it all leads up to our awful experience at the camp, Mildred!"

"Awful experience—"

"You see, when Reid and I were arguing about his going off with Sammy and that Screwball idiot—the poor boy looked so troubled—so I asked him what was the matter. And he said, 'I can't figure Pop out. He's got no enthusiasm whatever. You suppose we've got a pro-Nazi in our midst?' Of course, I shut him right up—"

"Edgar is definitely not pro-Nazi. I heard him tell Joe—"

"Oh, no, no—that's not it. The whole thing goes back to what happened to Edgar in France. If you'll stop and analyze it logically, you'll see yourself that when a man has been absolutely mum about a chapter in his life—why—oh, Mildred, I'm so miserable!"

"What happened at camp?"

"At the camp—oh—I meant to tell you. Edgar didn't want to go!"

"Not visit his own son?"

"No. You see, we'd had a terrible argument about Reid. I wanted Edgar to use his influence and get Reid a commission in the pro—pro—where they buy things for—"

"Procurement."

"THAT'S it. Or at least in the Intelligence, where Reid could make his scholarly talents felt. But Edgar said, 'He's had no military training.' And I said, 'Whose fault is that? You wouldn't let him take military training.' Furthermore, I pointed out that he would never allow Reid to play with toy soldiers. So why should the poor boy be handicapped at this late date—and have to go in the Army as a common private soldier? Was I right or wrong, Mildred?"

"We-ell—"

"The plain and simple truth was that Edgar did not have a commission when he was in the last war. He was a corporal or a sergeant or something like that—"

"A top sergeant, I *think* he told Joe—"

"So he told Joe! Well, he never told me what he was. I am married to a human clam. All I could get out of Edgar was that Reid should start from scratch and work up to a commission, if he wanted one."

"What did Reid say?"

"Oh, you know how he is about Edgar. Anything Edgar says is law and prophets to him. Goodness knows, Edgar has never said much—so I suppose it is only right and natural that Reid should be impressed. Why, Mildred, I argued with that boy practically all evening—and his father just sat there like a bump on a log, smoking—and when I was hoarse and limp, do you know what happened? Master Reid Ralston turned to Edgar and said, 'Should I volunteer or try to wangle a commission, Pop?' And my precious, loyal husband said just one word. 'Volunteer,' he said."

"Then why shouldn't he want to visit Reid at the camp? If he approved—"

"I don't know. But he acted right from the start as if he were going to the electric chair. Actually! His first announcement was that Reid didn't want to be bothered with us. I telephoned the camp—deliver me from ever having to do *that again*—like a call to China and everyone so curt and rude—but I finally got Reid. He said he was expecting us and would be very much disappointed if we didn't come. He said, 'It'll be like old times to Pop,' and couldn't understand Edgar's attitude."

"Joe says Edgar—"

"So I had my precious wher couldn't squirm out of going. All h was to grumble about the car not v ing right . . . bad traffic conditions we'd probably have a smashup—i ine, a father going to see his own who'd been away for weeks—and g bling."

"Joe says Edgar talked very depr about the war—"

"This wasn't war, my dear. This just driving down to camp to se own boy in the Army. Edgar didn't try to make *that* excuse. On the down, all I could get out of him that we'd make Reid feel like a Then, when we got near the camp look at the soldiers and grunt. It se so outlandish for a grown man sort of grunting and sighing, with single word of explanation. So I f said, 'Edgar, you are driving me u nuts. If you have any comme make, come out with it!' And you what he came out with?"

"Not the faintest—"

"He said, 'They're just schoolb just kids.' So I said, 'My dear I you were only nineteen when you the Army in the last war. I don't you looked much older than these Wasn't that a natural, polite back? Do you see anything obn about such a remark?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, our dear, calm, mild, Edgar said, 'Damn us all for this just sat there and scowled for h hour. The traffic was bad, but I'r that didn't justify a supposedly father going to see his only sor using such language. It startle because Edgar very rarely uses p ity of any kind."

"But, Janey, wasn't he damn older people because we let Hitle pen?"

"EDGAR was just simply sulk had ample proof of that when to the Post Headquarters or wh they call it where they receive v parents. It turned out that Rei vision or regiment was on parade spection—anyway, marching a So Edgar, the proud and doting wanted to go back to the car a I said that *I* took sufficient inte our son to want to see him in t rade. Edgar said we couldn't pi out—that all soldiers look alik parade ground. But I put my fo down and took Mr. Edgar Ralst the party of parents going to th parade field we were. It was ho

"Horrible?"

"The way that man acted. Y the camp authorities had plac party in charge of an extreme young ensign or lieutenant or—a a commissioned officer. He had beautiful uniform compared common private soldiers that m just ached for Reid. Not meani thing in particular, I said: 'I'd h see Reid with epaulets on his Wasn't that an innocent enou mark?"

"Yes, but—"

"It positively enraged Edga openly, you know. He never right out and expresses his fee so many words. He just boils i and becomes very grumpy. I th would sink right down and d shame, my dear. Oh, Mildred-

"What'd Edgar do?"

"Oh, it wasn't what he did. what he said. You see, the youn started telling us about the fine situation and how the food w

di to a big hotel and how the gov-
m it even fortifies it with vitamins
xt mely interesting and comforting
ts or parents to know. But my
ci s husband has to sniff nastily
i y, 'The latrines smell familiar,
.' really thought I would perish
m ame. The poor young officer was
c npleted out of countenance and
ry ody stared at Edgar."
T t's not so terrible. Joe would
re-"
'It was his *attitude,* Mildred.
m y and sniffish and hypercritical—
if he were a pro-German pour-
d water on everything. About
t k—it was ghastly—he called it a
c . Right out in front of every-
ly I just stood there and died the
th while that poor officer explained
ar that the Army would soon have
nt of better ones. So Edgar said,
d hey won't have to fight Hitler
eir bare fists, sonny.' I *died*—
wly. And then, I really did check
ast eight of my nine lives. About
e—have another nip of sherry,
i, and I'll take one, too."
I don't see how a few sarcastic
s should have upset you—"

VEN'T come to the truly ago-
ing part yet. The things that make
nder about what happened to
n France—the things that haunt
l Edgar said about the beautiful
chine-gun rifle the officer showed
'It'll jam in the mud. You can't
.' By that time, we were dis-
not popular. Then, Edgar saw
se American Legion men—now,
ay my suspicion isn't justified!"
don . . . what suspicion?"
suspicion of Edgar!"
a little bewildered, darling—"
v, listen carefully. This is im-
: We had just got to the parade
ith everybody looking daggers at
when all of a sudden he saw the
an Legion men. I had begged
to wear his Legion cap, but he
't. Now, listen carefully—all of
en, he saw them and he must
cognized one of them. He turned
ly pale and furtive. He grabbed
he arm and said, 'Let's get away
ere!' I tried to put up an argu-
Reid's part of the Army was out
ield—but Edgar literally dragged
ay!"
y?"
asking you, my dear."
you ask him to explain?"
urally. But he wouldn't even ad-
t he knew any of the Legion men.
he denied it."
at did he say?"
merely muttered that he couldn't
He said he thought he could,
couldn't."
e what?"
v, Mildred, you know Edgar. He
original human clam. He'd al-
spoken about five sentences that
ll of them nasty—and he simply
l he would say, 'I can't take it'
ock off. That was his quota, you

I still don't see why you should
t. Edgar's a pretty sensitive per-
ney. Maybe the sight of Reid in
my and all—"
n think so?"
ot of the men that were in the
ar have queer reactions, darling.
oe, f'instance—"
Ha!"
t the same—for all his fire-eat-
k—I can't drag him to look at
s. Furthermore, he says Edgar
eply marked by his experience—"
afraid he was."
y, Janey — you look — so — so

now what happened to Edgar in
!"
*lly?*—"

"He—oh, I've got to tell it—he was a coward. He—he ran away—"

"Nonsense!"

"Yes—he did."

"What—what makes you think that?"

"I know it."

"Did he tell you?"

"Oh, if he only would! I'd understand. I could help him. If he'd only confess to me—and talk it out. He thinks I'd be revolted. I wouldn't—not at all. I'm a very understanding person. Oh, Mildred, the terrible thing is—our boy. He's always admired Edgar so, in spite of his silence about the war. And, after the way Edgar acted at camp—what he said to Reid—the poor boy must suspect. It must be haunting him. Maybe he believes he inherited Edgar's—his—weakness—"

"I still don't believe it!"

"That's very sweet and loyal—"

"Joe wouldn't either. Whatever happened to Edgar in France—it wasn't that. How on earth could you ever get such an idea?"

"I was there, Mildred."

"You mean—at camp?"

"Yes. Edgar insisted that he was going to Reid's barracks—you know, the big building where the common, private soldiers have to sleep—and he would wait for Reid there. I put my foot right down. I said I could look at American Legion men and soldiers, too, without feeling sick and wanting to run and hide. I said I was simply amazed at his actions and talk. I said we had come down to camp to see our only son, and cheer him up and build his morale, so he could do his duty by his country in her hour of peril. I didn't mean to be cruel—even though I now suspected why Edgar would never say one word about his adventures in the last war—but what hurt me was his refusal to take me into his confidence all these years. After all, when you've been married to a man twenty-one and a half years, you should be trusted—"

"Joe doesn't trust me."

"—well, I happen to be an unusually tolerant and understanding person. I said with heavy emphasis that it was no part of an old Army soldier to go criticizing latrines and tanks and machine-gun rifles and saying he can't take a mere drill at an Army camp, with his own son a member of the Army—"

"WHAT did Edgar say to that?"

"Not one word. He merely turned on his heel and walked off. So I went back to look at the parade and by this time it had broken up and I had the dickens' own time finding Reid. It turned out that he and some of his friends had been surrounded by a lot of proud fathers. One of these older men was telling a story—ugh—it made my hair simply stand on end—do you think they should tell practically boys such things? I mean, when they are preparing for war themselves and need to have their morale bolstered?"

"Well . . . I'd have to hear the story . . . but I'm much more interested in—"

"The man that was telling the story was in the middle of the group, talking to Reid and the others. It was about a man nicknamed No-Medals—oh, Mildred, I shudder even now to think of it. Do you suppose it actually could be true?"

"How should I know, Janey? You haven't told—"

"This man said that No-Medals was in the American Army near a place called Sedan—wasn't that in France during the last war?—Well, anyway, No-Medals had a very close and dear friend. Some Germans pretended to surrender and then shot No-Medals' friend. So No-Medals went simply stark, raving mad. He found the dugout where the Germans were that had killed his friend. He filled his pockets





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with hand grenades and crept up on them. Then, he deliberately threw all his hand grenades on top of them and blew them to shreds. Imagine that!"

"Fair enough, wasn't it?"

"It certainly was not, Mildred. Because, look, the Legion man said No-Medals was killing crazy. And instead of reporting him to the authorities, they let No-Medals stay right in the front line. He led all the attacks—and the whole battalion or regiment or whatever it was got infected with No-Medals' dreadful blood lust. They sent out word to the Germans that they would not take any prisoners. Oh, they did h-horrible things . . . led by that madman, No-Medals. The Legion man said that General Pershing finally had to take them from the battle and put them to work at hard labor for punishment. Do you actually believe such a thing ever happened?"

"I'd have to ask Joe. Maybe he—"

"But the most atrocious part of it was that the bigmouthed oaf bragged about No-Medals as if he were a bigger hero than men like York and Woodfill. He seemed to think that No-Medals was a fine example to hold up before those nice kids."

"OH, THE old vets like to shock 'em, Janey. But what about Reid and Edgar?"

"I'm coming to that—but first I had to settle that Legion man's hash. I pushed right into the group around Reid. I certainly ticked that big galoot off to a fare-you-well. I said—"

"What about Edgar, Janey? Why do you think—"

"I simply have nothing else to think—judging by Edgar's speech and actions. I told Reid his father had an upset stomach and was waiting for us at the barracks. Reid grinned, as he always does, and said he couldn't believe it. You know, I was sort of proud of Reid for the way he had listened to that hideously grisly story about No-Medals. He didn't show any ill effects, I mean it hadn't disturbed his morale or poise or whatever, at all. Even though he had come fresh from Harvard to face the ugly realities of life—"

"What about Edgar, Janey?"

"Oh, *well*—Reid's casual, cheerful attitude made Edgar's behavior so starkly impressive. Mind you, here wa posed war-veteran father vis only son in camp for the first tir Edgar was just sitting on the front of the barracks like a bu log and staring all around. H positively fugitive—no, it's fu looked furtive. As though afraid of being exposed or unm whatever. Reid and I had t solutely all the talking. Unt end—when it was time to go— dred—"

"What *happened*, Janey?"

"It wasn't what happened what Edgar said. It gave h completely. You see, Reid stil ghastly story the Legion man t mind. He repeated it word fo Edgar. And if I ever saw a m in his very bones, it was Edgar —showing such emotion bef own son who has got to be t do his duty—well, my heart lower and lower. When Reid the story, he said, 'You guys h been pretty rough on the k time, Pop!' Surely that was matter - of - fact enough s wasn't it?"

"Yes, but—"

"So what does Edgar do bu of sheer terror in his eyes- man, a father—and say to Rei two things wrong with Americ ing Huns, kid. Huns make them too much. And Americ they get started, are the kill diers on earth. You—you t hate the Huns too much. It that coming on—for God's Just remember that man th No-Medals.'

"Yes, *run*, he said. Oh, I my poor dear Edgar—what thing to say to Reid. I'm su pects the truth. The poor bo afraid this very minute that herited the taint of cowardic what's the matter, Mildred? you look at me that way? T instant!"

"I'm afraid you missed Janey!"

"What point?"

"Well . . . about No-Meda Joe—and have him talk to E if they say it's all right to e will!"



**"By George, it is raining! I'll just duck over to the library and get you a nice book to curl up with"**

# The Pied Piper

Continued from page 19

k. It stood there in the station in ot sunlight, interminably. Pres- a man came down the corridor.
*escendez, monsieur,*" he said. "This goes no farther."
ward stared up at him dum- ed. "But—this is the Paris train?" is necessary to change here. One descend."
hen will the next train leave for ?"
lo not know, monsieur. That is a ry affair."
got the children into their coats, red his things together, and pres- was on the platform, burdened is luggage, with the three children g after him. He went straight to tationmaster's office. There was icer there. The old man asked a traight questions, and got straight rs.
ere will be no more trains for monsieur. None at all. I cannot u why, but no more trains will run from Joigny."

RE was a finality in his tone that oked no argument. The old man "I am traveling to St. Malo, for nd, with these children. How you advise me to get there?"
young officer stared at him. "St. ? That is not the easiest journey, monsieur." He thought for a mo- "There would be trains from res. . . . And in one hour, at half wo, there is an autobus for Mon- . . . . You must go by Montargis, ieur. By the autobus to Montargis, to Pithiviers; from Pithiviers to rville, and from Angerville to res. From Chartres you will be o go by train to St. Malo."
turned to an angry Frenchwoman d Howard, and the old man was ed out of the way. He retired on- e platform, striving to remember ames of the places that he had just . Then he thought of his little deker" and got it out, and traced ecommended course across coun- Chartres. It skirted around Paris, miles farther west. So long as were busses one could get to res that way, but Heaven alone how long it would take.
knew the ropes where French ry autobusses were concerned. He and found the bus out in the sta- ard, and sat in it with the children. had been ten minutes later he d not have found a seat.
rried, and distracted by the chatter e children, he tried to plan his e. To go on to Montargis seemed nly thing to do, but was he wise to Would it not be better to try and l back to Dijon? The route that d been given through Montargis to res was quite a sensible one ac- ng to his "Baedeker"; it lay along d main road for the whole of the red miles or so to Chartres. This ould give him a good lift of thirty- r forty miles upon the way, so that e time he left it he would be within miles of Chartres and the railway Malo; provided he could get a bus rry him that sixty miles he would uite all right. If all went well he d reach Chartres that night, and Malo the next morning; then the -Channel boat and he would be in England.
seemed all right, but was it really He could get back to Dijon, pos- though even that did not seem certain. But if he got back there, then? With the Germans driving rd into France from the north, and the Italians coming up from the south. Dijon seemed to be between two fires. He could not stay indefinitely in Dijon. It was better, surely, to take courage and go forward in the bus, north and by west in the direction of the Channel and home.

The bus became filled with a hot, sweating crowd of French countrypeople. All were agitated and upset, all bore enormous packages with them, all were heading to the west.

Presently the driver climbed into his seat, and the grossly overloaded vehicle started.

The road was full of traffic. As far as Howard could see it was thronged with vehicles, all moving toward the west. He felt it really was a most extraordinary sight, a thing that he had never seen before, a population in migration.

After about two hours the bus drew off to the side of the road. The driver got down and looked under the hood. Howard and the children got out of the bus and rested at the side of the road. Howard gave the children sandwiches and milk.

Presently Rose said she heard an airplane.

Instinctively Howard turned his head. He could hear nothing.

"I hear it," Ronnie said. "Lots of airplanes."

Sheila said, "I want to hear the airplane."

"Silly," said Ronnie. "There's lots of them. Can't you hear?"

The old man strained his ears, but he could hear nothing. "Can you see where they are?" he asked nonchalantly. A cold fear lurked in the background of his mind.

The children scanned the sky. "Yes," said Rose, pointing suddenly. "Three planes—there."

Ronnie twisted around in excitement to Howard. "They're coming down toward us! Do you think we'll see them close?"

"Where are they?" he inquired. He strained his eyes in the direction from which they had come. "Oh, I see. They won't come anywhere near here. Look, they're going down over there."

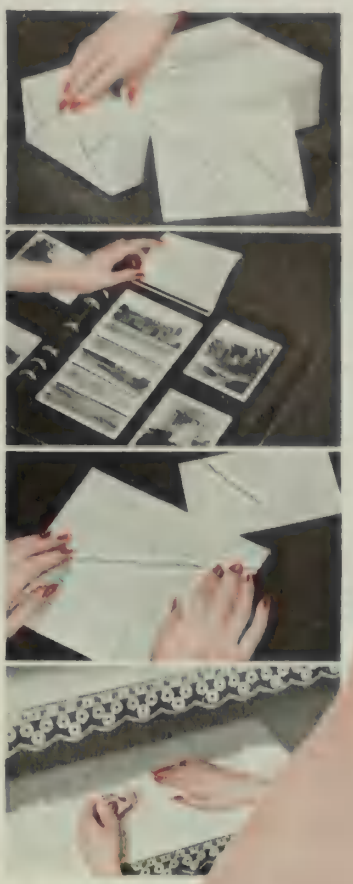
"Oh . . ." said Ronnie, disappointed. "I did want to see them close."

THEY watched the aircraft losing height toward the road, about two miles away. Howard expected to see them land among the fields beside the road, but they did not land. They flattened out and flew along just above the tree-tops, one on each side of the road and one behind flying down the middle. A little crackling rattle sounded from them as they came. The old man stared, incredulous—it could not be . . .

Then, in a quick succession, from the rear machine five bombs fell on the road. Howard saw the bombs actually leave the airplane, saw five great spurts of flame upon the road, saw queer, odd fragments hurled into the air.

From the bus a woman shrieked, "The Germans!" and pandemonium broke loose. The driver of a little car fifty yards away saw the gesticulations of the crowd, looked back over his shoulder, and drove straight into the back of a mule cart, smashing one of its wheels and cascading the occupants and load onto the road. The French around the bus dashed madly for the door, hoping for shelter in the glass and plywood body, and jammed in a struggling, pitiful mob in the entrance. The machines flew on toward them, their machine guns spitting flame. The rear machine, its bombs discharged, flew forward and to


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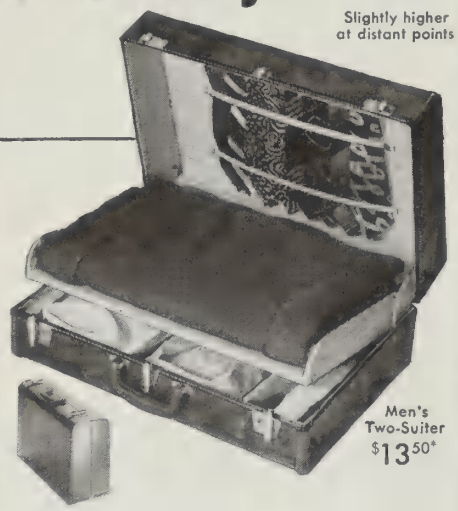
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**"Would you care to make a sixth at bridge?"** FRITZ WILKIE

the right; with a weaving motion the machine upon the right dropped back to the rear center, ready in its turn to bomb the road.

There was no time to do anything, to go anywhere, nor was there anywhere to go. Howard caught Sheila and Ronnie and pulled them close to him, flat upon the ground. He shouted to Rose to lie down, quickly.

Then the machines were on them, low-winged, single-engined monoplanes with curious bent wings, dark green in color. A burst of fire was poured into the bus from the machines to right and left; a stream of tracer bullets shot forward up the road from the center aircraft. A few bullets flickered straight over Howard and his children on the grass and spattered in the ground a few yards behind them.

FOR a moment Howard saw the gunner in the rear cockpit as he fired at them. He was a young man, not more than twenty, with a keen, tanned face. He wore a students' yellow corps cap, and he was laughing as he fired.

Then the two flanking aircraft had passed, and the center one was very near. Looking up, the old man could see the bombs slung in their racks beneath the wing; he watched in agony for them to fall. They did not fall. The machine passed by them, not a hundred feet away. He watched it as it went, sick with relief. He saw the bombs leave the machine three hundred yards up the road, and watched dumbly as the debris flew upward. He saw the wheel of a cart go sailing through the air, to land in the field.

Then that graceful, weaving dance began again, the machine in rear changing places with the one on the left. They vanished in the distance; presently Howard heard the thunder of another load of bombs upon the road.

He released the children, and sat up upon the grass. Ronnie was flushed and excited. "Weren't they *close!*" he "I did see them well. Did you see well, Sheila? Did you hear them the guns?"

He was ecstatically pleased. was quite unaffected. She said, " have some orange?"

Howard said slowly and mechan "No, you've had enough to eat. up your milk." He turned to Ros found her inclined to tears. He up, and moved over to her. "Di thing hit you?" he asked in Fren

She shook her head dumbly.

"Don't cry, then," he said "Come and drink your milk."

She turned her face up to him. they coming back? I don't like th they make."

He patted her on the sh "Never mind," he said a little u ily. "The noise won't hurt you. think they're coming back." H up the one cup with milk and to her. "Have a drink."

Ronnie said, "I wasn't frighten I?"

Sheila echoed, "I wasn't frig was I?"

The old man said patiently, "I was frightened. Rose doesn't li sort of noise, but that's not being ened." He stared over to the littl around the bus. Something ha pened there, he must go and see can have an orange," he said. third each. Will you peel it, Ro

"*Mais oui, monsieur.*"

He left the children happy prospect of more food, and went to the bus. There was a violent tracted clamor from the crowd; the women were in tears of fri rage. But to his astonishmen were no casualties save one old who had lost two fingers of her l severed cleanly near the knuck bullet. Three women, well acc to first aid in accidents upon t were tending her, not inexpertly

oward was amazed that no one had e killed. From the right a dozen ts had entered the body of the bus rd the rear; from the left the front ls, bonnet and radiator had been y shot about. Between the two the d of peasants milling round loor had escaped injury. Even the d in the small car had escaped, gh one of the women in the mule was shot through the thigh. The itself was dying in the road.

ere was nothing he could do to help ounded women. His attention was cted by a gloomy little knot of men nd the driver of the bus; they were ng despondently at the engine. The nan joined them; he knew little of inery, but it was evident even to that all was not quite right. A great of water lay beneath the engine of us; from holes in radiator and cylin- asting the brown, rusty water still ut.

e of the men turned aside to spit. on't go further," he said succinctly. took a moment or two for the full ing of this to come home to ard. "What does one do now?" he d the driver. "Will there be another "

ot unless they find a madman for iver." There was a strained silence. the driver said, "You must go on oot."

BECAME apparent to Howard that s was nothing but the ugly truth. s about four in the afternoon and ctargis was twenty-five kilometers, ifteen miles, farther on, nearer to than Joigny. They had passed or two villages upon the road from ny; no doubt one or two more lay d before Montargis. But there d be no chance of busses starting at places, nor was there any reason- chance of a hotel.

was appalling, but it was the only . He and the children would have lk, very likely the whole of the way ontargis.

went into the wrecked body of the and collected their things, the two hé cases, the little suitcase, and the ining parcels of food. There was much for him to carry very far un- the children could carry some of knew that that would not be satis- ory for long. Sheila could carry ing; indeed she would have to be carried herself a great deal of the way. Ronnie and Rose, if they were to walk fifteen miles, would have to travel light.

He carried his burdens back to the children and laid them down upon the grass. It was impossible to take the suitcase with them; he packed it with the things that they could spare most easily and left it in the bus in the faint hope that one day it might somehow be retrieved. That left the two bulging little cases and the parcels of food. He could carry those himself.

"We're going to walk on to Montargis," he explained to the children. "The bus won't go."

"Why not?" asked Ronnie.

"There's something the matter with the engine."

"Oh—may I go and see?"

Howard said firmly, "Not now. We're just going to walk on."

They started out to walk in the direction of Montargis. The heat of the day was passing; it was not yet cool, but it was bearable for walking. They went very slowly, limited by the rate at which Sheila walked, which was slow.

Presently they came to the place where the second load of bombs had dropped.

There were two great craters in the road, and three more among the trees at the verge. There had been a cart of some sort there. There was a little crowd of people busy at the side of the road; too late, he thought to make a detour from what he feared to let the children see.

Ronnie said clearly and with interest, "Are those dead people, Mr. Howard?"

He steered them over to the other side of the road. "Yes," he said quietly. "You must be very sorry for them."

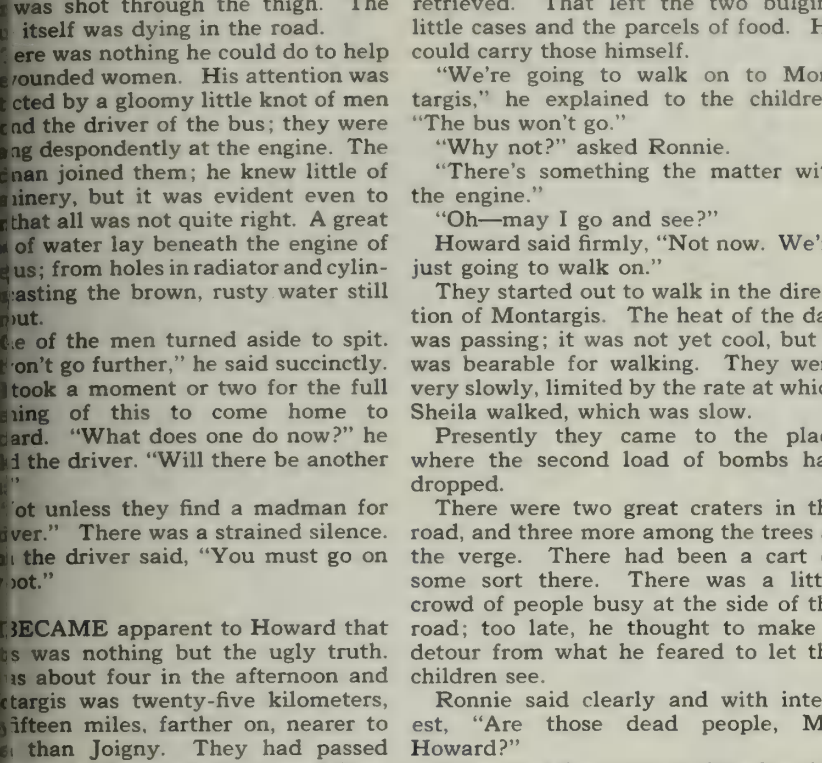
"May I go and see?"

"No," he said. "You mustn't go and look at people when they're dead. They want to be left alone."

"Dead people do look funny, don't they, Mr. Howard?"

He could not think of what to say to that one, and herded them past in silence. Sheila was singing a little song and showed no interest; Rose crossed herself and walked by quickly with averted eyes.

They strolled on at their slow pace up the road. If there had been a side road Howard would have taken it, but there was no side road. It was impos-




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**Played "hob" with Daniel Dobb—**
**But this is how he saved his job**



*From door to door trudged Daniel Dobb,*
*His sample case in hand;*
*Yet all day long he made no sales,*
*No orders could he land.*
*Alas! his dingy, foul*
false teeth
*Were more than folks*
*could stand.*



A dentist said: "Try POLIDENT,
The *modern* thing to do.
"Although *you neither rub nor scrub*
Your teeth will 'look like new';
"It brightens smiles; checks Denture Breath;
Is inexpensive too."



Dobb did! And now his order file
Is simply overflowing;
His pay-checks, too, are lush and fat;
His bank account is growing.
The *lesson?* POLIDENT can keep
*Your* plates clean, sweet and glowing!




CLEAN PLATES, BRIDGES WITH
**POLIDENT**
ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 30¢




## Portrait of Mrs. Whitlock's New Water Heater Tank

When Mrs. Whitlock ordered her new water heater, she asked for a *Monel* hot water tank. But that Monel was needed for *another* kind of tank. And Mrs. Whitlock is a "good sport" about it.

In fact, when she learned that her share of Monel was needed for tanks, ships and guns she soon saw *why* she has to do without her long-dreamed-of Monel hot water tank.

Even a home engineer like Mrs. Whitlock can understand that the same toughness and rust-proofness that make Monel the A-1 metal for hot water tanks also makes it an A-1 priority material during the Emergency.

And she also realizes that her bit of Monel is hastening the day when she, like so many of her friends, *can* enjoy the rust-free, trouble-proof hot water that flows from a Monel tank.

**MONEL** *Water Heater Tanks*

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 73 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.


sible to make a detour other than by walking through the fields; it would not help him to turn back toward Joigny. It was better to go on.

They passed other casualties, but the children seemed to take little interest. He shepherded them along as quickly as he could; when they had passed the target for the final load of bombs there would probably be an end to this parade of death. He could see that place now, half a mile ahead. There were two motorcars jammed in the road, and several trees seemed to have fallen.

Slowly, so slowly, they approached the place. One of the cars was wrecked beyond redemption. The bomb had burst immediately ahead of it, splitting the radiator in two and blasting in the windscreen. Then a tree had fallen straight on top of it, crushing the roof down till it touched the chassis. There was much blood upon the road.

FOUR men, from a decrepit old car, were struggling to lift the tree aside to clear the road for their own car to pass. On the grass verge a quiet heap was roughly covered by a rug.

Pulling and heaving at the tree, the men rolled it from the car and dragged it back, clearing a narrow passage with great difficulty. They wiped their brows, sweating, and clambered back into their old two-seater. Howard stopped by them as the driver started his engine.

"Killed?" he asked quietly.

The man said bitterly, "What do you think? The filthy Boches!" He let the clutch in, and the car moved slowly forward around the tree and up the road ahead of them.

Fifty yards up the road it stopped. One of the men leaned back and shouted at him, "You—with the children. You! Look out for the little boy!"

They let the clutch in, and drove on. Howard looked down in bewilderment at Rose. "What did he mean?"

"He said there was a little boy," she said.

He looked around. "There's no little boy here."

Ronnie said, "There's only dead people here. Under that rug." He pointed with his finger.

Sheila awoke to the world about her. "I want to see the dead people."

The old man took her hand firmly in his own.

"Nobody goes to look at them," he said. "I told you that." He stared around him in bewilderment.

Sheila said, "Well, may I go and play with the boy?"

"There's no boy here, my dear."

"Yes, there is. Over there."

She pointed to the far side of the road, twenty yards beyond the tree. A little boy of five or six was standing th fact, utterly motionless. He was in gray—gray stockings above th gray shorts, and a gray jersey. H standing absolutely still, staring the road toward them. His face dead, grayish white in color.

Howard caught his breath at th of him, and said very softly, "( God!" He had never seen a chil ing like that, in all his seventy ye

He crossed quickly over to hi children following. The little bo motionless as he approached, sta him vacantly. The old man sai you hurt at all?"

There was no answer. The ch not appear to have heard him.

"Don't be afraid," Howard saic wardly he dropped down on on "What is your name?"

There was no answer.

Howard got to his feet again, ately perplexed. He must go way, not only to reach Montar also to remove his children fr sight of that appalling car, cap they realized its grim significa haunting them for the rest of the He could not stay a moment long was necessary in that place. H it seemed impossible to leave th

He crossed quickly to the otl of the road, telling the children where they were. He lifted up of the rug. They were a fairl dressed couple, not more tha years old, terribly mutilated ir He nerved himself, and oper man's coat. There was a walle inside pocket; he opened it, ar was the identity card. Jean Du 8 bis, Rue de la Victoire, Lille.

He took the wallet and some and stuffed them into his poc would turn them over to the n darme he saw.

HE WENT back to the childr said to Rose and Ronnie, "Y one of the cases each, for a lit He went up to the little boy an him, "Will you come with us? going to Montargis."

There was no answer, no sign had heard.

For a moment Howard stooc plexity; then he stooped and boy's hand. In that hot afterno a chilly, damp hand that "Come," he said with gentle "we're going to Montargis." H to the road; the boy in gray sti trotted docilely beside him. one child with either hand, the strolled down the long road, other children followed behi with a case.

*(To be continued next we*


## You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

**MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY**



**EYES OVERWORKED?** Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its *six extra ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe.* You get—



**QUICK RELIEF!** Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed.* Murine is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start today to let it help you, too.

**MURINE FOR YOUR EYES**

**SOOTHES • CLEANSES • REFRESHES**

## WHAT'S MISSING FROM YOUR MEALS?



***Food seem flat, appetite sluggish?*** Call for A·1, the savory sauce that puts taste appeal in every meal.

**A·1 SAUCE**

*The DASH that makes the DISH*




FRITZ

**HAWAII** is my home and to me the charm of the Islands is fittingly symbolized by Dole Pineapple Juice. I have tried to express this pleasant association in this painting—"Hauoli," which means *Happiness.*

*Lloyd Sexton*

HAUOLI

• **BEAUTY**...you see it in a glass of Dole Pineapple Juice—the true, undiluted juice of big, ripe pineapples. And Dole Pineapple Juice tastes as good as it looks—at breakfast—*anytime!*

• **HAPPINESS** depends largely on good health. Dole Pineapple Juice is a good source of Vitamins $B_1$ and C, and contains Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus.

• **JOY OF LIVING**...isn't it freedom from petty tasks... *less work in the kitchen?* Dole Pineapple Juice is always ready. Just shake a chilled can...punch...pour...DRINK!




*from Hawaii, U.S.A.*

If you're looking for pipe pleasure,
Climb aboard and get this treasure . . .

YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!



It's a brand-new taste sensation
Cool and free from irritation . . .

YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!



Note the soft-foil pouch—it's handy,
Keeps the mixture fine and dandy . . .

YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!



Mark the name of this tobacco,
Ask for FRIENDS . . . ten cents a pack-o . . .

YO HO! AND THE FLAVOR OF RUM!




PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY



**"Please excuse the appearance of the place, Father—we expected you to get here before the finance people!"**

GEORGE S

## Suspicious Speed

**Continued from page 20**

Plume, owned by the Millsdale Stable and trained by Tony Pelleteri, coughed up a carrot at Belmont one morning during the early 1939 meeting. A stable attendant seized the carrot, turned it over to the authorities and it was found to contain morphine sulphate. The discovery led to the arrest of two men, Patrick Panza and Richard Hohman, who were sent to jail for a year and fined $500 each. Pelleteri and the horse's groom were suspended by the N. Y. Racing Commission for a short period, for negligence.

Other depressants have been placed in thick glucose capsules and fed to favorites. The capsules were so thick that the pill passed from the horse's stomach to its intestinal tract without melting or breaking—and then broke during the heat of the race and lulled the horse into a drowsy performance.

### Formula vs. Formula

As for the non-narcotic stimulation, Anslinger's office is powerless to act. But honest racing states do their best to stamp out this particular section of foulness. And, as usual, get scant thanks when successful.

The full story of the depravity of American racing through the so-called Golden Twenties will never be known. Suffice it to say that more than one decent horse owner retired from the game with heavy losses rather than be a part of an enterprise which had degenerated into a case of formula vs. formula instead of horse vs. horse. The filthy rottenness extended from the back-turning owners and track officials down to the lowliest swipe. The punishment the horses took (and some still take) staggers the imagination. The toll of horses which dropped dead from heart trouble or broke down because they were too coked up to know that they were breaking legs or pulling tendons mounted dizzily during the decadent decade. Bad post actors abounded.

And on the breeding farms, which are the core of the sport, the number of sterile stallions, diseased mares, miscarriages, stillborn foals and worthless get gave ample proof of how muc was coursing with the blue bl the veins of the country's racing

The first clear-cut alarm was s by Thomas B. Cromwell, then e writer for the famed publication, Horse. In the March, 1929, is wrote:

"The trainers of today who ar stimulants have done away wi needle and use a powder or a c They have also increased the i ents so far that today some of th using a concoction of heroin, c strychnine and nitrate of glyc capsules. . . . It is also a known f today they are using heroin in two-year-olds. This is destroyi thoroughbred horse of America.

"Up until the year 1893, I wou ture to say that there would n half-dozen horses stimulated wit in a week's racing, as ninety-n cent of the old-timers owning an ing thoroughbreds had some lo thought for the horse and did lieve in this brutal practice. The no more think of putting a boy a horse and sending it to the pos condition that the majority of are sending them today, and en ing the boy's life, than they w committing suicide themselves.

"But, things have changed . . now seems that the majority of who have come into the busines last twenty-five years have c with a 'hop' prescription tucked their pockets."

When the article appeared, lonesome souls such as Joseph ener and the late Admiral Grayson uttered soulful "yea shortly after that Anslinger's offi to work. It had noticed that its narcotic raids were taking the vicinity of tracks. Some of picked up were apprehended thoroughbred barns. It was before the doping crooks in th realized that Mr. Whiskers was for keeps.

Anslinger took a terrific be a "publicity-seeking interloper," some extent, still does. But A

how to take it, as he ably demonstrated when he weathered the firmest of the New Deal's patronage to unseat him in 1933. The detection of horse dopers is but one of a of his duties, but the man loves a horse and he bears down especially when the doping evil comes close . He showed up at last winter's ng of state racing commissioners Florida, in good voice, to cry down posal to have the commissioners' rule rewritten to erase the clause at trainer "shall be barred" when rse is doped and substitute "may red."

When he first began throwing his around, Anslinger was chalby a prominent owner who ofo bet him $5,000 that none of the s many horses had ever been red with. Anslinger accepted, and ted to the owner that he get ready d the $5,000 to the Society for evention of Cruelty to Animals. wner shut up. But the surprising s that a number of thoroughly but touchy owners continually Anslinger. They blame him for ng state racing laws which hold s or trainers personally responfor horses found doped in their even if the owners or trainers had tely nothing to do with the adering of the juice.

### When Owners are Helpless

ed Gwynne Vanderbilt, for in, has said that he will not race ifornia this year because of that law pinning all responsibility for horses on the owner. Vanderbilt d a sample of how powerless an can be in the face of a determined ring. His Airflame got a "slow-" shot of morphine from someone w York in 1938, a urine test d. It came as a deep shock to the owner. Unlike owners who pay more attention to the social side turf than they do to supervise conduct of their stables, Vanderup at the crack of dawn more than not to help train his horses. in exceptionally close touch with employee from his head trainer lowliest swipe. Yet Airflame was . Hence his and other honest s' reluctance to accept blame for hing they have done everything in power to guard against.

pite the recent scandal in Cali, involving some of the fancier s, the game is getting cleaner all me. New York set a remarkable during 1940. Its well-equipped tory for the testing of the saliva, and blood of the thoroughbreds which ran there did not find one "positive." A "positive" means that tests have proved that a horse was primed. In all, the laboratory made 1,292 saliva tests, and Commissioner Herbert Bayard Swope was justly proud of the record for clean racing. Spotless also in 1941.

But, sadly enough, it doesn't necessarily follow that there wasn't a stimulated horse running in New York. There are roughly 120 narcotics and stimulants, but the saliva tests will detect only half of these. In addition, the saliva test is made on the winner only, and such other scattered horses as may be selected by the stewards on the ground that their reversal of form has been too marked. A pretty good cross section is arrived at in this way, but the fact remains that tests are made on a rather small percentage of the total number of horses competing in New York. Yet New York leads all the states in the number of saliva tests made. Its laboratory does the saliva testing for Maryland and Michigan tracks, too. Maryland sent it only 492 samples and Michigan 308. Kentucky, incidentally, tests only three horses a day.

Considerably sounder than the saliva test is the urine test, but it is involved and costly and some racing states frown on it because it is too accurate. A good substitute for all tests, when they are found to be impractical, is a well-guarded receiving barn, to which entrants are led several hours before their races. Narcotics and stimulants must be administered within thirty minutes of the race, else their effects will wear off and the horse will be a wreck instead of a streak. A properly policed receiving barn at every track would work wonders for every long-suffering two-dollar bettor and long-abused animal.

The reprehensible practice of hopping up horses probably began in the fifteenth century when gypsies, then mostly horse dealers, discovered that red pepper and ginger, inserted under a horse's tail, lent him a temporary air of friskiness which fooled the average buyer. Sweden barred gypsies as horse dealers in 1727, and Emperor Joseph II of Austria put through an imperial decree of that nature in 1783.

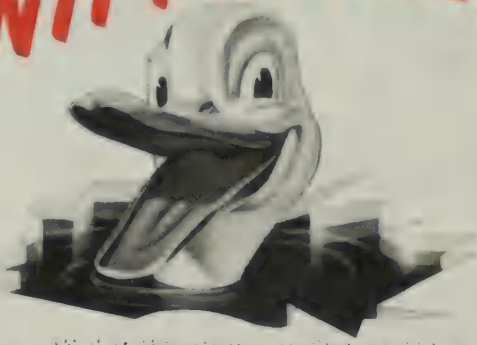
It remained for France to come up with the first convicted doper of thoroughbreds. He was the owner of a colt which won the Grand Prix at the turn of the century. The colt's amazing reversal of form and his highly charged appearance at the post and after the race caused officials at the track to hold up the purse. The government took a saliva test, probably the first ever made for this purpose. It was "positive." The horse was laden with heroin, and though



"Wilbur, your father and I do not intend you to be a doctor"

WILLIAM STEIG

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GET DU PONT'S NEW ANTI-FREEZE!



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IN THE INTEREST OF NATIONAL DEFENSE, conserve anti-freeze so there will be enough to go around. Don't buy or use more than you need. Stop leaks. Have your dealer tighten and clean the cooling system of your car, and use "Zerex" or "Zerone" in accordance with directions.
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Anti-freeze and ANTI-RUST
ONE FILLING LASTS ALL WINTER
▶ "Zerex" is the new Du Pont anti-freeze that is absolutely non-evaporating . . . gives you complete freedom from anti-freeze worries all winter long. Its exclusive anti-acid formula also protects metals in your car's cooling system from rust and corrosion. Be safe! Be satisfied! Get "Zerex" from your dealer today.
$2.65 a gal
DU PONT "ZERONE," MADE BY THE MAKERS OF "ZEREX," IS AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR $1.00 ANTI-FREEZE

# What STALIN TOLD HOPKINS ABOUT HITLER

A DRAMATIC PAGE from the WORLD'S HISTORY



HOPKINS was in England, with Churchill, when he got Roosevelt's cable: "Go to Moscow, see Stalin."

Three days later he was in the Kremlin with the man of steel whose ruling is Russia's law; with the OGPU, and the utter blackouts so different from London's. What is Stalin like, what are his plans, his chances of victory? Does he want our army, our navy? What did he tell Hopkins of the Nazi-Soviet pact? How does he regard the German people, the German staff, the man Hitler?

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er sued everyone in sight he was
ed and paid a heavy fine.
nd took up the saliva test after
was there that Joseph E. Wid-
st saw it in operation, but it was
l 1929 when he built his Hialeah
at he could persuade an Ameri-
k to install this modest protec-
s introduction at Hialeah raised
furor. Many stables threatened
ott the track. Widener had a
vested in the layout, but he
his guns, backed by a sternly
Florida Racing Commission,
as all for barring for life all
caught with the goods. The sta-
ed that the saliva test would
e public's confidence in the
memorably droll line.
f the first men the saliva test
t Hialeah was one of Widener's
riends. But Widener persevered
due time, with the support of
Grayson, Anslinger, Swope and
others, he spread the gospel
the country. Today the test is
l equipment at all tracks. Even
ess-racing game is taking to it,
eluctantly. But there are still
nscienceless racing states which
to horsemen, "Send your nags
eetings and we'll let you stuff
th so much hop that they'll ex-
they hit a rail."

### isbarment Doesn't Help

commissions such as these exist
by and large, the commission-
are filled by political hacks.
s precious little co-operation
he racing states. Anslinger's of-
pointed the finger at more than
inal, and had him barred, let us
New York, only to discover that
sona grata elsewhere.
Anslinger's office has been able
bout one hundred convictions,
y owners, trainers, grooms or
ave been packed off to jail.
aught dopers have beaten the
ent's cases on the ground that
was obtained by an illegal
Others have been put on pro-
The various state commissions
led several hundred off, for
ranging from life to several
t these disbarments are rarely
ide.
d reportorial curiosity of Com-
r Swope helped make New
comparatively spotless leader
sault of the states on the horse-
practice. When Swope took
1934 he pledged his administra-
e eradication of the evil. But,
g the good reporter he is, he
wanted to know his subject. He persuaded William Woodward, a pillar of the frosty Jockey Club, to turn two of his thoroughbreds over to the commission for the purpose of testing the power of different dope formulas and the efficacy of the several types of narcotic detectors.

The horses were Andalusian and Foxton, the latter by Mr. Woodward's immortal Gallant Fox. After three months of secret testing, engaged in not only by the commission's chemists, Dr. J. G. Catlett and Charles E. Morgan, but also by veteran early-morning clockers, it was agreed that of eleven fundamental drugs four showed unmistakably that they could get more yards per minute out of the steeds. Of these, heroin was by far the most potent. It was found that morphine, most always a depressant in humans, may stimulate horses. Nitroglycerin injections helped the circulation of the dope by expanding the horses' blood vessels. Strychnine excited the spinal cords. Aconite was almost as speed-producing as heroin. Cocaine made the horses wild at the post. The urine test recovered doping proof as long as forty-eight hours after the injection, the saliva test was useless after eight hours.

Yet for reasons of convenience the saliva is the main test today—the barrier that keeps ■ rather unhealthy situation from becoming as hopeless as it was in the twenties. The saliva test itself begins when the selected horse is made to bite down on a piece of gauze placed in its mouth after ■ race. The gauze is then sealed in a glass preserving jar and mailed to the laboratory concerned. There, a wringer first takes all of the moisture out of the gauze.

Then the gauze is dipped in alcohol and again wrung out. The resultant liquids are put together in test tubes and evaporated until they are a brown crystallized stain on the bottom of the last small evaporation cup.

The chemist now takes a wet rubber stick and scrapes the stain until it is a tiny amount of amber-colored liquid. This is placed in a small tube at the bottom of which is a small asbestos filter. This tube is put in a larger one, and both are spun rapidly, an act which forces the liquid through the filter and strains it into the larger tube. Then the strained residue is mixed with ether, which soon rises to the top of the tube and brings with it the evidence, if any.

If the ether fails to reveal anything, then ■ mixture of chloroform and ether is mixed with the strained residue. Chloroform will reveal drugs which ether misses. If all tests fail, then the horse wasn't doped or the men who tampered with the horse used ■ formula which beat the saliva test, or the stimulant boiled away during the evaporation process. Benzedrine does this. However, there are other ways of proving that a horse has been primed with benzedrine, as will be duly attested by trainer Guy Bedwell, who was suspended for sixty days by the Maryland State Racing Commission on a charge that his horse Ginoca was pepped up with this stuff last April 24th at Havre de Grace. The commission at no time accused Bedwell personally of administering the stimulant.

### The Owner's Viewpoint

The howls of indignation which greet the announcement that a saliva test has come back "positive" are sharp indeed. The owner of the brutally mistreated horse invariably goes into a jowl-quivering rage over the audacity of linking his name with a scheme to make a few paltry hundreds. Usually he is rich and threatens to use his influence to oust the conscientious public-spirited citizens and officials concerned. The trainer cries that he is prey to every groom he hires. The grooms, who recently have been striking for more pay, deny everything. All concerned turn on whichever reporter prints the story.

W. L. Brann, wealthy owner of Challedon, offered to resign from the Jockey Club and the Maryland Jockey Club at the height of the open airing given the California caffeine-syrup case this summer. Commissioner Giesler, who had listed Brann's Challomine as one of the horses tampered with, entreated Brann not to resign. The commissioner reiterated that it was obvious that Brann was in no way suspected. But in answer to Brann's highly pardonable complaint that he disliked having even his name linked to the investigation, Giesler replied that even if some strictly innocent toes were stepped on, the general effect of the investigation would be cleaner California racing.

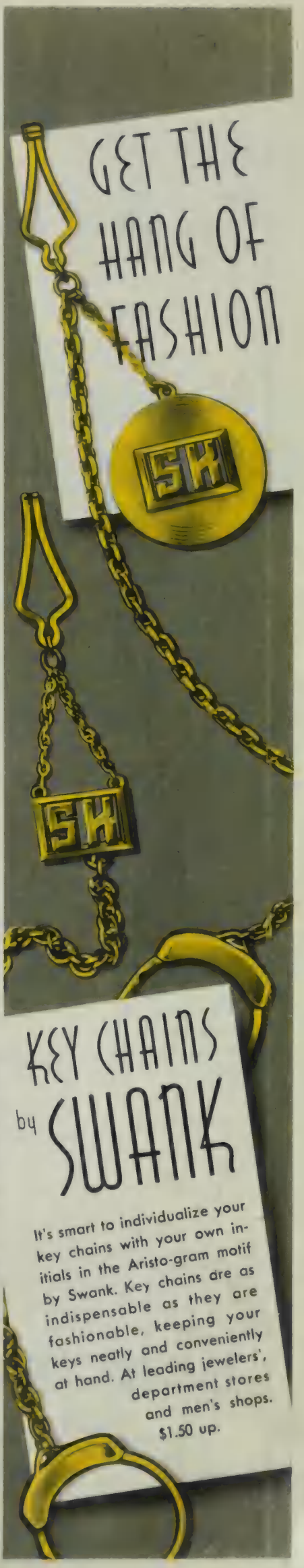
Just as indignant as Brann was Louis B. Mayer, whose horse Painted Veil was listed by Giesler. The movie magnate-turfman demanded of Giesler that Giesler buy out his vast turf holdings and warned Giesler from the witness chair that the embarrassment of having to appear in connection with such a scandal might induce him to retire from racing. Brann, Mayer and their racing stables were cleared of all blame in the syrup case, of course. But on July 23d, the California horse board suspended trainers A. A. Baroni, Charles McDonough, Darrell Cannon, Noble Threewitt and S. DeVore for sixty days, in the same case, and ordered them to return the purses their horses won while under the influence of the ersatz vigor.

Giesler had achieved his purpose. He had gotten a suspension pinned on men found guilty, he had given the crooks in the game another warning, and he had impressed once again on the decent men in the game the need for more careful supervision of their barns, which are, in a way, public trusts.

And so the battle continues without abatement. The beneficiaries of the work of the men who are trying to cleanse the game of the doping practice are the bettors, the suckers who are badly gypped out of untold sums each year by coked-up betting coups. The bettors, yes, and the thoroughbreds. Because of the crusading work now going on behind the scenes in racing, fewer thoroughbreds will finish their lives as hopelessly ravaged dope addicts. And more and more of them will know the peace of their well-earned green pastures.



**"Good heavens! You can't call the police— we still haven't got a license for Rover!"** PVT DAVID BREGER



Worth reaching for!



Blackie: "There's pleasure ahead, Whitey—get that aroma!"

Whitey: "Um-m-m! And it's just within our reach!"




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The Scotch with Character

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# Block that Toot!

Continued from page 29

Baseball umpires who work behind the plate use a little indicator that registers balls and strikes; they don't depend on their memory or on the scoreboard. There seems no reason why the same device couldn't be used in football. As it stands now, the referee is the Supreme Court; what he says goes and there is no recourse. If you protest, you are lucky if you get off without a five-yard penalty for "delaying the game." If you squawk too loudly, he can bench you as a troublemaker.

Sunny Sundstrom, Cornell's 1923 All-America tackle, tells an anecdote about Gil Dobie that illustrates the point. Gathering his squad around him on the first day of practice, Dobie said:

"Before starting the season it might be advisable for you fellows to know how many players constitute a football team. Can anybody answer that?"

After they had all had a try at it, Dobie shook his head in disgust.

"There are ten players on a football team; ten players and a captain. He will be so worried about his questionable association with the officials that he'll be little more than cargo."

Those little tin gods with their little tin tooters. . . .

### What's "Unnecessary Roughness?"

I know. I've played. I've gunned it from ■ left-tackle slot in the Yale Bowl where the officials seem thicker and buzz louder than flies on pane glass. In Princeton's Palmer Stadium I've seen and felt those juicy pass-interference penalties snap a team double. Penalties on warped calls that deaden, ruin a game. . . . Penalties that hit where no tape and liniment can reach.

The most damaging penalties in recent years have been for "unnecessary roughness." Three recent "bowl" games have been marred by these penalties. When invoked by a too sticky official, unnecessary roughness can mean anything from ■ wounded ego to ■ punch in the nose. It calls for a fifteen-yard penalty from the point of the foul. In the Tennessee-University of Southern California game of 1940, with less than a minute to play in the first half, Tennessee was battling desperately to hold the Trojans. With the ball on the sixteen-yard line on a play Tennessee had piled up for no gain, Umpire H. W. Scholar socked Tennessee fifteen yards for roughness, thus putting the ball on Tennessee's one-yard line, where Schindler bowled over for a touchdown.

On the same day down at New Orleans almost the same play occurred. Tulane was struggling to keep the Texas Aggies from scoring just as the first half was ending. The Aggies were plowing ahead under the drunk-tank work of John Kimbrough. Then Derace Moser of the Aggies swept to the eighteen. Here came the damaging roughness penalty and Umpire Jimmy Higgins paced off fifteen yards and placed the ball on Tulane's three-yard line, ■ crushing disaster at that juncture. Kimbrough barged through on the next play and the Texas Aggies finally won, 13-12.

But last year, at the Cotton Bowl in Dallas, the punishment was even worse for Fordham when Umpire Russell B. Goodwin ruled that the 162-pound Fordham quarterback had roughed 230-pound Kimbrough of the same Texas Aggies team. It happened in the third period. The Aggies had just scored and gone ahead, 7-6. From deep in Fordham territory Jim Blumenstock punted to Moser of the Aggies, who galloped back to Fordham's twenty-five-yard line. Kimbrough, who had gon for interference, tangled with N the sixteen-yard line, not ever shouting distance of the play. was socked for unnecessary ro The fifteen-yard sock therefo stepped off from the sixteen-y putting the ball on the one-y from where Kimbrough bulled In short, that sad event made ence of twenty-four yards at t critical moment of the game. gies finally won, 14-13.

In our book, that particular can be murder. Unless that ba or blocker is ■ victim of real —that is, kneeing, slugging or viciousness, an umpire has no calling it. Teams that get "bo are tough outfits. A player th jolt his opponent on a tackle chips were down would deser yanked from the game. What fear now is an overzealous offi has all the power of a czar. Hi toots, he points at a player "unnecessary roughness" and is ruined. There is no recou entirely a matter of the officia ment. If there is ever a scanda ball it will come out of this per the hands of a prejudiced or official it could do something to football odds.

Perhaps the cruelest mista time was made by Referee J chell in the Carnegie Tech-No game in 1938. The game w standoff when Carnegie got t the middle of the field. Qu Paul Friedlander asked Get down.

"Third down!" barked Getch

Friedlander called for a run Ray Carnelly fumbled but re yard short of first down. Fr would naturally have called fo down punt but he never had t Getchell, after unraveling t ruled the previous play fourth stead of third down and gave t Notre Dame.

"You said it was third time," protested Friedlander.

"I know," admitted Getche was wrong."

Encouraged by that bre Dame immediately went dow and the game ended 7-0.

### A Penalty that Kille

In that same year, 1938, leading Michigan 13-8, with s utes to go. It was shaping biggest upset of the year beca gan had gone into that game one favorite. Michigan kicke down from her own twenty. punt was short, Humphreys turning it to the Michigan t

"We knew we had 'em," tackle, Bill John. "You sud when a team begins to sag. Humphreys was tackled R Keegan blew his whistle and Bob Brooks of Yale had kicker Purucker. He gave first down on their thirty. P so surprised he laughed. T killed us! Harmon's passe click. That's the way it ge when a blow of that sort h They worked the ball to our tried three smashes and l Then Harmon, on a fake buc Nicholson. They beat us didn't come back."

Perhaps the worst of a Army-Navy game at Philad Navy passed from Army's

he ball was intercepted by Jim henck of Army, who started to fight ay upfield. An official tooted his The ball was recalled and given ivy on Army's two-yard line, from e it was put over for the winning down.

erward the official (he shall be less) said:

should have called interference st Army on the preceding play. I em get away with it. But not two ow."

k about your cold-hash victories! d so it goes each football Saturday, those little figures in white pants ng their gizzards blue, putting your ll game into a strait jacket. What plan for better officiating can be d? Just this: Make a concen- l effort to obtain officials who are ped to handle a rough, tough game ut featuring themselves above that Obtain men who, through pre- experience as players, can appre- the meaning of personal contact; who realize what a drunk-with- official can do to ruin a game.

### Look At the Wise Officials

otball is the most intricate of speed ct games. It needs rules but those must aid the game's effectiveness. many officials confuse officiousness efficiency. Any player with the tion of a catfish can sense when an petent official takes over. Once aloot starts riding his whistle both will proceed to make it tough for Have you ever wondered why tent whistle-tooting seems to en- ge fouling rather than stop it? s the reason.

e of the most respected referees r. Eddie O'Brien, who, until forced ire a few years back, worked the big games. Umpire Tom Thorp other understanding but firm of- who finds it possible to keep a rein on the teams without acting rowbeating top sergeant. Games d by Mr. Thorp have a habit of enjoyable to everybody con- d. Little picayunish fouls are ooked but none of the important et by. The result is that the play- ve fun, the play is fast and pleas- rough and the spectators have the re of seeing a game that runs evenly and without the usual e-tooting irritations.

d Linesman A. B. Maginnes be- among the better officials because rks with the teams, warns them all technical faults and eventually he game on an even keel where it ng played fairly and keenly and satisfaction to the players them- . Al Marsters, Dartmouth's great running back of a decade ago, is moving up as a younger official who knows what it is all about. There are others but they are as rare as blonds in a Zulu tribe.

Asa Bushnell, head of the Eastern Intercollegiate Football Association, has done a job of carpet-sweeping since taking over the office four years ago. He has been lining up younger officials with a sense of timing. Grading of officials both by coaches and scouts has helped. Various pappy guys whose tickers can't stand the gaff any longer now spend their Saturdays scouting active officials.

Bushnell's most advanced piece of legislation was last winter's dictum divorcing college from professional officials. It was clearly a case of "take the college or the money game—you can't work both." As a result Friesell and five prominent Eastern officials went over to the professionals.

But even more important was this year's two-day clinic at West Point where intensive work was done on the rules so that officials would have a common understanding of what went on.

"We want men who can work games with authority and part of that consists in keeping whistle-blowing and horn-tooting to a minimum. We are aiming at sensible officiating without featuring those who handle the games."

That standardization of officiating can be established is seen in the difference with which the forward-pass interference play is now called. This is a very fuzzy rule depending entirely upon the good sense of the officials. It can be interpreted in fifty ways. Some field judges in the scrap-iron league call it only if the intended receiver dies. Others call it if the defender even waves at the receiver. In a Dartmouth-Yale game in 1936, Field Judge Reagan awarded Yale a touchdown for pass interference *behind* the Dartmouth goal line. It took almost a riot for Dartmouth to get that overruled. After wild protest Referee C. M. Waters ruled that even a Divine Being in the guise of a field judge couldn't do that. He gave the ball to Yale on Dartmouth's one-yard line, first down. Dartmouth smeared two plays, the final gun sounded and the game was saved for them.

Since then there has been noticeable improvement in calling the play and there are few kicks over decisions. At one time it was feared that the anger aroused over pass-interference decisions would ruin the game. It didn't because common sense arrived on the scene.

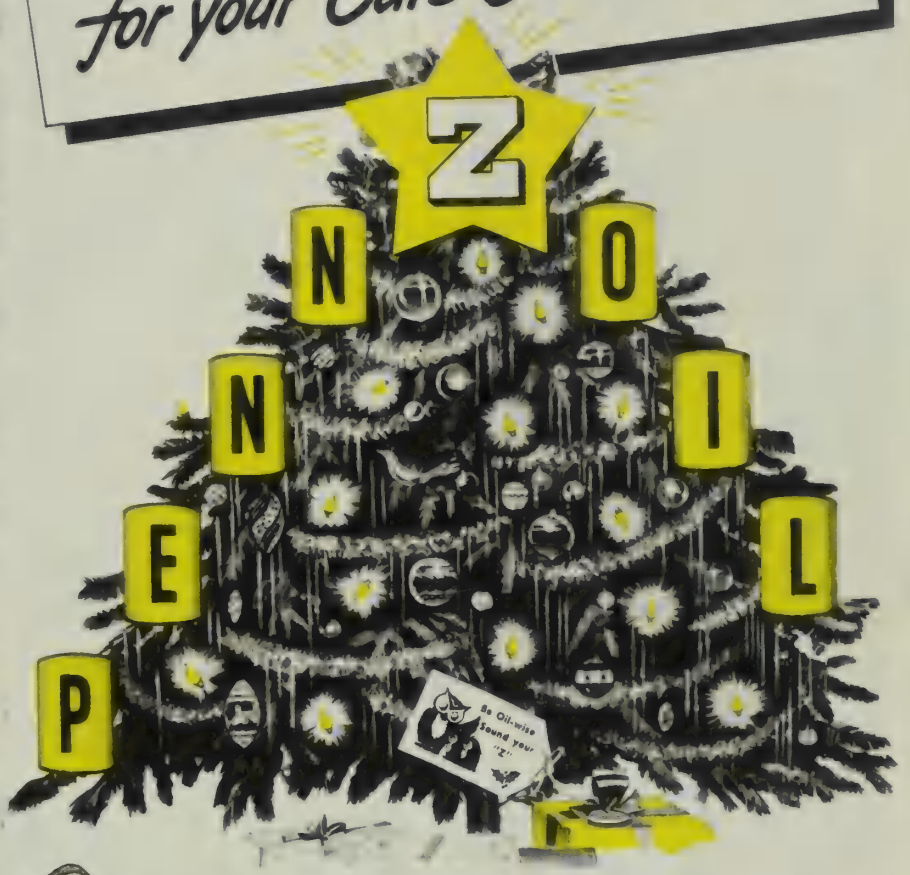
At that instant when it can be proved to all officials that they are not necessarily being magnificent when they keep their whistle going like a drunk on New Year's Eve on Times Square, the millennium will have arrived. It can't come too soon.



ave to let the kid drive or he won't let me play with his electric trains!"

ERIC ERICSON


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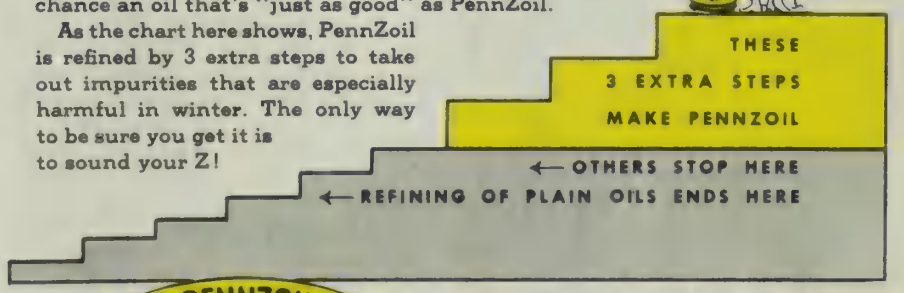
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# Life by the Pint

Continued from page 13

asked him. "It was bad," he nodded gently. "We fought for eight days. I killed many Germans before they got me."

One room after another showed its quota of men who had been brought back to life by the genius of Grastchenkov.

In the last war mortality from brain wounds was thirty-five per cent in this hospital. It is now less than five per cent. This is chiefly due to the efficiency of sulfanilamide as a deterrent to infection. Grastchenkov says his main problems come from bullets and shrapnel lodged in the spinal column. These are much more serious wounds than are brain injuries.

Interesting is his observation that while during the last war shrapnel caused fifty per cent of all wounds, today it causes ninety-five per cent of them. Apparently the day of the ordinary rifle is over. Bombs and shells do the damage now.

Grastchenkov is only one of many thousands mobilized to fight wounds and diseases in Russia. The whole army of surgery, medicine and research has been thrown into the battle. In many cases the civilian population has come to the aid of the men and women of science.

Blood is a precious commodity in time of war. The Soviet Central Institute of Blood Transfusion is presided over by brilliant Andre Bogdassarov, dark and eager-eyed. The Institute has three additional branches. Every day from 1,500 to 2,000 civilians go to these clinics and offer their blood. Nine tenths of the donors are young girls and women—mothers, wives and sisters of men at the front. Nearly all of them refuse pay for their services, but after each giving of her blood she is given a good meal and an extra ration coupon.

"We have three times as many donors as we need," Bogdassarov laughs. "Everyone wants to do his or her part in beating the Germans. Those who come here feel that in giving their blood they are saving the lives of soldiers and of course they are right."

### One More Arrow to Cupid's Bow

Only those above eighteen are taken. They sit on benches filling the long halls of the clinic dressed in white gowns waiting their turn. They chat and laugh and now and then one proudly displays a letter from the man who was helped to recovery by her blood. Each has the privilege of sending a note with the ampule of her blood which goes to the front. The recipient often writes his thanks, correspondence springs up and Cupid thus finds himself with one more arrow to his bow.

"Russia has for a long time been a leader in the conservation of liquid blood for the purpose of transfusion. Thousands of damaged lives have been repaired since the war began by methods either introduced or developed by Bogdassarov. Blood which he and his small army of assistants gather at the clinic can be kept "alive" for more than thirty days. Only as recently as the Spanish civil war, blood was considered to be usable only if it had been drawn ten days before.

Bogdassarov keeps the blood alive and preserved by the addition of sodium citrate and glucose. It is packed in air-tight ampules and kept at a constant low temperature. A constant stream of blood from Russian women flows to the front. Bogdassarov has done a great deal of experimenting with cadaver blood but he believes in its use only in emergency. Cadaver blood is efficacious only if used within twenty minutes after it is taken from a dead person. Two years ago this explorer in the dark red streams of the blood took up the study of plasma, or dried blood. There is a quantity of this at every front-line operating station but it again is only for emergency use. Plasma is usable for eighteen months or so but Russian doctors are not completely sold on it.

### There's No Glamor in this War

This discussion of blood and its use in reviving those on the border line of death is hardly pleasant talk, but it is war talk and it concerns the conduct of the war and is an important item in the saving of lives.

There is little of the glamorous to write about in this Russian-German phase of the war. It is a war of killing, not one of bands playing and flags waving.

It is more interesting to talk to the girls in Bogdassarov's clinic as they lie, white-clad, on the tables giving their blood so that some soldier may live to fight again. There are five tables in each room with a doctor in charge and five nurses assisting. First the nurses cleanse the arm with disinfectant; then the doctor gently inserts a needle filled with novocain into the arm. The donor feels absolutely no pain. She has just had a cup of highly sweetened tea and she has had a fine gossip with her friends in the corridor and now she lies there unafraid and content. The doctor then inserts the needle, which has a long tube attached, and within a few seconds the blood begins to flow into a glass jar. No one donor is allowed to give more than a pint of blood. I have heard them plead with the doctor in charge to be allowed the privilege of giving twice that amount. "Come back in six weeks," the doctor laughs, "and we'll take the rest."

There is another clinic which has no patients. It houses 600 horses, 2,000 guinea pigs and thousands of white mice. This is the Bacteriological Institute, where serums and vaccine are prepared. Scarlet fever, dysentery, diphtheria, typhus, tetanus and gas gangrene are the enemies that the scientists of the Institute battle. Doctor Vladimir Pavlov, young and dynamic, leads these microbe hunters. By law all children in the Soviet Union have to be immunized against smallpox, scarlet fever and diphtheria. Soldiers must be made immune to typhus, tetanus and typhoid. Pavlov showed me through the immaculate but evil-smelling clinic from attic to cellar, from largest horse to smallest guinea pig. Some of the greatest research men and women of Russia are here making serum and vaccines, experimenting with animals, trying to pierce the veil of ignorance which hides the reason why the human race catches influenza and other diseases.

"Our production has tripled since the war," Pavlov explained. "No matter what the needs at the front, we are ready to supply them. We have a surplus of everything and are continuing to produce serum and vaccines at top speed."

The people of Russia remain calm and her sons and daughters whose lives are devoted to saving lives rather than to taking them go on working. They do not hear the bombs. They hear only one voice: the voice of science, the voice of the only master they know.

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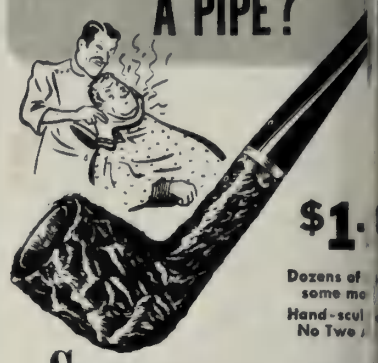
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AC HARD RUBE COMB



AT DRUG AND DEP'T. STORES EVE

## Red Squire

Continued from page 23

re." And he continues with
sh severity: "I am sure no one
are refute that very elementary
a proposition. But if that prop-
accepted as a basis for Sunday
it must also be accepted as a
weekday practice."

Cripps joined the Labor Party
his father. Lord Parmoor had
the Labor Party by another
me years before, having, as the
Post caustically commented,
d a seat from the Conserva-
peerage from the Liberals, and
m the Labor Party."

rmoor's five children Sir Staf-
he only one politically active.
hers do not agree with most of
says, and one at least thinks
s are "cranky." But when the
le Member for East Bristol gets
eak in an important debate in
se of Commons they are all sit-
he public gallery. They would
hearing Stafford, who was al-
ving unheeded advice in the
stand there and tell a Conserv-
ime Minister exactly what he
do.

### Britain's Finest Lawyer

rvative vexation that Cripps
he "wrong side" of the House
tuated by their admiration for
st legal mind in Britain. The
nind is worth a million pounds
As England's leading lawyer,
s past he is reputed to have
0,000 pounds annually—five per
a million pounds. Judges and
s, asked who is the best advo-
cticing in British courts, will
im, regretfully or enthusiasti-
cording to their own political
ies. Other lawyers have found
ociation with the Labor Move-
as harmed their practice, but
arked with envy-provoking fees
to pile up on Cripps' desk in
rt despite his outspoken Social-

Judges consider Cripps an intellectual treat. He tackles a legal problem with confidence and deftness. Heartthrob is not in his line. His specialty is company and patent law, on which he is the greatest authority in England. His mind is the envy of the legal profession. He can become an overnight expert on any subject. If a case involves an industrial process or complicated invention of which he knows nothing, he sends for the standard works on the subject, assimilates rapidly the principles and acquires the technical jargon.

A wrangle over patent rights requiring a knowledge of science or chemistry is home ground to Cripps. He started life as a scientist. He won the Science Scholarship to New College, Oxford, but did not go there. The great chemist, Sir William Ramsay, was so impressed by his papers that he paid young Cripps the signal honor of inviting him to work in his own laboratory. Cripps did brilliant work.

Against everyone's advice he left the laboratory for law. But it was not the last of his scientific work. He had just moved into the Middle Temple when the 1914-18 war started. For the first year he drove a truck in France between Boulogne and the front line. When the government discovered that a distinguished young scientist was driving a truck they recalled him immediately to manage the vast government explosive factory at Queensferry.

It was not until the war ended, when he was nearly thirty, that he settled down to a law career. His success was spectacular. In two years he was "recognized." When he was still only thirty-eight he "took silk" and became a king's counsel. In 1930, at forty-one, he was elected Master of the Bench of the Middle Temple, named Solicitor-General in the Labor Government, and knighted by the king.

Twenty years at the bar has not enhanced his opinion of the "ruling class." "They pay me fabulous and fantastic sums to get them out of their difficul-




"Isn't that Lester? I thought he hated Shakespeare"

LOUIS PRISCILLA


EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



**HOWE MEMORIAL TROPHY.** Few figure skaters in the country today can hope to win the cup shown at the right. It is emblematic of the U. S. Senior Pair Championship—awarded each year to the top pair in national competitions held by the U. S. Figure Skating Association. To merit the custody of the Howe Trophy for a year and to receive their own replicas of it, skating partners must be outstanding in the grace and skill the sport requires—they must be *better* than good!




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ties," he says. "I have no hesitation in saying that the working class of this country are more capable of ruling than they are."

People who have never seen him picture him as a wild "agitator," waving his arms about and calling for the overthrow of everything. "The House of Lords has got to be abolished," says Cripps emphatically. The son of Lord Parmoor, nephew of Lord Passfield, nephew of Lord Courtney, brother-in-law of an ex-duchess, he objects to a hereditary upper house having the right of veto over the elected House of Commons. "It is absolutely ludicrous," he says, "to speak of the House of Lords and democracy in the same breath."

When all England was indulging in an orgy of respectability over King Edward and Mrs. Simpson, he stated bluntly:

"If the lady in question had been a member of the English aristocracy under precisely similar circumstances, quite a different decision would have been come to by the government."

"Bunkum and bunting," he called the coronation. "Simply being run as a political stunt by the Conservative Party."

Like most revolutionaries, Cripps is a passionate defender of law and order. On March 11, 1933, six English technicians of the Metropolitan Vickers Company were arrested in Russia on charges of sabotage. While the men were in prison in Moscow awaiting trial, the British government asked the House of Commons for authority to prohibit Russian imports to Britain, as a reprisal action.

Cripps was appalled that the British government was suggesting a course which violated both international law and the principles of common law.

In a crowded, hostile and hysterical House of Commons he rose to speak. Members knew he would give a cold legal finding. It was the last thing they wanted to hear. Amid catcalls and interjections he stubbornly cited legal precedents. "If the Honorable Gentlemen are patient enough to allow me to give further citation I quote this time from Mr. Clay, who was Secretary of State to the United States of America in 1828."

Members watching Cripps struggling to speak to an unruly and antagonistic House sweated for him, but he remained outwardly calm throughout the ordeal. Little knowing that seven years later he would himself be ambassador in Moscow, he said, "I feel convinced that if we continue . . . to treat Russia in a way in which no country has ever been treated before . . . we are seriously jeopardizing . . . all future relations with Russia."

### The "Common People" Take It

Cripps is the only man in England who can stand on a public platform and talk to a working-class audience about the "common people." If anyone else tried it the audience would be insulted. He makes it sound like the Magna Charta.

His standing with working people breaks all the rules. They know he is a "gentleman," they know he is wealthy, they can almost see the dim outlines of the stately home behind him. But they trust his political integrity.

The miners have held Cripps in especial esteem since 1934. In the early morning of September 22d of that year there was an explosion in the Gresford Colliery. The death roll was 265. A month later the government inquiry opened, with Sir Stafford Cripps, K. C., representing the North Wales Miners' Federation. Although he had never been down a mine in his life, by the time he reached the court he was an expert on colliery engineering, and carried in his mind a map of every nook and cranny of the Gresford Colliery. With Cripps conducting the case, determined to find out "the entire and complete truth as regards the condition of this mine," a routine inquiry into a regrettable disaster became a revelation of mining conditions that had far-reaching results.

It was the longest inquiry in the history of mining-disaster investigation. It lasted six weeks, 191 witnesses were called, 41,500 questions were asked. The mine manager was imprisoned, with salutary effect on the entire industry. A royal commission was set up to inquire into the whole question of safety in the mines. Although few people knew it, Cripps had given his services free.

Cripps' private life is simple. In London Sir Stafford and Lady Cripps live in a small, plainly furnished two-room apartment near Paddington Station. Lady Cripps prepares the meals, but there's no cooking to do. Cripps' truck driving experience in France in the last war left him with a serious internal complaint from which he still suffers. The doctors ordered a strict diet, which he is convinced saved his life. For more than twenty years he has lived on raw fruit, raw vegetables, milk and cheese.

Publicly Sir Stafford appears a rather somber figure. A member of Parliament once said. "He looks as if he were in permanent mourning for a lost cause." He usually wears the conventional black coat and gray striped trousers of the barrister. His dark clothes, thin figure, and academic air combine to give him a funereal appearance.

Privately he is an amusing, friendly, informal person. He has kept his personal life so separate that most of his colleagues do not really know him at all. They would be amazed if they could see him at home in an open-neck shirt romping on the lawn with the dogs, and joking and teasing with his children. Home is Goodfellows, a fifteenth-century stone house and farm in the Cotswolds which he bought after the last war. Here he lives the complete family life with Lady Cripps, their s three daughters, and two adopt

Sir Stafford is known for miles as the "Red Squire of the Cots Country people are sparing of t "Squire." Villagers always eye comer to the district critically. are not impressed by a person's a ments "up in London." Only countryman earns their respect. got his first good mark from lagers of Filkins because he ran t himself in a serious, scientific wa ing his own sheep in the ring and particular success with his flock greed Ryelands. When they saw also a green-fingered gardener, w siderable knowledge of soil, cr pests, they accepted him com Now his long walks across th cestershire countryside are a s discussions with farmers on pi bages, weather and wireworms

### The Man No One Liked

Between 1931, when the Lab became the official opposition i ment, and 1940, when Cripps Moscow, he carried on a spiri on two fronts, making himsel as much feared by "conservativ as by the Conservative Par Tories smiled broadly when modulated tones, with patient ence, he urged the Labor Par less "mealy-mouthed" and n tively Socialist. Labor chiefs asperated by the continual c practical Socialist policy from parative newcomer Cripps. H from their tired disinterest and making the Labor Party more from below. He founded a League within the Labor P soon had a formidable followi

International affairs are his interest. In 1933 "Cassandra was already warning "war is in and in 1934 that "the grave Fascism is that it might pre world war." Denounced as a p scaremonger, he continued un to point out the signs of an e




"We named 'em all Franklin Delano Roosevelt—one for each

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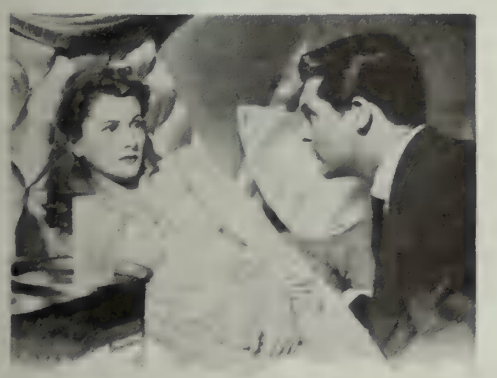


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"country-gentleman Fascism" at home. Conservatives denounced him angrily. The Times referred to his "viewy assumptions" as "nightmares." Labor leaders kept disapprovingly quiet. But he was elected to the National Executive Committee, the highest body of the Labor movement. Less than a year later he had resigned from the committee as a protest against Labor support of the Conservative Government's application (which he did not trust) of sanctions against Italy.

Conservatives in the House sit unmoved through passionate orations from the Labor benches, laugh at, and with, witty debaters on the other side, but Cripps' passionless, logical analysis infuriates them. Once, after Cripps had given the House a mercilessly factual, coldly withering speech on unemployment, a Conservative M. P. went into the bar for a drink, muttering savagely. "I wish he would eat a good juicy steak —just once. . . ."

Even after the announcement of the Nazi-Soviet pact and the declaration of war, Cripps went on pleading with the Chamberlain government to establish more cordial relations with Russia. Out of the Labor Party, though still a member of Parliament, he spent the winter of "phony war" doing a political tour of the world.

He was reported calling on Nehru, an old friend, in India; motoring from Mandalay to Kunming over the Burma Road; having "most friendly" chats with Chiang Kai-shek; visiting Urumchi, the Sinkiang capital, the first non-Russian Occidental allowed there in twenty years; suddenly flying from China to Moscow, talking to Molotov, flying back thirty-six hours later; seeing Arita, the Foreign Minister, in Tokyo, arriving by Clipper in San Francisco, always urging that the Nazi-Soviet pact could be broken if England and America would resume economic relations with Russia. In England six weeks later Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of the new Coalition Government, asked Cripps to attempt the course he had advocated.

But Churchill did not make him an ambassador. The Russians did that. While Cripps was in an airplane between England and Greece, Moscow sharply informed London they would not negotiate unless he came with full ambassadorial rank and powers. So while he waited in Athens, eating goat's-milk cheese and celery, he was changed from head of a trade mission to British ambassador.

### History's Biggest Double Bluff

Cripps went to diplomatically frigid Moscow at considerable personal sacrifice. It meant being away from the House of Commons at a most critical time in English history. It meant leaving his family. And it meant leaving the most highly paid law practice in England for the unpaid job of ambassador. He has never saved nor invested any money. When the living expenses of the family were paid the balance was given away under strict pledge of secrecy to the Labor Party, for Loyalist Spain, to aid China, and for the relief of refugees. Now he has no income at all, expect his 600 pounds a year as a member of Parliament.

When he arrived at the British embassy Cripps walked slowly through the sitting rooms and carefully inspected the garden. Then he went shopping. When Lady Cripps and the two younger daughters joined him in October, carefully chosen pieces of Soviet handicraft had replaced the traditionally ornate *objects d'art* in the sitting rooms, and the garden already showed signs of green-fingered care. They settled down to a lonely life restricted by diplomatic status from the normal social contacts, and by the exigencies of war from the normal diplomatic contacts. The outside world heard little of Cripps' activities.

Then early in June of this year, amidst a storm of rumors that German troops were massing against Russia, Cripps turned up suddenly in London. Political observers saw in his unexpected return the key to the Hess mystery. They had never believed the story that Hess, the fanatical Nazi and fervent admirer of Hitler, had "fled" from Germany.

When Cripps stepped out of the airplane it was the answer to the riddle. The theorists decided Hess must have brought a "kindly" offer from Hitler to rid the world of the "red menace" if only Churchill would promise not to stab him in the back. Hitler, they hoped, would mistake Cripps in an airplane for a green light from Churchill. He did. Ten days later Germany attacked the Soviet Union. Almost immediately Churchill was at the microphone with a carefully prepared speech which strongly indicated that surprise was not an element in the situation for Britain's Prime Minister. Churchill is credited with the biggest double bluff in history. Cripps is credited with having made that double bluff possible.

### The Great Change Their Minds

For Cripps the wheel had turned full circle. The political outcast of the year before was feted on all sides as the man who had thawed the ice in the Kremlin. People said his was the most brilliant appointment Churchill had made. The Conservative Times, which in the past had attacked him for the "indefatigable exercise of an irresponsible tongue," called for his inclusion in the inner war cabinet. Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary, publicly praised him in the House of Commons. The Labor Party basked in the reflected glory of the ex-member whom they had expelled for being "too left."

The Communists, who had roundly attacked him for condemning the Russian entry into Finland as aggression, rediscovered him as a courageous and upright Socialist.

As soon as he could escape from the acclamation and the visits to 10 Downing Street and the Foreign Office, Sir Stafford hurried to Henley-on-Thames to see the handsome white-haired old man whose approval meant more to him than any Times editorial. The eighty-eight-year-old Parmoor, weak with age, but with his mind as keen as ever, sat in the sun, his sensitive fingers stroking the blanket over his knees, and discussed the international situation with his successful son.

Cripps stayed in England only two weeks. On July 12th, a few days after his return to Moscow, the Christian in the Kremlin signed the Anglo-Soviet pact he had so long advocated. It was a dream come true under nightmare conditions. Behind the public acclaim there was, for Cripps, a deep personal sadness. Two days after his return to Moscow his father had died.

Sir Stafford is alone in Moscow now. Lady Cripps and the children were not allowed to return with him.

He is still a comparative youngster in politics. It is only thirteen years since he became politically active and he is still only fifty-two, which, compared with the average age in the House of Commons, makes him a parliamentary fledgling. There is much speculation as to his future role in British politics. His prestige is rising with all parties.

Ten years ago, shortly after the aristocratic Cripps first appeared in the House of Commons as the member of Parliament for the Bristol slums, Stanley Baldwin said to a friend in the smoking room, "Here comes a future Prime Minister of England."





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AN ELEPHANT FOR STRENG



# Who's the Toughest?

Continued from page 24

rs. They've had a blind date with body with sore feet for some time you're nominated, seconded and ed."

e Dolly Sisters aren't ladies. 're not gentlemen either. They're e and Eggers, better known to underworld as the Hard-boiled rs.

e name Dolly Sisters was originally d on the two stylish stout uni- ed officers you see driving around squad car marked plainly "Police" body will take them by mistake e dark. But the title gradually wed down to the partners, Boyle Eggers, after their terrific work in Cathedral bombing case when Boyle bed the Cathedral steps dressed as shwoman and Eggers helped the mailers to make bombs in a cellar in Newark.

at jumped them from punks to grade detectives, the Dolly Sisters, anywhere they wanted, doing any- they desired and reporting to no- but the commissioner. Naturally wore no uniforms and drove no red car. Sometimes they would be town car with Boyle at the wheel, times they would be in a taxi ed by Eggers, and sometimes they up on foot.

hen they used their siren they were curiosity call or showing a stranger own. When they used the double they were going after the world's chocolate malted on Ninth Avenue. n they tore along silently they were n business.

d I know they thought a lot of each . "Boyle," said Eggers, "reminds hat some men are like acorns. They as a little nut and develop into a ty monarch of the woods with ding arms, shade for the tired, fire- for the cold and lumber for the less. Except that Boyle reversed rocess. He started as a mighty oak ecame a nut."

GERS," said Boyle, "who was last ear's honor man, will soon have the st wrists in the service from try- oorknobs in the suburbs. He would r hang that left hook of his on his theart's chin than wrap it around waist where it belongs. He thinks isn't a question in the world that be settled with a left hook and that des lunch-wagon coffee. I know he ls pretty good now but Eggers and ning bugs both look brightest when are going away."

hough Boyle was the diplomat of air he had a pretty good overland when he knocked out Eggers in olice-games welterweight finals in

The next year Eggers' left hook ed things up in the middleweights it knocked his partner colder than ll-digger's lunch. And, believe Rip- r the marching Chinese, it was a le kayo when they fought in the light heavyweights a year later. The hook and the swing crossed each other, there was a pop, pop, like bubble gum, and, as Eggers said, "We each got a lov- ing cup for hating one another."

When I went down to the big store to get in touch with the Dolly Sisters the first one I bump into is Eggers in the gym where he is boxing with his shadow and trying to uppercut it. That's never been done. When I ask for Boyle he knows I have something hotter than third base in the Texas League. I never tell Eggers anything because Boyle will listen to reason long enough to enable you to beat the women and children to the lifeboats. When Eggers cocked that left hand he believed the customer was always ripe. The only way to talk with him was in an Army overcoat with the collar turned up.

I LOCATE Boyle in a side room where he is setting Oscar up with a left jab and banging him with a looping right. As Oscar is a sandbag he can take it like a burglar with a license to steal. I tell him that I have a line on the Out-of-Town Mob, and he bangs Oscar about waist high with a right. It was the first time I ever heard a sandbag say "Ouch."

I tell Boyle all I know from Eddie Miller and how the mob has scared him about his mother. Boyle calls in Eggers and they both shove me into their car and we're off for the Friars Club. Eggers is doing seventy miles per up Fifth Avenue, driving with his right hand, wiping off the windshield with a left hook and yelling, "If I catch up to those mugs I'll stop 'em quicker than a bricklayer in a thundershower."

The Dolly Sisters get a look at Eddie while he's still out like a hung jury. "He's the man we want," said Boyle, "he's going to talk if I have to vaccinate him with a phonograph needle."

"That mob has him plenty scared," I said. "They promised him they would give it to his mother in spades. If there is anything on earth that Eddie loves it's his mother. He has to lay twenty-seven thousand on the line in two weeks or they will snatch her."

"He pays nothing," said Boyle, "and his mother is going to be as safe as a single over second. If there is any mob tougher than Boyle and Eggers then we resign and start life all over again as bouncers in an orphan asylum."

"Eddie will take some convincing," I said.

"Here's the convincer," Eggers remarked as he whistled a left hook at my chops. If I hadn't ducked he would have knocked me colder than a popsickle. "We're leaving," said Boyle. "Call us when he is strong enough to dial a radio with both hands. He's got a date to keep with the Out-of-Town Mob."

Well, two weeks later Eddie kept a date with the Out-of-Town Mob and the

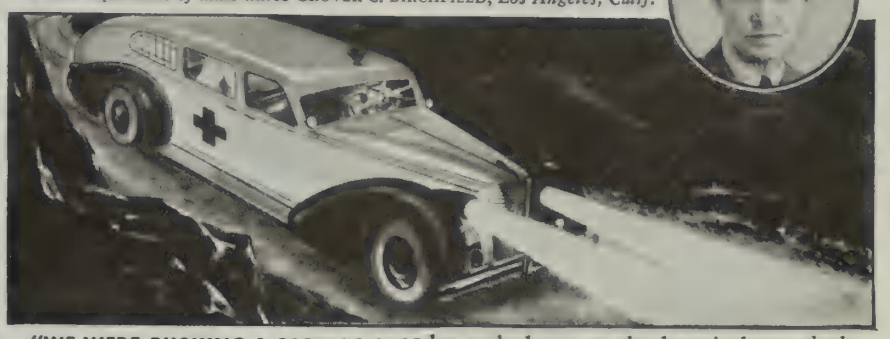



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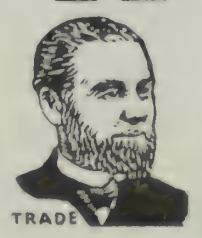
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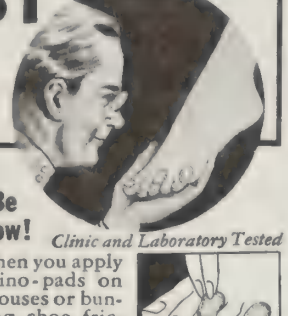
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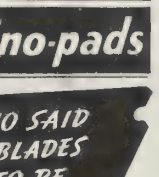
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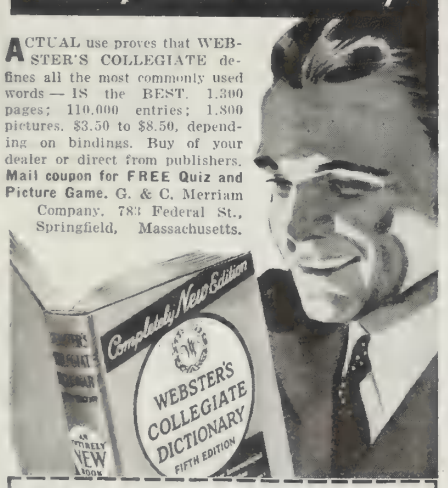
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"They're all full up in th' cell block, Sarge. Is it okay if I lock this guy in your desk?"

JAY IRVING

Dolly Sisters grabbed the contact man. It was Little Nocky's brother, which meant that one snatch was a fake, staged to take the heat off the local boys. It also meant the Out-of-Town Mob had local contacts. By the time Little Nocky's brother had an audition with the Dolly Sisters he stopped more punches than the gong in Madison Square Garden. And he sang like a road company of Madame Butterfly. The Out-of-Town Mob was from Chicago and hotter than flannel underwear. Boyle and Eggers went out and grabbed them all and lumped them up like a sack of potatoes. But they missed Little Nocky, who had a sixth sense without the other five.

EVERYTHING was setting as neat as a nurse's cap with the Dolly Sisters congratulating themselves that they would send the Out-of-Town Mob away for so long a stretch that when they got out they would be frightened by an umbrella.

Their star witness is Eddie. And then Eddie dummies up. He has got a telephone call from Little Nocky, who tells him he will snatch Eddie's ma and give her the hotfoot with an acetylene torch.

Well, the Dolly Sisters are madder than a porcupine with ingrown quills. They take Eddie into executive session and Boyle asks, "Why are you scared of the Out-of-Town Mob when they're jugged like cider in October?"

Eddie says Little Nocky is looser than a busted axle and he is awful tough. "Is he tougher than me?" Boyle wants to know as Eggers clips Eddie with a left hook. To their surprise Eddie takes it standing up. A fellow who has been worked over by the Out-of-Town Mob can take it like a post-office blotter. Then Boyle wings over that right load of dynamite and down goes Eddie but he isn't out.

"Who's the toughest?" yells Eggers, "Me or Little Nocky?" as he gives Eddie the leather right in the ribs. "Do you mean to say you're more scared of the Out-of-Town Mob than you are of me?" Boyle hollered as he picks Eddie up with his left hand and smears him with a right. And by the time Eddie is ready to talk he can't. His lips are swelled like a busted sofa and his eyes are ace-deuce. He must have been awful scared of the Out-of-Town Mob, for it's two hours later that he nods his head when Eggers yells, "Who's the toughest?"

It was a question of professional pride with the Dolly Sisters. They had given Eddie a course in applied muscular psychology. They believed in fighting fire with fire insurance.

And a little later Eddie is in the reception room of the Friars Club, this time with shoes but more lumps. I call up his ma and say that Eddie has left for Hollywood and will be gone two weeks. He was up and walking in ten days with his ribs taped in from left to right and he goes over to see his ma. The rest has done him good and he's as dapper as a new-laid egg. But his ma says somebody has called her on the telephone and threatened her life. That sets Eddie right back on his goal line again, and the Dolly Sisters are only human. The beating they gave Eddie was more in sorrow than in anger. But they had to prove who was the toughest and they invite Eddie down to the big store. This time they take him down to the Goldfish Room. Some people will tell you there's no such thing as the Goldfish Room but I can describe it. The chairs, tables and rugs can be taken out of the room, which leaves the floor of white tile. So are the walls. The Goldfish Room can be washed up with a hose. Then they put the furniture back.

EDDIE is sitting in the room with his back to the door talking to Boyle when there's a scuffling sound out in the corridor and he can hear somebody yelling, "Giddap, you!" Eddie rounds and there is a fellow crawling into the room with Eggers standing on his back. The man doing the crawling is the Lump Man for the Out-of-Town Mob. He's the fellow who put the heat to Eddie's feet and stuck the toothpicks under his toenails. The fellow looks pretty scared.

Everything he does to Eddie they do to him. There's four in the Out-of-Town Mob not including the local contact, Little Nocky, who is still loose. Eggers goes out and rides them in one by one until they are all stretched out flatter than wet leaves on a slate walk.

While Eddie looks on, Boyle pours office mucilage on the floor and makes them rub their noses in it. "Who's the toughest?" he asks and they all say, "You are." Eggers yells, "Louder" and they start singing pretty loud for hoodlums. And when they crawl up one by one and lick mustard off Eddie's shoes, Eddie realizes they aren't so tough.

And he says he will go through with his testimony provided somebody guards his mother because Little Nocky is still loose and he is tough.




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can have your choice of us," yle. "Take your pick. She alone a minute until these in the shade. And Little Nocky with them. Which one do you

ke you," Eddie said to Boyle; ers screamed, "What, is he han me?" He cocked that left d Boyle primed his right, but uared it by saying, "No, he's no han you, but ma likes to go to bs and he's the best dancer."

st night out ma and her body- de the Barn Club, the Village , the Dipsy-Doo, the Barrel of nd Heinie Kabboobles. Boyle afely home at dawn and turned bodyguard job to the copper on Then he staggered up to my the club to get some sleep.

cond night ma starts in with dance at seven at the Starlight the Waldorf, she swings and th Benny Mays at the Com- bobs and dips with Jimmy the La Palomba and winds up urger Paradise whirling poor the internal rumblings of a At seven the next morning he to the Friars Club with his his hand. Sitting on the edge d, he says, "Look at those blis- ny feet. She's giving me the music. I can't stand it. She's for me."

threatens to resign, but Eddie no dice with Little Nocky still ose. And while the hunt goes e short lamster, Boyle con- dance around the clock with na.

having the time of her life, not that Boyle is protecting her tle Nocky. All she knows is ie has very nice friends who r in the evenings when Eddie It gets too much for one man le asks for a relief. Eddie's think of going out with any- Boyle so they give him an- other handsome young detective to spell him. Ma takes the two in her syncopated stride and by three in the morning they have been to Maison Blottz, the Gypsy Trail, Joe's Roach Ranch, La Toot Tavern, the Hashienda and three other circulating libraries where they read by the subdued glow of an electric light in a bass drum.

All the dancing and the attentions of two handsome young men is making Eddie's ma younger, slimmer and prettier. But it is wrecking Boyle, who is busy sending out for reinforcements. The only chance he has is that Eggers rounds up Little Nocky so that Ma's Eddie will not lose his nerve and have to get another working over. For by this time Boyle is about as tenderhearted as he is tender-footed. Eggers has a line on Little Nocky that takes him around the night-club circuit and one night he bumps into Eddie's ma and Boyle.

It's the old Villa Maxie's, which is now closed. It is the sixth stop for Boyle that night and by now he knows the spots better than a milkman's horse. In a month he has bought his overcoat twice. Once for cash and once in installments to hat-check girls. Well, Boyle is sure glad to see Eggers and an hour later Ma has danced them both down until their hip pockets are dipping sand.

IT'S three in the morning then and ma has no more intention of going home than she has of going over Niagara Falls in a telephone booth. Finally, Eggers can't take it any more. With Boyle pleading with tears in his big, brown eyes, Eggers forces his way to the coat room for his autumn flogger.

He hands in his check and then says to the girl, "That's a pretty nice benny over there," pointing to a terrific raccoon benjamin that seems a bit early in the season.

"A Dartmouth boy," the girl smiled, "went overboard last week celebrating



"The movies will go on right after Gertrude plays the overture"

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*MFRS. SINCE 1816*

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***250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.***

# Give Your Lazy Liver This Gentle "Nudge"

**Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Relieve CONSTIPATION!**

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So stir up your liver bile secretion and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

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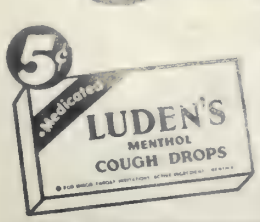
**ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER**

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# SANDPAPER THROAT

Throat raw, raspy, due to a cold? Get yourself Luden's and help yourself to quick and soothing relief. Special medicinal ingredients and cooling, comforting menthol help ease sore, tender throat membranes.






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and left it. He says he will be in next week and bail it out."

"That's strange," said Eggers, "there must be Dartmouth boys in hock all over town. That's the third raccoon flogger I've seen tonight and they're all for big men. Why, it reaches from the hook to the floor. Do you mind if I look at that one?" Eggers shoved his way past the girl and ran his hand over the fur. Then he hooked it about belt line with his left.

The overcoat said, "Ouch!"

Not to be outdone in Oriental courtesy Boyle reached over and slugged the raccoon about the third button with his overland right. This time the overcoat was silent but Little Nocky fell out.

"Well," said Eggers to the girl, "wives are checking their husbands these days."

Then he picks up Little Nocky and says, "A rat in a raccoon's clothing."

He's about to pop Little Nocky again when Boyle stops him: "Just a minute, we'll give him a touch of high life." They take him in the men's room, wash his face, comb his hair and bring him out as dapper as ever. Then they take him over to their table and say, "Mrs. Miller, I want you to meet one of Eddie's best friends, Mr. Tattistrat from Porteroff. He's the best dancer in the country."

Naturally, Eddie's ma doesn't know about double talk but she thinks Mr. Tattistrat is a very nice fellow even if he doesn't seem to know the exact location of Porteroff. In the Villa Maxie's they use the double-band system so the music never stops. Neither does Eddie's ma and in about thirty or forty minutes Mr. Tattistrat from Porteroff is commencing to wilt.

Eddie's ma is certain that Boyle knows the nicest kind of people. She isn't hep that the gorilla she's dancing with has gouged twenty-three thousand out of Eddie and is after twenty-seven more. She doesn't know that Mr. Tattistrat from Porteroff stuck toothpicks under her boy's toenails. And she doesn't know that Mr. Tattistrat from Porteroff would cut her throat for a wooden nickel just for the pleasure of throwing the nickel off a bridge and watching it float. Eddie's ma doesn't know a lot of things. But she does she is having a wonderful evening

She also doesn't know that danc the worst punishment you could gorilla because they all have craps er's feet. Their toes curl up bending over and shooting dice c floor. That hamstrings them a year or so. In a few more minute Tattistrat glides by Boyle and and says cater-cornered, "What d want from me?" But they pay no tion.

The next time around Mr. Tat sideswipes, "How about the full ment in the Goldfish Room?" Bu make him keep going until Eddi is willing to go home.

That's something Eddie's ma intention of doing. And, finall Tattistrat from Porteroff cried t With tears running down his f pleads with the Dolly Sisters, take me to the Goldfish Room. too tough for me."

"Have they got dancing there?" Eddie's ma.

"Yes, they have," said Boyle, "sort of one-sided."

WELL, the three of them see ma home as usual in the dawn less light, and she thanks them a wonderful evening. Especially M tistrat from Porteroff.

Then the Dolly Sisters escort Nocky to his new apartments d the big store. About an hour lat a phone call that Eggers is dow in the reception room and w comes up he has a shiner that lo an elephant's ear on a mouse. I that before stashing Little Nock form-fitting cell they have an ar over their pet punches and deci Little Nocky will catch and ref

Boyle wins first serve and wh gers holds Nocky from the back lets go. They don't realize tha Nocky is now a dual personality way, Mr. Tattistrat from Porter and Boyle's overland right sma gers right where the expressi the face and knocks him colde screen door facing north.

So Eggers used my room in th Club for a couple of weeks.



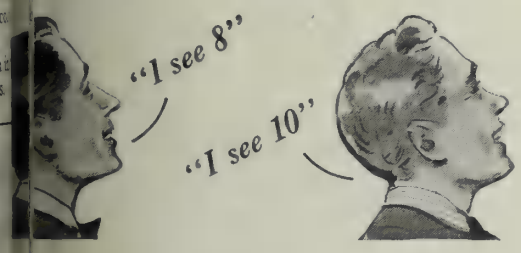

**"And if you're around children much, slingshot pebbles bounce off it harmlessly!"** BARBARA



# ook at this picture 30 seconds

*How many risks* do you see that can be insured in the Two Hartfords?*

**Risks of financial loss*




a Hartford agent studies *your* insurance re" he can give you the right answer. es *all* your risks of financial loss—covers st against *large losses* that might cripple nancially.

***Let's look at the picture again***

a fire insurance policy, endorsed to give protection against other hazards, should house, contents, garage and car. Next—lly as important from a large loss stand—is liability insurance against damage suits resulting from ownership of home, car and dog.

Then comes burglary and theft insurance or household contents and car. This man should consider insuring his stamp collection and camera. If very valuable, the portrait should be insured under a fine arts policy.

***Accidents do happen!***

Mr. and Mrs. Home Owner should be vitally interested in personal accident insurance to cover medical and hospital bills. They should consider collision insurance, which pays for repairs to one's own car—and property damage insurance, which covers liability for damage to the other fellow's.

Should damage to the house make it temporarily unlivable, rent insurance would pay the rent elsewhere. And the windows of a house may be insured under a glass policy.

A fair answer to the headline question is "at least ten risks."

***An analysis may surprise you***

Do you know *all* the risks of financial loss in your own "*picture*"? Why not let the nearest Hartford agent study them? Just call Western Union (in Canada, call Canadian National Telegraphs) and ask for his name and address. Or talk with your own broker.

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# The New Disorder

BERLIN naturally is letting out only the most guarded reports of what is happening to Hitler's New Order in German-occupied Europe. Even so, those reports add up to a picture of seething discontent, frequent killings and maimings of German soldiers, defiance of the most ferocious reprisals yet thought up by Gauleiters Terboven in Norway, Stuelpnagel in Paris. Heydrich in what was Czechoslovakia.

The real picture must be a good deal more lurid. For one item, it is reported reliably that Hitler needs 2,000,000 soldiers and their equipment and ammunition to keep his slaves down. For another, the Serb guerrillas in Yugoslavia are evidently making good their promise to fight to the last man from the woods, rocks and caves. Same as to Greece; and the same, too, as to Italy's puppet kingdom of Croatia, some of whose coastal towns the Italians have felt called on to pacify with shells from fighting ships. Some news dispatches even speak of "the Balkan front" again.

It's the freedom-and-democracy angle of it all that interests us most.

In many parts of Europe, freedom and democracy before this war were only ideals. In other parts, such as Czechoslovakia and Poland, freedom and democracy were just getting up on wobbly legs, having been foaled only as recently as the peace conferences of 1919-20. Yet now the common man in all those territories is sabotaging the New Slavery, and often risking his life to do so.

As for Norway, which has a long tradition of freedom and democracy—well, it looks as if the Norwegians' bulldog stubbornness may yet compel Berlin to give them back their country in disgust.

Let us now briefly consider the United States. Here, we have had 166 years come next July 4th of the freedom-and-democracy tradition. It is ingrained in us. We may forget it now and then, but not for any great length of time. Witness what we did to federal prohibition as soon as a majority of us became convinced that it was no good.

Not naming any names or pointing any fingers of suspicion; but we thought we would mention these matters for the benefit of any who may be thinking that now is the time to start pushing the American people around.



# Sanity and Censorship

THE Navy Department took a deep breath the ot and ordained that names of British naval vessels in American ports might thenceforth be published.

Previously, the whole city of Philadelphia was s to keep secret the fact that H.M.S. Resolute had put Philadelphia Navy Yard for repairs; no more than 7 New Yorkers, because there are no more, knew tha Malaya had arrived at the Brooklyn Navy Yard wi in her hull; the population of Newport News was s not to notice that the aircraft carrier Illustrious h brought there for treatment.

It was a ridiculous situation, which kept no secrets from the Nazis and was a vicious breeder c and exaggerated gossip in this country.

To let the essentials of these news stories get i withholding only such details as might furnish lead many's U-boat and long-range bomber dispatchers ously common sense. It should help British and morale, and hurt German morale. In some cases it to refute the exaggerated sinking claims for which Germans and the Italians have long been notorious.

It's a pleasure to hand Secretary of the Navy Fr a pat on the back for this upsurge of common sens wish him many happy returns of the same.

# Kill this Pension Grab

IF YOU are opposed to unconscionable Treasur lobbyists misrepresenting veterans of the pre better make a note of HR4 and HR4845 as a cou about which to write your congressman and senat

Both of these bills have passed the House, furti grants a pension to surviving dependents (wife o any man who was in the service as long as 90 days a less of whether he ever did any fighting. HR484 to step up compensation for totally disabled vete would probably be okay if that were all. But 48 ries a joker granting a pension of $40 a month for eran at age 65, injured or uninjured during the wa only that he must show that his income is small. with the help of a capable shyster can skate aroun viso to this pension.

There is no justification for these bills. A Ho rified of lobbyists would have kicked them down steps. It is doubtful that more than a handful want them made law. They will load additional the taxpayers—who, after paying their World W the highest wages in the world during the conflict, them $8,000,000,000 in bonuses and other benefit war, plus $5,000,000,000 more in hospitalizatio service, transportation, etc., etc.

We hope the Senate can dig up the courage and kindred pension grabs; or that if the Sena President can. There is a limit to what the ta stand. The veterans' lobbyists nudge us closer t

# Great Man's Monumen

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI is gone, but the Testimonial Fund carries on. An outgrowth mission for Polish Relief, which was formed w was caving under Hitler's planes and tanks, the Fund has collected about $1,000,000. It has d money to Polish refugees and to a memorial hosp burgh, Scotland.

If you'd like to pay some concrete respec whom Americans admired as a great statesman artist, and at the same time help a lot of that ma countrymen, the Paderewski Testimonial Fund, 36th St., New York, N. Y., is the organization to tribute. Every dollar sent to it will do 100 ce good in the world.

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BEFORE

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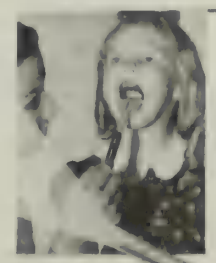
*Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces*

When you gargle with Listerine, the cool amber liquid reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders" on those areas—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any major invasion of the delicate membrane may be halted and infection thereby checked.

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In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started?

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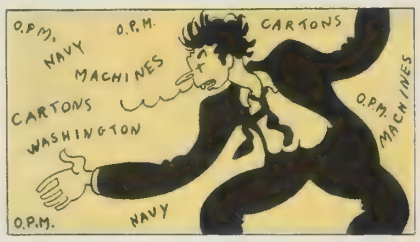
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COVER JOE KNEISEL


# ANY WEEK

WE WERE complaining about our lot. A long-drawn-out chore was keeping us in Washington. We prefer our Washington in small doses. Anyway, we were complaining. We were overheard by a gentleman from Chicago, Illinois—a responsible fellow who for many years has been making paper boxes and cartons in large quantities and with great success. "So you'd like to get out of here," said he. Obviously he was having some trouble controlling himself. "I've listened to you. Now you listen to me. Twenty weeks ago I got a contract to make paper cartons for the United States Navy. The Navy has designed its own carton. It's pretty much like any other carton but the seams are different. I hesitated to take the contract, saying that there was no carton machinery capable of making Navy seams. The Navy told me to go ahead and make a machine and how much would it cost. I said it would cost five hundred dollars. The Navy snapped its fingers, told me to go ahead, get a priority order from OPM for the steel and get busy. My dear sir, you're complaining. I have been here twenty weeks trying to get somebody in OPM to sign an order upon the steel company releasing to me the small amount of steel I'll need to build a five-hundred-dollar machine to make Navy seams on a couple million dollars' worth of cartons. My dear friend, will you be so good as to shut your mouth and let somebody complain who knows how."




SO WE shut up and pretty soon struck up a conversation with a man who was complaining that the peanuts the house served with drinks were stale. He was an automotive engineer. After finishing his peanut grumbles he stopped fooling. He told us that he'd just got back from a proving ground where the Army had been testing jeeps and command cars equipped with an almost revolutionary idea in tires and compensating springs or snubbers. The combination was the product of a whole board of engineers and tire manufacturers, but the Army just wasn't sure. The tests conducted cross-country, over hill, dale, meadow, creek and bog land were more than satisfactory. Generals were rubbing their hands all over the place. But the Army insisted on another test—racing the revolutionarily equipped cars around a small circular pad of concrete for eight hours. "So I told the Army," said our engineer, "that I'd heard of countries going to war straight out and I'd heard of countries going to war zigzag, but that I'd never heard of anybody going to war in circles." So we left him but not before seeing a gentleman at the next table lean over, tap him on the shoulder, and say: "Oh, you haven't, hey? Well, just stick around, my friend."

OUR deeper sympathies, however, are with Mr. Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Morgenthau, as you've probably heard, is more than anxious that his fellow countrymen buy defense bonds and savings stamps in large quantities. But while you are piling up these gilt-edged investments at a great rate, being both shrewd and patriotic, Mr. Morgenthau cannot buy even a twenty-five-center. We dropped in on Mr. Morgenthau aiming to comfort him. He said that he appreciated our feelings but that the hurt was wellnigh incurable. Away back in 1889, he told us, Congress in a virtuous moment passed a law prohibiting any Secretary of the Treasury from buying government securities of any kind. It seems that back in the President Grant era which, for the benefit of the children, was something like the blackjack days of Warren Harding, a Secretary bought government bonds at sixty cents on the dollar and sold them later at par. We went out and bought a few books of stamps and notified Mr. Morgenthau by telephone. "Thank you," said he—but ruefully.

THE devout scrapbook clippers of the comicartoons in this excellent publication are apprised of a volume entitled Collier's Collects Its Wits, containing 339 cartoons selected by our dour Mr. Williams. Harcourt, Brace & Company are sponsors of the job, which is now being sold in all bookstores that are worthy of their salt. Better hasten thence.

BACK in Washington, we met a gentleman named Dowd E. Dowd. Of course we shall receive letters denying that there is anybody of that name. But we can't help it. The fellow's name is Dowd E. Dowd, and we're not to blame. He lives in Baltimore, Maryland, too, and we had nothing to do with that either. Anyway, Mr. Dowd E. Dowd was in a hurry. He had just been to OPM, OPA and SPAB—the defense triplets. "I am now on my way to the former seat of the government of the United States—Capitol Hill," said he.

HOWEVER, we would not have you believe that things are not getting done with ruffles and flourishes in Washington. We have just paid a couple of courtesy calls at the Navy and War departments, observing censorship at close range. The most interesting demonstration occurs when a manuscript dealing with the activities of both the Army and the N works. Both departments Navy almost invariably erything in it having to Army, on the theory that portant anyway. A nice ri kept alive at the expense of the manuscript—provi any manuscript left and disemboweled condition, gets printed. We were di in the State Department national affairs are regar pletely paltry to begin wit us that when Colonel E was brought to Washingt Roosevelt's co-ordinator gence, the Navy sugges colonel be made a ma The Army suggested tha an admiral. The colonel he be left alone, certai moted by either side. A just been looking into t asking an F.B.I. man F.B.I. information was relayed to the colonel, to transmitted to the Pres tainly," said he. "Do everything we know ex know about Donovan."



AND one of our State friends told us that the number of Grade-A g ficials who go much f Russo-Nazi war situat used to. Until recently tant gentlemen were pra sides lose. Now, accor them in a dinner con our friend in the State it's like this: "While Russia has the heroic t until next spring to g American political and sons maybe the sooner better."

WE HAD lunch with a and Navy morale office a great deal of talk abo —states and communit lukewarm or even chil titude toward nationa great many places were being badly in need of ing up. You'd be sur what to our chagrin, o not asked. But if we'd name a good place for gin needling the citize been ready:

WASHINGTON, D. C.


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# WING TALK

INTERNATIONA

**No pilot would fly a duplicate of this plane from Iceland to the U. S. today, but the Army Round the World fliers did it in 1924**

THE second American invasion of Iceland is more extensive than the first, which occurred in the late summer of 1924 when the Army World Fliers put in at Reykjavik and were held there for 13 days for engine changes and weather to Greenland. Accompanying the four airmen—Lieuts. Lowell H. Smith, Leslie P. Arnold, Eric Nelson and Jack Harding—were two United States cruisers, two destroyers and six newspapermen, among whom were our Damon Runyon and your correspondent. Lieuts. Leigh Wade and Henry H. Ogden were fished out of the bleak waters of the North Sea between the Orkney and Faroe islands by our cruiser, the Richmond, when they went down with engine trouble. Having flown all the way from California to that remote spot only to be ruled out by the failure of an oil pump was sufficient to make the boys want to retire to their cabin and quietly cut their throats. We watched them closely until they got another plane in Nova Scotia and completed the trip.

The Army pilots were flying Douglas world cruisers, specially built biplanes each powered with a 400-h.p. Liberty engine. They could change over from wheels to twin pontoons for long overwater hops. Top speed was 90 miles per hour, cruising range 10 hours. It is doubtful if any airman today, including the original Army pilots, would attempt to fly from Reykjavik to the United States in an exact duplicate of these ships. Yet our boys did it.

Lieut. Smith, leader of the flight, is now Col. Smith, U. S. Army Air Forces. Lieut. Arnold is an executive of Eastern Air Lines. Lieuts. Nelson, Harding and Ogden are in civilian aviation; and Lieut. Wade, now Major Wade, is on active duty in the office of the Chief of Army Air Forces in Washington.

THE group captain of the R.A.F. Bomber Command, who has made many day and night raids over Germany, was a passenger on a Dutch freighter, part of a convoy en route to the United States. Six hundred miles off the European continent, they were visited by a Focke-Wulf four-engined landplane bomber which picked out a tanker and practically blew it out of the water. There was a bit of admiration in the group captain's voice as he described the accuracy of the enemy bomber. And as an afterthought he said, "Our gunners got him though. I felt very sorry for poor Jerry." Amer cans have but one complaint again the British. If they would only g mad!

THE young naval aviator was ve proud of his new custom-built ca It slid over the highways so easily ar smoothly that he lost all sense of spee That is what he tried to tell the hig way patrolman who intercepted him a small community and told him h license was suspended for a month the charge of driving a mile a minut A few days later the young pilot fou himself in his fighter plane approac ing the same village. Down went t nose, and down the main street roared. At that very moment, his co manding officer stepped onto the str from the corner drugstore. Fast as was going, the C.O. was able to re the markings on the ship.

The young officer now was co fronted with charges of violating t federal air navigation laws as well a number of Navy regulations. He h no alibi, no excuse, nothing but t truth to tell with an indirect appeal public antipathy toward speed cops.

"I just thought I'd show that cop th 60 miles an hour really wasn't fa was the conclusion of his brief offic explanation.

AND out in a pretty little town Nevada, there are still a few w refer to the time an Army plane ca right down the main street on a le with the second-floor windows. We w confess to those people that we had j cleared a 10,000-foot mountain ra by inches and below us was the beau ful valley with the town in the cent As the mountain sloped away from we lost altitude too, and thought w take a look at the place. The pilot, w then wore the silver bars of first lieut ant, now has eagles on his should and it would be a very bad exam to the youngsters of the Air Forces reveal his present command and s tion. But at that time he had the bl outlook of being a first lieutenant the next 20 years (he had been one the previous 10) and he didn't m care. So he let them have it and the end of the street he pulled up int *chandelle,* leveled off and we were our way to California. That was in 1 and luckily for him no superior offi stepped out of the drugstore as whizzed by.

F. R.




*Very, very funny! Look, I'm choking to death with mirth!*

*Don't stop now . . . but you're away out of the groove on tires, chum!*

*Okay, Gruesome! What's the new number? Switch to B. F. Goodrich?*

*Brother, you ain't improvising!*

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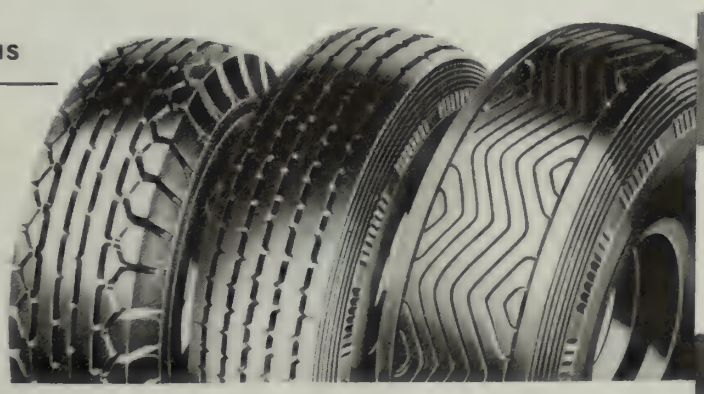
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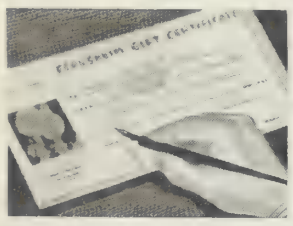



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# KEEP UP WITH THE WOR

## By Freling Foster

*During* Civil War days, New York's Bowery had many low saloons where liquor was never served in a glass or mug. The customer merely placed a nickel on the bar, picked up a rubber tube attached to a barrel of whisky and drank, under the watchful eye of the bartender, all he could without taking a breath.

*On* many trains in the United States, the operating crews are changed on an average of every 200 miles, or about every three and a half hours. For example, one train, which runs between New York and Chicago and covers nearly 1,000 miles in 16 hours, changes its crew five times, while another, which runs between New York and Miami and covers nearly 1,400 miles in 25 hours, changes its crew seven times.

*The* Los Angeles General Hospital now uses paper bowls, plates and cups exclusively and, despite the fact that they will cost more than $40,000 a year, the institution expects to save considerable money through the elimination of the labor that was required to sterilize, wash and dry ten thousand pieces of crockery three times a day.—*By Ida Clemens Tuma, El Monte, California.*

*Levulose,* the sweetest of all the hundred or more different kinds of sugars, can be made from such plants as chicory, dahlias and Jerusalem artichokes.

*The* upper part of the North American continent is so wide that it has eight time zones, or twice as many as the United States. From east to west, they are: Newfoundland, Atlantic, Eastern, Central, Mountain, Pacific, Yukon and Alaskan.—*By Bruce E. Butt, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.*

*Trunkfishes,* of the family *Ostraciidae,* which are found in warm seas, are shaped like other fish, but their bodies are encased in a hard shell, like that of a turtle, and only the jaws, fins, eyes and tail are free to move.—*By Mrs. Howard H. Lane, Gainesville, Florida.*

*An* analysis made about ... years ago indicated that wa... the proportion of male babie... study showed that, during a ... mediately after the first ... War, only those countries ... had lost a large number of n... perienced a marked incre... their percentage of male birt...

*Until* recently, Vienna's S... Riding School, reputed to ... finest equestrian establishm... the world, staged a perfo... every Sunday morning whi... so impressive that it was ... changed, yet held the pub... terest for more than two h... years.

*On* rare occasions, the ... borealis has been known t... within a mile of the earth ... produce an odor somewh... ozone. This striking phen... of the heavens has also be... served in full sunlight.

*Neither* moral codes nor c... religious laws among mo... one quarter of the world's ... tion stigmatize an illegitima... in any social or legal wa...—*Charleton J. Robinson, Pc... ron, Michigan.*

*Among* several African ... the punishment for homici... life for a life," but not as i... posed by other peoples. ... serving his prison sentence, ... derer must first produce a ... the one he has taken, by livi... a female relative of the d... until a child is born.

*On* the night of October 2 ... the play It Can't Happen H... Sinclair Lewis, opened in ... one theaters in eighteen c... seventeen states, setting a ... taneous presentation reco... has no precedent in theatri... tory.—*By Hanson Kellogg ... sonville, Florida.*

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DO AS THOUSANDS DO—

# Follow the Arrow

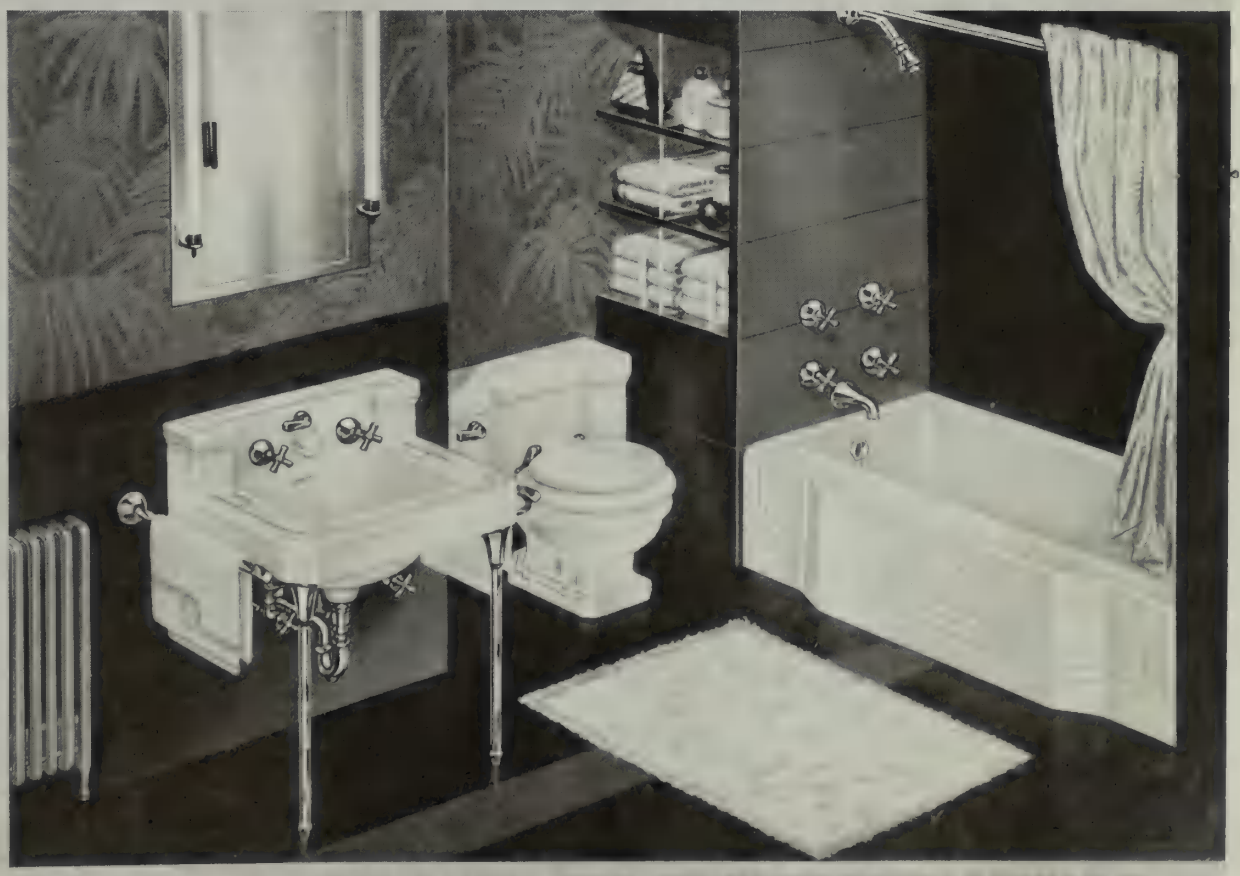
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# he Captain of the Team

arry Sylvester

.TED BY ELMORE BROWN

**t easy for a man who has spent of his life in football to wash ads of the game. Fortunately re, Mary Warren knew it, too**

EN Shore saw them coming across the cam- us in a small, tight group, he was at first rprised and a little puzzled. There were rdish, the coach; Malone, the director of ; and Markell, the publicity man for the membering that Burdish liked neither of the articularly, Shore began to have a feeling oding. Only something serious could bring ee together.

wondered with a kind of grim amusement ad really found out at last, and waited for ps on the stairs. When he heard the steps, he was the pay-off.

ey opened the door, Burdish looked as he m. Markell was panting and indignant. Ma- red-faced and blustering; he carried an afternoon paper in his hand and tossed it on Shore's desk so that the big headline stared up at him.

"Shore Revealed as Author of 'Benchwarmer,'" the headline read. The subhead read: "Scarlet's Captain Betrays Teammates." Anger flashed in Shore at the subhead but he caught himself.

"Well, say something," Malone half shouted. "Is it true or isn't it?"

Shore wondered how the Express had found out about it. They'd been trying to run down the author of the column in the rival newspaper, the Dispatch, for a long time. A long weariness got the better of Shore. He had had to use his talents as an athlete to get virtually everything he wanted in his life. He had been sick of doing it a long time; he supposed it was why he had written the column, vaguely critical of the players, the team, but principally of Malone and his high-pressure ways.

"Answer me!" Malone said.

"Yeah," Shore said slowly. "I wrote it. What about it?"

Malone grew purple. But before he could speak, Burdish said, "That was pretty cheap stuff, Joe, not what I'd expect of you."

Burdish could hurt him a little, Shore knew, but

**ident ticket taker was embarrassed. He had orders, he said, that Shore was not to be admitted**





**With his long, rawboned body stretched to its limit, he got his hands in front of the ball. The dull sound was like music**

not as much as if he had not called him by his first name. Somehow, he felt that Burdish was capable of understanding why he had done it; not now, perhaps, but in time. There was a silence, inexplicable, and finally Malone broke it.

"You're a brave guy, all right," he said. "Talking about people under a—a *nom de plume*."

"I'm as brave as I have to be," Shore said.

"I suppose you know what this means?" Malone said.

Shore stood up. "I know perfectly," he said. "You have my resignation as captain. You'll have it in writing tomorrow." You'd think the column had been vicious instead of funny, Shore thought. He saw suddenly that someone like Malone could stand humor least of all.

They were shocked at his calmness, at the briefness of the interview, he saw. He advanced slowly on Malone and Markell. They went through the door, sidling. "You ought to resign from school, too, if you had any shame," Markell shouted.

"Go blow your horn, windbag," Shore told him. He turned to Burdish. They looked at each other, then Burdish glanced away and he went silently from the room. In his own inner confusion, in what was close to dismay, Shore could still be sorry for Burdish. He closed and locked his door and sat, now that they had gone, heavily by the window.

He stayed there, motionless, a long time. From the practice field, behind its canvas screens, he could hear the noise of practice, the shouting, thin at this distance, the skirl of a whistle. Someone knocked on his door and when Shore didn't answer, said, "Someone wants you on the phone, Joe."

"Who?"

"Someone named Warren. E. J. Warren."

"Tell him I'm not around."

That would be E. J. Warren, the publisher of the Dispatch, Shore knew, and not a bad guy. Shore wanted no sympathy from anyone. He wondered, then, what it would be like, going to school among people most of whom were hostile.

A car drove slowly along the narrow, graveled drive that circled the quadrangle. It stopped before Shore's entry. He didn't know the car. He watched and saw a girl get out of the car, hesitate, look about and glance up. Even in that light he could see how well dressed she was, the lines of the tailored suit, the hat with the little brim. He had a sudden curiosity about the face, shadowy in the dusk. On an impulse, he put on a jacket and went down the steps of the entry.

The girl heard him open the door and turned. "Could you tell me where Mr. Shore lives?" she asked. "There doesn't seem to be anyone else around I could ask."

"They're all at dinner," Shore said. "What do you want to see him for, anyhow? He's an outcast around here."

Her silence touched him curiously. "You don't mean that really," she said. "So soon and—and—"

"What did you want to see him for?"

"Well, if you feel that way toward him, I—"

"I'm Shore," he said. They were closer to each other now. Her face, very lovely, seemed to float as the darkness of her suit blended with the dusk.

"But how can I know," she said, "after what you've just said?"

"My picture's been in the paper once or twice," he said, then regretted it.

"I've been away," she said. "I did see your—his picture once." She moved slightly to one side to get the last light from the west across his features.

NEITHER of them spoke for a moment. "I guess you are Mr. Shore," she said. "I'm sorry, but you spoke so oddly—"

"Apparently, I've been acting oddly, too," he said.

"I'm Mary Warren," she said. "My father tried to get you this afternoon and couldn't, so he sent me down here to try to see you. He's very sorry about what has happened. If there's some way he can help you avoid any further embarrassment—oh, I suppose it's his fault more than yours."

"All I'm interested in," Shore s how the Express found out ab

"As near as anyone can tell," Warren said, "some one of the spondents here at the universi your copy lying on the sports desk and went to the rival pap his little scoop."

"It doesn't really matter," Sho "What are they dragging you i for, though? I never knew E. J. had a daughter."

"I've been away at school the time. He wanted some sort story about you, to counteract t sible bad publicity. I'm working paper now."

"Possible bad publicity," he re "That's putting it euphemistic right. I'll never get a job as co place."

HER hesitation made him wo was almost as though she proved of something. He said, want anything more written ab Let this thing die. It'll be a wonder and then gone."

"I've been digging in files all a and know a great deal about y said.

"For instance, what?" he said

"The—the obvious things," "That you're an orphan, that gone to prep school and college ing football, that you should America this year."

"It doesn't say anything abo a fool, does it?" he said.

"I suppose you do regret hav ten what you did."

"Only in that it may prevent ting a job as a coach later on."

Again the slight hesitatio aren't there other things a u graduate could work at?"

Shore himself hesitated. "I when one achieves a place of in what is called the world of s apt to blind one to the fact t are other functions in life."

"Well, why did you write umn?"

"I guess in some sort of re the last five years, when every gotten—my education, my clot my food—has come from m football. I suppose I wrote th as an outlet."

"And still you want to co you graduate?"

"A trifle inconsistent, isn't it?

"My father's regretted that lished the column now. Not t annoyed some people so muc it has hurt you. He'd like to thing for you. I suppose thi an article to counteract what pened is the first thing he ca if you can think of other thing he'll try to help you."

*(Continued on page 2*

# TERRIBLE TERRY

BY HARMONY HAYNES

**aps movie stars around, hem what to eat, what drink and when to go l. And they love it, for Hunt has saved many a from an abrupt ending**

IS a slim, muscular chap with a leasant smile that compels you o look twice. The second look you conscious of brown, wavy erious brown eyes, and a chin n take it—so that you find yourndering just what studio is going credit for discovering him. He with quick, light steps to the sidles up to John Garfield.

ce mine *plain* ginger ale, too," s, looking Garfield over from o toe, critically, analytically.

all right," Garfield mumbles acedly, and shoves his untouched l toward the bartender.

young man's keen brown eyes ing over the diners in the adroom. He hurries in to join them he passes the table of Mary Asreaches over and grabs the thick nd French fried potatoes, shoves h into a passing waiter's hands. e these away," he orders, "and er a vegetable plate."

Astor throws down her fork in

weeks," she wails, "I am a good d no one sees me to applaud, but step out of line just once, you o catch me, you devil."

slim young man grins at her with us glee, and passes on to the floor. He gracefully cuts in be- the couples and taps Cesar Rogently on the shoulder.

r rumba stinks," he observes in whisper.

ero reddens. "I was just going ' he explains apologetically, and s his lovely young partner into ms of the slim young man.

ll, some nerve!" you exclaim. does he think he is, shoving big, ant stars around that way?" And swer comes right back at you: 's Terrible Terry, the martinet of the s! He not only shoves stars d, he slaps them around, punches around, and runs them around, ey love it! They not only come or more, they bring their friends.

### Terry Cracks the Whip

een years ago, Terry Hunt was good-looking kid with a clever left Today, he's Hollywood's leading al trainer, the conditioner of our tch motion-picture celebrities. acks the whip and they jump, be- they know that only by following ndates will they keep slim, vigorttractive, vibrant, with the health nergy needed for their continued s in the films.

re's nothing really terrible about —outside of the gym. Socially, lion—Hollywood's most eligible lor — a handsome, successful, ing guy. Hostesses clamor for resence, subdebs battle for his , stag lines are incomplete without his handsome pan.

fessionally, he's a lion, too. In m, stars become just overweight lerweight human beings. Remarks,

*(Continued on page 67)*

**Something of a celebrity in his own right is Terry Hunt, whose job is to keep Hollywood's great in top physical shape. Here he's working on Lily Damita**

WALL-KERLEE

# THE SILENT WAR

BY HENRY A. WALLACE

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

**Under the Constitution the function of Vice-President is legislative, but President Roosevelt has seen fit to put the Vice-President to work. The Economic Defense Board, of which he is chairman, must see that our economic power is used to cripple Hitler. It must keep war materials from reaching the Nazis; it must see that all the American republics get a fair break insofar as available materials will permit. Mr. Wallace asks and gets the eager help of a hemisphere**



ONE day not long ago, a group of American and Brazilian officials met in Rio de Janeiro. They affixed their signatures to an agreement between our country and Brazil.

The ceremony got little public attention, yet it was important. For Brazil agreed to sell us her entire surplus of eleven crucial materials—bauxite, beryl ore, chromite, nickel, industrial diamonds, manganese, mica, quartz crystals, rubber, rutile and zircon. Thus, we got first call on the quantities of all these materials which Brazil does not sell to private industry within the Western Hemisphere.

Such materials are precious beyond the power of the dollar sign to express. They are essentials of war. Without them, we cannot defend ourselves; and without them, Germany cannot win.

With Mexico and Peru we signed similar agreements, covering more than a score of vital materials. Bolivia has already contracted to sell us her entire tungsten output at a price considerably below Japanese offers. She is also selling us most of her tin. We are preferred customers for Chilean and Peruvian copper and negotiations are now under way to guarantee us the entire exportable surplus of all Argentine, Bolivian and Chilean strategic materials.

Our deals for the supplies we need—which the Axis powers are equally anxious to get—have gone far beyond the Western Hemisphere. We have entered into an agreement with Turkey for a large part of her chromite, with Madagascar for graphite and mica. We are getting rubber and tin from the Malay states and the Dutch East Indies, mica from India.

This is economic war—or economic defense, as you choose. We intend to corner the markets on as many strategic and critical materials as we can get. We intend to buy them to speed up our own defense program. We intend to prevent them from being used to feed the war machines of the Axis countries.

This economic war is as important as the spectacular battles in Russia or China or Crete. It is a battle to end the battles, a war to end the war. Each time we whittle down the supplies of raw materials available to Germany, Italy or Japan, we wreck a portion of the Axis military machine.

Economic preparedness today determines military success. Verdicts on the battlefield depend less on men and courage than on machines and skills, metals and chemicals, blast furnaces and intricate tools far behind the military fronts. We are ready now to revise Forrest's famous saying that the essence of victory was "gettin' thar fustest with the mostest men." Now it is getting there first with the most and best machines.

The power-driven machine has been man's greatest hope of economic freedom and relief from starvation and drudgery. But the promise has been twisted by Hitler and his henchmen into a means for the easy and permanent mastery of all peoples whose machines are inferior to theirs. Germany, the strongest industrial nation in Europe, has attacked at will almost all the less industrialized nations around her—Austria, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Denmark, France, Poland, Belgium, Holland—and turned their citizens into cheap slave labor, toiling at the machines of the conquerors.

We did not believe it possible, but a highly industrialized nation, ruled by base men, can not only enslave captive nations but control them in a way that conquered nations have never been controlled before. The formula is simple. Their machines are taken from them, they are forbidden to buy new industrial equipment, information and education are denied them, and the threat of starvation keeps them submissive. The clock can be turned back by a thousand years to early feudalism.

The people of Europe tried with plain heroism to overcome the enormous superiority of machines and materials which the Germans had piled up. It was not enough. It will never again in the world's immediate future be enough by itself.

When Prime Minister Churchill said, "Rarely have so many owed so much to so few," he was paying tribute to the great courage of the airmen who saved England from quick conquest in the summer of 1940. But all the courage in the world could not have saved England without the machines in which Britain's defenders flew.

The planes and ships which defended England, like the planes and ships which have threatened her with invasion, were put together from materials collected from all the earth. The production of armaments today requires a complex blending of millions of tons of iron and steel, coal, oil, copper, rubber, nickel, aluminum, manganese, zinc, tungsten, antimony and scores of indispensable products. Lacking any one of these vital ingredients, the 1941-model fighting machine loses the fine perfection it must have to be efficient.

The Nazis were at the job of collecting strategic and critical materials for many years before the rest of the world realized the awful threat to its freedom. Germany originally had deficiencies in most of the key materials; the collection of adequate supplies for a total war became cardinal Nazi economic policy; and the day the Nazi agents began scouring the earth for strategic raw materials the war had begun. The Nazis bought what they needed at whatever prices they had to pay and built up stock piles against the day when overseas supplies would be cut off by British blockade. Nazi scientists worked day and night to produce substitute materials—synthetic rubber, oil, wool.

When Hitler was stocked up, he struck. He was ready and the democracies were not—because they had already lost the first phase of the economic war.

### Goods Are a Nation's Strength

Much of the materials they needed the Nazis secured from nations with whom they could barter and whose economic lives they could control. But England and the United States together sold them enough iron and copper and scrap metals to carry them through months of warfare. Some of their purchasing has been done through Japanese firms which bought from us 4,350,000 tons of scrap iron and steel in the two and one half years before we embargoed them in October, 1940. Japan's purchases of mercury here in 1940 jumped 240 times over the amounts acquired in 1938, and her purchases of zinc increased 60 times. Now all three materials are on our critical list and their export is under license. We need them badly for our own defense.

To defeat Hitler, we must first outproduce him. Outproducing him means building factories and power plants to run the factories. It means trying to break all the bottlenecks in manufacturing and turning out military goods in quantities that even this industrialized nation never dreamed of. And each of these things means drawing to us—and away from Hitler—all the world's natural resources that we can lay our hands on. They mean, in other words, applying the conspicuous lesson of the present war—that goods are a nation's strength. Our dollars must be converted into goods and more goods with desperate haste.

During the past year our government had made several important moves on the economic front to supplement our aid to Britain with direct pressure against the Axis. We began controlling exports from the United States to keep key materials from the enemies of democracy. We froze dollar assets here of nationals of Axis-dominated countries to prevent them from being used against us. We blacklisted individuals and firms in Latin America with Axis connections to prevent them from using money, materials and information to impede hemisphere friendliness and defense. We moved through our patent control to prevent the publication of inventions vital to defense. Most important, we are buying up strategic materials.

Today virtually everything, from ships and shoes to sealing wax, has a military use. We are lucky, for we have in our country most of the basic supplies we require for a high-speed industrial economy. And we have plenty of food. But when we get into the extraordinary mass production of intricate weapons, we find that there are a number of things we cannot furnish ourselves.

### Ben Franklin Had the Idea

The armor plate of battleships and tanks takes not only steel, but manganese, nickel, chromite, tungsten and vanadium—which we get from Latin America, Canada, Turkey, Africa and China. Airplanes use enormous quantities of aluminum, with the lightest pursuit ships absorbing 2,700 pounds, the heaviest bombers ten times that much, and most of the bauxite from which our aluminum is made we get from South America.

Radios for sending messages from the planes must have piezo-electric quartz—which we can get only from Brazil. Tubes and condensers for the radios, and spark plugs and generators for the planes, must have sheet mica—which we get from India, Brazil and Argentina. For airplane magnetos and the making of smokeless powder, we must have platinum, which we get from Colombia, Canada, South Africa and the Soviet Union. High-speed tools and armor-piercing bullets must have tungsten—which we get from China, Bolivia and Argentina. So it goes. The list is long.

One battleship will use a hundred pounds of the humble sheet mica and it must have the hundred pounds to be an effective fighting unit. The lack of a single truly vital material can force a nation to use inferior weapons, and hence, to fight an inferior fight. Benjamin Franklin's famous old jingle comes to mind:

For the want of a nail the shoe was lost,
For the want of a shoe the horse was lost,
For the want of a horse the rider was lost,
For the want of a rider the battle was lost,
For the want of a battle the kingdom was lost—
And all for want of a horseshoe nail.

Germany is reported to be running short of copper, tungsten, mica, nickel, tin, oil and scores of lesser materials. Dollars spent now to keep these materials from the Nazis will inevitably weaken them. Had England and the United States started earlier to buy up the world supply of essential raw materials, construction of the present horrible German war machine might have been blocked at relatively little cost. Now we are spending many billions merely to catch up.

In our attempt to control all the basic war materials we can, the co-operation

*(Continued on page 65)*




## By Frank Gervasi

**From smug Bermuda to bewildered Siam, war in many lands throughout the world shows many faces to a Collier's correspondent on a remarkable journey**

I'VE just returned from 36,000 miles and eight months around the world. I've returned to Suburbia. I live in that particular expression of Suburbia called Bronxville, in Westchester County, New York. It was a village when I left it eight months ago. It still had its old town hall. They've torn it down and now the place is merely another suburb, quiet, smug, income-tax conscious and worried whether the Community Chest drive will reach its quota this year. When I left it was Bundles for Britain. At the local movie they used to play The Star-Spangled Banner after the shows. They don't do it any more. They don't even play Pomp and Circumstance.

It is a shock to come out of the darkness into the light, to move from privation and death into abundance and life. Eight months is a long time. Those last eight months were longer than all of the seven years I'd spent before in Europe, watching this war being made. They were longer than all the previous months of watching the war being waged or anticipated in England and France, Holland, Portugal, Spain, Italy and then in Hungary and the Balkans and the Near East. In eight months of almost constant travel your perspective changes. Things that weren't in focus before sharpen. Things you merely suspected become realities. You become aware, in 36,000 miles of journey by land and sea and air, of forces you didn't dream existed. You learn, in that time, that this war has seven faces and as many moods.

In Bermuda the war had a smug visage. There was abundance, although you wouldn't believe it to hear Bermudians complain of the difficulty of obtaining gin and the better brandies. But there was plenty of everything. Only the Bermudians' tolerance of Americans was rationed.

Bermuda is a crown colony, a simpler form of British imperial life. Its emotions are uncomplex. American tourists no longer come in tens of thousands with money to unfold. And Bermudians, logically, complain. They resent the "invasion"—the quotes are theirs—of American engineers and surveyors who came to build a naval base for the U. S. A. They miss tourist money.

Bermudian houses grow with scrubbed white and coral countenances out of the green land. They grow with the trees and shrubs. Bermudians are loath to see steam shovels gnaw the earth where their homes had stood. They express their resentment over teacups and cocktail glasses. They envision hamburger and hot-dog stands and billboards. They are certain their horse carriages will be replaced by "smelly motorcars." They see their bit of England, their quiet respectability and, therefore, their major commodity, threatened by the invasion of the Continentals. You feel sorry for them.

You learned that they'd arrange matters so that all the materials Uncle Sam would use in the construction of the base would have to be either local or imported at a high duty and handled by local brokers at fat commissions. Bermudians told you that "We don't want you in the war, old boy, just make us the airplanes and tanks and guns." You didn't like being reminded Uncle Sam was just an old Uncle Shylock and then, in a second breath, being vehemently told that America must enter the war. But that's the way it is with people. They're slightly mixed up about this war.

Six or seven "tools of war" wallowed like winged whales on the incredibly blue waters off Darrell's Island. They were the big Consolidated PBY flying boats England needed to patrol her coasts and the North Atlantic. I was to have departed in one a day or two after my arrival in Hamilton by Clipper from Baltimore. But I didn't get off on the appointed day. I waited three weeks for the big bomber to be groomed and for the crew to be trained. The long delay was due to two deficiencies in the British approach to war. One was lack of organization and the other was low-grade mechanical aptitude. I learned in Bermuda what Labor Minister Ernest Bevin meant when he told the House of Commons that England lacks a double-purpose army and that the German army has a higher mechanical ability than Britain's. Months later, on the road to Alexandria from Cairo, Corporal Smythe gave me a practical demonstration, too, of what Bevin meant. And Captain James Roosevelt in his capacity of military observer received an object lesson in the same highly important subject in the Iraq desert. But about those bombers, in Bermuda. . . .

### They Call It Tradition

The Canadian Pacific Railroad Company and the British Overseas Airways Corporation contracted to ferry the PBY bombers from Bermuda to England. They hired crack American fliers like Clyde Pangborn and expert navigators like Bernt Balchen to handle the job, at good salaries and large expense accounts. But Pangborn and Balchen didn't fly a single one of those boats. The Royal Air Force stepped in and said they'd handle this. The Royal Canadian Air Force moved in, too. The snarl of orders and counterorders was so bad the Air Ministry in London was obliged to intervene. If it hadn't the planes would have remained there until the Gulf Stream changed its course. But this was only part of the story. We call it red tape. The British call it tradition.

After we'd waited a week, a Canadian pilot friend tipped me off that we were getting away the following day. But the next morning he said it was all off. A generator had burned out. Somebody had forgotten to oil the bearing would take at least two weeks for one to come out from the Consoli factory in Los Angeles. There wa maintenance shop in Bermuda. were no spare parts. Delays fol one upon the other. Once it was be the radio receiver was asnarl. N knew how to repair it. Several were damaged by inexperienced who practiced crash landings wi boat, as though knowing how to land on the North Atlantic in would have done anyone any gooc it was written in an instruction that crash landings must be pra —and Britain didn't get the bomb

Finally, one rain-lashed morn crawled, cold and slightly scare the belly of one of the PBY's. Ju fore the take-off somebody sho paper under my nose saying I wo write anything about the flight t land. I knew more sensible cen England would revoke it and I write about the flight, so I sign paper. I wasn't so sure I would se land anyway.

We bounced heavily on the bla ter of Hamilton Bay. We had 4 lons of spare gas inboard, in long tanks, trussed on two-by-fours strained into the air with all t luctance of a teakwood log. T three hours and ten minutes la




MAP BY CARL ROSE

were in England. We landed "somewhere in Wales" and it was snowing and a red-faced captain of the Scots Guards and a pleasant little officer of the R.A.F. Intelligence filled us with hot tea, brandy and then lamb stew. We'd made it, and Lloyd's of London had bet Collier's heavy odds, as insurance rates go, that I wouldn't.

To be in England again was to be back in reality. The Welsh are sturdy people, close to the earth. They are thick-bodied, with large workers' hands and large, honest faces and sturdy feet. They were good to see after the snobbish colonials of Bermuda. You could see the Welsh were working harder in their mines and factories and in their fields than ever before. You could see their quiet happiness, feel their joy in work. They were grim, yes, and quietly determined, but they smiled readily enough and they joked about Woodbines (cigarettes) being hard to get. There was a shortage of tobacco. They missed their chocolate. Newsstands had signs: "No Chocolate. No Candy."

As the train to London moved through Wales you looked out the window at every station and you couldn't tell where you were. Everywhere in England it was the same. The English have adopted a national anonymity to befuddle the possible invader. They removed the signs from railroad stations or blacked them out. They've taken down road signs and all traffic indicators that might identify towns, villages and crossroads. You would need to know England well indeed to find your way about. You would need to have lived in England nearly all your life to distinguish Tunbridge Wells from a hundred other Tunbridge Wellses. Parachutists would have a tough time of it in England. Tailors', apothecaries', fishmongers' and greengrocers' shops have removed signs bearing their towns' names. Village inns have changed their identities or become anonymities. It will be useless for the Germans to look for the Golden Swan. They wouldn't know the old pub.

### England Discovers Itself

I hadn't been in England since the winter of 1939. That was when they called this the Phony War and the dispatches of correspondents reflected a profound disappointment that nobody was being killed. It was a strange England then. A social revolution had begun when they siphoned the school children out of the slums and into the provinces. Mayfair learned then how miserably Lambeth lived. You heard Englishmen promise themselves that the misery many of them were seeing for the first time in their lives would be remedied. We'll build a new England, they said. Let's hope the war lasts long enough, they said, and we'll rebuild our social system and banish the dole and want and hunger. And boys from the slums were returning to the land and liking it.

But there was also disunity then in England. There was a tendency to discuss the peace rather than a will to work to win the war. They said they would muddle through and they argued about what Britain's war aims should be. All this had changed by the winter of 1941.

Lambeth and Mayfair were in the ARP together. Charlie Brickett and Lord Portdowner belonged to the same fire brigade. They dragged each other out of the debris the bombs left of their homes and they frequently messed and slept together in the community feeding centers. Each discovered in the other qualities they hadn't suspected. Old Etonians and old Harrovians learned that wars aren't won only on the playing fields by wearers of the old school tie. They discovered that lathes and drill presses and assembly lines have considerable to do with winning wars. I heard many of the landed rich say they knew the day of the shooting box and the fox hunt was gone. And there was

*(Continued on page 60)*

# SUCH AS I HAVE

## By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

**For a moment, as her eyes looked into mine, she had been afraid. Then the trapped, desperate look was gone and she was smiling**




I WAS sorry that I'd let a silly, sentimental impulse prod me into stopping over between trains and looking up Jim and Milly Tucker. Old friends unseen since youth, I told myself, were better kept as unamended memories.

Not that Jim Tucker had changed so much—he'd only middle-aged into the pudgy, stoop-shouldered, complacent insignificance I might have expected. Even Milly wasn't very different—outwardly.

She'd kept her clear, vivid beauty; she was still slender and straightly, confidently erect, still—my old secret word for her was in my mind again—still queenly. But for a moment, as her eyes looked into mine and recognized me, she had been afraid.

Only for a moment. Then the trapped, desperate look was gone and she was smiling, calling my name in the cool, clear, quiet voice I hadn't forgotten, giving me both her hands. But I knew that I would never stop remembering that I had seen her eyes when there had been fear in them.

Of course I could guess why it had been there. She knew that I must know why she'd married Jim, and she was afraid that I might say something would let him find out why.

It made me angry, sick. I'd thought of her queen, brought low like other queens before her it had never crossed my mind that she could learned to set value on cheap, vulgar things her, on this smug little house, this smug, sm little man—so much value that she could be f ened at the thought of losing them.

It was like Jim Tucker to drag Larry Win name out into spoken sound, so that Milly couldn't go on pretending to each other that it in our minds. He hadn't quit pounding my sh before he was asking, eagerly, about good old

I said carelessly that I never saw Larry any and tried to turn the talk, but Jim wouldn't le

"No, I suppose not," he said. "Climbed to for all of us, Larry has. Often wonder if he's go being down on me. Can't blame him if he h They say everything's fair in love and war, but see that Larry had a right to be sore at me, st his girl the minute his back was turned."

Somehow his smirk didn't seem so silly, no was looking at Milly and he sucked in a slow b that squared the stoop out of his shoulders. H a man seeing a miracle, marveling and yet u persuaded of its realness.

I knew that his faded, nearsighted eyes watching Jim Tucker play Lochinvar. He was s himself ride up to the church door, sweep Larry ship's love up to his saddlebow and gallop of midnight Gretna Green.

"Never blamed Larry for not answering the I wrote him," he said. "I could guess how hard h taking it."

I was remembering just how Larry had tal I was seeing him wave Jim's letter, listening t laugh. He'd expected me to laugh with him, t gratulate him because Milly was off his hand there was no danger, any more, of her trying to trouble for him when his engagement to his daughter was announced. I was remembering just before I hit him in the mouth, he'd given sly, sniggering hint that Milly might have had a urgent reason than wounded pride for being in a hurry to marry somebody, anybody.

AND I was thinking, too, about lies, and findi that there could be something splendid and ble in them. In lies like this one of Milly's, chea cowardly and shabby in its first telling, mayb not now, told and retold, hour after wary, gu hour, year after year, in every speech and eve lence, in things done and left undone, never for kept momently in mind against the nag of pai drug of tiredness, the heat of sudden, blinding With all my heart I hated Jim Tucker, hated hi cause all the shining wonder of that lie had spent on him, spent to keep that smirk on hi face, to feed his vanity, to let his pygmy soul up and strut!

"Yes," I said. "He took it hard."

It was easier to look at Jim's delighted gri to see Milly's eyes trying to thank me. Than I got away from them, somehow, as quickly could, but I didn't get away from Jim. I had him drive me to the station in his car, a car that have been created in his image, as small and and smugly commonplace as he was. He through empty streets at twenty miles an hou an air of high, desperate adventure, too inte talk. I was glad of that. Having to listen t would make it worse for me, I knew, when thought of Milly.

I got out quickly when we stopped in front new, ugly station, but as I shook hands som in Jim's face kept me from hurrying away. He smirking now.

"Guess you know why I talked that way at about Larry." His voice checked on the name there were grit in his throat. "Wanted to mak you wouldn't accident'ly say something that let Milly catch on that I knew about—about—

His face had changed again. Somewhere el long ago, I had seen that same look—wistful, ened.

"I don't know if I could stand it if Milly was out that Larry answered that letter I wrote hi told me—told me—" he stopped. "When there' one thing you can give a woman like Milly- one thing that's good enough to give her, I me —it kind of scares you to think of not bein to—to keep on giving it to her."

"I know," I said. And I did know. I could understand, suddenly, how Milly might have afraid, not of losing, but of not having gifts, v gifts, to give.

# ashions
# ith a Future

ee Larkin
PHS FOR COLLIER'S
ENE SMITH



Two of Mainbocher's mannequins take time out to show you how well his now famous sweater costumes look at a party. Yellow cashmere cardigan and black pull-over to your left, beaded with gold and pearls and worn with a long black wool skirt. Beige cashmere cardigan to your right, lined with brown Persian lamb and worn with brown day-length wool dress

Another Mainbocher mannequin steps out of a fitting room wearing a red wool coat lined with black Persian lamb. As practical for your morning walk with Fido as it is beautiful for a formal evening wrap



**ainbocher, who designs ths for the Duchess of ndsor and who recently ved his Paris workrooms to w York, shows you how to will dressed on any budget**

WHEN Wallis Simpson became the Duchess of Windsor she wore a wedding dress designed for her Mainbocher of Paris. It was a pretty dress, fitted smooth in the middle, bell and full above, very flattering to the duchess' fine figure. And remarkably short time there was no in this wide land where Wallis was not a featured color. Copies of duchess' gown could be had in a full range of sizes, and at all prices from an down to a very brief song. So universally becoming to the feminine figure dress cut and fitted in this fashion variations of it are still to be found your wardrobe today. And that, lady, is how many of our best fashions begin—designed by a skillful dress worn by a woman in the spotlight, copied and adapted into a general fashion.

Paris, the most prolific source of such fashion instigation, is now lost—for the duration—to fashion. But Mainbocher and the duchess are not. Mainbocher, who was born Main Bocher in Chicago, and who, after a wandering career as artist, musician, soldier, fashion editor, settled down to be one of the top-ranking Paris dressmakers, a year ago moved shop to New York, where he is busily designing the same kind of ladylike, beautifully made clothes he did in Paris. And the duchess, on her trip to the United States and Canada, packed along a dozen of his creations. Since they both prefer simple, wearable clothes that are the kind best suited also to you and to me, that is a very good thing. They can work things out between them, and smart manufacturers will then see that we benefit immediately from the results.

Take, for example, the simple daytime dress, with enough zip to it to double for bridge and informal evening parties . . . the kind of dress you rate a necessity. The duchess has one in black wool jersey, with front fullness

*(Continued on page 54)*

# The Pied Piper

By Nevil Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

*The Story Thus Far:*

LONELY and unhappy, following the death of his only son (killed while flying with the Royal Air Force), John Sidney Howard, a retired English barrister, leaves England and goes to placid little Cidoton, a French village where, in days gone by, he had spent many pleasant vacations.

Among the guests at his hotel are Mrs. Cavanagh, an Englishwoman, and her two small children: Ronald and Sheila. Mrs. Cavanagh's husband lives in Geneva, where he is employed by the League of Nations. He feels that, come what may, he must not desert his post. . . .

Howard decides to return to England. Cavanagh—alarmed by the approach of the Germans, who are driving into France—asks him if he will take the children to England; and Howard promises to take them. . . .

The journey toward the Channel proves to be a difficult one. In Dijon, little Sheila becomes ill. A kindly hotel maid assists Howard in caring for the child. Then, as Howard prepares to move on, the maid implores him to take her brother's little daughter, "*la petite* Rose"—whom her brother had sent to her from London—back to England. Howard is nearly seventy; he is far from strong, physically; he knows what the care of another child will entail. Nevertheless, when he leaves Dijon, little Rose is a member of the party.

The army takes over the trains. At Joigny, the old man piles his charges into a bus bound for Montargis. The bus starts down a crowded road. Fifteen miles from Montargis, German planes, swooping down on the road, spray machine-gun bullets and drop bombs—and the bus is put out of commission.

There being no vehicles available, Howard decides that he and the children must walk to Montargis. They start, under a blazing sun. Walking slowly, painfully, they presently reach a wrecked car. In the car are two dead persons—a man and a woman. Near the car is a small boy—five or six years of age.

Howard speaks to the boy, asks him what his name is. The boy—gray-faced, terrified—does not answer. Howard goes through the dead man's pockets; he finds the man's identity card. According to the card, the man is Jean Duchot, of Lille. Howard, having read the card, stands there in perplexity. The boy, he realizes, is utterly helpless. After a time, the old man takes the little fellow's hand and, with the other children beside him, moves off down the road.




MORE traffic overtoo
now there was
greater proportion
lorries mingled with the c
they made was very trying
dren. With the heat and t
they soon began to tire.
what he could to cheer them
were obviously tiring. Ther
not very far ahead; he tu
and asked the haggard old
door if she would sell som
said there was none, upo
asked for water for the chil
them to the well in the co
very distant from the midde
up a bucket for them. I
quered his scruples and h
sions and they all had a dri

They rested a little by
a barn, open to the court
old farm cart with a broke
dently long disused. Piled
a miscellaneous assortment
bish, and among this rubbi
looked like a perambulator

He strolled across to
closely, the old woman w
hawk-eyed. It was a pera
fact, forty or fifty years ol
filth, and with one broken s
was a perambulator, all th
went back to the old lad
menced to haggle for it.

Ten minutes later it wa
hundred and fifty francs.
with that a frayed piece of
which he lashed the broken

He bought a little bread
woman and put it with the
pram. Rather to his surp
wanted to ride but they a
push it; he found it necessa
turns. "The youngest firs
"Sheila can push it first."

Rose said, "May I take o
They hurt my feet."

He was uncertain, revolv
in his head. "I don't think
idea," he said. "The road
nice to walk on."

She said, "But, monsie
not wear shoes at all, exce

It seemed that she was ge
to going without shoes.
hesitation he agreed to let h
found that she moved free
over the roughest parts of
put her shoes and stockings
and spent the next quarte
refusing urgent applicatio
English children to copy

PRESENTLY Sheila tire
Rose said, "Now it is
Pierre." In motherly fashio
to the little boy in gray. "
Like this." She brought him
still white-faced and list
hands on the cracked china
began to push it with him.

Howard said to her, "
know his name is Pierre?"

She stared at him. "He
the farm."

The old man had not h
from the little boy; indeed
secretly afraid that he had l
of speech. Now for the firs
reminded of the gulf that s
from the children, the gr
stretches between youth an
better to leave the little bo
of the other children, rathe
rify him with awkward, fo
thy and questions.

Evening was coming up
it was time for them to fi
for the night.

*(Continued on pag 39)*

**"They're throwing sto
child," Howard said. He
corporal the cut on the**




**h most glorious Old-Fashioned** you've ever
se ½ lump sugar, 2 dashes bitters, 1 twist
n peel.



**After** adding a few drops of water, muddle sugar, bitters and lemon peel with wooden pestle.



**Add** cube of ice—and pour in 1½ jiggers of *today's Four Roses.* Then serve—and get set for more compliments than you've ever heard before!

# *You're about to make an Old-Fashioned discovery!*






EVEN if you're the sort of man whose Old-Fashioned cocktails invariably win enthusiastic "Oh!"s and "Ah!"s from guests, get set right now to achieve an Old-Fashioned such as you've never known before!

We mean an Old-Fashioned made with *today's* Four Roses—a whiskey softly mellow, of truly exceptional flavor. In short, we believe that unless you've tasted *today's* Four Roses, you just can't possibly know how *extra-special* a whiskey can really be!



So today—discover the thrill of an Old-Fashioned made with *today's* Four Roses. If you wish, add fruit to the recipe above—it won't dim the richness of *this* whiskey. Or, make your Old-Fashioned as suggested here—and enjoy the full fragrance of what we sincerely believe to be the greatest whiskey ever made!

*Today—try today's*

## *FOUR ROSES*

*A blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are five years or more old.*
*FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED*
*Louisville & Baltimore*




● *Actual color photograph—Frank Brown shows a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.*

# Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

"YOU'D EXPECT the milder, better-tasting tobacco to cost more—and it does!" says Frank Brown, tobacco warehouseman of Stoneville, N. C. "But that's the kind of leaf Luckies want, and Luckies pay the price to get it!"

● Smokers . . . in any cigarette, it's the tobacco that counts. The better the tobacco, the better the smoke!

That's why independent tobacco experts prefer Luckies by a majority of 2 to 1 over all other brands combined.

● As auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, they see the kind of leaf Luckies buy, and the prices paid . . . and to tobacco men, Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. Isn't that what you want in *your* cigarette—fine tobaccos?

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO**



"Now, at last, Caroline Crale has the opportunity to pay the debt she owes"

# Murder in Retrospect

**By Agatha Christie**

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

*...tory Thus Far:*

...EDITH BLAKE, an amateur chemist, ...ves tea to a small group of guests at his ...country house. Hours later, after ev... has gone, he notes that ... bottle of ...(a poison) has disappeared.

...ilith Blake's guests had been: his ... Philip; Amyas Crale and his wife; ...eer, a house guest of the Crales; and ...el Warren, Mrs. Crale's half sister. Any ...nem could have stolen the poison. The ...g morning, Crale dies, shortly after ... some beer given to him by Caroline, ...; and subsequent analysis proves that ... *had contained coniine!* Since the ... is strong against Caroline Crale—she ...ed, charged with the crime. A year ...fter having been convicted and sen...to penal servitude for life—she sud...es.

...n years after the trial, "Carla" Crale ...rale's daughter, who, at the time of the ... had been very young) employs Her... Prot, noted Belgian criminal investiga... is in London, to dig up what he can ...ing to the case and, if possible, learn ... She has, it appears, read a letter ad...to her by her mother, in which the con...oman asserts her innocence.

...t begins his investigation at once. He soon learns that, at the time of the murder, Amyas Crale had been painting Elsa Greer's portrait; and that (known to his wife) he had been infatuated with the girl. He learns, furthermore, that, with the exception of Meredith Blake and one or two others, everyone feels sure that the verdict of guilty had been a just one. All of the principals in the celebrated affair are co-operative; and a few—the Blake brothers, Elsa Greer and others—go so far as to set down in writing every detail they can recall of the case.

Especially damning is the testimony of Cecilia Williams, who had been Angela Warren's governess at the time Crale died. Miss Williams, an old maid, is positive that, after the murder, she had seen Mrs. Crale polish a beer bottle with her handkerchief; then press her husband's hand to the bottle!

Nevertheless, the little Belgian reserves judgment. Anxious to clear up some dubious points, he invites a number of important witnesses to meet him at Meredith Blake's home. Everyone accepts the invitation; everyone arrives—everyone except Elsa Greer (who has become Lady Dittisham).

Then, in the midst of some desultory talk, the butler appears—and announces her ladyship.

## Conclusion

ELSA DITTISHAM came in with that faint, bored insolence that was a characteristic of hers. She gave Meredith a slight smile, stared coldly at Angela and Philip, and went over to a chair by the window a little apart from the others. She loosened the rich pale furs round her neck and let them fall back. She looked for a minute or two about the room, at Carla, and the girl stared back, thoughtfully appraising the woman who had wrought the havoc in her parents' lives. There was no animosity in her young, earnest face, only curiosity.

Elsa said, "I am sorry if I am late, M. Poirot."

"It was very good of you to come, madame."

Cecilia Williams snorted ever so slightly. Elsa met the animosity in her eyes with a complete lack of interest. She said: "I wouldn't have known *you*, Angela. How long is it? Sixteen years?"

Hercule Poirot seized his opportunity: "Yes, it is sixteen years since the events of which we are to speak, but let me first tell you why we are here." And in a few simple words he outlined Carla's appeal to him and his acceptance of the task.

He went on quickly, ignoring the gathering storm visible on Philip's face and the shocked distaste on Meredith's.

"I accepted that commission. I set to work to find out—the truth."

Carla Lemarchant, in the big grandfather chair, heard Poirot's words dimly, from a distance. With her hand shielding her eyes she studied five faces surreptitiously. Could she see any of these people committing murder?

Could she—if she tried hard—visualize one of them killing someone? Yes, perhaps; but it wouldn't be the right kind of murder. She could picture Philip Blake, in an outburst of fury, strangling some woman—yes, she *could* picture that. . . . And she could picture Meredith Blake threatening a burglar with a revolver—and letting it off by accident. . . . And she could picture Angela Warren, also firing a revolver, but not by accident. With no personal feeling in the matter—the safety of the expedition depended on it! And Elsa, in some fantastic castle, saying from her couch of Oriental silks, "Throw the wretch over the battlements!"

All wild fancies—and not even in the wildest flight of fancy could she imagine little Miss Williams killing anybody at all!

Hercule Poirot was talking:

"That was my task—to put myself in reverse gear, as it were, and go back through the years and discover what really happened."

Philip Blake said, "We all know what happened. To pretend anything else is a swindle—that's what it is, a barefaced swindle. You're getting money out of this girl on false pretenses."

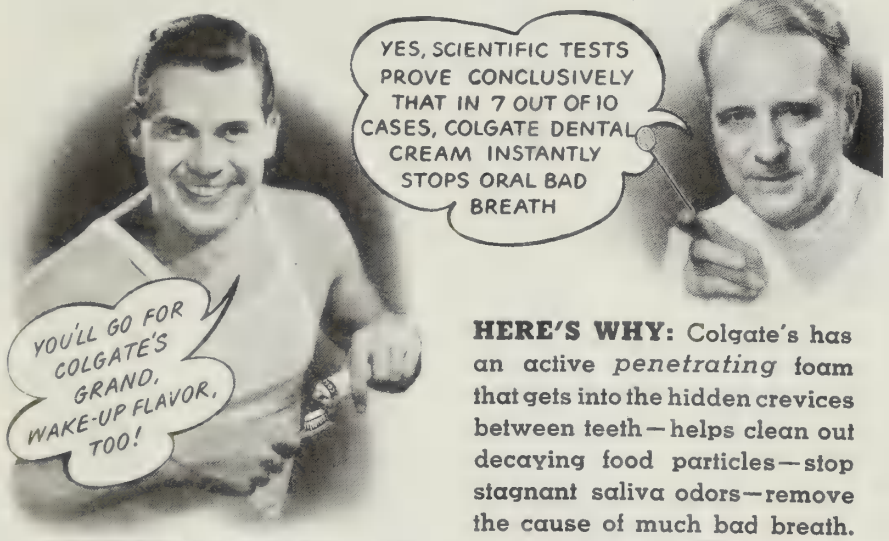
Poirot did not allow himself to be angered. He said:

*(Continued on page 69)*

# Do You Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?




**When you find that you're forgotten by the girl you can't forget, here's a tip . . . Use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!**




**HERE'S WHY:** Colgate's has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath.

**BESIDES,** Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently . . . makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting liquids, powders and other pastes for Colgate Dental Cream!







## Captain of the Team

Continued from page 12

Shore started to say that there was nothing they could do for him. Then, looking at her in the dim light, he hesitated. "I was thinking of going some place out in the country for dinner," he said. "I'd like you to come along, if you think you can classify that under something your father can do for me."

"I can't classify it that way," she said, "but I'll go along."

"You can leave your car here," he said. "Mine's over by the gym." He took two steps in that direction and stopped. "I guess it isn't, at that," he said. He could feel her glance of curiosity.

"No, I'm not crazy," he said. "I don't really own the car. It's one of the—what do they call it?—perquisites of my office. I'm allowed to use it so long as I'm a good boy and score touchdowns. Now that I'm in disgrace, I don't imagine they'll let me play with it any more."

Again her own hesitation before she spoke: "We can use mine. If you don't mind?"

"I do mind," he said, "but now that I've asked you to dinner there's nothing else to do but use yours."

THE rapid motion of the car, the sound of the wind blowing against the corners of the convertible, made him quiet. Or he attributed his quietness to them, as though unwilling to recognize its real source, the girl next to him.

They stopped at a fashionable little place in a village about fifteen miles away. There were always a few undergraduates there with their dates for dinner, but Shore had forgotten this until he stood inside the place with Mary Warren. One freshman with heavy-rimmed eyeglasses stared at Shore, speechless, his mouth open.

"I suppose this is how the angels felt after they had fallen," he said. He tried to grin but only smirked. "If you can stand it, I can, though."

"It doesn't bother me," she said.

When they were seated around a corner, out of sight of most of the eyes, Shore looked at her. He had not seen her in a clear light and now, looking at her, he smiled.

"I didn't know you were so good to look at," he said.

"And I've been thinking all the while you had been blinded by my fatal beauty, even in the dusk!"

He was able to laugh. "It's nice to have a sense of humor," he said. "If I had one, it would save me now. Do you think it's possible to acquire one?"

She didn't look at him. "As much as you need," she said slowly.

"I didn't know E. J. Warren had a daughter," Shore said again.

"I've been away," she said. "I finished at Oxford the summer before the war started. Then I stayed there doing volunteer work until a few weeks ago. My father hasn't been too well and I had to come home."

"I sometimes wonder why he let me run that column in his paper. Of course, there was nothing vicious in it, but it was pretty critical of things connected with football."

She looked at him a moment before answering. "Don't you really know?" she said levelly.

He shook his head.

"I had a brother who was killed playing prep-school football six years ago," she said.

Shore felt embarrassed for some reason obscure to him. "I'm sorry," he said.

They finished their dinner without talking a great deal. Leaving the place, he felt as though he had known her a long time. It wasn't until they were outside that he realized, with a sa which was curiously grim, th toward the door with her, he ha noticed the other undergradu

She wanted to drive hin campus, but he made her go to As he said goodby to her, a si between them. Why it did, r them was sure. The reference made to her dead brother didn account for it, Shore knew. he was grateful to her; only la he know why. When he kissed she neither resisted nor respo dropped his arms from her shoulders. "You're a very nic he said, and turned away.

Walking back to the campu quietly happy.

Going to his classes the next d undisturbed by the glances, th that greeted him wherever he w campus daily made the mos had happened. There were ev views with some of the promin bers of sororities, who said una they were never going to da again. It was all just a touc bother him, he thought.

He saw Mary Warren ev that week. She was always ple he was in love with her before realized it, but he did not kiss He knew he was grateful to h he knew that he loved her, be had given him a detachmen never had before, so that in cla campus, at the eating places only vaguely aware of the qu tile tide of people around him.

It wasn't until the Saturda week that he was bothered. better than to ask Mary to game with him. He had stop ing his sweater with the vars gram on it; and now he bough to enter the stadium. He was the gate. The student ticket embarrassed but he had two s licemen behind him. He had ticket taker said, that Shore be admitted to the stadium.

FOR the first time since the the story broke, Shore felt wilderment was strong in him he had a sense of being hunte staring at him, some angry, sudden sympathy, made him t choking him, and stride away.

He went to his room and the radio. The team had b feated in its first five games were expected to win this s without too much trouble, three touchdowns.

But at the half neither seored. The announcer ment creetly once or twice that the seemed to miss its captain an Shore. Shore wondered if They ought to be angry enou to ride over anything. Some of him knew, though, on wha ing the synchronization of a ball team depended, and C sophomore fullback who had place, was obviously trying would be just that his handl ball, his movements in the in tack Burdish had designed, timed right.

Tension increased in Shore ond half went along, still score. All during the fourth paced the floor. He thought h errors in the way Boudreau, terback, called his plays. Wit ning attack working well, Bou begun to pass. It didn't m Then suddenly, it did make

af r the fourth pass, the game
in scoreless tie.

n hore saw Mary Warren that
s remarked his tenseness.
he shrugged, she smiled faintly.
oo what happened to your team
ed you today," she said. And
e dn't speak, she even made the
f him: "You must still feel
o em."
sh k his head, more in doubt
eg ion. "Somehow, if they had
le d or appointed another cap-
he aid, "I wouldn't feel so bad.
ey aven't and it's as though their
: hout a captain was a rebuke

dn't speak. She seemed pre-
ed he rest of the evening and
ne ook her home he asked her
H head turned slightly, she
c past him to where the au-
nc caught the glassy surface of
or
ok Shore said, his voice sud-
hu y. "I've been a campus big
ir couple of years. Not that it
a thing. But there have been
f ls. This thing is different."
in you're a pretty nice person
" he said, "considering I've
y about a week. . . ."
he tated.
wh t?" Shore said.
ke you perhaps more than one
o such brief acquaintance," she
n owly. "It's just that I'm dis-
th you should take football so
ly
or I earned your way with it for
a h of your life, you might feel
nt about it. Not that I'm justi-
ny ttachment for it," he added.
n ded. Slowly her hands rose.
d is shoulders and she raised
ad "I wouldn't want you ever
ha to it," she said.

"On account of your brother?"

"Partly that," she said. "I'd like you to be able to outgrow a mere game."

"I would have in time," he said. "The column was a sign of it."

"But now, too, you must," she said. Her head came up a little more and his heart lifted suddenly as he saw that for the first time her lips were willing.

THE latter part of the next week there were first rumors that the team didn't look so well in practice. Then more and stranger rumors that Shore was going to be permitted to come back and play.

The third day, a Friday, after the rumors first appeared, Malone issued a statement saying that even if Shore wanted to play, he, Malone, wouldn't let him.

The team lost that Saturday and Shore tried to tell himself that it didn't matter. He had seen E. J. Warren at his home and Warren had offered him a job on the paper, whenever he cared to take it. He took long drives with Mary in the afternoons of the week following. He liked the autumn colors on the mountains, but he didn't like them so much, he knew, that he must drive through them every day. He finally knew that he was just trying to be away from school during the hours of football practice.

The team tied again the next Saturday and Shore, going through the motions of indifference, still could think how keenly those on the team must feel it. Because this was supposed to have been one of the school's great teams, bound for the Rose Bowl.

There was only one game left, the traditional game with State. On the Sunday afternoon after the second tie game, Shore was in his room alone when there was a knock on the door. When he opened it he was surprised to find Burdish there. At first he hardly recognized



"Once more around the world, Captain"


## How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy




**June:** Hello, serious! How's the book? Got a new thriller?
**Nancy:** Oh, it's nothing much. Just a little thing I sent for.




**June:** Wow! "How to be a glamour girl!" Well, of all the . . .
**Nancy:** Stop it! You're a spite cat, June. A girl's *got* to have a *little* something these days.



**June:** I'll say she has! And you're going to start getting it! Glamour, my grandpa! The way you've been moping around and picking at your food! I'll bet you're not even on speaking terms with vitamins. What you need is more "pep appeal"!




**June:** And here's where we make a start toward getting more vitamins. You've got to have them all, and right in this delicious cereal—called KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the most important ones—vitamins $B_1$ and D.
**Nancy:** Hey! Stop the sales talk! This is the most gorgeous cereal I ever tasted. And if getting the other vitamins can be as much fun as this, hold everything! I'm going to have PEP every morning!

## Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin $B_1$, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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LONGINES
the most honored watch in Aviation



IGOR SIKORSKY, one of our foremost flyers and a gifted original airplane designer, has made many contributions to the science of aeronautics. His recent world's record in sustained flight, made in the Helicopter he designed, may open the way to an even greater expansion in the airplane industry. Mr. Sikorsky's new record was officially timed by Longines Watches, official timepiece for the National Aeronautic Association.

Longines
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Aviation today owes much to those pioneers who, with daring ocean flights, focused the attention of the world on the ultimate possibilities of the airplane. And practically all of them—Byrd, Chamberlain, Post, Earhardt, Pangborn, Balchen, Mattern, Hughes and others—used Longines Watches for navigation. Following the trail they blazed, Pan American, Royal Dutch, and American Export Airlines laid down their far-flung ocean routes, and again Longines Watches served their navigators.

The Longines aviation watches used then and now are the products of Longines research and development. The skill, experience and workmanship necessary for the construction of complicated aviation watches of extreme accuracy have contributed to the betterment of all Longines Watches.

Longines jewelers now show the 75th Anniversary Longines Watches from $44*, also Wittnauer Watches at $27.50* upward, products of—

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH CO., INC.
New York, Montreal, Geneva
*Federal tax included

LONGINES
75th Anniversary Watches
WORLD'S FAIR SERIES, EACH WATCH $65.*



him, for Burdish was bundled up in a furry topcoat that went round him almost twice like a blanket and the high collar was pulled up around his face.

He had never disliked Burdish and now Shore's impulse was to laugh. "Who you hiding from, Buck?" he said.

"Oh, it's not funny," Burdish said. He came into the room and Shore closed the door behind him. He took off his coat without looking at Shore. Still with his eyes some other place in the room, the coach sat down.

"You know, Buck," Shore said, to put him at his ease, and also because it was true, "I'm sorry if what I wrote in that damn' column hurt you, because I've never had anything against you."

"You didn't hurt me," Burdish said, "and you didn't hurt the team. If anything, you made them better players. Why, sometimes you were funny enough to make me laugh in spite of myself."

They both refrained from mentioning Malone's name. "I guess you know why I'm here," Burdish said.

Shore looked at him and tried to think of something noncommittal to say. "I want you to play in this last game," Burdish said.

A curious thrill leaped in Shore, as though he had glimpsed some strange, wild glory. It died and he was aware of his mind growing devious. "You're going to go against Malone?" he said.

"I may lose my job anyhow," Burdish said, "after what's happened to what should have been an unbeaten team."

"Do you think the other players want me to? We haven't spoken on the campus."

"They're afraid of Malone," Burdish said. "But we haven't elected another captain."

Shore said nothing.

"I'm going to say something," Burdish went on, "and if I hurt you it will be unintentional. You don't want to play in that game." He paused. "Football coaches are supposed to be stupid in spite of the fact that they design each year a new pattern out of different men to play the most intricate game in the world. . . . But I can put two and two together, and I've seen you with old man Warren's daughter."

"So what?" Shore said, but quietly.

"So that I know about her brother and I know how smart she is, and the honors she took at Oxford and the way she doesn't like violence, specifically football."

"You know even a little more than I do," Shore said, still quiet.

"I'm not trying to talk against her and I'm not denying what in the classroom they'd call the validity of her position. All I'd like to say is that there is a time in life for violence, and a time that isn't for it. A time to fish and a time to dry the nets."

HE PAUSED again, closely watching Shore's face, which had begun to work slightly. "This is the last time for you," he went on. "You're probably through with football after this. I don't think you're going to coach or play pro, although you could do either. These others on the team, most of them coming back next year, are pretty bewildered. If they could pull themselves together for this last game it would mean a lot. There's only one thing that can do that for them."

He had a lot more to say, but he never had to say it. Shore had risen and was pacing the room, running his fingers through his hair.

"Oh, all right," he said, "all right. I'm probably in lousy shape, but I'll play." He turned suddenly on the coach. "But what about Malone? Supposing he turns on the heat?"

"Malone leaves tomorrow morning on a three-day speaking tour downstate. He won't be back until Thursday morning. By that time we'll be over any contact work we'll have before the game. And I don't know but that public opinion can be turned against him. We'll have secret practice the days you're out, barring the newspapermen and threatening with dismissal any manager or player who mentions that you're going to play."

"And Markell, that windbag?"

"That's what gave me the idea," Burdish said. "Markell is confined to his home with mumps. He can't talk, which with him is like not being able to eat."

Shore smiled. "If I could start now," he said, "it wouldn't be so bad."

"Listen," Burdish said, his own excitement showing for the first time, "I'll have the rest of the backfield and a center over in the gym in an hour. You can run signals and no one will be allowed in."

On the way over to the gym an hour later, Shore stopped to call Mary Warren. She wasn't home.

The next morning he had a note from her. It said simply that she thought they had been seeing perhaps too much of each other and so she was going away for a week to think some things over. She would be back Saturday and pick him up at a certain corner early in the evening.

That afternoon, behind the locked and guarded doors of the practice field, and while the resting varsity looked on, Shore, playing with the scrub, ran for three touchdowns against the second team.

THE tension that had developed by the time Shore stood dressing in the locker room Saturday was all but unbearable. The story hadn't broken until the previous day, and the very suddenness of it had put it on the front pages of some papers, in eight-column streamer heads on the sports pages of others.

He had not heard from Mary all week and the irritation resulting from this had put an edge on his physical condition that was razor sharp. He had written a note the previous night and it would be waiting for her when she got home today. He told her why he was going to play football again, or why he thought he was going to play it, and he told her that he loved her a great deal but that if she didn't want to meet him that night as she had planned, he w stand, although he would regret it.

And now they were starti after Burdish had talked rough hand pulled Shore as der the noise of cleats on Klitowski, the tackle, said, ' what you wrote about m able to throw a reverse high you lug, but I want you to going to block like hell for

Shore nodded, his han hard on Klitowski's arm. A cold sunlight and sound. . .

It was the first time i State's players were pick They were big, sullen men seys, and they mobbed Shor play and when they got u and elbows, one of them c rat and someone else said h low highbrow, and then Sh way it was going to be that

By one of those curio transpositions of opinion times seem to afflict me especially when working a team, it was as though Sh the men in the red jerseys his own men by what he ha was simply that whereas h had forgiven him, oth throughout the country ha was little logic to it, but

They were still not timin too well during that first State was on its toes, shovi but not being able to do m own slow-breaking attack. tired even in the second seemed to him that he had in a game so vicious. Wh finally realized, half-stun pile-up, was that his mind body had gotten away from endure and resist violence

When they sat silently in room between halves, he were all disappointed in hi Burdish spoke to them, every man but Shore for was worse than if he had more bitterly than the oth

He came back forty-fiv the kickoff that opened the The safety man tackled h hind and as he was falling

**BUTCH** By Larr Reynol



**"There ain't nothin' else to do nights. The town ain't got adequate recreational facilities"**

There is the right of a small child to its chance for health and love and laughter, to a good start toward who-knows-what fine and useful life in years to come.

Simple things, aren't they, these things that spell America and add up to freedom!

So simple, so wholesome, it seems daft that somewhere bombs scream down to blast them, tanks lunge to crush them, bullets fly to drive from the minds of men the idea that these *are* their rights, inalienable.

But the bombs do fall, the tanks do roll, the bullets do fly – and in such a world our only shield seems to be more bombs of our own with bombers to carry them, more tanks and the cannon to arm them, more bullets and faster guns to fire them.

So it is that from Goodyear factories meant for building things to enlarge life and make it better, now must flow in a swelling tide the things our country needs if we are to hold what we have.

Skills and facilities developed that a peaceful world might have better tires, floor coverings, soles and heels, transmission belts and a thousand like useful things, now focus on the making of barrage balloons, bomber wings and tails, bullet-puncture-sealing inner tubes and fuel tanks, gas masks, rubber tank track treads and a host of other Goodyear-made defense products.

This is no choice of ours – like yourself, we would far rather spend our days making this a land where life can be richer, liberty enjoyed, where the pursuit of happiness can go steadily on.

But when the decision lies between helping our government prepare for impregnable defense of such things, or running the risk of having them swept away, there is no option and we feel as we know you do.

That is why, for the time being, some Goodyear dealer may not have in stock the particular size and kind of Goodyear tire you want – simply because, that which we in America have, we intend to do our part to hold.

Compared with holding it, what else matters?



All-Weather—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

**NOT EXACTLY A SHORTAGE**

*should have to wait a so to get the tire you it is due not so much bber "shortage" as to a d "longage"—plus the ty of building up a na- rubber-stock pile. In the months this year the in-dustry has produced 4,000,000 more auto tires for renewal purposes alone, than the past ten years' average, for the same period, and our sales of the world-famed "G-3" All-Weather have for months been rising to new highs.*

YEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

GOODYEAR

# Peas that win platefuls of honors



**You'll search** far before you find peas so sweet, so tempting, so worthy of gracing your table! Thousands of housewives have cooed over them . . . thousands of husbands smacked their lips! And no wonder—



**Peas raised** in the specially prepared soil of the Birds Eye farms must have a pedigree *that* long! And, at the peak of bursting ripeness, the finest, soundest peas have been selected as carefully as pearls!



**Then into** the quick-freezer! We catch sunshine-bred goodness on the fly . . . imprison it till the moment of eating! Their freshness is only four hours old. And—we've done the shelling . . . washing . . . selecting. All *you* do is the *enjoying!*



**Cost?** A box of Birds Eye Peas equals 2 lbs. of ordinary unshelled peas! At today's prices, there's a big saving.

**Treat** the family tonight! Serve Birds Eye Fried Oysters with Birds Eye Peas —garnish with mushrooms.

SPECIAL!
One Week only—Nov. 17-22
BIRDS EYE PEAS
Other Big Values
OYSTERS • SQUASH
ASPARAGUS SPEARS • STRAWBERRIES
Order your
Birds Eye Turkey—Now





jersey hit him before he touched the ground. It was like being hit in the ribs with the edge of a board and he gasped, lost consciousness briefly, and came to a few seconds later, rolling free but with the ball gone.

State had the ball and Shore's own team was confused at the sudden change in fortune. The State quarterback called a pass on the first play and it went for a touchdown. They kicked the point after touchdown.

In the huddle now Shore could sense the sullenness of the others. They had forgiven him, and now he had failed them.

It was late in the third quarter when they took the ball on their own twenty-yard line and began a weary, bitter march up the field. It ended with Shore, on a fourth down with one to go, diving over State's goal line early in the fourth quarter, and lying there, half conscious.

Boudreau called on him to kick the point after touchdown and Shore was afraid to say he was weak and almost out on his feet. It might do something to the spirit of the others. The ball wabbled like a wounded duck and flew wide.

Walking back for the kickoff, he gained some strength. The moment found him clearheaded. He could wonder now why he had risked Mary to play this last game. His reasons before had been clear to him and seemingly valid. Now they seemed less so.

They got a break on a State fumble and Shore broke off-tackle, his knees pumping high, his body at a constantly changing, veering angle as he shifted and pivoted. He got twelve yards, and it was first down on the fifty-yard line. There were six minutes left to play.

Some of the others' sullenness had gone into him, and a kind of dull fury. He could never quite break loose but he always gained some. And he was always hurt. The game had reached a peak of savagery, and he could feel, in a kind of wonder, the welts on his cheeks from cleats. But he had them now, he knew, as they hammered it out, three and four yards at a time. State was tired. With two minutes to go, they were a yard from the goal line. Boudreau called for him to carry the ball again and said no, but they thought he was est instead of groggy. He fumblec as he reached the line of scrimma a State guard recovered.

For a moment Shore thought, is the way it feels when the world Later, the thought would seem cl but now it didn't. State was g as they lined up. Their punte back almost at the limit of the en This play or the next would end i knew, 7-6. Wearily, just as the b passed, Shore charged up and ir line of scrimmage and throug flung himself toward the punter State blocker caught him acro knees and he fell. Falling, he cou see Klitowski, his face a mask o his long, rawboned body stretc its limit, get his hands in front ball rising from the kicker's foo dull sound was like music. Tl bobbled and a State man fell on safety, but the two points were to win.

They came to Shore then, h players, in a great rush, but he to Klitowski. It didn't seem to d good, though. The crowd was all them.

LATER, in the cold, Shore wa the corner near the stadium w was to meet Mary. In the du shadow, the few straggling spe could not recognize him. He knew she would not come. He tried himself that it had been worth it, knew it hadn't. With the wind b he didn't hear the car pull up him until it was there. He loc her in it, unbelievingly.

"I didn't think you were comi said.

"I was afraid of that," she s had an awful time getting out parking lot."

"The parking lot?" he said. "

She nodded. "The way it wa said, "was that if you were goin it, I wanted to be there."

He stood there, in the cold, at her until she told him to ge car. "You look as though you ne ing care of," she said.




"I phoned the Postmaster General about baby, darling, but he sa they have all the important people they need for stamps right no

CARD

# Two Thirds of a Ghost

Continued from page 21

To y we can forget. At ease, Ser- H ries. Tell me the rest of your a all about you."

nn Hythe Harries. And this is on Once it was lively with peo- nd living, but now it is deserted se t is in a militarized zone. I itt g here thinking how it used to nd eginning to feel lonely—and la you came along. What would lik to do? We can't play tennis se here is a bomb crater where ou used to be. But there is a in e boathouse. Would you like on he river?"

I l e it. I'm an old sea dog when ne o rivers."

ere was a dispute over the punt off thought that it should be ec se of superior strength, but she h e none of it. Punting she said in rt, not an effort, and she had ed t at her grandmother's knee. r lined among the cushions and ed

er led them to the green circle m pond, where a stone mill sat in the water splash about its l. hey climbed about its mossy s d stood on its oak beams and ol him something of its history lile of her own. Afterward they d ack through a twilight flit- wh the wings of the May fly to t house sat darkling among its or . They walked down the en ne and stopped beside her car. oo d up at the light evening sky. s en a lovely day."

ou were starved for it, weren't be away from cement floors gr ding boots and all the grim- ."

es I wanted a day like today. ls nd water and the laughter of rd ."

nd ll the time my heart was going it bump because you are so if ." He took her shoulders and d er toward him, but her eyes wi drawn; her face was a smooth so al mask.

ou nay kiss me if you like."

h do you look like that?"

ec se—I don't want to see you el y. I don't want to remember h ."

I ther you didn't ask me that."

at am asking."

ec se you are two thirds of a ."

id t understand."

ou e a pilot of an advance fighter ir . You go on so many patrols, re so many rounds. There is one ou don't come back from—and es you a ghost. You passed a r ation on your way down here. wh e boys of that squadron, they to spend their spare time at our was stationed there last Sep- I saw them red-eyed and stag- saw them unrecognizable with her voice broke, she put her o her face. "The radio was When you hear someone's life t a single broken breath—some- ov e known all your life. . . ."

l her go. Once was enough for t be hurt like that.

me was in orders next day, to rt to some unknown place in an . Cissy Cecille came in while packing.

ag the chit on the skipper's desk. on leaders to recommend for Aduty, special attention to flying y I was so sure it would be me, en packed for days."

"I hear they're holding you for the invasion."

"I'll bet it's the Middle East for you. Heat, flies, and horrible odds. It's a lonely grave in the sands, for you, so you might as well leave me that little book with all the telephone numbers . . . They've made me section leader—I'd a damn' sight rather be going along."

THE unknown place in Scotland turned out to be a station for training night fighters. It was one of the first of such stations where aircraft and new devices were tested and theories of attack tried out. They had Hurricanes and Defiants and light bombers made into fighters, all carrying hush-hush equipment.

Rhodes became an inmate of a strange world where daylight was a pallid phenomenon to be slept through. They flew in the dark void below the stars, they let down on faith into the darkness to land on a white ribbon that unrolled for a moment and was gone again. The staring faces of dials haunted them. It was a world of taut nerves and glaring eyes and the batlike shadows of other aircraft looming suddenly on their wing tips.

"I suppose you would say we are more like ghosts than ever," he wrote to her. "But when we get a chance to think we don't feel like ghosts. If you tickle us, do we not laugh? We still hold rather hopefully to our claim on this darkened earth . . . I can remember a voyage in a punt, the greenness of woods and the clearness of water. They say we are moving south soon."

HE WAS a flight lieutenant now, leading a flight of six Hurricanes. One night he led them from a southern field over the coast to the Channel. He looked over the dark snout of his aircraft and his heart felt that familiar lift of wonder.

"'And gentlemen in England now a-bed—you're missing something!'"

War had shown them the splendors of the dawn and sunset skies but the firmament had nothing more fair to show than this. A full moon had risen. The coast of France was a blue shadow on a blue flood and the white cliffs of England were no less grand because they were so little.

The moonlight sparkled on their wings and turrets. They were like great fish swimming through the phosphorescence. Their detail came up, shadows grew between the wings and fuselage. The darkened Hurricanes struck upward with streams of tracer bullets, in a climbing beam attack passing right through the formation.

They were above them now, black silhouettes in the eye of the moon and now their air was crossed and crisscrossed with fire. Below them was smoke and spinning confusion. The formation had broken, bombers turned blindly into one another's tracks, dropping their bombs. Two were falling, bright with flames. One of the Hurricanes was down below the smoke. Rhodes had seen the flare and felt the concussion as it crashed a bomber and both had gone to pieces in the air. The pilot was dead, no use to call for a rescue launch.

The Hurricanes came swimming out of the milkiness to reform on him. There was something wrong with No. 5, something wrong in the pilot's voice as he reported.

"Are you hurt, St. John?"

"Yes—sir."

From his voice he guessed the boy


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Every Allison-powered U. S. Army fighter is distinguished by the slender pointed nose you see in the picture below—the nose that helps make them as swift and agile in action as they look.

And this they've proved in the toughest test of all—in actual combat with the RAF—as you read in the news from the fighting front day after day.

But that's not the only good news about this advanced liquid-cooled engine. Thanks to the cooperative energy of our Army and aircraft industry, it's now moving from production lines to planes in ever increasing quantities month by month.



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| Lockheed | P-38 Interceptor | Lightning |
| North American | Apache | Mustang |

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DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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The incomparable Bacardi Cocktail is first choice of the knowing . . . always refreshing . . . always correct . . . and always welcome. But just remember . . . if it isn't made with Bacardi it isn't a Bacardi Cocktail.
(Ruling of the N.Y. Supreme Court, Apr. 28, 1936.)

*Here's the recipe in rhyme:*

**A LITTLE SOUR,**
(Juice of half a lime)
**A LITTLE SWEET,**
(½ teaspoonful of sugar)
**THE TROPIC SUN,**
(A jigger of BACARDI, White or Silver Label)
**WITHOUT THE HEAT!**
(Ice and shake well)




THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING...
BACARDI

*RUM 89 PROOF—Schenley Import Corp., N.Y. Copr. 1941*

was holding desperately to consciousness through waves of pain.

"Then beat it. Your nearest field is Xover, course 340. Can you hear me? You can make it in three minutes, boy. Stick it. Go on."

"IT'S a big raid," said the group commander. He stood with the tired pilots around the illuminated map.

"Now you can see the pattern. The whole south coast is being pounded, with the greatest concentration here." He put his finger on a Channel port. "Reports from that area"—he hesitated—"are distressing. The dwelling districts have been savagely handled, civilian casualties are heavy. It is probable that the enemy is now using dive bombers. Gentlemen, that city must be relieved. The remaining pilots of A flight will join B flight under Flight Lieutenant Rhodes. Good luck."

Their Hurricanes had been refueled and rearmed. They were helped again into their parachutes by the ground crews, those shadowy shapes that were reluctant to let them go without a word. "She's ready and willin', sir." "Thirteen bullet holes in the fin, that's your lucky number." "There's a broken fairing on the cockpit edge, watch it, sir." "Good luck."

"Thanks, sergeant."

Boundary lights winked briefly for them and they were up and gone.

Dark, silver-edged clouds were moving with the wing; soon the light would be gone. Rhodes looked down and saw his old station below—the gray spread of the field, the moon-blanched buildings.

As he passed over, he turned his radio in. "'Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more—' Hi, Cissy, you old sleepyhead."

The clouds covered the moon and the lights that looked like a line of candle flames grew red and angry. As they drew near they saw that the city was burning.

It was beautiful from above—a garden of red, round fires, and every minute another bursting into bloom. It was beautiful—and given one grain of imagination, it was sickening. Among those fires were men and women, and sick people in hospitals and sobbing children. He saw a black circle blown in the heart of a fire, hiding the flames with its dust. That was high explosive, big stuff.

HIS earphones were chattering with information from the radio locators. They were reeling off the height, course and speed of aircraft approaching the coast. Without eyes to see, they were plotting their movement by the action of radio waves and fixing them within a few thousand feet. The raiders were coming in on three beams, with the regularity of trains. Wishing it was a squadron, he sent the section from B flight to cut across the beams off the coast. He called the ground batteries and the voice of the commander was hoarse and urgent:

"They're bombing as low as 2,500—we haven't enough guns to keep them off. They're murdering this city."

"There's a flight between you and the Channel now. Reduce your ranges to 5,000, leave the port area alone. Turn on all your searchlights."

The beams staggered and slid on the rolling clouds of dust and smoke. Antiaircraft shells flamed and blackened and the air was riven by the burst of high explosive and billows of heat. It was more like a rapids than air. The Hurricanes leaped and rocked.

A black dragonfly had blundered into the whiteness of a beam. Instantly other searchlights laid their long fingers on it. The three Hurricanes struck from the rim of darkness, above, astern and below. The bomber turned over, its engines aflame, and spun down through its fantastic cage of light.

"Something for you," muttered Rhodes to the battered city. "We'll get you some more."

In the darkness, he had lost his flight. He circled out over the Channel, hunting the level on which the bombers were coming in. Something passed him unseen, so close that the rush of air flipped his Hurricane like a chip on a wave. He saw that the earth had gone dark and the sky was on fire and turned himself right side up. He bumped into another disturbed patch of air, and like a hound on the scent, he turned through it and glimpsed a clot against the sky. He carried his cannon and machine guns almost into the belly of that shape and at the first burst it blew up.

The force of the explosion sent him into a spin—he was pulling out of it in a brightness lit by flaming wreckage when from the darkness behind came a rain of fire. There was a leap of light behind his eyes, a searing, paralyzing pain—and miraculously there was no more noise, only stillness, and the feeling that sleep was coming. A face was looking down at him, her head was fair against the green leaves.

"Sorry, Sergeant," he said faintly. "Too many crocodiles—I—can't—shoot—any—more—"

CISSY CECILLE stood by the hospital bed, looking down at the bandaged head. He gave him a gingerly, one-finger poke. "The things that come down in parachutes."

"That you, Cissy?"

"Sure. They called me in for a consultation. How do you feel?"

"Swell—as in seasick."

"Always the old fight—always the bum joke. And some scrap, Geoff. We heard you go over. I got that foul crack about being asleep. And such language! I thought that the control ... going to drop off and h... desk.

"You know it's simply ... comes in over the radi... have been fighting in t... We could hear the she... you got into the thick o... hear the machine guns go ... *ha*. We knew when the ... ganged up on a bandit an... down—you should hav... thank-you's from the p... the ground. Then we ... could hear Mellish and F... away and calling you b... Then all of a sudden ... you!' and there was a ... crash and a sort of grunt ... down went the sergeant ... in her body."

"What?"

"There you were, deac... and there she was, colc... She was so beautiful I fa... the controller's cap. Of ... ised I wouldn't tell. Onl... break such a promise."

"Thanks, cad."

Cissy looked at his wa... said ten minutes. Five ... shall now go and pinch ...

He could not see and ... her come. There was a ... perfume and the touch o...

"Sir, you are beautiful ... have dinner with me?"

"Hello, Sergeant."

"Hello, Geoffrey."

"You were about rig... ghost business."

"Shush, please—and fo... It was a relic of a bad tir... says you are going to be ... besi?"

"Yeah. What's the nev...

"You remember the cl... took such a fancy to y... there is a pair of us no..."




**"Rush this over to the fire department—they're waiting ... it!"**

# Six Pullman passengers have their say—

EW WEEKS AGO we put a cameraman and a newspaper reporter aboard a Pullman train nd out exactly what different people thought about Pullman travel. Job of the camera- : to snap unstudied, unposed pictures. Job of the reporter: to interview typical Pullman engers and get frank answers to ques- about Pullman comfort, Pullman service.

e following interviews are the result of investigation, made on a typical Pullman ating between New York and Chicago.



PASSENGER: Walter H. Brown
Salesman, Jenkintown, Pa.

TION:

*w did you sleep last night?*

ROWN:

ke a top. I always sleep well on a Pullman. I think u have the most comfortable beds on earth. Not mention that the sheets are so crisp they crackle and all the blankets you need.



PASSENGER: M. W. Boyer
Sales Executive, Chicago, Ill.

TION:

*you and your wife travel Pullman quite often? Do u find it comfortable?*

BOYER:

, very. We've always been ones for liking our com- t and I guess that's the big reason we travel this y. Mrs. Boyer especially likes the little homelike uches like having clothes hangers and reading hts and plenty of shelf space in the berths. It's out as comfortable as home, I'd say.



PASSENGER: Arthur Secor
Mechanical Engineer, Pearl River, New York

QUESTION:

*What did you think about the service of your porter?*

MR. SECOR:

Pretty near perfect. He even polished my shoes better than my regular bootblack. I swear I don't know how he takes care of so many people so well.



PASSENGER: Mrs. Larry French
Housewife, Los Angeles, California

QUESTION:

*Does it bore you to ride on a Pullman?*

MRS. FRENCH:

Bore me? I should say not. You can meet the most charming and sociable people on a Pullman. There's really no nicer place in the world for friendly conversation than a Pullman lounge car.



PASSENGER: Walter Williams
Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.

QUESTION:

*You say you're an old Pullman passenger? Just why do you go Pullman?*

MR. WILLIAMS:

Because, as a businessman, I have to be sure I'm going to arrive *where* I'm going *when* I've promised to—regardless of weather. And on a Pullman I can really relax. I know I'm safe.



PASSENGER: Helene Petitjean
Teacher, Denver, Colorado

QUESTION:

*Do you think Pullman travel is expensive?*

MRS. PETITJEAN:

Well, I teach French for a living, but I can afford to go Pullman. What little extra it costs is more than worth it. When I travel other ways I get terribly tired out and irritated. Going by Pullman is as comfortable as living in my own house.

* * *

**WE HOPE** these people have convinced you that you should try Pullman the next time you go some place. You'll find it's the pleasantest way to travel.

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FOR COMFORT, SAFETY AND DEPENDABILITY—GO PULLMAN






# Early American

**By Herbert Best**

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM P

**The boy Dan'l, stocky and sullen in his grief, told what little there was to tell**

**The neighbors knew that young Dan'l Frost was licked from the start, but Dan'l never did find it out**

"SLAVEHOLDING," spoke up little Cicero, husband of Mis' Ditch across to the Tavern, "ain't any longer allowed in York State."

That was sure a fact. But Cicero made it sound like a challenge to the three, four other idlers in Gunsmith's shop.

"Cicero, you're plumb crazy." Solomon Broadmoor set down a stocking plane, which he had been testing on the calluses of his left hand. "Hain't you never heard tell of adopting young'uns for the young'un's own good?"

For lack of a smithy in the small settlement of Cold Brook, Gunsmith's workshop served as a forum for the discussion of guns and horses, of village affairs, and even news of the less-important world which was outside the hill-locked valley. The slab-sided lean-to with its earthen floor lay conveniently opposite the Tavern, to which one week came the northbound coach up the Hudson Valley from Albany, and the next week the southbound coach from the thin line of forts and settlements stringing down the west shore of the lake from Canada.

Gunsmith set a finished rifle up in the rack and lifted down another. He paid no heed to the discussion; folks who had time to dawdle around in midmorning were like to say naught worth hearkening to.

Beyond the focus of his attention Sol and Cicero were still arguing about old man Frost and his children. Gunsmith's mind kept picking up bits of the talk. It wasn't rightly a story so much as a kind of happening. The folks of Cold Brook had made a great to-do over it.

OLD man Frost—he was old as settlers went, rising seventy—had driven his yoke of oxen and sled down to Sandy Hill, to trade a load of potash and his winter catch of pelts against the summer needs of his wife and three young'uns. Though he hurried against the thaw that might set in and turn the frozen trail back to mire and belly-deep swamp, it was four full days before he returned with his salt, two, three lengths of cloth, a scythe blade, a small keg of powder, and suchlike.

His long whip cracking like pistol shots in the cold air to tell of his coming, he drew around the bend of the hill. He must have stared then, blinking his eyes, thinking he was snow-blinded. No home. . . . No wife. . . . Just a blackened ring where the snow had melted, and in the middle of the ring cold gray ashes.

He must have thought the children too had gone, until they came out, still frightened, from the forest. Old man Frost questioned the eldest girl, but she could do naught but cry. And the little girl just held tight a-holt of his leg and said nothing. The boy Dan'l, stocky and kind of sullen in his grief, told what little there was to tell.

As soon as their Pa had drawn out of sight, four days back, their Ma had taken with one of those spells she had, crying and angry both to-once, and drove them all out from underfoot. So the three young'uns took the hand ax, to cut a hole in the ice of the lake, and went a-fishing. With first dusk they returned, hoping that their Ma might be better. Seeing a glow, they hurried; but when they came out from the trees there was little left but embers.

They huddled together, there in the last of the chilly sunset, asking one another what had happened, and what they were going to do now. As it grew dark the boy cut them a shelter of hemlock boughs for bed and windbreak; and the eldest girl built a fire from the embers and roasted a mess of fish. Eldest had wanted Young'un to run for a neighbor; but Dan'l had pointed out there was naught that ary neighbor could do now, so they'd best wait for

That was all Dan'l had to te of the happening; except that they had kept the fire going, down to the lake again to fish, visited the trap line as their said to do.

Old man Frost listened to his didn't say aught. Just unslung der horn and hunting bag lik grown too heavy, and hung it muzzle of his rifle. He made unyoke the oxen. But their been in the lean-to; and ther lean-to, no stall, nothing.

Old man Frost looked migh more shrunk in on himself th his beard a streaky yellow ag whiter snow. He stood for a while, not taking his eyes off that had been his wife and his

Then he sighed, slung his horn again, picked up his turned about. Dan'l made t But the old man said, "Stay th and walked off northward into t

He had not come back.

Of course the women said right to leave the children, them like that. But, if he was crazed with sorrow, like as n come over him how he' amounted to much. And with of the way, he'd figure, the would take in the young'uns

*(Continued on page 4*

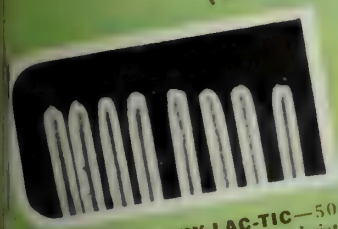
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*Robert A. Coile*—Notary Public, New York, N. Y.

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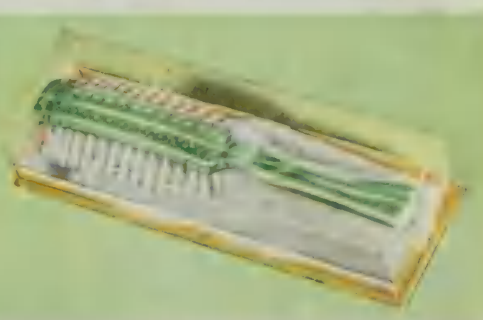
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# Right down their alley
# . . . a glass of mellow beer or ale!

***Ham and eggs . . . Hot dogs and mustard . . . Thanksgiving and mince pie . . . Bowling and beer.***

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# The Pied Piper

Continued from page 22

was limited. There was a right of the road, and half r on he could see a farm of the road; farther than dren could not walk. He the first one. A placard a post, *Chien Méchant,* but did not warn the chil- og, an enormous brindled ed out at them to the limit raising a terrific clamor. scattered back, Sheila let fright and tears, and Rose mper. It was in the din of dren competing with each loward presented himself f the farm and asked for a ildren.

d old woman said, "There ere. Do you take this for a

ounger woman behind her ould sleep in the barn, *ma*

me said, "Eh? The barn?" oward up and down. "The in the barn when we billet you any money?"

have enough to pay for a these children, madame."

."

n francs. May I see the

n through the cow house to ehind. It was a large, bare ith a threshing floor at ty and comfortless. The an followed behind them. is head. "I am desolated, the children must have a ook somewhere else."

e younger woman whisper out the hayloft. He heard man protest angrily. He ung one say, "*Ils sont fa- its. . . .*" Then they turned ferred together.

t proved to be quite pos- s a shelter anyway, and here the children could ade a bargain for them to r fifteen francs. He found en had milk to spare but He left the children in the and brought the pram in he broke his bread in two lf of it to the younger ould make bread and milk en.

Half an hour later he was doing what he could to make the children comfortable upon the hay. The younger woman came in and stood watching for a moment. "You have no blankets, then?" she said.

He shook his head, bitterly regretful that he had left his blanket in the bus. "It was necessary to leave everything, madame," he said quietly.

She did not speak, but presently she went away. Ten minutes later she returned, with two coarse blankets of the sort used for horses. "Do not tell *ma mère,*" she said gruffly.

He thanked her, and busied himself making a bed for the children. She stood there watching him, silent and bovine. Presently the children were comfortable and settled for the night. When they were asleep Howard trod down a little of the hay into a bed, and lay down himself, pulling his jacket around him.

He did not sleep well. Dawn came at about four, a thin gray light that stole into the loft, pointing the cobwebs strung between the rafters. He dozed and slept again; at about six he got up and went down the ladder, and sluiced his face under the pump. The growth of thin stubble on his chin offended him, but he shrank from trying to shave beneath the pump. In Montargis there would be a hotel; he would wait till then.

The women were already busy about the work of the farm. He spoke to the older one, and asked if she would make some coffee for the children. Three francs, for the four of them, she said. He reassured her on that point, and went to get the children up.

He found them already running about; they had seen him go downstairs. He sent them down to wash their faces at the pump. Then he gave them their coffee in the kitchen of the farm with the remainder of the bread, attended to their more personal requirements, paid the old lady seventeen francs for food and lodging. At about quarter past seven he led them one by one past the *chien méchant* and out onto the road again, pushing the pram before him.

They went very slowly, making not more than a mile and a half in each hour.

The road was full of refugees. Farm carts, drawn by great Flemish horses, lumbered down the middle of the road at walking pace, loaded with furniture and bedding and sacks of food and people. Between them and around them seethed the motor traffic: big cars and little cars, occasional ambulances and motor bicycles, all going to the west. All were choked with dust, all sweating and distressed, all pressing on to Montargis. From time to time an airplane flew near the road; then there was panic and an accident or two. But no bombs were dropped that day.

The heat was intense. At about a quarter to twelve they came to a place where a little stream ran beside the road, and here there was another block of many traffic blocks caused by the drivers of the farm wagons who stopped to water their horses. Howard decided to make a halt; he pushed the perambulator a little way over the field away from the road to where a little sandy spit ran out into the stream beneath the trees.

"Well stop here for lunch," he said to the children. "Go and wash your hands and faces in the water." He took the food and sat down in the shade; he was very tired, but there were still five miles or more to Montargis. Surely, there would be a motorbus there!

Ronnie said, "May I paddle, Mr. Howard?"

He roused himself. "Bathe if you want to," he said. "It's hot enough."

"May I really bathe?"

Sheila echoed, "May I really bathe, too?"

He got up from the grass. "I don't see why not," he said slowly. "Take your things off and have a bath before lunch if you want to."

THE English children needed no further encouragement. Ronnie was out of his few clothes and splashing in the water in a few seconds; Sheila got into a tangle with her bodice and had to be helped. Howard watched them for a minute, amused. Then he turned to Rose. "Would you like to go in, too?" he said in French.

She shook her head in scandalized amazement. "It is not nice, that, monsieur. Not at all."

He glanced at the little naked bodies gleaming in the sun. "No," he said reflectively, "I suppose it's not. Still, they may as well go on, now they've started." He turned to Pierre. "Would you like to bathe, Pierre?"

The little boy in gray stared round-eyed at the English children. "*Non merci,* monsieur," he said.

Howard said, "Wouldn't you like to take your shoes off and have a paddle, then? In the water?" The child looked doubtfully at him, and then at Rose. "It's nice in the water." He turned to Rose, "Take him and let him put his feet in the water, Rose."

She took the little boy's shoes and socks off and they went down and paddled at the very edge of the water. Howard went back to the shade of the trees and sat down again where he could see the children. Presently Sheila splashed a little water at the paddlers; he heard *la petite* Rose scolding. He saw the little boy in gray, standing in an inch of water, stoop and put his hand in, and splash a little back. And then, among the children's chatter, he heard a shrill little sound that was quite new to him.

It was Pierre laughing.

Behind his back he heard a man say, "God love a duck. Look at them happy kids—just like Brighton."

Another said, "Never mind about the muckin' kids. Look at the mud they've stirred up. We can't put that stuff in the



**w, emember—no slugging! An' lay off wit' that elbow in th' mmges. Make it clean! That new referee's got an eye like a hawk!"**





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radiator. Better go on upstream a bit. And get a move on or we'll be here all the muckin' night."

Howard swung round and there, before him in the field, were two men, dirty and unshaven, in British Royal Air Force uniform. One was a corporal and one a driver.

He started up. "I'm English," he burst out. "Have you got a car?"

The corporal stared at him, amazed. "And who the muckin' hell might you be?"

"I'm English. These children are English, two of them. We're trying to get through to Chartres."

"Chartres?" The corporal was puzzled.

"Charters, 'e means," the driver said. "I see that on the map."

Howard said, "You've got a car?"

"Workshop lorry," said the corporal. He swung round on the driver. "Get the muckin' water and start filling up, Bert." The driver went off upstream, swinging the can.

The old man said, "Can you give us a lift?"

"What, you and all them kids? I dunno about that, mate. How far do you want to go?"

"I'm trying to get back to England."

"You ain't the only one."

"I only want a lift to Chartres. They say that trains are running from there to St. Malo."

"You don't want to believe all these Froggies say. Tried to tell us it was all right goin' through a place called Susan yesterday, and when we got there it was full of muckin' Jerries! All loosing off their hipes at Bert and me like we was Aunt Sally! I got the old Bren going over the windshield and we went round the roundabout like it was the banking at Brooklands, and out the way we come, and all we got was two bullets in the motor generator what makes the juice for lighting. But fancy saying we could go through there! Susan the name was, or something of that."

The old man blinked at him. "Where are you making for?"

THE corporal said, "Place called Brest. Officer said to go there if we got cut off, and we'd get the lorry shipped back home from there."

Howard said, "Take us with you."

The other looked uncertainly at the children. "I dunno if there'd be room. Them kids ain't English."

"Two of them are. They're speaking French now, but that's because they've been brought up in France."

The driver passed them with his dripping can, going toward the road.

"What are the other two?"

"They're French."

"I ain't taking no Froggie kids along," the corporal said. "I ain't got no room for one thing, and they're just as well left in their own place, to my way of thinking. I don't mind obliging you and the two English ones."

Howard said, "You don't understand. The two French ones are in my care." He explained the situation to the man.

"It's no good, mate," he said. "I ain't got room for all of you."

Howard said slowly, "I see. . . ." He stared for a moment absently at the traffic on the road. "If it's a matter of room," he said, "will you take the four children through to Brest with you? They won't take up much room. I'll give you a letter for the R.T.O. at Brest, and a letter to my solicitor in England. And I can give you money for anything they'll want."

The other wrinkled his brows. "Leaving you here?"

"I'll be all right. In fact, I'll get along quicker without them."

"You mean take them two Froggie kids along 'stead of you? Is that what you're getting at?"

"I'll be all right. I know France well."

"Don't talk so bloody soft. What would I do with four muckin' kids and only Bert along o' me?" He swung round on his heel. "Come on, then. Get them kids dressed toot and sweet—I ain't going to wait all night. And if I finds them messing around I'll tan their little bottoms for them, straight I will."

He swung off back toward his lorry. Howard hurried down to the sand spit and called the children to him. "Come on and get your clothes on, quickly," he said. "We're going in a motor lorry."

Ronnie faced him, stark naked. "Really? What sort is it? May I sit by the driver, Mr. Howard?"

Sheila, similarly nude, echoed, "May I sit by the driver, too?"

"Come on and get your clothes on," he repeated. He turned to Rose and said in French, "Put your stockings on, Rose, and help Pierre. We've got to be very quick."

He hurried the children all he could, but they were wet and the clothes stuck to them; he had no towel. Before he was finished the two Air Force men were back with him, worrying with their urgency to start. At last he had the children ready. "Will you be able to take my perambulator?" he asked a little timidly.

The corporal said, "We can't take that muckin' thing, mate. It's not worth a dollar."

The old man said, "I know it's not. But if we have to walk again it's all I've got to put the little ones in."

The driver chipped in, "Let 'im take it on the roof. It'll ride there all right, Corp. We'll all be walking if we don't get hold of juice."

"Cripes!" the corporal said. "Call this a workshop lorry! All right, stick it on the roof."

He hustled them toward the road. The lorry stood gigantic by the roadside, the traffic eddying around it. Inside, it was stuffed full of machinery. An enormous lathe stood in the middle. A grinding wheel and valve-facing machine stood at one end, a little filing and sawing machine at the other. Beneath the lathe a motor-generator set was housed; above it was a long electric switchboard. The men's kit bags occupied what little room there was.

Howard hastily removed their lunch from the pram, and watched it heaved up onto the roof of the van. Then he helped the children up among the machinery. The corporal r
blank to let them ride bes
"I got the Bren there, see
don't want no perishing
we runs into Jerries."

Howard said, "I see th
soled Ronnie, and climb
into the lorry. The corp
settled, then went round
the driver; with a low pu
the lorry moved out into t

It was half an hour lat
man realized that they ha
pants beside the stream

They settled down to th
interior of the van was
uncomfortable for How
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stoop, half kneeling, on a

IT WAS terribly hot. Th
the lorry had sides m
which folded outward t
floor space when the lat
Little light entered aroun
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smelly in among the ma
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but it was a trying journ
man. In a short time he
headache, and was aching
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strained to take up.

The road was omino
Pithiviers, and they mac
From time to time an air
above the road and onc
sharp burst of machine-
near at hand. Howard l
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"Jerry bomber," said the
o' them Stukas, as they c

"Was he firing at us?"

"Aye. Miles off, he w
poral did not seem especi

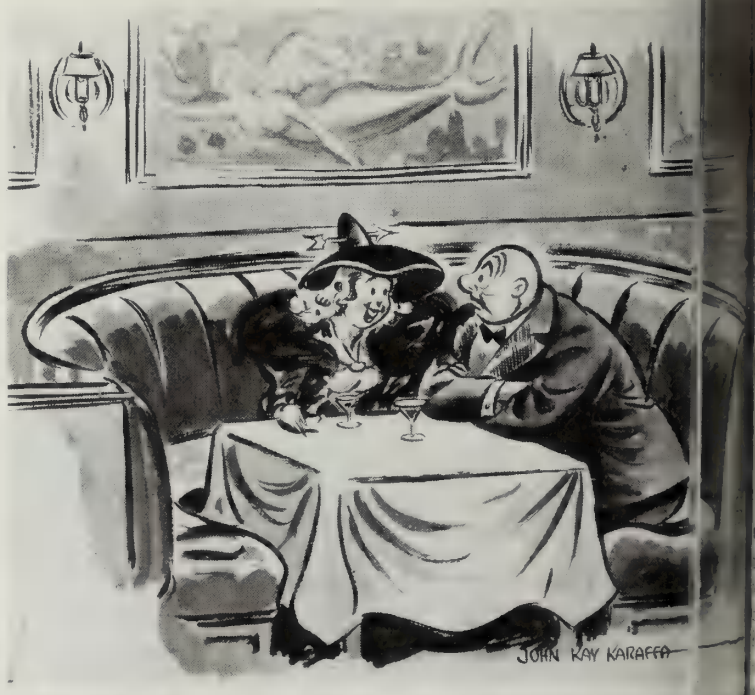
In an hour they were
five and twenty miles fr
They drew up by the r
mile from the town and h
tion. The road stretched
them to the houses, with
There was no movement
seemed to be deserted
sunlight of the afternoon.

They stared at it, irres
no's as I fancy it," the co
don't look right to me."

The driver said, "Blo
body's about. You don't
of Jerries, Corp? Hidin

"I dunno. . . ."

Howard, leaning forwa




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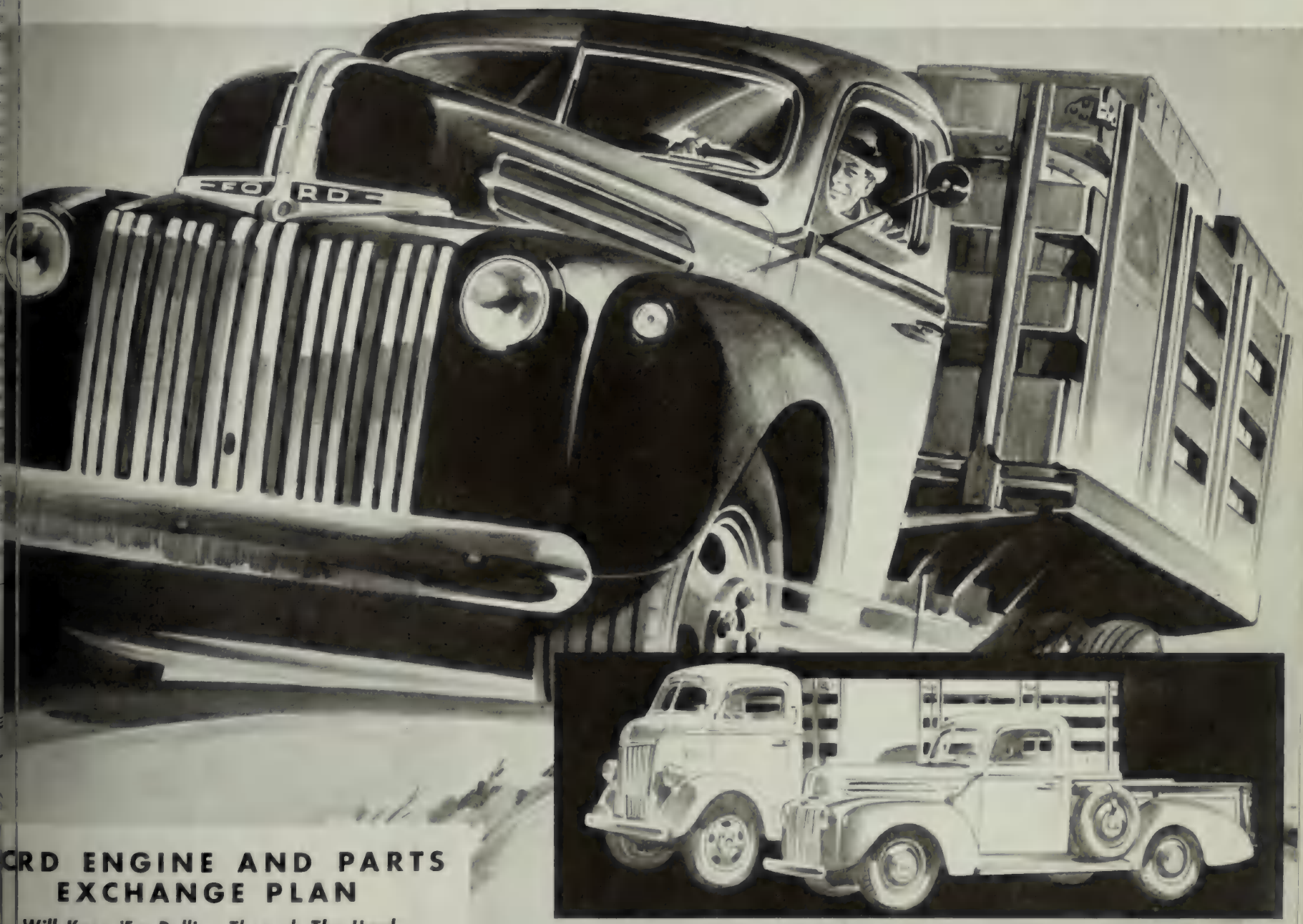
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to the trap in the partition, said over their shoulders, "I don't mind walking in ahead to have a look, if you wait here."

"Walk in ahead of us?"

"I don't see that there'd be much risk in that. With all these refugees about I can't see that there'd be much risk in it. I'd rather do that than drive in with you if there's any chance of being fired on."

"Something in what he says," the driver said. "If the Jerries *are* there, we mightn't find another roundabout this time."

They discussed it for a minute or two. There was no road alternative to going through the town that did not mean a ten-mile journey back toward Montargis. "An' that's not so bloody funny, either," said the corporal. "Meet the Jerries coming up behind us, like as not."

He hesitated, irresolute. "Okay," he said at last. "Nip in and have a look, mate. Give us the wire if it's all okey-doke. Wave something if it's all right to come on."

The old man said, "I'll have to take the children with me."

"Hell! I don't want to sit here all the bloody day, mate."

The old man said, "I'm not going to be separated from the children." He paused. "You see, they're in my charge. Just like your lathe."

The driver burst out laughing. "That's a good one, Corp! Just like your muckin' lathe, he said."

The corporal said, "Well, put a jerk in it, anyway."

The old man got down from the lorry and lifted the children one by one down into the hot sunlight on the dusty, deserted road. He started off with them down the road toward the town, leading the two little ones by the hand, thinking uneasily that if he were to become separated from the lorry he would inevitably lose his perambulator. He made all speed possible, but it was twenty minutes before he led them into the town.

THERE were no Germans to be seen. The town was virtually deserted; only one or two very old women peered at him from behind curtains or around the half-closed doors of shops. In the gutter of the road that led toward the north a tattered, dirty child that might have been of either sex in its short smock, was chewing something horrible. A few yards up the road a dead horse had been dragged half up onto the pavement and left there, distended and stinking. A dog was tearing at it.

It was a beastly, sordid little town, the old man felt. He caught one of the old women at a door. "Are the Germans here?" he said.

"They are coming from the north," she quavered. "They will ravish everyone, and shoot us."

The old man felt instinctively that this was nonsense. "Have you seen any Germans in the town yet?"

"There is one there."

He looked around, startled. "Where?"

"There." She pointed a trembling, withered hand at the child in the gutter.

"There?" The woman must be mad, distraught with terror of the invaders.

"It speaks only German. It is the child of spies." She caught his arm with senile urgency. "Throw a stone and chase it away. It will bring the Germans to this house if it stays there."

Howard shook her off. "Are any German soldiers here yet?"

She did not answer, but shouted a shrill scream of dirty imprecations at the child in the gutter. The child, a little boy, Howard thought, lifted his head and looked at her with infantile disdain.

There was nothing more to be learned from the old hag; it was now clear to him there were no Germans in the town.

He turned away; as he did so there was a sharp crack, and a fair-sized stone rolled down the pavement near the German spy. The child slunk off fifty yards down the street, and squatted down again upon the curb.

The old man was very angry, but he had other things to do. He said to Rose, "Look after the children for a minute, Rose. Don't let them go away, or speak to anyone."

He hurried back along the road that they had entered the town by. He had to go a couple of hundred yards before he came in sight of the lorry, parked by the roadside half a mile away. He waved his hat at it, and saw it move toward him; then he turned, and walked back to where he had left the children.

The lorry overtook him near the crossroads in the middle of the town. The corporal leaned down from the cab. "Any juice here, do you think?" The old man looked at him, uncomprehending. "Petrol, mate."

"Oh—I don't know. I wouldn't hang about here very long."

"That's right," the driver muttered. "Let's get on out of it. It don't look so good to me."

"We got to get juice."

"We got close on five gallons left. Get us to Angerville."

"Okay." The corporal said to Howard, "Get the kids into the back and we'll 'op it."

Howard looked for his children. They were not where he had left them; he looked around, and they were up the road with the German spy, who was crying miserably.

"Rose," he shouted. "Come on. Bring the children."

She called in a thin, piping voice, "He is hurt."

"Come on," he cried. The children looked at him but did not stir. He hurried over to them. "Why don't you come when I call you?"

Rose faced the old man, her little face crimson with anger. "Somebody threw a stone at him and hit him. I saw them do it. It is not right, that."

True enough, a sticky stream of blood was running down the back of the child's neck into his filthy clothes. A sudden loathing for the town enveloped the old man. He took his handkerchief and mopped at the wound.

*La petite* Rose said, "It is not ri throw a stone at him, and a big w too, monsieur. This is a bad, dirty to do a thing like that."

Ronnie said, "He's coming wi Mr. Howard. He can sit on the end of Bert's kit bag by the ' motor."

The old man said, "He belongs We can't take him away with us. in his mind came the thought might be kind to do so.

"He doesn't belong here," said "Two days only he has been here woman said so."

THERE was a hurried, heavy st hind them. "What's going on said the corporal.

Howard turned to him. "T throwing stones at this child," h He showed the man the cut on the neck.

"Who's throwing stones?"

"All the people in the village. think he's a German spy."

"Who—'im?" The corporal "He ain't more'n seven years old!

"I saw the woman do it," said R "That house there. She threw a and did that."

"My muckin' aunt," the corpora He turned to Howard, "Anyway, to beat it."

"I know." The old man hes "What'll we do? Leave him here disgusting place? Or bring him with us?"

"Bring him along, mate, if yo like it. I ain't worried over the a of spying that he'll do."

The old man bent and spoke child. "Would you like to com us?" he said in French.

The little boy said something other language.

Howard said, "*Sprechen sie Deu* That was the limit of the Germa he could recall at the moment, drew no response.

He straightened up, heavy wit responsibility. "We'll take him us," he said quietly. "If we leav here they'll probably end by him."

"If we don't get a move on," sa corporal, "the bloody Jerries w here and kill the lot of us."

*(To be continued next week*



**"Here you are, Mr. McCoy. I'll bet you're starved"**

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# Mighty Mites

**By Frank Tolbert**

**The varsity squad of the Masons seldom exceeds fifteen players. But each one has been playing football since infancy, as sad opponents have learned**



**Ray and DeWitt Coulter are heroes to the little tykes of the Masonic Home and School because they're on the "varsity." Even the 8-year-old kids have a championship team**



**Coach Rusty Russell hands out gum to the tiny squad that is the terror of Texas high-school football. All of his "veteran" footballers are under eighteen years old**

T every year, in the early of December, Moses appears he campus of the Masonic School at Fort Worth. Moses lla-chested old East Texas e walks up the Home's red-, perhaps with the gulfbound king above. And towheaded ean but unpressed coveralls, ound the little boys' dormi- p a gleeful howl at the sight man.

s self-appointed "good-luck r the Masonic Home football looks somewhat like the e movie The Thief of Bagdad. er boys at the Home may loses as a sort of genie. For ows up until the Mason foot- e won their district title and December playoffs for the erscholastic League cham-

ever reads the papers. But knows when the Masons have he high-school playoffs. For football team is the talk of

e mountain-high steppes of Panhandle to the Coast e tough, polite boys are re- the most inspired and scien- schoolboy footballers.

sons have a following com- th the University of Texas the Texas Aggies or other uthwest Conference teams. Masons' fans are more parti-

lude the college coaches of who travel far to see these gridiron prodigies do things teach to their varsity men. lude a Longview chamber- d to the depredations of visit- l teams in the hotel, she was r one morning to find all the letes making up their beds g their rooms at six o'clock ning.

### I sn't All Superstition

after his arrival, Moses pads e Home football field where Russell, coach and high-school is working with the little thletes who form the Mason e boys stop their scrimmag- e always scrimmaging) and es. With tears rolling out of old eyes, Moses bows his each kid, solemnly, rubs a old man's close-clipped wool. egular ceremony—on Moses' camp and before each of the es.

es, a really capable trainer, row his "good-luck chores" ad-rubbing routine. Once, Masons played Lubbock in a nal game. Moses sat on the the left hind leg of a jack hed in his hand. He'd stayed he previous night to kill the he light of the South Plains

f Moses' activities please the le calls them "those po' little lds." The Home boys don't alled orphans.

en the Masons were playing land Park High at Dallas in quarterfinals, Moses stalked es, yowling: "Hit's de po' ne rich kids!" This was very g to the Masons. They t all poor.

onic Home high-school foot- became a member of the division," or top bracket, of Interscholastic League in e then, this school, which more than sixty-five boys in gh-school grades, and com- st schools with 500 to 3,000 as won seventy-four games, lost fifteen and tied five. It has won six district titles, gone to the state finals once and to the state semifinals three times. In practically every case the team that has eliminated the boys in the district or semifinal championships has later gone on to win the state title.

In all probability, the Masons have won more football games during the last nine seasons than any other squad in the country playing a rigorous schedule. But the team's appeal does not lie wholly in its continued success. Even during its few lean seasons, the Home teams have drawn well at the box office. The spectacle of a dozen or so fatherless kids, battling against numerically superior squads, in what Texans consider the toughest schoolboy football league, provides an annual and very thrilling gridiron drama.

### Not Many, but Good

Like the Notre Dame teams of the Knute Rockne era, the Masons draw their largest body of followers from those "who never went to school" or who have no strong ties to any prep school. Like those Rockne teams, the Masons have an intelligent, unorthodox and colorful coach.

Ninety per cent of the Home high-school boys play on some sort of football team. But Dr. Russell seldom has more than fifteen who are physically ready and eligible for the "varsity."

Each of these fifteen or so is likely to have played football since infancy. He will not have to be taught any fundamentals. He may know more football than many a college sophomore player. Out of the fifteen, Coach Russell will select the eleven best boys and play them—most of the time without regard for positions. Russell likes to have two or three utility performers, and he works with these fully as much as with the so-called regulars. He likes to have a husky relief linesman who can play all of the interior forward positions. He often requires the backs to know all the secondary and end assignments.

In 1940 the Masons went as far as the state semifinals with only thirteen first-line players. A new ruling in the Interscholastic League, whittling the age limit to eighteen years, had cut six stars off the Home squad. Otherwise, Mr. Russell would have had his most powerful outfit in history.

This season, Russell has had to make still greater demands upon the versatility of his players. He has seven of last year's thirteen-man gang returning. But most of the other players were unimpressive in last spring's rehearsals. Rusty has been working with the problem of placing his seven experienced kids where they will do the most good.

The bespectacled coach holds regular consultations with his athletes in which the boys discuss one another's strengths and weaknesses with the most amazing candor and without a trace of self-consciousness or malice. They talk like scientists discussing an experiment.

Out of these discussions, Dr. Russell has cooked up the following sample of conflicting assignments for some of his players in this campaign: DeWitt Coulter, all-state tackle of last season, will handle his regular tackle duties on defense, alone. When the Masons have the ball, the giant Coulter will be the blocking back. Walter Finnigan, utility linesman of '40, will have his duties somewhat simplified. He'll play center on offense and end on defense.

Billy Cagle, a guard last year, will be a wingback on offense and center on defense. Tom Brady and J. L. Daniels will appear as offensive ends and defensive halfbacks. Such big backs as Gordy Brown and Louis Burress can handle any of the secondary jobs.

*(Continued on page 75)*

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# Early American

Continued from page 36

better parents to them than he could be.

Gunsmith's thoughts followed, unconsciously, the discussion in his workshop, the retelling for perhaps the twentieth time of what happened to old man Frost. He gave a last file stroke to the frizzen steel, and pressed the trigger. The flint gave a spray of sparks now. 'Twas just the face of the frizzen steel had been hollowed with use. . . .

"Ain't that so, Gunsmith?" asked Sol Broadmoor.

Gunsmith hitched at his spectacles.

"No, Sol. Don't seem that way to me. Calculate the old man just felt like something had broke inside of him, and with his wife gone he hadn't the gumption to go back and make good."

Gunsmith tested other parts of the rifle. As he set it in the jaws of the vise his mind filled in the picture behind Sol Broadmoor's talk. A week or more after old man Frost had lit out, a neighbor, passing up through from the lake and seeing no house, had stopped—and been the first of many to hear of the happening.

"Ma's dead, burned. Pa's gone, but we're a-waiting for him," Dan'l said. And turned back, matter-of-fact, to lift a few potatoes from under the earth and straw of the root cellar.

THE first neighbor's news brought other neighbors a-running. There'd been little enough to talk of all winter long, not so much as a birth or death, scarce even the howl of a wolf. So the village soon had the rights of the happening, how the young'uns' Ma was like to have set fire to herself and the cabin in one of her falling spells. The womenfolk vowed that just as soon as old man Frost came back they'd give him a piece of their minds for leaving his family to shift for themselves. And meanwhile they'd take the young'uns back home with them.

Just who was to take which young'un? The womenfolk talked it back and forth for near on an hour. While they argued, Dan'l went right on with his tasks, leading the oxen up the hillside, snaking down a bundle of sapling poles, and notching the ends. He was building him a little shack, though the timbers had to be light and short so that he and the youngest could handle them.

When the women had it all thrashed who was to have which young'un and who wasn't, Dan'l stopped swinging his ax to say, "Nossir, ma'am. Pa said to stay. And I guess Pa knowed."

When a woman said, "Come, Viney, dear!" and tried to take her by the hand, Young'un drew behind Dan'l. And when the woman called on her husband to help, Dan'l took a firm holt of his ax and stepped out to meet him.

"Nossir, ma'am!" Dan'l said it again, slow, like he was being extra patient. "Nossir, ma'am. Pa said to stay."

Then and later there had been sharp talk among the women of how growed men had been outfaced by one small boy. But among the menfolk was a feeling to let the children be, and see how they'd make out.

Mary and Gunsmith hadn't thought to go pestering them. So it was well along into spring when Gunsmith reached down an old powder horn, washed it outside in the millstream, and carried it into the house to dry. Mary, whose eyes were the keener for her deafness, gave him a glance of inquiry. When breakfast ended Gunsmith slung the empty horn at his side and said he guessed he'd step up a ways and see how the Frosts were making out.

He found Dan'l Frost squatting on his heels, pounding a tree wooden plow with the ba The tall, thin girl was ho pole, and Viney the young'u dering the crosspiece at th handle. The two brown but waiting for the yoke t to the pole, slowly chewed the warm sunshine and l offering neighborly advice.

Gunsmith stepped up an powder horn.

"Don't happen your Pa more salt in his spring vi you can use? Seems I ca hornful."

Dan'l looked pleased an to the log shelter. 'Twa'n't yet a mighty useful shack Dan'l reached under a bun out a cotton sack of coars He filled Gunsmith's horn

"There's two more bag mighty welcome to all yo Reed, before the porcupin 'Tain't like I can git arou me new meat barrels bef three ain't apt to eat as was used."

So the boy was alrea ahead to next winter, not c Pa to return. Gunsmith l at the strings of smoked f withes, at the dried venis roof. He'd admire to knc had killed his deer withou

"Making out mighty like."

"Aim to skin me some popple now the sap is riz hoeing's done and harvest have me logs to roll us u lean-to. Peter and Paul here—" he nodded towar end of the shack—"but 'ta for their wintering."

It looked as if the boy ured out. This was good thing to tell Mary.

"Somewheres in the ash your Pa's broadax, draw splitter and suchlike. B the forge some evening. I I'll show you how to pu back in them; it don't do forehanded."

THAT left the reason f visit still untold. Whe come to him, it seemed plain horse sense and n Dan'l's Pa would have see but it looked now as if Da ent.

"Seeing you loaned me how'd it be if I was to d load of corn and suchlike needing?"

The boy's mouth tighte smith had feared it wo Mist' Reed. Till grazing g and Paul c'n make out in the root cellar. And t ain't like to hunger. Pa di to borrowing."

However, it was not when Gunsmith's crafty the unneeded salt was re eldest Frost came down return. She'd know that good soap as anyone ar better; and Gunsmith gu reason, and was pleased and Dan'l. The boy ha borrow from one who had from him. Later, when came along with first a h scythe blade and other to the temper had been bur smith let him do most of even had him lend a ha

u repairs, as though in payment for he charcoal.

e small girl, garbed like her brother n ust as silent, came down with Dan'l a time, as if she was his apprentice. it smith would hear a tap at the door f e workshop and go out to let them n. there'd be twilight outside, but dark as e, it being early summer, so Gun- m n would go back to the kitchen for idle, and for an ember to rekindle be forge. Then the three would work o her, heating and hammering and u ching, till Young'un's eyes screwed p ith sleep as she worked the handle f e bellows, and Gunsmith set him- el o keep a watch on Dan'l lest in his re iness he grasp a red-hot iron or as a finger under the hammer. And de hole while there'd be no more than v three words between them, unless Ja I remembered to caution, "No call o biting your nails, Young'un."

SUMMER days lengthened, and Gun- or nith, stripped to the waist except is stiff cowhide apron, sweat running rc beard to chest, welded and forged n shod from dawn to dark. Neighbors o alled on to help with their beasts n broken farming tools now pre- er d the shade of the twin maples out- id to the cramped, hot shop.

the breathing spell before harvest it smith found time to weld, bore and if seven new barrels. And now that e asn't so pressed by work Mary n d him to go up to the Frost place n see for himself how they fared. o dn't he, she asked, pretend he w something to old man Frost, and a ed Dan'l to take out the debt in or work? By now the boy must stand n ed of tools, and it wouldn't be in is nature to come down and beg the of them.

For several days Gunsmith pondered no question, but he could see no way. Ja l's Pa had been more apt to owe ne be owed, and Dan'l would know Gunsmith could find no excuse to ke not to go, nor yet an excuse to Ja l for going. And then the boy came o n to the shop and saved all the co ble. He was shadowed, as usual, by Ja g'un.

The little girl was smiling and plump s ver. But Dan'l for all his pride looked kind of peaked. His broadax and hand ax, their edges worn so round they were past filing or whetting, showed where some of his strength had gone. While he and Gunsmith set to work with forge and hammer to draw out new edges, the old man listened to the tale of their doings. Their crops, it seemed, promised well, considering. But the new cabin was hanging fire and it didn't seem that it would ever be finished.

"It's all account of Eldest," Dan'l explained. "Young'un leads off Peter and Paul, and up-swings the log. I don't no more'n git the log levered into place so it sets good than Eldest looks up from her chinking to say that's right where she aims to have another window hole or what all. And down the log has to come again for cutting."

"Womenfolk!" said Young'un, in a voice as solemn-deep as she could compass. "Womenfolk is that pernickety! I don't never aim to be a woman."

"Not aim to be a woman? Pa wouldn't hold with such talk," her brother reproved her. "When our hands gits to be six months ahead of our bellies, we'll see can we spare a swap to git ye learned how." But, as he explained to Gunsmith, 'twa'n't just any woman would serve to learn Young'un. For there must be a right and a wrong way to being a woman, same as to using an ax.

Gunsmith, silently burying a chuckle in his beard, nodded agreement, drove a wedge into the new ax handle to secure the head, rasped the wood off flush and handed it to Young'un. She tried its edge with an expert thumb, picked out a stone on the bench and started to whet.

Dan'l was busy fitting part of the old ax handle to the smaller hand ax in place of the haft they had needed to burn out. Gunsmith reached among the dust and cobwebs of the crossbeams which braced the shop against the vibration of the machinery and water wheel outside. He drew down a pod auger, gave its edge a few careful wipes with a file, and set the tool beside the boy.

"If ye'd take this in change for the salt I borrowed off ye, Dan'l, I'd be right pleased. A man don't care to stand beholden overlong, even to a friend."

Dan'l set down the hand ax to take



"You sit right here with me, Mom, and nobody'll notice you!"


# HOW TO MAKE YOUR NEXT PAY CHECK GO FARTHER

***The story of a remarkable plan and how you can use it to stretch your dollars***

DO your expenses seem to get bigger month by month? Do you wish you could find some way to make the old pay check go farther?

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3. Live on what is left.

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**How to look ahead**

Take the first item, the Future, for example. Suppose that you have a large bill coming due in the next few months. Count the number of pay days between now and then. Figure out how much you should set aside each pay day in order to have the money when you need it. That way you can meet large expenses without worrying.

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up the auger and try its edge. He reckoned out aloud the gain he'd have from the new tool. Boring green wood with a hot iron had taken nigh on an hour each hole. Pegging the logs at door and windows was most done. But there were all the roof timbers to be pinned. And Eldest had set her heart on ▪ puncheon floor some day, so there'd be a heap more boring and pegging. . . .

The boy and his sister were most ready to go, and there was something that Gunsmith still wanted to find out.

"Ye know, Dan'l, I was half minded to ask did you need seed in swap for more salt. But seems you had enough . . ." He let it trail off, half questioning; and so as to keep the boy a while handed him a sliver of glass to smooth down the new ax handle.

Dan'l's answer made Gunsmith frown. It seemed Sim Higgins had loaned the seed, just as he had loaned it to Dan'l's Pa the year before. And when he had drawn it up to the Frost place he had brought out ▪ paper, ▪ quill and an inkhorn, and asked Dan'l to set his mark. Dan'l could do more than make his mark, he could set his full name to the paper. But he had to pretend to read the writing above it, as he could only spell out print. Dan'l had liked the paper, as it made the deal businesslike, and not ▪ favor begged from a neighbor. Whatever the paper said didn't matter, as he could pay back all this year's seed, and more, from this year's harvest.

But Gunsmith was troubled. And, when the children had picked up their tools and trudged off homeward, still troubled, he carried the problem to Mary. Setting name to paper meant law, if not lawyers. And Sim Higgins, though 'twas no use to warn Dan'l now, was the kind of man who dursen't set hands in his own pockets for fear he'd rob himself.

CORN was hardening in the ear; so, as debts mostly fell due after harvest, Gunsmith closed his shop one morning and went visiting. When he returned in late forenoon, and tied on his apron to weld a new tang to a scythe, he was more silent than usual. But smiling to himself. He hadn't cared to go troubling the folks that owed him, but Mary had been right as usual. Sol Broadmoor, as soon as he had the rights of it, had slapped his knees and guffawed. Eph Birdsell had called Phebe from her baking to hear.

"You're a hard creditor, Mist' Reed!" she had said, her eyes kind of twinkling. "But if Eph ain't to home when the call comes I'll carry the payment over in my own arms."

Other neighbors had promised willingly enough too. Just let Gunsmith send word, and they'd come a-running. Till then they'd talk lesser'n ▪ dead Injun.

For three weeks Gunsmith worked with one eye on the road. Then Sim Higgins came spraddling along. Sim wa'n't one to walk if he could ride, so it looked to be true he'd sold his team to the sawmills at the Falls.

Luck was in Gunsmith's favor, for no one else was in the shop. And though Mary was down to Tall Rock, proving and sighting, he had only to hang a cloth from a window, as she'd arranged, and she'd see and understand.

"Morning, Sim." Gunsmith tried to make the greeting sound hearty and innocent. "You look dusty and kind of tired. If you've ▪ mind to set a while, I'd take it right neighborly if you'd give an eye to the tools for half an hour. I got to git me along up to Dan'l Frost to see about a debt."

"Why, now, Gam . . ." Sim Higgins hesitated, shifting on his feet, then snapped at the lure: "Why, now, if I wa'n't aiming to go that way myself!"

Gunsmith hung up his heavy apron, stepped into the kitchen a moment, and returned with his old foxskin cap.

"Dan'l still owing ye for his Pa's rifle?" Sim asked sharply.

Gunsmith said nothing, and Sim's suspicions grew.

"Seems like I'd best step along with ye, Gam. Dan'l ain't got much, and first come first served." He patted his pocket complacently.

THE land which Dan'l had put to the plow was now bare again except for roots of trees and corn, and bundles of stalks. Dusty ruts showed where the old sled had drawn home a triumphant harvest. The new home was a small cabin, nigh to being finished, with clay and field-stone chimney at one end, and ▪ lean-to for corncrib and ox stall at the side. The children must have been prouder than old gobblers at what they'd done. And they'd a right to the pride.

Eldest was podding dry beans beside the door as Gunsmith and Sim Higgins came up. At her call Dan'l and Young'un stepped around from where they'd been deepening the root cellar. From worn moccasins to her bare tousled hair, Young'un was just a small-bore short-stocked pattern of Dan'l.

Sim Higgins hadn't a word to say for the corn, the beans, the squash, the pumpkins and what all, though he looked at them close enough. Then Dan'l excused himself to get together what he owed. And Young'un led Gunsmith and Sim Higgins down to the lower pasture to visit with Peter and Paul. Sim ran his hands over the oxen's slick brown hides, and asked about them as though he was minded to buy. Though it was plain to a half-wit that neither Young'un nor Dan'l would sell; Peter and Paul being that nigh to being Frosts themselves.

When they climbed the hill again, Dan'l had piled the sled with plump skin sacks, rough woven baskets and one of Eldest's caldrons. Eldest was standing beside him in ▪ work apron and ▪ worn dress that Gunsmith thought he'd seen before on Mary, but trim and straight as a new-polished gun barrel.

"Hain't got a bushel measure, Mist' Higgins, but the seed's all there and we'll tally it off soon as I've drawed it down to your place." Dan'l shook a drop of sweat from his nose, and kind of stiffened up with pride. "Dunno how to thank ye, but Eldest wants you should accept a mite of maple syrup we kin spare from last spring's sugari . . . and . . . if there's any ti help ye in return . . ."

"Now, Dan'l, that's mighty you." Then Sim Higgins m tense to be puzzled. He drew from his pocket, glanced over i at the piled sled and shook "But, Dan'l, ye're just joking, Or have ye forgot what yer owing me these six years past say nought when yer Pa lit left ye, seeing ye was in trou now . . ."

"Hold on, Sim!" Gunsmit objection. "A boy of fourteen countable. And where's the it's owed ye in the first place!

Dan'l looked frighted, but s else besides. "It's all right, Mi I don't nowise aim to stay How much d'ye reckon to be ow Higgins?"

Sim Higgins began to read a the long list drew to an end wondered how even a feckles like old man Frost could have borrow so much that his own should have raised. Dan'l wo to pay in corn for costly whea and for molasses too, when ma from the Frost's own sugar bu have been sweetening aplen smith could see Dan'l figurin was figuring himself, turning this and that into bushels and of corn.

THEN Gunsmith thought he creak of an axle way off in tance, though no one else ha the sound. Mary must have cloth signal in the window, a around mighty quick. Sim Hi puny legs a-straddle, was sti his paper and pretending to Neither Eldest nor Young'un as whispered, but kept close smith as though for company

Dan'l, his shoulders saggin slowly to the lean-to and bega a bushel basket with golden-ye Three journeys he made, mov man dazed, and emptied the ket beside the sled. Each b taking him a bushel nearer th corncrib would be empty and gins still unpaid. And all five

But the creaking was drawi and with it the sound of mer Gunsmith wondered could things off for a while, till the r



"I found them, sir"



# "Mr. Horton will brag about it all year!"

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and save Dan'l his first bitter taste of failure. He took two strides, and laid a heavy hand on Sim Higgins' shoulder.

"Now, Sim! There's more to trading than first trapping a neighbor and then skinning him. In beggaring others you've nigh beggared yourself, for there's none left hereabouts who'll trust you in trade or sale." He let Sim get the rights of that, then added: "Now take what Dan'l can afford to give, and no more. Leave him and his the run of their teeth, and seed for next sowing. He'll pay you in the end, will Dan'l, though he's no call to do it."

He knew as he spoke he might well have saved his breath.

Sim stepped back a pace to free his shoulder, and tapped the paper in his hand.

"Don't seem like ye understand, Gam. It's writ here: 'I Daniel Frost acknowledge the above debt in full. In failure to pay on demand I agree to surrender to Simkin Higgins all right and title in the twin yoke of oxen known as Peter and Paul, the same being in good working condition and free of known fault, vice or sickness.' Now that's a contract I've used the past fifteen year, and I hain't knowed it to fail me yet." He paused to enjoy his triumph. "Dan'l's just figuring out whether he can pay, or whether he'll hand over them oxen. Guess it'll have to be the oxen!"

DAN'L set down his bushel basket to stare, unbelieving. Young'un gave a kind of choke.

"No harm to checking first, son." Gunsmith took Dan'l by the elbow. "Maybe there's something you've forgot."

Together they measured the hay in the shack and the hemlock shelter, checked over the potatoes and roots and cabbage stacked in careful piles before the empty cellar, priced even the apples ripening on the tree. Gunsmith, whose repairs to guns and tools were paid for in anything from venison to cider, prided himself to value a farrowing sow to within a pint or two of peas or to price a load of potash to within ten cents of what it would fetch delivered at Sandy Hill. But the Frost farm was small, even for this valley, and the young'uns, even with Peter and Paul for the hauling, hadn't harvested enough in one season to cover six seasons or more of careless borrowing. No telling, too, but what Sim had added to what was owing.

Stopping a pace to set a value of three cents on the beans that Eldest had left beside the door, Gunsmith and Dan'l came back to where Sim, grinning gap-toothed, was awaiting them.

His eyes big, and hurt-seeming, Dan'l looked off down the hill. Then put fingers to mouth and blew a whistle. Shaky it was, but the big oxen in the lower pasture raised their heads. Dan'l blew again, a surer note. Slowly, all eyes upon them, the ponderous beasts left their grazing and slowly began to climb the hill.

Young'un ran down to meet them, and, hanging yoke-fashion about their necks, paced between them to their heavy plodding.

Dan'l was muttering, over and over, "A man can't break his given word. Nossir! Pa wouldn't hold with it. Pa wouldn't hold with a man breaking his given word . . . Pa wouldn't . . ."

"Morning, Dan'l." It was Eph Birdsell. "Morning, Uncle Gam; morning Sim." He dropped off his light wagon, and knotted the reins. "Fine yoke of oxen you got, Dan'l. Can't call to mind when I've seed a better match with more weight to their shoulders."

"Morning, folks!" Sol Broadmoor in his heavier ox-drawn rig came creaking up behind. He nodded to Gunsmith, stared hard at Sim Higgins and cautioned Dan'l: "Don't let that bandy-legged little feller git too near yer oxen, or ye'll find him trying to ... away in his breeches pocket. ... how trust him within sight ... kin carry." He nigh rolled of... seat bellowing at his joke.

Gunsmith wasn't listening ... eyes were on more wagons r... hill, two . . . three . . . four ... men must have halted just ... to form a kind of procession ... dark-complexioned man wal... horse. Since the trapper's rif... rebored it ought to be shoot... as it ever had.

Sim wasn't looking so per... a man of the eight but h... in some wise, and the trapp... pack horse had talked of cu... ears off so folks would know ...

"Now, Dan'l boy!" Sim ... paper hastily into his poc... yoke up and drive my oxe... home for me, and I don't kn... I'll let ye have the yoke bac...

"I've druv up to do a lit... with Dan'l." Eph Birdsell ... to the oxen. "And if Dan'l ... guess Sim'll have to wait."

"Sim'll wait!" Sol dropp... wagon, dropped light for ... weighed two hundred and t... fair on the hog scales. His ... patted Sim violently on the ... wait, won't ye, Sim?"

"Fust come, fust sarved." ... hitched leading rein, and s... self cross-legged on the gro... The other wagons and rigs ... a rough circle.

Then blamed if Cicero ... spring up from nowheres, ... from a groundhog hole. Ci... no call to be here, and nc... what went on, it was just ... should slip away from Mis... the Tavern. 'Twasn't in ... feel surprised when Cicero ... to Sim Higgins and held o... and Sim put the paper int... as Moses.

Cicero ran a thumbnail d... like he was summing the ... drinks back of the tap ... "Forty-two dollars, near a ... on, shook his head. "Note ... legal, signed by a minor ... knows 'tain't wuth so muc... leave alone the paper it's ...

Dan'l, amazed with desp..., obstinate, gulped out, "I ... Mist' Ditch, I got to!"

"Always heard tell there' ... an old fool." Cicero looked ... fully. "But I ain't a-goin... it no longer, Dan'l."

GUNSMITH couldn't be ... in Dan'l's eyes. And wh... aside, there was Eldest c... heart like a winter-killed ... nigh as helpless. And You ... no thought for herself, bu... into the long ears of the o... wa'n't to be a-feared.

"If Dan'l hands over a ... this year, to the last husk ... still be debted to Sim nigh ... lars." Gunsmith cleared ... "But seems like, if I was ... wouldn't care to raise and ... yoke of oxen in the cou... have my son pass them o... who couldn't drive oxen, ...

Dan'l's head rose a mite ... maybe sense coming bac... Gunsmith said his next w... distinct: "Not when Dan ... what's owing to him by h...

"Now if that ain't just ... up for!" Sol Broadmoor ... to look surprised. "Some ... me this morning to come ... to Dan'l. Gunsmith said ... as he didn't so much as se... broken stock. So it's Dan' ... to." He swung up onto l... tugged down a sack.

at just beat all!" Eph Bird-
n. "I come on the very same
n'l here fixed my set-trigger
the best in years. . . . Brung
, three things that'll maybe
core."

per sprang to his feet, and
the knots of his packsaddle.
, folks, and I reckon I'm

icero figured up the total,
assessed the price of a new
rd, of the labor that had
rrying out a bullet mold to
d rifle . . . of this and of
tasks they were, except for
's rifle, which Dan'l had done
asure under Gunsmith's di-
hen paid for, they called for
ting of sacks and baskets
d horse wagons.

beside the sled grew hip high,
igh, topped Sim Higgins'
load or two were thrown in
hardly owing to Dan'l, Gun-
no protest. Folks who had
Sim, and had scores to pay
't grudge what it cost to see
ed. It was worth a few more
he story they'd have to tell,
nore on top of those to make
turn from puzzlement to
anger to well-nigh fear.
as weeping at last, but from
g'un hugged Peter and Paul,
ir soft noses. But the men
omfortably from foot to foot.
the Frosts live from now to
t? How would the oxen find
ow to next spring grazing?
trap us a living this winter."
rage was warming back into
there's the sugaring next

ero tore the note into pieces.
in full, Simkin Higgins, and
twelve witnesses to that last
ever make in these hills."
ittle monkey face split into
slapped his knees, and ho-
ll he seemed touched in the
d now I recall, Sim, ye've
m down to the Falls, aiming
e oxen in their stead. So ye'd
p an armful from this pile
carry. Like to wear a mighty
efore ye've got all of Dan'l's
cover in your barn!"

"Now if I was Dan'l," Gunsmith spoke as though to himself, "I don't know as I'd care to have this truck rotting down all winter so near to the cabin. I'd give Sim Higgins two, three days to fetch it, and then I'd draw it down load by load and throw it in the crick."

He gave that time to sink in, and watched the faces. Sim looked startled, thinking how he'd lose everything. Someone began to chuckle. And Dan'l was listening closely.

"Or I dunno but what I might drive a bargain, a hard bargain that would earn me Sim Higgins' respect." Gunsmith narrowed his eyes in thought. "Now I don't reckon I'd be too hard on Sim, seeing he don't know no better. I'd offer to draw down what's on the sled, and take what's in the pile and all else on the farm as my price. And I'd give Sim Higgins just time to say 'yes' or 'no.'"

'TWASN'T till the following Sunday that Dan'l came down to the settlement. Across the way folks were clustering outside the Tavern, waiting for meeting. Mary gathered up Eldest and Young'un, and, taking them across to greet Preacher, left the two menfolk together.

Gunsmith led Dan'l into the kitchen. In silence they drew two chairs to the comfortably warm hearth.

"Pa used to say good neighbors counts for more than a rich topsoil." Dan'l stirred in his seat, stretching closer to the embers. "I reckon I got good neighbors, Mist' Reed."

Gunsmith kept silence.

"Next year, if winter pelts is good, I aim to trade for a sow and breed me some livestock." Then a picture began to form in Dan'l's mind, more distant than any he had allowed himself during the pressing day-to-day toil and planning of the summer. "Eldest's li'ble to git herself a husband, being a good cook and all. And if I was to find time to go a-courting, though 'twon't be yet a while, and bring me home a wife . . . And Young'un, in five years—she's shooting up . . ."

Then Dan'l, aged fourteen, reined himself back to the difficult present.

"Young'un . . . Pa said not to bite her nails. Only," he sighed, "a man can't do but just so much!"








PUNGENT PIPE PUTS PA IN PICKLE

*—but he's out of the dog house now!*



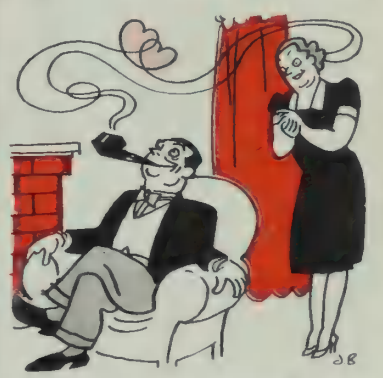
**THIS IS THE HARD WAY** to enjoy a smoke. Ma forbids pipes in the house, so Pa sneaks over to the fireplace, lies flat on his back, and puffs up the flue. Oops! Here's Ma!



**LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH!** One wallop and that smelly old briar will be no more. Why hadn't someone told Pa to *clean* his pipe more often and smoke a *mild* tobacco? But wait!



**"THIS IS THE EASY WAY** to make a pipe popular," hollered the man next door. "Sir Walter's the mildest, sweetest tobacco you ever sniffed. Be a sport, Ma. Let Pa try some."



**LOOKS LIKE THE START** of a happy ending. Ma's in love with Sir Walter's mellow fragrance. And Pa's delighted with the cool, rich flavor of this choice burley blend.




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# ighting Wings
# or Norway

## renda Ueland

**lorway is on the shore of Lake Ontario. yoUng Vikings are learning to fly so ey can fight for their country. Incredventures lie behind them; they look l to adventures that still lie ahead**

VAY is building the biggest air e in her history. The camp is anada on the Toronto water e Norwegian flag flies over low racks. There are a thousand n fliers there and already sevned squadrons have been sent d and to England.

inuous stream of Norwegian nes to Canada to be trained ermans. They are eighteen or or older or younger. No one n to come, but they come anyugh adventures like those of nd Sindbad, or those out of a e. They come across the North e Shetland Islands in fishing d in one instance in a rowboat. stacles in the steeplechase are ring squad if they are caught leave Norway, the Nazi coast azi submarines, Nazi airplanes the coast line like hawks. re are the mines strewn in the a. Then the tempests. Or they he other way, crossing Finland ria. Or they starve and fight their way through Russia and nd Iran and Indo-China and so e Philippine Islands and the tates.

lorwegian fliers' camp, Little is a settlement of special wardings thrown up between the stadium and the shore of Lake The Island Airport is just behe sentry, a gaunt, red-faced an with white eyelashes and the harmless accent, tells me I can r Ole Reistad, the chief of the . in the morning at the office ters on Church Street.

o there. In the corridor seven en are waiting, some huge and some thin and alert. But every know well—from Minnesota. them stand. The chair beside s a piece of paper on it, and they are too polite to sit there, paper.

(thanks)," says a huge young seaman's uniform, meekly, and he seat.

lorwegian telephone girl, who is d-haired and does not wear lips that I am to go in and see eistad. He is forty-two years ong, blond man brilliantly sunHe is resolute, simple, does er with anything but the quick The span of his shoulders is ous, his short military hair a , and he has one of those agpiratical noses with a slight the bridge.

rst words are: "If you write , the first necessary thing is to ruth.

ay was invaded. A few were but very few. And there were portunists. But the plain peoorway, the farmers, city people, l right."

words "all right" you see that he means unbending, fierce patriotism. And when he said "plain people" I knew what he meant, too. The common people of Norway have been independent landowners for more centuries than any nation in the world. There has been neither a nobility nor a peasant class; no swollen rich nor degraded poor. It is a country where a railroad conductor or a high-school teacher may be a distinguished man, or know Ibsen by heart.

This is Major Reistad's story: On April 9th the Germans swooped on Oslo. The king and government escaped northward. All along the coast the Norwegian navy fought, sinking, with the British, a third of the German battle fleet. Their tiny army was desperately trying to reestablish its lines.

Major Reistad, squadron leader of the air force in southern Norway, knew nothing of what had happened until two o'clock that morning. But because of a premonition, he had ordered his men to fit their old 1924-model Fokker planes with skis, so that they could land on snowfields farther north. In an hour and a half, German bombers came and smashed his airport. He flew northward with his old Fokkers and joined the reassembling Norwegian army under General Ruge.

### And Norway Fought On

The German bombers followed, blasting them out of two airports, so they flew to ice- and snow-covered lakes in the mountains. Farmers brought them tins of gasoline that they had siphoned out of their farm machinery and automobiles. Then while the Nazis, with their tanks and clouds of bombers, were forcing their way diagonally up from Oslo to Trondheim in a bloody war that lasted 62 days and destroyed 60,000 Nazis and 15,000 Norwegians, Reistad and his men were using their antiquated planes with ingenuity.

They tried dive-bombing by aiming planes at their targets. This worked well. On one occasion they built the most fantastic airport ever made: A blizzard came and herdsmen rounded up 3,000 reindeer on a lake to trample down the snow and make it hard enough for take-offs.

After two months, the British had to give up Narvik because Hitler had invaded Flanders. General Ruge surrendered. But as a symbol that Norway would never give up, he would neither flee nor sign an armistice. He is in a German prison camp. Major Reistad and his men disbanded, swearing to meet again somewhere to continue the fight. "Where we are, Norway is."

The Norwegian government had some planes on order in the United States. It was decided to have these delivered to Canada, and a year ago the new and modern and well-equipped Norwegian air force was established.

*(Continued on page 76)*



**Major Ole Reistad of the Royal Norwegian Air Force now being trained near Toronto Canada. Most of the fliers are young Norwegians who have managed to escap their homeland and make their way to Canada, some under unbelievable hardship**



**This sergeant, whose name cannot be given because his mother still lives in No way, was too old to fly, so he enlisted in the R.N.A.F. to work as a carpen ter. Below, two Norwegian youngsters, who have just arrived, report for du**



EX-LAX MOVIES

MOTHER KNOWS BEST



MOTHER: You haven't been yourself all day. I think you need a laxative.

ALICE: O-h, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?



MOTHER: No, Darling. Here's a laxative you'll really enjoy. It's Ex-Lax!

ALICE: Yummy, this is fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.




MOTHER: You slept like a top all night. How did that Ex-Lax work?

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# Fashions with a Future

Continued from page 19

in the skirt, that is distinguished by the very simple trick of inserting two panels of black satin in this fullness and matching them with black satin gloves. Another slim wool dress in royal blue has black jet beading on the tiny tabs of the bodice that turn back at the throat to make a collar, and on the skirt just below the belt. A third of these easy-to-wear dresses the duchess wore in her native Baltimore in white crepe, trimmed with black velvet that outlines the V neck and loops at the waist to make a brief black peplum across the front of the skirt—a combination that looks like a sure-fire fashion setter.

What else is Mainbocher backing for the new season? Watch his winter opening, and you'll see. You'll also be sitting in on a typical Paris opening, for he has transferred the whole tense, excited atmosphere and setup to New York. There's the white, baroque-plaster ornamented salon, ringed with little gilt ballroom chairs and long, brown-felt-covered sofas, and crowded with ladies of wealth and fashion, who sparkle with jewels and chatter with excitement as the mannequins swing through the room. If you are looking for the bizarre, the startling, you will be disappointed. Here is elegance, simplicity, understatement in clothes.

### Fur-lined Luxury

Furs, first. But restrained almost out of sight. Most of us, given a fine lot of Persian lamb, would think only of putting it where it would show the most. Not Mainbocher. A handsome, boxy red wool coat is completely lined with black Persian that shows only in the turned-back cuffs and when the coat swings open as the mannequin walks. Casual and beautiful. There's been more talk than usual this season about fur-lined coats, and this should clinch the fashion. Rabbit, burunduki, woolly lamb—plenty of low-priced furs would do a good-looking job.

Next, of all things, a fur-lined sweater, just to insist on the idea. It's a beige cashmere cardigan, lined with brown Persian, a stunning jacket over a wool dress. But also an expensive item that we'll leave in the custom-order department. It does, however, demonstrate a point Mainbocher would like to make, because it's the nearest he will come to a short fur jacket with a day-length skirt. Why, he wants to know, wear those fluffy unflattering things that make you hump-shouldered and neckless, cut you off square and wide in the middle and leave you to freeze below?

Suits are slim, the skirts flaring only enough for ease. One is a black wool dress, turned into a suit by the addition of a beige jersey jacket, collared in Persian. The dress-with-jacket theme is a strong one this season. The jackets here are short and fitted, ignoring completely all you have been reading in the past year about longer fitted jackets on suits. These, Mainbocher refuses to make for American women.

"I played with the longer-coat idea four years ago in Paris, but gave it up for two reasons," he says gently. "First, it creases very unpleasantly after sitting, and second, the long line is too difficult for the average hips. But peplums are different: Peplums flare. You know some of that fullness is fabric, not part of the lady. You'll find peplums all through my collections, and you'll find them all through the market because American women know and demand a flattering thing when they see it."

Something else in this fashion showing that we will demand: Sweaters again. Dressed up with bead embroidery at wrist and throat. Your old college cardigan, shapely in yellow cashmere, bedecked at the neck with pearls and gold beads, going out with a slim black wool dinner skirt and a black cashmere pull-over, also bejeweled at the neck. It's a fashion with a kick in it, giving you the pleasure of feeling dressed up, yet not overdressed for the favorite hamburgers-for-two evening, sitting on a high stool beside a handsome young officer in uniform.

Missing entirely are the extremes, the exaggerations of the old-time Paris collections that made the headlines but had to be modified before they could be worn. Every dress in this collection is wearable as is, making it tough on the fashion press. It's fun to have crazy, sensational fashions to write about. Peps up the page and hands the boys a laugh. But the fashion-show audience approves and applauds, and as the last mannequin moves through the room declares it the finest collection Mainbocher has ever done.

He's gratified when you shake his hand behind the scenes afterward, and tell him so. He has worked hard and earnestly to express his convictions in these clothes. Convictions that the clothes you wear are important to your comfort and your self-assurance, as well as your good looks, and therefore worth infinite pains in the designing and the selecting of them; but that they should be subordinated to the kind of life you lead and entirely dictated by it. You are well dressed, he thinks, only when you are appropriately dressed, and this has nothing whatever to do with custom-order, nothing to do with cost.

"One of the best-dressed women I have ever seen," he says, "was my hostess at a recent dinner party. She cooked the dinner herself, but s not for this occasion wear a silk and then tie an apron over it. Sh a cotton dress that was practical kitchen and yet charming at the h the table. Such good sense to dr comingly, to suit her life and the sion, is what makes the well-d woman."

He appreciates that it is ofte cult to find this exactly right dre he gives you some sound advice.

### Looks Come Before Fashio

Go slow when you shop. If yo find a dress that is as good or bett the favorite dress in your wa don't buy any. There is no rule calendar that at the stroke of season you must rush out and bu clothes. Better wear last year's that is becoming than this year' that you picked up in a hurry a hate from this day forth. F changes, but not so fast that a dre good for years if it is carefully

Be wary of fashions that are promoted. The too peasanty, t costumey, the tricky little numbe originated in some clever pro girl's head rather than from yo needs. They may be fun to w the moment, and fun to talk abo they'll pass promptly out of the picture, leaving you with a cl closet and looking definitely d you continue to wear them.

Watch your figure. Clothes a designed for the slim, and scalin up to the fat-girl size won't ma look like the model. The best cl the world won't be becoming en draw eyes in your direction, you've kept your own eyes—wi results—on the scales.



**"But couldn't you learn to operate it? Charlotte is always so busy with the children"**




*"Did I tell you girls how these cards were presented to my father by Admiral Dewey?"*

One of the ladies is wondering, dully, how long *the Admiral* used them. Her partner is thinking of his famous words: "You may fire when you're ready, Gridley." (The third one just wants to go home.)

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three in the ground crew ma



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looks like this to a low-fl

# Our New Army

WASHINGTON

SECOND INTERCEPTOR COMMAND, Seattle. Whether you live in Keokuk or Tampa, the Army Air Forces have already renamed your spot of ground Bruno, Dora, Nellie, or some such; and not just because of some whimsy. On both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, highly developed aircraft-warning services are being set up and thousands of civilian observers are being trained to phone enemy-plane reports to giant filter stations like the one at Seattle under Brigadier General Carlyle Wash. New York was "bombed" last month in an interceptor test and Seattle put on a similar demonstration about ten days ago. Anyway, to get back to Dora and Nellie, your town—say it's Millville—has been given another tag so it won't sound like Pillville over the phone.

Officers and soldiers, assisted by women volunteers, plot the reports on room-size table-top maps; red if the airplane was seen, green if only heard. The clocks in the room have no numerals; each five minutes on the dial is indicated by one of three color segments: red, green, blue. When one of the 850 observers phones a report during a five-minute blue section, a blue mark is placed on his spot on the map. After fifteen minutes, when another blue period shows on the clock, all blue reports from the previous quarter-hour are eliminated. This keeps the whole business up to date and the strategy boys at headquarters are able to plot the course of the invaders.

The U. S. and surrounding real estate are divided into areas splitting the longitudinal lines in quarters, each numbered from 1 to 99. The latitudinal lines are cut in thirds and each is given a name. To simplify this, the whole territory is chopped into pieces fifteen miles square, with observers in each. The latitudinal names are in alphabetical order; if you start at the northwestern tip of the U. S. and head south, the 15-mile strips breeze through Adam, Bruno, Clara, Dora, Ernest, Floyd, George, Henry, Ida and so on down to Thomas. They don't go past the letter T but start in again with Alice, Bertha, Charles, et cetera.

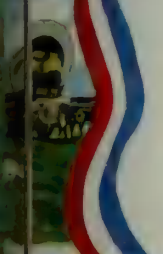
To the Air Force, Seattle is Clara, T
and Portland is Nellie. These same
on a parallel belt right across the coun
surprised if somebody informs you
the name of your town is now Kate.

The six- and seven-men cadres s
aircraft-warning services in the Pacific
pretty much in the fat these days.
commanded by a lieutenant, go into to
see Army men and they become the sc
of the be-kind-to-soldiers efforts, inclu
private homes, deer hunting with t
Commerce and dates with the local g
tough on the Guardsmen who left the
but there are no squawks from the guy
Interceptor Command.

FORT LAWTON, Seattle. There's likelihood that any post commande
but sometimes when he can't prod th
ment into action on some lack of
housing problem through the regular
will suddenly appear in the local pap
of the "shocking conditions" at the pc
Seattle dailies recently whipped up a n
with spine-cooling pictures, about th
Fort Lawton men spending the winte

# Armour's 75th Anniversary

## 75 YEARS OF PUBLIC SERVICE...
## in supplying America's needs... A length of service no other major packing company can equal





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*This month, Armour and Company begins its 75th consecutive year in supplying meat to America—a length of service unequalled by any other major packing company. During those years, Armour has never lost sight of the fact that good service to you is its justification for being in business.*

*All of us at Armour know that this company has grown only to the extent that it has served you. To merit your continued confidence and good will—it is our firm purpose to serve you in even greater measure in the years to come.*

*G. A. Eastwood*

*President*
*Armour and Company*



**is ne Mainstay of American Vitality!** You have ariety of fresh, smoked and canned meats to fm. Armour and Company operates 33 packing o r 300 storage branches and a vast refrigerated rt ystem to bring fresh meat to your table daily. lif ent from grandmother's day—when fresh meat ra y and the supply seasonal at best.

**American Prosperity Begins on the Farm**—and livestock is a basic farm commodity. The farmer's major crops—hay, fodder, corn and many other grains go to fatten his cattle, hogs, sheep. For 75 years Armour has helped maintain a ready cash market for the farmers' livestock...and developed many by-products, effecting savings for both farmers and consumers.

## Armour Products - Crowning Achievements of 75 Years of Experience




**America's Finest Ham and Bacon!** s a o, nothing like Armour's Star Ham could be ...at any price! Sugar-cured, hickory-smoked, w ted for tenderness before it comes to your home l lers declare it America's most delicious ham! m r's Star Bacon is held in the same high esteem! pr ucts are only two of Armour's proud con- ns o America's mealtime pleasure.




**Finer-Flavored Sausage—Made Fresh Every Day!** To meet the increasing demand for fine sausage in America, Armour brought master sausage makers from many parts of Europe, gave them finer meats, finer equipment to work with. So, today, Armour's 150 varieties of sausage are unmatched for flavor! Scores of Armour's Sausage Kitchens are located all across America to bring you Star Sausages *fresh*—at their tasty best!




**Ready-to-Serve Meats—An Armour Contribution!** The prepared meats in tin and glass that are so popular with American women (millions of cans are sold every year)—were pioneered by Armour in 1878 with a small line of 5 meats. These developed into America's largest and most popular line of quality canned meats! And quality is the outstanding characteristic of Armour's Cloverbloom Butter, Eggs, Cheese and Poultry.

# Keep a date with summer - this winter!




## Make the trip on pocket mone/— in Super-Coach warmth and con for

THE *"take-your-vacation-in-winter"* movement is going great guns—and for such excellent reasons! *FIRST*—bitter-cold weather is something you *ought* to dodge, for even a few days—if you value your health and efficiency. *SECOND*—travel is now amazingly low in cost, although nearly all other prices have sky-rocketed (you skip winter fuel and clothing bills while in the South, too)! *THIRD*—Greyhound offers the convenient, comfortable way to reach southern sunshine, with more optional scenic routes to choose from (going one way, returning anoth— Express and Limited schedules—l er than any other kind of transporta n (ac one-third the cost of driving).

You can be in New York, Chicago eve Detroit, or Philadelphia today—ir orn on the Gulf Coast tomorrow! Cal rnia the great Southwest seem scarc fas away, so fascinating are the r unt deserts and Indian country travers en *Don't let Winter stand you up! Mak Summer in the South—and go*

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**This brings colorful literature on Souther Vaca**

Mail this coupon to GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICE at neare page—and we'll send bright informational folder—"Florida Tra gue fornia—All the West" ☐. Please check the one desired. If you gested routes for any particular trip, jot down place you'd like to v

Name _____

Address _____

...e story's appearance, two ...pened. (1) The War Depart... ...ounced a $10,000 allotment to ...living facilities at the fort. ...er arrived at Lawton with the ... article pasted on a sheet of ...ring this: "Isn't it too bad ... boys having to huddle in ...eep out the cold?" It was ... the guys at the tent city in ...ardson, Alaska.

...ORT LEWIS, Tacoma. Sign ...sted in the Officers' Club ...re: "The smashing of slot ...achines against the posts of ...ill not be tolerated. This is a ...constant expense due to dam... ...th the machine and to the ... Sounds as though the nickel-... ...on't pay off very well.

### TEXAS

...MP BOWIE, Brownwood. ...esh from maneuvers, 1,350 ...n and officers of the 36th Di... ...ion last month demonstrated ...arfare tactics before 30,000 ... the Dallas Cotton Bowl. The ...ts of the State Fair, asked ...r the show, but patrons bought ...: Defense Stamp for admit... ...al posts were covered with ... fifty-yard line with machine- ... the entire field with brush. ... show, the largest telephone ... ever seen in Dallas was set up ... pectators heard officers map ... and set their zero hour. Fir... ...Garands, machine guns and ...ieces lasted forty-five min... ...ing which time newspaper- ...chboards were clogged with ... worried natives six miles ...iting to know what was hap... ...What was happening was that ... was burning up $5,000 worth ..., selling the Army to civilians. ...ound.

...MP WOLTERS, Mineral ...ells. Doesn't pay to ask too ...ny questions. Pvt. A. S. Phil... ...s, Co. A, 61st Training Btn., ...t to wondering where he'd be ...following completion of his ...ning, so he asked his com... ...mander, who said, search me, ...o that effect. Undaunted, Pvt. ...rote to Commander in Chief ... Delano Roosevelt and got ...ter from Mr. Stephen Early ...him to consult his company ...er. Pvt. Phillips showed the ...ation to his company com... ...who consulted the mess ser... ...t. Phillips reported for K.P. ...one week. It worked out all ...gh. Our subject was recently ...d to 8th Army Corps head... ...at Brownwood, and no ques... ...d.

### MINNESOTA

...NELLING. Minnesota's only ...ine is on this reservation and ...d by a St. Paul printing press... ...bur Smithkins, and his wife, ...under contract and pay the ... per cent of their gross take. ...e is taken from the gravel be... ...argets on the fort's rifle range. ...od afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. ... sift out 300 pounds of bullets ...they get ten cents a pound.

### MISSOURI

...LEONARD WOOD, Rolla. ...anding the Negro section of ...neer Replacement Training ...Capt. Charles K. Kahn, who re... ... a rookie, spotting the officer's ...r bars on his shoulders, ad... ...m as "Double Lieutenant, sir."

### GEORGIA

2D ARMORED DIV.

FORT BENNING. This is a story of frustration, sort of. It concerns Pvt. Frederick W. Meuschke, who was drafted and assigned to the 82d Reconnaissance Btn. of the Second Armored Division. This outfit apparently took no notice of Pvt. Meuschke's extraordinary abilities, excellent experience and diligence to duty; each month the soldier hopefully scanned the list of new ratings and promotions and his name was not listed therein. Then suddenly, on October 13th, a new list was pinned up and on it was our man's name—Corporal Meuschke, at last. "Nice going, soldier!" cried his pals. Next day, October 14th to be exact, the corporal received a message from the Adjutant General's office. Boiled down, it advised Mr. Meuschke that, having reached the doddering age of twenty-eight plus, he was released from active service, effective immediately.

### FLORIDA

31ST DIV.

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. Introducing Pvt. Johnny McDowell, of the 167th Infantry. Not long ago Johnny went to the Station Hospital for an appendectomy, which was performed with a local anesthetic while the victim evinced profound interest in the proceedings. Everything came out all right, even though, as the operating surgeon sewed up the incision, Johnny piped up with: "Stitch me, Doctor, eight to the scar!"

43D DIV.

ANYONE within earshot can tab Pvt. Jack Pearow as a native of Memphis, Tenn., but instead of landing with the 30th or 31st Division this gent found himself a member of the 43d Military Police; so there he is, a lone Southerner surrounded by nearly 20,000 Yankees. He has already acquired a taste for maple syrup—pretty unusual—and on two occasions has been observed ordering pie and No'thun coffee, which means he can't return to Shelby County without special dispensation. But what gets the goats of restaurant waiters in Jacksonville and Starke is Pearow's popping in, all dolled up in New England Division insignia, and ordering grits, ham gravy, corn bread, turnip greens, collards, sorghum and black-eye peas. Lots of curious people ask him where he's from. "Memphis, Maine," he says.



GROENHOFF

**Forty miles of these new, five-line telephone poles can be put up daily by the 8th Provisional Signal Btn., Camp Bowie, Tex.**

### THE CAROLINAS

1ST ARMY

ADOWN in the desolate Carolina country of peach orchards, sand, pine, oak, and tobacco and cotton fields, the 1st Army is making soldiers out of men who not long ago were called Joe. Until a couple of weeks ago the 1st Division, the best trained and best equipped outfit in the country, was showing the 6th Army Corps how to get around in Frank Gervasi country. Within the next two weeks the whole 1st Army will clash with the 4th Army Corps and 350,000 soldiers will be milling around in the maneuver windup . . . Men in the 6th Corps have been trained both to swim and to ski. To put it in their own words: "What's cooking?" . . . The newest gadget unfolded for use in these maneuvers is sparkproof shoes, for the lads who handle gasoline and other flame-busting stuff. The shoes are made of fiber and nonsparking metal. . . . The Army put out an order that neither officers nor enlisted men could take their cars into the Carolinas, but at least one Massachusetts private got around that one. He bought himself an antiquated Ford and a white shirt, smeared the latter with oil and finds it no problem to go where he chooses. Army cars avoid his careenings with as much margin as possible. "Just another screwball Carolina cracker in a jaloppy," is their misjudgment.

AHHH—and now we really have something. It was invented by Pvt. Johnny Self, of MacDill Field's 37th Matériel Squadron, now based at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, for the duration of the present maneuvers. It's a soldier's watch, without numbers and without a minute hand. What Pvt. Self did was scrape off the numerals, substituting in their proper places such important daily events as Reveille, Chow, Roll Call, Recall, Retreat, Lights Out and Taps. Why didn't you think of that?

### GENERAL

LET'S try to straighten out the regional differences in the use of the word jeep. In the South, the little reconnaissance car is called a peep; the larger command car is called a jeep. Up North and out West the names are, respectively, jeep and goon. How about a vote on it?

SIGNIFICANT NOTE: The newest Army directory gives no information about military establishments outside the limits of the continental U. S.

"I DON'T know how many you got," writes Second Lieut. James L. Denig from the Marine Barracks at Quantico, Va., "but you should have got a flood of letters from hard-working Marines all over. (We did, but the guys were too mad to sign their names.) You stated in a caption for pictures of the Army practicing landings (Collier's, Oct. 11th) that for the first time in history of landing operations a bantam car, a 37-mm. antitank gun and a .30-caliber machine gun were put ashore. Maybe the Army is just getting around to it, but the Marines have been doing it for years. They've done it in the past for keeps and are ready today to do it for keeps. Weapons of the type you mention are piddling compared to our tanks, trucks, 105-mm. howitzers, 75-mm. pack howitzers and so on down the list. Please give the Marines their due."

SHUCKS—everybody knows the Marines have the situation well in hand.

G. W.


With 300 Gins to choose from:

**The Advantage is with Gordon's**




**BECAUSE...**

Gordon's has the Advantage of Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4

**and BECAUSE...**

Drinks Never Taste Thin With Gordon's Gin

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100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

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STALLING ALL CARS! CLEAN OUT RADIATORS WITH SANI-FLUSH BEFORE ADDING ANTI-FREEZE



A clogged radiator causes overheating. Wastes anti-freeze. Often causes expensive trouble. Don't take chances. Sani-Flush cleans out automobile radiators for 10c. (25c for the largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (*Directions on can.*) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

**Sani-Flush**

CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

**Proves Wonderful For Itching Skin**

To soothe itching, burning skin, apply medicated liquid ZEMO—a Doctor's formula backed by 30 years continuous success! For ringworm symptoms, eczema, athlete's foot or blemishes due to external cause, apply ZEMO freely. Soon the discomfort should disappear. Over 25,000,000 packages sold. One trial convinces. Only 35¢. Also 60¢ and $1.00.

→ **ZEMO**



**HERE'S HOW THOUSANDS OF EXPERTS FEED THEIR DOGS!**

Do as experts have done for over 75 years! Feed your dog foods that contain *wheat* for stamina, *meat* for energy, and are *crisp-baked* for the sake of teeth and digestion. You get this *complete* dog diet in Spratt's Meat-Fibrine Biscuit Foods. One pound is equal in feeding value to two pounds of lean meat. Ask for Spratt's FIBO (granulated), SPIX (bone-size), OVALS or ASSORTED BISCUITS. For better dog health, shift to Spratt's now!




**FREE** 50-page book on the Care and Feeding of Dogs. Write SPRATT'S, Newark, N. J., or San Francisco, Calif.

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ADDRESS

**SPRATT'S DOG BISCUIT FOODS**



Continued from page 17

no bitterness in them. Men of England stopped quarreling about war aims. They no longer discussed the peace. Out of the bombs there emerged a will to survive that was harnessed to the machines that produce the machines. Women learned how to use lathes and handle hammers. Britain went to work. The bombs hadn't distinguished between Mayfair and Lambeth and England was united.

They knew in England what they were up against. Ernest Bevin told them. Englishmen knew they were only 45,000,000 against 300,000,000. They knew that of their total population some 18,000,000 were able to fight and work and that in the enemy camp there were at least 182,000,000 who could man the war machines and the machines behind the planes and tanks and guns at the front. They knew in England that the huge reservoir of man power of India's 400,000,000 people was of little use in this war, for the men of India are not mechanics. They would have overwhelmed the Germans with Indian troops alone, in the old days, when numbers meant something. Now numbers mean little unless they are numbers of mechanics, engineers, transport experts, managers, organizers, chemists, toolmakers, diemakers, patternmakers, tinsmiths, electricians, for it's that kind of a war. Ernie told them. Ernie told them that Britain's army hasn't the highly developed mechanical aptitude of the German army. In a war between peasants and mechanics the mechanics will win. Perhaps elsewhere such inequalities might breed defeatism. There was none in the England to which I flew in a bomber in February, 1941.

### Seamen Must Eat

The Jerries bombed Liverpool the night we sailed. We moved down the Mersey and into the Irish Sea and for a few days we were convoyed and then we were on our own. We sailed on the ancient sclerotic Themistocles, once a crack packet of the Blue Funnel Line on the Cape run to Australia. Liverpudlians called her the Temmy Stocles and some unprintable things, but she was a good ship.

There was no rationing aboard. There's something exquisitely English about that. They wouldn't deprive men who risk their lives on the seas of the cheese and sugar and meat and eggs they do without in England. We had seven-course dinners all the way to Cape Town. For thirty-one days we ate menus such as you'd find at the Ritz. We landed in Cape Town with heavier waistlines. We even had butter. Margarine is the best they can manage even at the Savoy, in London. Raiders got the Britannia, which had sailed with us. They got her one night some twenty-five miles off our starboard bow and we were thankful that old Temmy Stocles was as slow as she was. Another quarter knot to our speed and the raiders would have got us, too. We'd have been alongside her.

We were in danger every one of the thirty-one days we sailed. We wished aboard ship that wars could be won with courage alone and with that uncomplaining forbearance of Englishmen. Aboard ship we learned that it is one thing to be an Englishman and an Australian and a Canadian or a New Zealander, and another to be a Briton, a Britisher. There's something vital about Englishmen and the others. They are men. But the Britisher is an idea. He represents a way of life that you—and Englishmen and the others—feel is passing. His flag is the old school tie. We were five hundred aboard the Themistocles. Some were Canadians and others Australians and New Zealanders. A few were British. In the smoke room and the lounge when they waved the old school tie and talked of "Empire" the Aussies and the Anzacs and the Canadians gave them the bird. The Englishmen smiled upon them wisely, patiently. By the time we'd reached Cape Town the old-school-tie gentlemen occupied one table in a corner of the smoke room and the rest of us left them strictly alone. They were an oldish, puzzled-looking lot and inspired sympathy.

If in Bermuda the war's mien had been complacent and in England composed and brave and earnest, in South Africa it was surly. In South Africa the war's visage was that of a man who had taken a step against his will. You encounter in the Union one of the weirdest anachronisms of the war. Here, as elsewhere in the Commonwealth of Nations, there are no rations. Here you sense, as in Bermuda, a remoteness from war that isn't merely physical and at the same time a vigor and realism that is English and Canadian and Australian. You find similarities between the South African way of life and the American. The Union is American in the polyglot character of its population. It's American in the neon-lighted and skyscrapered glamor of its big cities. You can get chocolate ice-cream sodas and hot dogs and lemon cokes. Here apothecaries are drugstores and goods trains are freights. And South African troops can't fight outside the continent of Africa.

Although South Africa entered the war by the slim approval of 51 votes to 47, the Union has raised a volunteer army of 150,000 from its 2,000,000 white population. It's one of the best armies in the war. It brought Italy's empire down around Mussolini's ears in a short, brilliant campaign. But prowar newspapers must barricade their offices to prevent isolationist Afrikander mobs from smashing the presses. Antiwar riots in Johannesburg and in Durban. Demands in t assurances from Great Brit the war and if possible du the Union be granted full in Down in South Africa the who still remember the Boer part of the British Empire. even the "Commonwealth tag which their own prime Christiaan Smuts, invente thered the League of Nati mandate system. In South speak of Smuts in the sa voice that Britons mention most Americans talk of F.

In Cape Town, which migl ing Middle Western city, cleaner than most, the city sound. Every day at noon the middle of a syllable at a cannon. Traffic lights tu ple halt whatever they're stand at attention. Over l come the notes of a bugle Post. There is two minute Then the traffic lights go blow whistles. Cars, truck pedestrians move. Life re

### Independence is Post

The ceremony is to remin cans that there is a war on. melodramatic and slightly e You can guess the proporti ventionists to isolationists the attitudes of the people Prowar citizens are rigidl Isolationists sneak puffs fro rettes and their very attitu

But Premier Smuts ass war effort of South Africa upswing. I interviewed hi entraining for Durban to c for Cairo. He is a gray litt a gray-white plowshare of intensely blue eyes. The q light in his eyes resembles in the eyes of Adolf Hitl know when you stand befor this is a good man. In the Hitler you are apprehens told me that the Union



**"Stop sulking, Alfred. My goodness, we had to stop playing post office sometime!"**

**THE WORLD'S FINEST ELECTRIC SHAVER.** *The success of the new "Foursome" shaver is due in no small part to the experience of Remington Rand in developing precision products. Here is another example of the engineering skill that created the printing calculator*  *and produced the world's first writing machine—the Remington Noiseless Typewriter.*  *It's the same famous organization that has eliminated error and guesswork by perfecting modern protected filing systems*  *and today is contributing to national defense through the manufacture of precision products*  *for the United States and British Governments.*

# REMINGTON RAND

The Remington "Foursome" Shaver—only electric shaver with FOUR cutting heads. Newest addition to the Remington line, used and recommended by 16,000 barbers.




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Insist on Glyco-Thymoline for gargling and spraying. Glyco-Thymoline is *gentle*, but effective, and helps to soothe and heal the delicate membranes of the nose and throat which are so often irritated by common colds and ordinary sore throats.

For fifty years many physicians and druggists have used and recommended Glyco-Thymoline for helping to relieve the discomforts of common colds and ordinary sore throats. Keep a bottle handy always . . . and use as directed.

GLYCO-THYMOLINE




TRY GLYCO-THYMOLINE AS A DAILY MOUTH WASH




"Pay attention to your work and you won't have to worry about what it's for!" FRANK OWEN

rapidly toward unity. He said the Union realized that it must submerge its fierce patriotism for independence temporarily to defeat Hitler. The South Africans, he said, realize increasingly that a German victory would mean indefinite postponement of South African independence. Two days later I was on the train for Durban.

Durban might be Miami. There are beaches and swank hotels and there is the midway atmosphere of a resort and that of the port. Like Miami, Durban is both. The journey to Durban might have been a journey across Texas. The great plain between Cape Town and Durban they call the karoo. Mesquite, sagebrush and yellow plains of tallish grass. Natives in bright blankets. Great range country and the white men might be Texans, tall and lean and hard. It is a journey of two days and three nights across the 900-odd miles of karoo. At Durban I boarded an Imperial Airways flying boat for Mozambique and Lake Victoria.

### Never Forget Kimberley

Often we flew low over herds of elephants. Twice we saw hippos awash in the mudbanks of jungle streams. But on the third day we went deep inland to pick up the tributaries of the Nile. The land below changed from green to brown and then to buff and we were flying over wretched desert country. From the observation deck of the plane, a raised runway on the ship's port side in the smoking compartment, we looked down and wondered that men should fight for the possession of that lifeless land.

Just north of Khartoum we flew over country so repugnant that an R.A.F. officer en route to a new post in Wadi Halfa nudged me, pointed down at the yellow wastes and said he thought it was bloody awful land. He said he thought the worst possible trick England could play on her enemy would be to give the whole bloody business to Germany, what? I reminded him of Kimberley and the Transvaal and the lush lands we'd seen around Victoria. Over where we flew Chinese Gordon had fought. Five days and four nights after our take-off from Durban we were in Cairo. The pyramids appeared small. The Sphinx was an indistinguishable lump. The whole suggested decadence rather than strength. But Cairo's gardens and boulevards were alive with trees that bore purple blossoms and the Nile was ageless and sinuous and strong. It was the backbone of a nation we saw.

Cairo, the capital of the battle of Africa, was shocking even after Cape Town. Cairo was a Hollywood movie of itself at war. Lights blazed at night. In restaurants you saw food returned to the kitchen because it was improperly cooked, food in heaps. Here diners fussed about the sauce in the *coq au vin*, the temperature of a bottle. It took nearly a month to bring into focus the blurred picture of old-line officers, gaiety, wine, women, laughter, Arabs in the nightshirts they call galabias, turbaned Indian officers, swashbuckling Aussies in broad-brimmed campaign hats, refugees in pith helmets and an atmosphere generally of a conglomeration of extras on location to shoot a superdooper of a war film. After a month you saw that it couldn't have been otherwise. England had cleared out the old-school-tie soldiers in the democratization of the British army and sent them all away where they'd do the least harm. Cairo, until the big shake-up that came later in the summer, got them all, from useless brigadiers to fuzzy-chinned "leftenants" whose only claim to a commission lay in their births or bank accounts. In this war to preserve democracy it was disturbing to see signs over the bars of the smart hotels such as Shepheard's or the Continental limiting patronage to officers. Then you remembered that even in our army corporals don't drink with captains and majors.

But up forward with the troops, you forgot Cairo. You forgot Cairo but you were reminded sharply of the lesson you'd learned in Bermuda that the British virtues don't include the ability to organize and an aptitude for mechanics.




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### Can't Blame Smythe

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of gas and one of oil. They
pty. Smythe had forgotten
He'd forgotten the shovel.
less in the desert if you're
sand without a shovel. He
what the four-foot studded
clamped atop the station
for. Buzz and I showed
slide the tracks under the

the red-bearded, red-haired,
nd affable staff captain who
duct me on my trip to the
entleness with Smythe was
ater, after a Bren gun car-
ged had tractored us out of
nd we were tooling along
sunset and the war, he ex-
zz was driving now. Smythe
d behind us on the long seat,
asleep.

"It's not his fault, really," Buzz droned. He was weary. "He isn't to blame. Six months ago Smythe was a baker's apprentice in Huddersfield. He drove a horse and wagon. He'd never driven a car or a truck. He wasn't quite up to the mark, physically, to enter one of the armed branches of the service, so they put him into the RASC. How he got to be a corporal, I don't know. Better education than most, most likely. He doesn't know a blasted thing about machinery. He had about six weeks in an auto shop learning mechanics, but I doubt if he could change a fouled plug. I'm afraid we've become a nation of brokers and shopkeepers. Smythe is the result.

"We certainly didn't have mechanics when the war came. We had a small class of craftsmen. They made our motors and airplanes. We weren't ready for war. I don't mean merely that we didn't have tanks, guns and planes. Heaven knows we didn't. What's more important, we didn't have engineers. You Americans are a nation of mechanics. So are the Germans. I'm afraid we aren't. At least, we weren't. . . ."

I thought of American boys who convert asthmatic jaloppies into racing cars, of kids who make gasoline motors and put them in real airplanes that fly. I thought of newsstands agleam with how-to-make-its. Buzz knew what he was talking about. In private life he was a machinery salesman in Manchester.

And yet, in the desert, you saw Tommies mount two-pounder guns on Chevrolet chassis. You saw them chase German tanks with these. And sometimes they'd win.

But in the desert, too, you saw roads that were permitted to rut and disintegrate under the pounding of trucks and tanks and heavy guns. Nothing was done to repair them. Tar in rust-splotched barrels lined the road for miles between Alex and Salum, as though somebody had intended to fix those roads so the war could run more smoothly but had run out of money or initiative. The roads tore the equipment to pieces. Good American trucks lasted from four to six months on those roads. The toll in springs, tires, axles, gears and bodies was terrific. And the supply lines stalled and men died up forward because ambulances reached them too late.

Back in Cairo you heard Jimmy Roosevelt tell how in Iraq the British diddled for days trying to span a small stream with sandbags. An American soldier suggested the river be bridged. It was and the column moved over it and onward to rebellious Bagdad. It just hadn't occurred to this particular




"his is mild. Sundays he brings his wife and two children!"

GEORGE PRICE





WHETHER you do your wood chopping out in the big open spaces or in the back yard, there's an old-reliable friend ready to help you relax — Goebel Beer. And what a beer!

There's a nationwide switch to Goebel. The increasing popularity of Michigan's *National* Beer simply means that a lot of people like its taste better. In all probability you, too, will switch to Goebel, once you try it.

**Better taste is important.** *Last year only one other brewery in America gained in sales as much as Goebel. Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit, Michigan.*




GOEBEL

MICHIGAN'S *National* BEER

RIGHT FROM THE CYPRESS CASKS OF GOEBEL

Goebel in regular 12-ounce bottles, cans and the original Bantam bottle

Pink ELEPHANTS last night?



When Your Rebellious Stomach is Sour, Sickish, or Upset—
don't aggravate the condition with overdoses of antacids or drastic physics or purges. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

In the PINK today?

PEPTO-BISMOL helps bring relief when the stomach is upset by overindulgence, change of diet, or improper combinations of food and drink...when there is distress from gas pains, nervous indigestion or simple diarrhea.

PEPTO-BISMOL is not an antacid and has no laxative action. It helps soothe the irritated intestinal walls as well as the stomach, and is decidedly pleasant to the taste.

In two sizes—at your druggist. Or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Norwich

Makers of Unguentine

PEPTO-BISMOL FOR UPSET STOMACH

*REG U S PAT OFF

unit to bridge the river, which would have saved three days time in relieving Bagdad and in three days Englishmen died.

By the time I left Cairo at the end of July General Auchinleck had arrived to take command of the Middle East and a new deal was dealt all around. The old-school-tie boys got down off the polished stools of the Ghezira Sporting Club and Continental Hotel bars and went to work. General Sir Archibald Wavell had had too much to contend with. The work he did was subdivided, with Auchinleck concerned only with military operations while Captain Oliver Lyttleton, Churchill's personal representative in the Middle East, took over supply and transport and political relations with Egypt and neighbor states.

India was a two-day flight from Cairo via Basra, at the head of the Persian Gulf. From Cairo to Karachi and thence to Simla was to move from reality to unreality again. India conveyed none of the glamor and romance of fiction and Kipling. At Lahore old Zam Zam stood, its wooden wheels bleached by the sun, its impressive bronze barrel green with the years. But Kim wasn't there. I couldn't find Kim anywhere in India; his spirit must have died long, long ago. Maybe I didn't have the eyes to see, but I couldn't find Kim and I felt cheated.

### India Wants Only Independence

I found instead of Kim and adventure a nation more concerned with itself than with victory over Germany, a-quiver with a subsurface struggle between Hindu and Moslem that the war had failed to still. India wanted independence and wanted it immediately. India's leaders told Britain that if Britain is fighting for democracy India wanted a down payment of democracy right away. Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs and Parsees argued about proportionate representation on the viceroy's national-defense council and expressed their disapproval of his selections of representatives from the warring groups with strikes and passive resistance. Mahatma Gandhi's movement, dedicated to nonviolence, was slightly bewildered in a highly violent world. The revolutionary Nehru still held that India, to emerge as a nation, must one day run with blood. He is a Hindu. The whole business irked the old-school-tie boys and the jails were full.

Otherwise life proceeded much as usual in India. Some people, in Bombay and Calcutta, were growing rich or richer by trading in jute and cotton and other commodities badly needed by the British. But the ladies continued their tea fights and all the white folks had plenty to eat and the war was something that was happening to somebody else. Only General Wavell seemed to take the war seriously. I saw him at tea in Simla. He had just arrived to take over his new job as commander in chief in India and had inspected the northwest frontier. He appeared tired and worried, although he expressed satisfaction at the state of the defense on the frontier. At the moment he was planning occupation of Iran with the Russians.

All of the civil servants and the ladies and gentlemen had moved, as they had done and their fathers and grandfathers and great grandfathers before them, from Bombay to Poona, or from Delhi and Lahore to Simla, to escape the heat. The rajas and maharajas went pigsticking and tiger-shooting and complained of the high cost of maintaining the state armies they contributed to the British defense. They didn't complain too loudly nor too openly. They rule so long as Britain rules. Once India attains independence their days of receiving in taxes their weight in gold are done.




"Try t'get a cab on a night like this. . . ."

From Calcutta it was an overnight hop by KLM airliner into Siam, where a pleasant little people wondered how long they would remain the Land of Muang Thai, or the Land of Free Men. They were over their heads in Jap tourists. A British minister drank his port and coddled his brandy and assured the Thais Britain would fight for Thailand if, if and if. At the same time he sought to interest the U.S.A. in that little country, to which Americans replied that it would be difficult indeed to interest citizens of Minnesota and Iowa and the Dakotas in a war to save Thailand. The war in Thailand wore a puzzled, childish little grin.

Nothing made sense in Singapore. Here was the finest British base in the Far East. But there wasn't a fleet anywhere in sight. We flew over surrounding waters and didn't see any ships, any warships, either. But, of course, in Singapore, they hinted mysteriously that the fleet was somewhere about. Maybe it was. We were eminently unconvinced. And of all the unconvincing characters we met in Singapore the funniest and the most exasperating was the local press-relations officer. For some twenty years he had been a magistrate—in the Fiji Islands. He was a naval reserve officer, a lieutenant commander, and was called to duty recently. As a former magistrate in the Fiji Islands he was, of course, extremely helpful to the foreign press. He didn't know one newspaper from another and the only press association he'd ever heard of was Reuter's. He knew what the BBC was but he'd never heard of CBS or NBC. He dedicated himself to the proposition that no one, absolutely no one, old boy, should find out one damned thing about Singapore. He was eminently successful.

But there were an Australian and an old friend from London named Norman Barrymaine who managed to slip us some information through the Fiji Islander's Maginot Line of silence. From them I learned that Singapore could handle the entire American Far Eastern fleet in the event of war with Japan, that steps had been taken to supply and revictual and refuel our ships in the base. They told me, too, that Singapore is defensively strong enough, now, to thwart any Jap attempt to invade and hold the Malay Peninsula which, if true, means India's flank is protected and that the Dutch East Indies as well as Australia and New Zealand won't find themselves immediately with the war on their doorstep—not without warning, at least.

I stepped on American first time in months when Pan American Clipper at Manila. I chewed gum, A I smoked American cigar hours after leaving Singap onto Manila Bay, and if yo the Philippines are somet and foreign and not akin your way of life, you've go Maybe if you come from A into Manila you'll feel strange land. But come the way around the world you'll feel differently. vitality there that's Ame get ice you can trust, f and water you can drink ing and when you go to you'll do so easy in know boy outside your door wo carve your throat. You easily in Cairo, Basra, cutta, Rangoon or Singa those citie there is hatre native and the white bos Manila.

### The American

Forty-one years under flag have done that. know that America has g schools in which they lea dom is a holy thing. Our them all about that inde want so vehemently. A that America taught them swamps and build roads tools. The Arab and the Malay can't fix flats. Bu repairs telemeters. I sa thousand of them unde American engineers are naval base out at Cavit chine shops gleam. Eve proper place. I saw Fi ing the temperamental n ten-thousand-dollar torp requires a high grade aptitude.

War efforts? In Mani you see and hear after t in Simla and the silenc Saws ripping through bo beating together barra boring rock, steam shove There are piles of spare bales of steel rope. Ther in long racks and shells in And there's a fleet the fleet! And there's aware ment in the American rh tle gray-eyed man they c Hart, Admiral Thomas you through thin, straig body's going to get tou cific without settling acc Admiral Hart—"with m

It gives you a lift, it

# The Silent War

Continued from page 15

of the Latin-American countries has been thrilling evidence of what international harmony can accomplish. Disruption of normal markets because of the war shocked the economic systems of the Latin-American countries so badly that in self-preservation they had to sell to whatever buyers presented themselves. Yet they are now making us preferred customers. As a result, we have gained immeasurably in the economic war, have actually won back some of the ground we lost by our slow start.

### Leaks That Must Be Plugged

Japan has been an extremely active and extensive buyer of South America's strategic materials during the past two years. As the United States and the British Empire embargoed a long list of key materials which Japan had been getting, she has turned increasingly to the one big trade area still open to her—Latin America. Her purchases of mica in Brazil jumped from 4 metric tons in 1937 to 624 in 1940, and her takings of quartz crystal more than doubled. She bought nearly twenty times more platinum from Colombia in 1940 than in 1938, more than three times as much lead from Mexico in the first four months of 1941 as she had bought there during the whole of 1939. And before our contract with Mexico, Japan was getting—at bonus prices—quantities of mercury, valuable in fulminates for detonating high explosives, in antifouling paint for ship bottoms, and other basic war purposes.

For Chilean and Peruvian copper, Bolivian and Argentine tungsten, Brazilian and Argentine mica, Brazilian industrial diamonds, Japanese agents have been on the spot eager to top our bids. Japan was buying not only for her own war needs but for Germany. Prior to the war Germany had been taking most of Peru's molybdenum. In 1940 Japan took it.

Although the British blockade has cut off practically all direct trade to Europe we know that critically needed Latin American materials have also been reaching Germany by the Italian airline —Lati—which flies from Brazil, and occasionally by German ships running the blockade. Quartz crystals, industrial diamonds, mica and platinum flown from South America to Italy and Germany have been invaluable to the Axis war effort. By the co-operative contracts with Latin America, many of the leaks have been plugged. But much still remains to be done, especially in preventing the less critical materials from reaching the Axis.

Our program of buying for defense must take into account other commodities which the Axis will buy if we or Britain do not. Not only metals, but lard, castor beans, cottonseed oil—fats and oils of which the Nazis have acute need—have gone from South America to Germany. It may be just as important for us to prevent these products from reaching Germany as it is to prevent her from getting copper.

Japanese purchases of Brazilian castor beans, the source of castor oil, an important lubricant for high-speed engines, rose from 344 metric tons in 1937 to 19,063 in 1940. Her purchases of oil-bearing seeds from Argentina jumped four-hundredfold between 1939 and 1940.

Any oil-yielding product is avidly seized upon by the Germans and immediately turned to use. Peanuts are being carried by plane from Vichy-controlled French West Africa to be pressed into peanut oil to fuel Diesel-motored engines. When we consider that a German submarine can operate for a year on 1,250 tons of peanut oil, we realize the aggressive purposes to which usually inoffensive commodities can be put.

A total effort to hasten the defeat of the Axis powers means plugging all the loopholes through which goods of any kind are reaching them.

Part of our job is to make sure that other free nations get the goods they need to keep their economies functioning. With other sources cut off, the Latin-American nations are especially dependent upon us for products necessary to maintain their economic stability at home, and to produce strategic

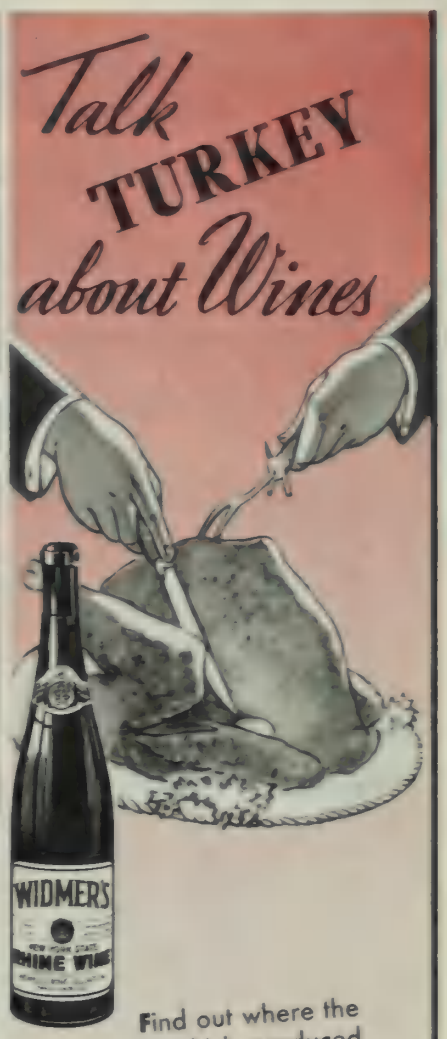


"Now, for heaven's sake, don't tell your granddad you lost the war games to those Northern boys!"

DAVE GERARD





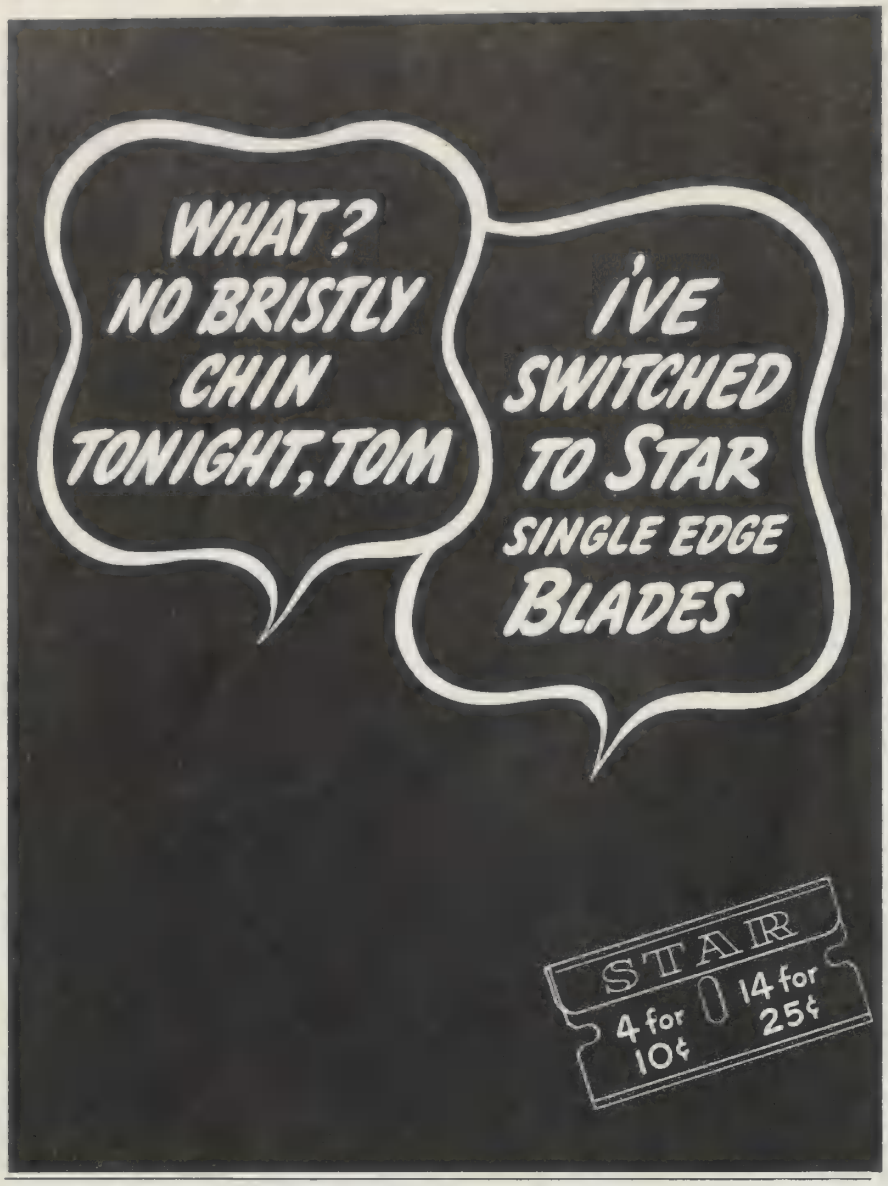


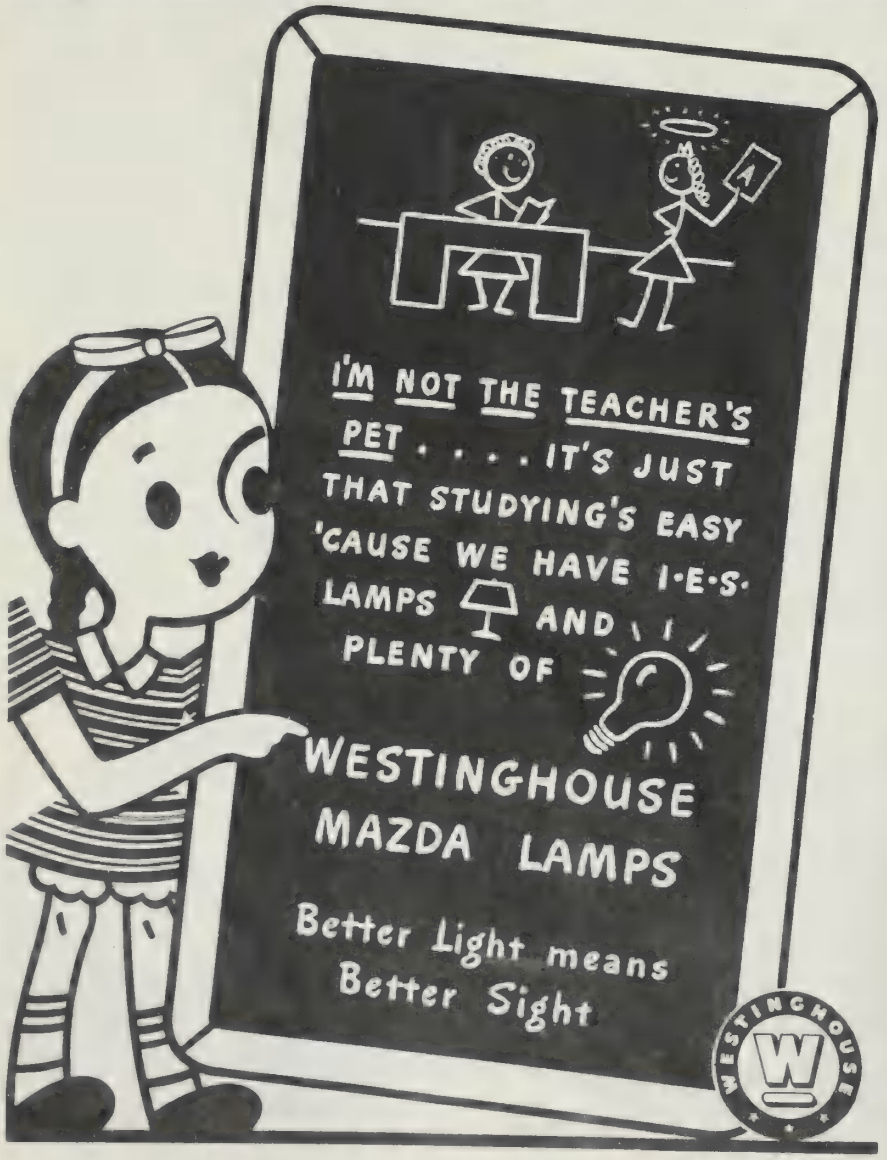

Find out where the grapes which produced them were grown. Investigate the vintner's reputation and skill; how leisurely his wines are developed. Travel the country and the world over. You'll find no more ideal spot than the Naples Valley . . . Lake Canandaigua District for cultivating wine grapes . . . no more exacting, skilled vintners than Widmer's. That's why for Thanksgiving or any other time, there's complete taste satisfaction in Widmer's.

Regardless of your selection Sweet Wines, Dry Wines, Sparkling Wines, Vermouths you will find Widmer's quality uniformly high

*Taste Satisfaction -anywhere - anytime*

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WINES & VERMOUTHS
FROM THE NAPLES VALLEY & LAKE CANANDAIGUA DISTRICT




materials for us. In the interests of hemisphere protection and development, we must supply them with as much as possible of the goods they need. This is vitally important if they are to supply us with all the raw materials we need.

We want to adopt the principle of the ever-normal granary which we have already successfully used in agriculture. That policy is now enabling us to convert our reserve stocks into an ever-normal food supply for ourselves and for the peoples resisting aggression. In the same way, we aim to build up an ever-normal stock pile of critically needed defense materials, to be used wherever they can be most effective.

### Unity in Economic War

In several ways a good beginning has been made. Our economic defense efforts have needed unified control and a central agency which could work out with Britain and other anti-Axis powers the best use of our combined economic resources. We have needed more singleness of policy within our own government. On July 30th the President established the Economic Defense Board to co-ordinate our international economic activities. Soon afterward, defense production at home was centered under the Supply, Priorities and Allocations Board. The chairmanship of both boards was given to the Vice-President of the United States. On September 15th the President combined the export licensing functions of the Department of State and the former Office of Export Control into one unit and placed them under the administrative direction of the chairman of the Economic Defense Board.

The first job assigned to both boards was to ascertain the maximum possible production of all strategic and critical materials in the United States and in other trade areas still open to us. Possession of this knowledge is fundamental to our entire defense effort. It is one of the ultimate measures of our total strength.

We have already discovered some extraordinary situations. In a Hoboken railroad yard, for example, we found lying in storage thousands of tons of aluminum, tin plate, iron and steel products originally destined, more than a year ago, for shipment to countries now dominated by the Axis. With shortages already apparent in copper, aluminum, tungsten, scrap iron and steel—all vital for defense—we need every ton of such materials anywhere in the country. Our government has the power to take over such stocks and it inten to e that power.

We know that there stances of valuable goods It is up to every America his part to see that all s are made available for de this emergency, when civi to sacrifice, when our y required to serve their co for little pay, we cannot to deprive us of what we they can make big profits who thus speculates with goods is gambling with freedom of all of us. Th Economic Defense Board to the immediate job—the economic power all ove hasten the defeat of the and to strengthen the eco of our friends. It has also the President to work out various departments an postwar economic reconst help find ways to establis prosperous international lationships.

In the Atlantic Charte nized that free peoples without free access on the world's materials. T lasting peace of free p that or without security dom from want. Certa learned by now that poverty and starvation nation can imperil the of other nations. It can how thoroughly that na defeated.

The action programs o Defense Board will be re if they not only utilize efforts for the accompli purposes, but at the sam road for postwar econom on a scale that will hel nomic collapse in our co America and elsewhere Such prosperity does not It did not come at the war. It has to be prepa It has to be started wh emergency is on. It has about through the fourso tion of all nations seek plish the same obje economic defense meas war economic reconstr separably linked. Wh determines to a large can do later.

The effective use of nomic power today will of the United States bot tunes.




"Okay, kids, now you're on your own"

## Terrible Terry

Continued from page 13

t[h]m decidedly on the uncom-
ar[r]ide, are tossed at the great
n[e]-great.

I bitsch, that's quite a pot
de loping—better roll on the
e ll for a while." Or, "Joan
: w[o]n't say which one, but both
. . ennett and Blondell . . . at-
; lalth center), those hips of
e[r]s to be getting out of whack.
on his table and we'll pound
ei[g] off you."

's arcely a star, male or fe-
H lywood today, who does not
n Terry Hunt's. *"Hunt for*
y" s a popular slogan in the
on And when a producer whis-
to player, it isn't a hint—it's
if [t]he player expects to remain
re

r 'anger, the United Artists
r, rmly believes that Terry
be iven screen credit for his
l [w]ork in conditioning movie
or he films. Recently Terry
ar of the physical well-being
co plete casts making pictures
te Artists. In every instance,
ur were completed without a
ill ss—and ahead of schedule!
re [t]he producers themselves im-
*W*[a]er Wanger, Jesse L. Lasky,
I Roy, Ernst Lubitsch, Ben
ill [i]nch sandbags, ride the sta-
b[a]e, and swap yarns in the
[p]o[o]l at Terry's.

be [c]n because Rudolph Valen-
s [p]oud of his physique and
to [k]eep it. The Sheik liked the
[r]ht who could stand up and
e inches hour after hour and
n. He liked him so well that
ur made Terry physical di-
[a] [d]er to keep their star happy.
Ru[d]y went to United Artists,
[w]er too. At these two studios,
[a]d friends of many front-rank
[s]ho have been his enthusiastic
t[h]ough the years.

C[o]per likes to box with Terry
o[t]hes being babied by him.

"Don't pull your punches," he tells Terry; but the studio warns, "Go easy during production, because a broken nose or a blackened eye is a serious obstacle in the middle of a picture."

"Once Coop caught me faking my punches," Terry grins, "and he raised the devil. He said a few uncomplimentary things and I got mad and let go a hard one. It caught him right in the eye! But the gods were kind—that night the film technicians called a strike and by the time it was over Gary's eye was back to normal."

The newer screen personalities are just as intimate with Terry as the older ones and he's right proud of his "babies" but permits no breaking of rigid training rules. That's why he visits the night clubs once or twice a week and sends his patients home where they belong. When Terry undertakes a job, he sees it through, and no highballs, French fried potatoes or midnight hours are going to interfere with his work. Moreover, he can train them up or down—whatever the script demands.

When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was preparing to make The Crowd Roars, Robert Taylor was assigned the stellar role of the brilliant young runner-up for top fistic honors; William Gargan awarded the part of the aging champion whom Taylor defeats for the crown. Now, as it happened, Taylor was underweight and didn't look like a ring monarch, while Gargan was so heavy, he didn't even give the appearance of an *aging* champion.

M-G-M sent for Terry. He took both men to his club, went to work on them. He put fifteen pounds on Taylor, tautened his muscles and entire frame, brought him right into the pink, so that he looked every inch a champion. He took a like amount of weight off Gargan, working especially on the rubber tire around his midsection, to reveal the nice, clean, fighting frame that Bill naturally possesses. Terry is particularly proud of his work with Gargan. After



**[I]t's[o] dangle from my nose like a trunk. I'm going as an elephant"**

BARBARA SHERMUND


# PINS OPPONENT IN 16 SECONDS!

**—but couldn't down the "bite zone" in his pipe!**




## 5 Different Tobaccos Cut 5 Different Ways—

**means no "bite-zone" with Revelation!**

**Perique** (champagne of tobaccos) + **Burley** (cool burning) + **Carolina** (adds sparkle) + **Virginia** (rich flavor) + **Latakia** (spicily aromatic)



**Ordinary mixture:** Particles of tobacco, all cut same way, mat down—retain heat—often cause soggy heel.



**Revelation:** Five different cuts pack perfectly . . . porous, so your pipe "breathes"—burns more evenly, coolly.

15¢ POCKET TIN

YOU'LL *never* go back to your old pipe tobacco . . . once you've tasted *this* sweet, cool flavor that lasts right down to the bottom of your pipe!

FIVE finer tobaccos — a real, balanced BLEND — make REVELATION spicily rich, extra mild, *gloriously different!* Each individual tobacco supplies its own special flavor and aroma. Each is cut its own special way to make ALL FIVE *blend* best, *burn* best, *taste* best!

Try a tin of REVELATION and see for yourself: no straight or near-straight "mixture" can *touch* it for downright *smoking comfort* and *enjoyment!*

# REVELATION
PIPE MIXTURE

*A Product of PHILIP MORRIS*

# Smart Idea helps Co-ed make big party hit



**1 BETTY:** Oh, what *will* I do! I want my party to be something very special! But here it is 6 o'clock — and the appetizers haven't come.

**HETTY:** No need to fret — if there's a package of Shredded Ralston in the pantry!



**2 BETTY:** Shredded Ralston, why it's our favorite breakfast cereal. But what has it to do with appetizers?

**HETTY:** First we'll melt ½ cup of butter in a pan. Then add a package of Shredded Ralston, 1½ teaspoons salt... heat and stir. And we'll be ready with the grandest appetizers ever!

**3 BETTY:** Everybody's "oh"-ing and "ah"-ing over those Shredded Ralston appetizers you suggested! Will you help me fill the dishes again?

**HETTY:** Bighearted — that's the word for me! Let you "wow" the boys with *my* suggestion! But come on, I want some more myself!





For appetizers that are different, dainty, delicious, try Shredded Ralston prepared according to the recipe above. For *better breakfasts* — switch to Shredded Ralston tomorrow! No other cereal like it! Nourishing whole wheat... ready-to-eat... in a convenient "bite size" form... with a flavor so refreshingly new! Money back if it doesn't make an instant hit with your family!

*It's Bite Size*

**No Muss... No Crumbling**




## The Cereal Millions Eat Because They Like It!


## ERNEST HAYCOX

**America's finest storyteller tells the lusty tale of the wicl . . est town in our history. Virginia City was famous fo s gold, its loves, its harsh law which demanded a life for a . It's a story you won't forget. . . .**

## ALDER GULCH

**BEGINS IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIE S**

thinning down to proper weight, adding vitality, verve, and "oomph" to his personality, he became a star in pictures like Cheers for Miss Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Turp Call On the President, and other vehicles.

It is a truism that most of the mature stars in pictures look at least ten years younger than their actual age. The reason for this is that they keep their waistlines slim, their shoulders straight, and their hips normal. It is Terry's specialty to aid them in achieving this ideal appearance.

Terry is just as popular with the ladies as he is with the men. Many of filmdom's most glittering "names" are faithful daily attendants at his popular health emporium.

"Five years or so ago," Terry explains, "if a star was genuinely well-established, there was no need for her to worry about a little weight. When the time drew near, her director would say to her, 'You'd better lose about ten pounds, hon, we're starting the picture in three weeks.' Whereupon the star would drag out her favorite diet and drop the unwanted poundage.

### It's Good for Spirit, Too

"But competition for choice film roles is infinitely more keen nowadays. When word leaks out that a studio has purchased a popular story, there's a mad scramble to try out for the plum part. Tests are likely to start at any time, and there is no extended period allowed for convenient conditioning. If an actress is to win, she must be ready at a moment's notice. If she isn't—well, it's just too bad."

Terry not only trims down figures, he trims up spirits. Patricia Morison, as the most promising of Paramount's Golden Circle players, started off with a bang and then started slipping. The whispering campaign started. *Patricia was too fat.* Pat was a little overweight, but more than that, she had lost her fighting spirit. Terry took her in hand and put her through her paces. She lost a few pounds and picked up a lot of spunk.

Conditioning star mothers is a specialty with Terry. Irene Hervey, Margaret Sullavan, Norma Shearer, Mary Astor, Virginia Bruce, Anne Shirley, Lily Damita, all have found new figures and new faith at Terry's.

"During their period of retirement from the screen, they pamper themselves so that when they attempt to return to work they are timid," Terry explains. "They have to learn to take it all over again.

"To a degree, you've got to have a bedside manner in this business," Terry admits. "Stars are emotional, temperamental, overimaginative and hypersensitive. While most of them are quite egotistical where their w cerned, they resent being star in a place like mine pleasant, casual camarad fawning or extravagant con other words, they want t feel like ordinary human b of something ultrapreciou in a velvet setting.

"Gary Cooper is hap cause he is allowed to out, exchange a few wi leave without anyone ta him. Fredric March, Wil Johnny Weissmuller, S Cesar Romero—all share They are comparative vet weathered the early stor tion and praise, and like to are just good fellows wh have become successful that is no different from a

Living off the fat of doesn't impress Terry v don't see them in the sa do," he explains. "For i Marlene Dietrich works o ing simple slacks or shorts and has her luxurious hai her head in the simple doesn't look particularl She's just another woman lem and I treat the proble the star.

"As a matter of fact," "I first met Marlene in manner and worked with of times without ever se tied up. One night, I we I was called over and in ravishing creature—slim, tocratic, clad in a sheat crimson flame and just dr The young goddess was chatted with me intimat it was not until she me thing that happened at t realized, with a start, tha Marlene Dietrich that I h ing out all this time. I kn silly, but there was abso nection, visually, betwee taking vision before me slacks who worked out ir so my mind simply di them."

If Terry has any favor "babies," he isn't admitti all lovely," he grins, "a different. Each has beer a different model and it's that each model fits its mold. Artists have be years to find the perfect all the others might be is no such thing. Whe been trimmed down to and proportion and trai buoyancy, it *is* a perfect ter into which mold it fa time, you can't call it what the tape measure s

## Murder in Retrospect

Continued from page 25

s[ ], *we all know what hap-*
Y[ou] speak without reflection.
ep[ending] version of certain facts is
es[sentia]rily the true one. On the
it, [fo]r instance, you, Mr. Blake,
C[aro]roline Crale. That is the
d [ver]rsion of your attitude. But
wi[th] the least flair for psychology
ce[ive] at once that the exact op-
as[ser]he truth. You were always
y [at]ttracted toward Caroline
Y[ou] resented the fact, and tried
he[lp] by steadfastly telling your-
de[ny] cts and reiterating your dis-

he same way, Mr. Meredith
ha[d] a tradition of devotion to
e C[ra]ale lasting over many years.
or of the tragedy he represents
as [pre]esenting Amyas Crale's con-
*hi* account, but you have only
ca fully between the lines and
s[ee] that the devotion of a life-
d [wo]rn itself thin and that it was
in[to] beautiful Elsa Greer that
up[on] ng *his* mind and thoughts."

E[lsa] as a splutter from Meredith,
[M]ad Dittisham smiled.
t [wen]nt on:
"n these matters only as il-
on[ly] though they have their bear-
wh[ere] happened. And I learned
ct[ly]

"*a no time did Caroline Crale*
he[r] *nnocence* (except in that one
rit[e] n to her daughter).
"C[a]roline Crale showed no fear
do[ing]; that she showed, in fact,
an interest; that she adopted
ou[t] a thoroughly defeatist atti-
'h[e] in prison she was quiet and
T[he]at in a letter she wrote to her
im[me]diately after the verdict she
ed[uce]erself as acquiescent in the
it [ha]ad overtaken her. And in
ni[ne] of everyone I talked to
ne[arly] notable exception) *Caroline*
a*guilty*."

[Bl]ake nodded his head. "Of
he[r] vas!"

[He]Poirot said:

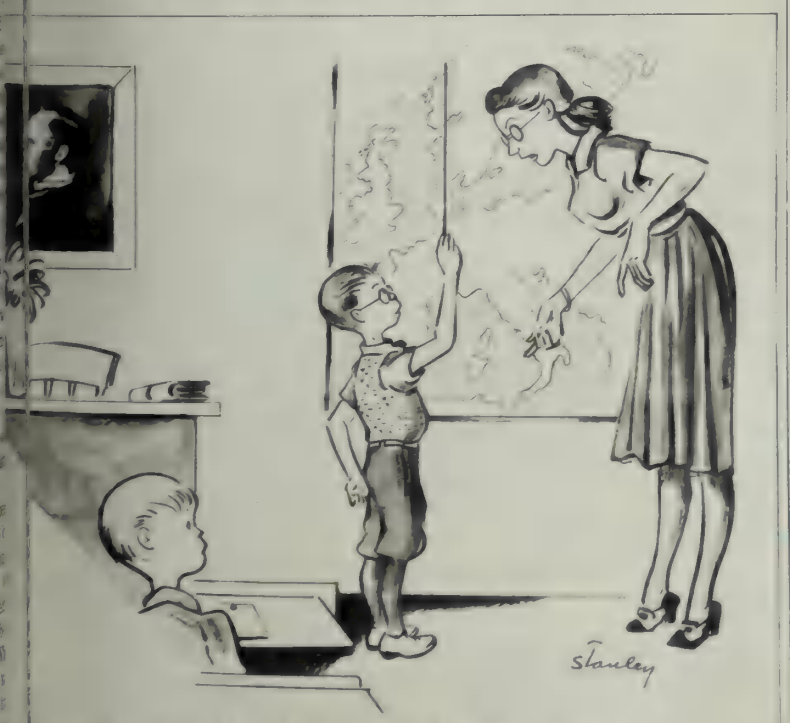
"It as not my part to accept the
o*others*. I had to examine
er[y] for *myself*. To examine the
ho[w] to satisfy myself that the
op[en] of the case accorded itself with them. To do this I went over the police files carefully and I also succeeded in getting the five people who were on the spot to write me out their own accounts of the tragedy. These accounts were very valuable, for they contained certain matter which the police files could not give me—that is to say: A, certain conversations and incidents which, from the police point of view, were not relevant; B, the opinions of the people themselves as to what Caroline Crale was thinking and feeling (not admissible legally as evidence); C, certain facts which had been deliberately withheld from the police.

"I was in a position now to judge the case for *myself*. There seems no doubt whatever that Caroline Crale had ample motive for the crime. She loved her husband, he had publicly admitted that he was about to leave her for another woman, and by her own admission she was a jealous woman.

"To come from motives to means—an empty scent bottle that had contained coniine was found in her bureau drawer. There were no fingerprints upon it but hers. When asked about it by the police she admitted taking it from this room we are in now. The coniine bottle here also had her fingerprints upon it. I questioned Mr. Meredith Blake as to the order in which the people left this room on that day, for it seemed to me hardly conceivable that *anyone* should be able to help himself to the poison while five people were in the room.

"The people left the room in this order: Elsa Greer, Meredith Blake, Angela Warren and Philip Blake, Amyas Crale, and lastly Caroline Crale. Moreover, Mr. Meredith Blake had his back to the room while he was waiting for Mrs. Crale to come out, so that it was impossible for him to see what she was doing. She had, that is to say, the opportunity. I am therefore satisfied that she did take the coniine. There is indirect confirmation of it.

"Mr. Meredith Blake said to me the other day: 'I can remember standing here and smelling the jasmine through the open window.' But the month was September, and the jasmine creeper outside that window would have fin-




**"If you could be less exact, and a little more vague, I could give you a higher mark!"** GENE STANLEY


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# How to tell when the Honeymoon is over



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**BUT WHAT'S THIS?** He's a "Bulbsnatcher" . . . sneaking the 100 watt bulb out of your I.E.S. reading lamp to put in his own. Watch out sister, the honeymoon's on the wane!



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ished flowering. It is the ordinary jasmine which blooms in June and July. But the scent bottle found in her room and which contained the dregs of coniine had originally contained jasmine scent. I take it as certain, then, that Mrs. Crale decided to steal the coniine, and surreptitiously emptied out the scent from a bottle she had in her bag.

"I tested that a second time the other day when I asked Mr. Blake to shut his eyes and try and remember the order of leaving the room. A whiff of jasmine scent stimulated his memory immediately. We are all more influenced by smell than we know.

"So we come to the morning of the fatal day. So far the facts are not in dispute. Miss Greer's sudden revealing of the fact that she and Mr. Crale contemplate marriage, Amyas Crale's confirmation of that, and Caroline Crale's deep distress. None of these things depend on the evidence of one witness only.

"On the following morning there is a scene between husband and wife in the library. The first thing that is overheard is Caroline Crale saying, 'You and your women!' in a bitter voice and finally going on to say, 'Some day I'll kill you.' Philip Blake overheard this from the hall. And Miss Greer overheard it from the terrace outside.

"She then heard Mr. Crale ask his wife to be reasonable. And she heard Mrs. Crale say, 'Sooner than let you go to that girl—I'll kill you.' Soon after this, Amyas comes out and brusquely tells Elsa Greer to come down and pose for him. She gets a pull-over and accompanies him.

"There is nothing so far that seems psychologically incorrect. Everyone has behaved as he or she might be expected to behave. But we come now to something that *is* incongruous.

"Meredith Blake discovers his loss, telephones his brother. They meet down at the landing stage and they come up past the Battery Garden, where Caroline Crale is having a discussion with her husband on the subject of Angela's going to school. Now, that does strike me as very odd. Husband and wife have a terrific scene, ending in a distinct threat on Caroline's part, and yet, twenty minutes or so later, she goes down and starts a trivial domestic argument."

POIROT turned to Meredith Blake: "You speak in your narrative of certain words you overheard Crale say. These were: 'It's all settled—I'll see to her packing.' That is right?"

Meredith Blake said, "It was something like that—yes."

Poirot turned to Philip Blake. "Is your recollection the same?"

The latter frowned. "I didn't remember it till you say so, but I do remember now. Something *was* said about packing!"

"Said by Mr. Crale—not Mrs. Crale?"

"Amyas said it. All I heard Caroline say was something about its being very hard on the girl. Anyway, what does all this matter? We all know Angela was off to school in a day or two."

Poirot said: "You do not see the force of my objection. Why should *Amyas Crale* pack for the girl? It is absurd, that! There was Mrs. Crale, there was Miss Williams, there was a housemaid. It is a woman's job to pack—not a man's."

"What does it matter?" Philip Blake said impatiently. "It has nothing to do with the crime."

"You think not? For me, it was the first point that struck me as suggestive. And it is immediately followed by another. Mrs. Crale, a desperate woman, brokenhearted, who has threatened her husband a short while before and who is certainly contemplating either suicide or murder, now offer amicable manner to bring down some iced beer."

Meredith Blake said sl isn't odd if she was conten der. Then, surely, it is j *would* do. Dissimulate!"

"You think so? She h poison her husband; she h the poison. Her husband k of beer down in the Bat Surely, if she has any inte she will put the poison in bottles at a moment whe one about."

MEREDITH BLAKE ob couldn't have done body else might have dru

"Yes, Elsa Greer. Do that having made up her der her husband, Caroline have scruples against ki too?

"But let us not argue th us confine ourselves to f Crale says she will send down some iced beer. Sh the house, fetches a bottle servatory, where it was ke it down to him. She pou gives it to him. Amyas C off and says, 'Everything t day.'

"Mrs. Crale goes up house. She has lunch and as usual. It has been sai she looks a little worrie cupied. That does not hel is no criterion of behavio derer. There are calm m excited murderers.

"After lunch she goes d the Battery. She discover dead, and does, shall we s ously expected things. emotion and she sends the telephone for a doctor. V to a fact which has previo known." He looked at M "You do not object?"

Miss Williams was rath said, "I did not pledge yo

Quietly, but with telling recounted what the gover

Elsa Dittisham moved She stared at the drab lit the big chair. She said "You actually saw her do

Philip Blake sprang u settles it!" he shouted. " once and for all."

Hercule Poirot looked He said, "Not necessarily

Angela Warren said sh believe it." There was a glint in the glance she sh governess.

Meredith Blake was mustache, his face dism Miss Williams remained She sat very upright an spot of color in each cheek

She said, "That is what

Poirot said slowly, course, only your word fo

"There is only my wor indomitable gray eyes m not accustomed, M. Poi my word doubted."

Hercule Poirot bowed said: "I do not doubt yo Williams. What you s exactly as you say it dic of what you saw I realize Crale was not guilty—c sibly be guilty."

For the first time, that faced young man, John H He said, "I'd be interested you say that, M. Poirot."

Poirot turned to him.

"Certainly. I will tel did Miss Williams see? line Crale very carefully wiping off fingerprints an imposing her dead hus

n the beer bottle. On the beer
nark. But the coniine was in
s—not in the bottle. The police
o traces of coniine in the bottle.
ad never been any coniine in the
*And Caroline Crale didn't know*

who is supposed to have
l her husband, didn't know *how*
een poisoned. She thought the
vas in the bottle."
lith objected, "But why—"
interrupted him in a flash:
*hy?* Why did Caroline Crale
desperately to establish the
f suicide. The answer is—must
e simple. Because she knew
poisoned him and she was will-
o anything—endure anything—
an let that person be suspected.
e is not far to go now. Who
at person be? Would she have
Philip Blake? Or Meredith?
Greer? Or Cecilia Williams?
e is only one person whom she
willing to protect at all costs."
used.
Warren, if you have brought
ster's last letter with you, I
ke to read it aloud."
a Warren said, "No."
Miss Warren—"
a got up. Her voice rang out,
steel: "I realize very well what
suggesting. You are saying—
not?—that I killed Amyas Crale
my sister knew it. I deny that
n utterly."
said, "The letter . . ."
letter was meant for my eyes

looked to where the two
t people in the room stood to-

Lemarchant said, "Please, Aunt
won't you do as M. Poirot

a Warren said bitterly: "Really,
Have you no sense of decency?
your mother—you—"
s voice rang out clear and fierce:
e was my mother. That's why
ight to ask you. I'm speaking
*I want* that letter read."
y Angela Warren took out the
om her bag and handed it to
She said bitterly, "I wish I
er shown it to you."
ng away from them she stood
out of the window.
ercule Poirot read aloud Caro-

line Crale's last letter, the shadows were deepening in the corners of the room. Carla had a sudden feeling of someone in the room, gathering shape, listening, breathing, waiting. She thought: "*She's* here—my mother's here. Caroline—Caroline Crale is *here* in this room!"

Hercule Poirot's voice ceased. He said:

"You will all agree, I think, that that is a very remarkable letter. A beautiful letter, too, but certainly remarkable. For there is one striking omission in it—it contains no protestation of innocence."

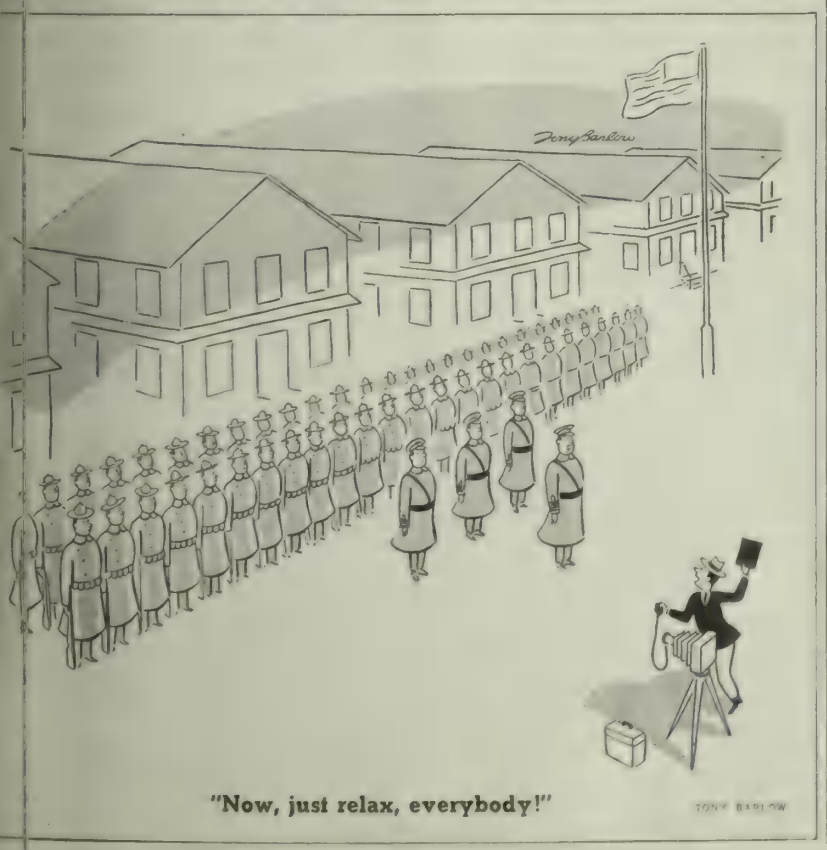
Angela Warren said without turning her head, "That was unnecessary."

"Yes, Miss Warren, it was unnecessary. Caroline Crale had no need to tell her sister that she was innocent, because she thought her sister knew that fact already—knew it for the best of all reasons. All Caroline Crale was concerned about was to comfort and reassure and to avert the possibility of a confession from Angela. She reiterates again and again—'*It's all right, darling; it's all, all right.*'"

ANGELA WARREN said: "Can't you understand? She wanted me to be happy, that is all."

"Yes, she wanted you to be happy, that is abundantly clear. It is her one preoccupation. She has a child, but it is not that child of whom she is thinking—that is to come later. No, it is her sister who occupies her mind to the exclusion of everything else. Her sister must be reassured, must be encouraged to live her life, to be happy and successful. And so that the burden of acceptance may not be too great, Caroline includes that one very significant phrase: '*One must pay one's debts.*'

"That one phrase explains everything. It refers explicitly to the burden that Caroline has carried for so many years, ever since, in a fit of uncontrolled adolescent rage, she hurled a paperweight at her baby sister and injured that sister for life. Now, at last, she has the opportunity to pay the debt she owes. And if it is any consolation, I will say to you all that I earnestly believe that in the payment of that debt Caroline Crale did achieve a peace and serenity greater than any she had ever known. Because of her belief that she was paying that debt, the ordeal of trial and condemnation could not touch her. It is a strange




"Now, just relax, everybody!"


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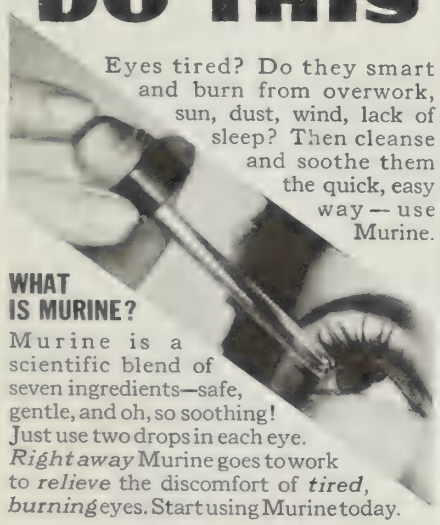
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thing to say of a condemned murderess —but she had everything to make her happy. Yes, more than you imagine, as I will show you presently.

"See how, by this explanation, everything falls into its place where Caroline's own reactions are concerned. Look at the series of events from her point of view. To begin with, on the preceding evening, an event occurs which reminds her forcibly of her own undisciplined girlhood. Angela throws a *paperweight* at Amyas Crale. That, remember, is what she herself did many years ago. Angela shouts out that she wishes Amyas was dead.

"Then, on the next morning, Caroline comes into the little conservatory and finds Angela tampering with the beer. Remember Miss Williams' words: 'Angela was there. She looked guilty. . . .' Guilty of playing truant was what Miss Williams meant; but to Caroline, Angela's guilty face, as she was caught unawares, would have a different meaning. Remember that on at least one occasion before Angela had put things in Amyas' drink. It was an idea which might readily occur to her.

"Caroline takes the bottle *that Angela gives her* and goes down with it to the Battery. And there she pours it out and gives it to Amyas, and he makes a face as he tosses it off and utters those significant words: 'Everything tastes foul today.'

"Caroline has no suspicions then, but after lunch she goes down to the Battery and finds her husband dead—and she has no doubts at all but that he has been poisoned. *She* has not done it. Who, then, has? And the whole thing comes over her with a rush: Angela's threats, Angela's face stooping over the beer and caught unawares—guilty—guilty—guilty. Why has the child done it? As a revenge on Amyas, perhaps not meaning to kill, just to make him ill or sick? Or has she done it for her, Caroline's, sake? Has she realized and resented Amyas' desertion of her sister.

"Caroline remembers—oh, so well—her own undisciplined violent emotions at Angela's age. And only one thought springs to her mind: How can she protect Angela? Angela handled that bottle —Angela's fingerprints will be on it. She quickly wipes it and polishes it. If only everybody can be got to believe it is suicide. If Amyas' fingerprints are the only ones found. She tries to fit his dead fingers round the bottle—working desperately, listening for someone to come. . . .

"Once take that assumption as true and everything from then on fits in. Her anxiety about Angela all along, her insistence on getting her away, keeping her out of touch with what was going on. Her fear of Angela's being questioned unduly by the police. Finally her overwhelming anxiety to get Angela out of England before the trial comes on. Because she is always terrified that Angela might break down and confess."

SLOWLY, Angela Warren swung around. Her eyes, hard and contemptuous, ranged over the faces turned toward her.

She said: "You're blind fools—all of you. Don't you know that if I had done it I *would* have confessed? I'd never have let Caroline suffer for what I'd done. Never!"

"But you did tamper with the beer," Poirot said.

"I? Tamper with the beer?"

Poirot turned to Meredith Blake. "Listen, monsieur. In your account here of what happened you describe having heard sounds in this room, which is below your bedroom, on the morning of the crime."

Blake nodded. "But it was only a cat."

"How do you know it was a cat?"

"I—I can't remember. But it was a cat. I am quite sure it was a cat. The window was open just wide enough for a cat to get through."

"But it was not fixed in that position. The sash moves freely. It could have been pushed up and a human being could have got in and out."

"Yes, but I know it was a cat."

"You did not *see* a cat?"

Blake said perplexedly and slowly, "No, I did not see it—" He paused, frowning. "And yet I know."

"I will tell you *why* you know presently. In the meantime I put this point to you: Someone could have come up to the house that morning, have got into your laboratory, taken something from the shelf and gone again without your seeing him or her. Now, if that someone had come over from Alderbury it could not have been Philip Blake, nor Elsa Greer, nor Amyas Crale, nor Caroline Crale. We know quite well what all those four were doing. That leaves Angela Warren and Miss Williams.

"Miss Williams was over here—you actually met her as you went out. She told you then that she was looking for Angela. Angela had gone bathing early, but Miss Williams did not see her in the water, nor anywhere on the rocks. She could swim across to this side easily—in fact, she did so later in the morning when she was bathing with Philip Blake. I suggest that she swam across here, came up to the house, got in through the window and took something from the shelf."

ANGELA WARREN said, "I did nothing of the kind—not at least—"

"Ah!" Poirot gave a yelp of triumph. "*You have remembered.* You told me —did you not?—that to play a malicious joke on Amyas Crale you pinched some of what you called 'the cat stuff'—that is how you put it—"

Meredith Blake said sharply, "Valerian! Of course."

"Exactly. *That* is what made you sure in your mind that it was a cat who had been in the room. Your nose is very sensitive. You smelled the faint, unpleasant odor of valerian without knowing, perhaps, that you did so, but it suggested to your subconscious mind 'cat'. Cats love valerian and will go anywhere for it. Valerian is particularly nasty to taste, and it was your account of it the day before which made mischievous Miss Angela plan to put some in her brother-in-law's beer, which she knew he always tossed down his throat in a draught."

Angela Warren said wonderingly: "Was it really that day? I remember taking it perfectly—yes, and I remember putting it in the beer and Caroline coming in and nearly catching me! Of course I remember. . . . But I've never connected it with that particular day."

"Of course not, because there was no connection *in your mind.* The two events were entirely dissimilar to you. One was on a par with other mischievous pranks, the other was a bombshell of tragedy arriving without warning and succeeding in banishing all lesser incidents from your mind. But me, I noticed when you spoke of it that you said, 'I pinched, etc., etc., *to put* it in Amyas' drink.' You did not say you had actually *done* so."

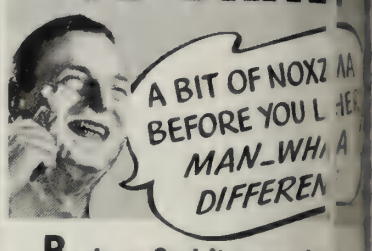
"No, because I never did. Caroline came in just when I was unscrewing the bottle. Oh!" It was a cry. "And Caroline thought—she thought it was *me!*"

She stopped. She looked around. She said quietly in her usual cool tones, "I suppose you all think so too."

She paused and then said, "*I didn't kill Amyas.* Not as the result of a malicious joke nor in any other way. If I had I would never have kept silence."

Miss Williams said sharply, "Of

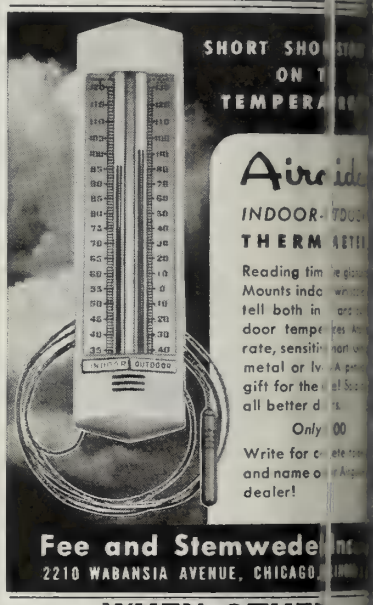

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u wouldn't, my dear." She Hercule Poirot. "Nobody but uld think so."

ot a fool," Poirot said mildly, not think so. *I know quite killed Amyas Crale.*"

ed.

is always a danger of accept- as proved which are really the kind. Let us take the at Alderbury. A very old Two women and one man. taken it for granted that ale proposed to leave his wife ier woman. But I suggest to *hat he never intended to do of the kind.*

l had infatuations for women hey obsessed him while they t they were soon over. The had fallen in love with were omen of a certain experience not expect too much of him. me the woman did. She was ee, a woman at all. She was in Caroline Crale's words, she ly sincere. . . . She may have l-boiled and sophisticated in t in love she was frighteningly ded. *Because* she herself had d overmastering passion for ale she assumed that he had for her. She assumed with- uestion that their passion was She assumed without asking e was going to leave his wife. hy, you will say, did Amyas undeceive her? And my an- the picture. He wanted to icture.

ne people that sounds incred- not to anybody who knows sts. And we have already ac- at explanation in principle. versation between Crale and Blake is more intelligible le is embarrassed—pats Blake k, assures him optimistically thing is going to pan out all Amyas Crale, you see, every- imple. He is painting picntly encumbered by what he as a couple of jealous, neuwnen, but neither of them is be allowed to interfere with im is the most important thing

were to tell Elsa the truth it be all up with the picture. n the first flush of his feelings e did talk of leaving Caro- do say these things when they e. Perhaps he merely let it be as he is letting it be assumed doesn't care what Elsa as- Let her think what she likes. to keep her quiet for another vo.

he will tell her the truth—that tween them are over. He has en a man to be troubled with

d, I think, make an effort not to oiled with Elsa to begin with. ed her what kind of man he she would not take warning. d on to her fate. And to a man like Crale, women were fair game. If you had asked him, he would have said easily that Elsa was young—she'd soon get over it. That was the way Amyas Crale's mind worked.

"His wife was actually the only person he cared about at all. He wasn't worrying much about her. She only had to put up with things for a few days longer. He was furious with Elsa for blurting out things to Caroline, but he still optimistically thought it would be 'all right.' Caroline would forgive him as she had done so often before, and Elsa—Elsa would just have to 'lump it.' So simple are the problems of life to a man like Amyas Crale.

"BUT I think that that last evening he became really worried. About Caroline, not about Elsa. Perhaps he went to her room and she refused to speak to him. At any rate, after a restless night he took her aside after breakfast and blurted out the truth. He had been infatuated with Elsa, but it was all over. Once he'd finished the picture he'd never see her again.

"And it was in answer to that that Caroline Crale cried out indignantly, 'You and your women!' That phrase, you see, put Elsa in a class with others —those others who had gone their way. And she added indignantly, 'Some day I'll kill you.'

"She was angry, revolted by his callousness and by his cruelty to the girl. When Philip Blake saw her in the hall and heard her murmur to herself, 'It's too cruel!' it was of Elsa she was thinking.

"As for Crale, he came out of the library, found Elsa with Philip Blake and brusquely ordered her down to go on with the sitting. What he did not know was that Elsa Greer had been sitting just outside the library window and had overheard everything. And the account she gave later of that conversation was not the true one. There is only her word for it, remember.

"Imagine the shock it must have been to her to hear the truth, brutally spoken!

"On the previous afternoon Meredith Blake has told us that while he was waiting for Caroline to leave this room he was standing in the doorway with his back to the room. He was talking to Elsa Greer. That means that she would have been *facing* him and that *she* could see exactly what Caroline was doing over his shoulder—and that she *was the only person who could do so.*

"She saw Caroline take that poison. She said nothing, but she remembered it as she sat outside the library window.

"When Amyas Crale came out she made the excuse of wanting a pull-over and went up to Caroline Crale's room to look for that poison. Women know where other women are likely to hide things. She found it and, being careful not to obliterate any fingerprints or to leave her own, she drew off the fluid into a fountain-pen filler.

"Then she came down again and went off with Crale to the Battery Garden. And presently, no doubt, she poured



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him out some beer and he tossed it down in his usual way.

"Meanwhile, Caroline Crale was seriously disturbed. When she saw Elsa come up to the house (this time really to fetch a pull-over), Caroline slipped quickly down to the Battery Garden and tackled her husband. What he is doing is shameful! She won't stand for it! It's unbelievably cruel and hard on the girl! Amyas, irritable at being interrupted, says it's all settled—when the picture is done he'll send the girl packing! *'It's all settled—I'll send her packing, I tell you!'*

"AND then they hear the footsteps of the two Blakes, and Caroline comes out and, slightly embarrassed, murmurs something about Angela and school and having a lot to do, and by a natural association of ideas the two men judge the conversation they have overheard refers to *Angela* and 'I'll send her packing' becomes 'I'll see to her packing.'

"And Elsa, pull-over in hand, comes down the path, cool and smiling, and takes up the pose once more.

"She has counted, no doubt, upon Caroline's being suspected and the coniine bottle being found in her room. But Caroline now plays into her hands completely. She brings down some iced beer and pours it out for her husband.

"Amyas tosses it off, makes a face and says, 'Everything tastes foul today.'

"Do you not see how significant that remark is? *Everything tastes* foul? Then there has been something else *before* that beer that has tasted unpleasant and the taste of which is *still in his mouth.* And one other point: Philip Blake speaks of Crale's staggering a little and wonders 'if he has been drinking.' But that slight stagger was the *first sign of the coniine working,* and that means *that it had already been administered to him some time before Caroline brought him the iced bottle of beer.*

"And so Elsa Greer sat on the gray wall and posed and, since she must keep him from suspecting until it was too late, she talked to Amyas Crale brightly and naturally. Presently she saw Meredith on the bench above and waved her hand to him and acted her part even more thoroughly for his behalf.

"And Amyas Crale, a man who detested illness and refused to give in to it, painted doggedly on till his limbs failed and his speech thickened, and he sprawled there on that bench, helpless, but with his mind still clear.

"The bell sounded from the house and Meredith left the bench to come down to the Battery. I think in that brief moment Elsa left her place and ran across to the table and dropped the last few drops of the poison into the beer glass that held that last innocent drink. (She got rid of the dropper on the path up to the house, crushing it to powder.) Then she met Meredith in the doorway.

"There is a glare there coming in out of the shadows. Meredith did not see very clearly—only his friend sprawled in a familiar position and saw his eyes turn from the picture in what he described as a malevolent glare.

"How much did Amyas know or guess? How much his conscious mind knew we cannot tell, but his hand and his eye were faithful."

*Hercule Poirot gestured toward the picture on the wall.*

"I should have known when I first saw that picture. For it is a very remarkable picture. It is the picture of a murderess painted by her victim—it is the picture of a girl watching her lover die. . . ."

IN THE silence that followed—a horrified, appalled silence—the sunset slowly flickered away, the last gleam left the window where it had rested on the dark head and pale woman sitting there.

Elsa Dittisham moved She said: "Take them awa Leave me with M. Poirot."

She sat there motionles door shut behind them. Th "You are very clever, aren'

Poirot did not answer.

She said, "What do you to do? Confess?"

He shook his head.

"Because I shall do not kind!" Elsa said. "And I nothing. But what we sa gether, does not matter. I only your word against mi

"Exactly."

"I want to know what yo to do."

Hercule Poirot said. " everything I can to induce ties to grant a posthumous to Caroline Crale."

Elsa laughed. "How a said. "To be given a free something you didn't do." said, "What about me?"

"I shall lay my conclus the necessary people. If there is the possibility of n case against you, then they will tell you in my opinion sufficient evidence—there ferences, not facts. Moreov not be anxious to proceed one in your position unl ample justification for suc

"I shouldn't care," Elsa were standing in the dock, my life, there might be some —something alive—excitin enjoy it."

"Your husband would no

"Do you think I care in th my husband would feel?"

"No, I do not. I do nc have ever in your life carec any other person would f had, you might be happier.'

SHE said sharply, "Why a for me?"

"Because, my child, y much to learn."

"What have I got to lea

"All the grown-up em sympathy, understanding. things you know—have e are love and hate."

Elsa said:

"I saw Caroline take th thought she meant to kill h would have simplified thing the next morning, I found c her that he didn't care a b me—he *had* cared, but it Once he'd finished the pictu me packing. She'd nothi about, he said.

"And she—was sorry for you understand what that c found the stuff and I gave I sat there watching him die felt so alive, so exultant power. I watched him die. . . ."

She flung out her hands.

"I didn't understand that *myself*—not him. Afterwa caught in a trap—and that either. I couldn't hurt he care—she escaped from it time she wasn't there. She both escaped—they went where I couldn't get at the didn't die. *I* died."

Elsa Dittisham got up across to the door. She s died. . . ."

In the hall she passed tw ple whose life together wa ning.

The chauffeur held oper the car. Lady Dittisham g chauffeur wrapped the fur her knees.

THE END

# Mighty Mites

Continued from page 45

N sons make changes, often t ders from the bench, to suit icu r situation in a game. Dr. l aces no restrictions on his de nsive play—few restrictions ir ensive maneuvers.

an t dictate to the kids the de- th will employ any more than I cta to the opposition what sort ns they'll use against us," said om coach. "I just want them to p d rage and poise and football an they'll take care of anything me up in a game."

N sons, with their one-man ng aff, are far more impressive, ive , than many a college outfit d a big staff of specialists. bo , who've grown up together ug over footballs since infancy, e s many angry hornets when the tio has the ball.

94 it was not until the final of ovember that any opponent ple o puncture the Home's 38- ine much less score against the s. And the team played one of igh st schedules possible.

### E ry Man on His Own

M sons were pioneers in new- d ensive patterns, and they're d th introducing the four and an tups to the Southwest. Hard- ng or a schoolboy footballer to is efense. Perhaps the Masons' ou ed cunning on defense gives le idly conditioned but under- d ome squad lots of its margin ie gger schools.

ve eard high-school backs yell e ffensive patterns of opposing fo he benefit of crouching lines- Tl Masons never go in for this th g. Each man analyzes things ise. The Home athletes like to ne own defenses called out. For, th 're likely to be sitting in a r s-man line with the full inten- p ying a seven.

sel places a thick accent on pl ," with his defenders fanning he enemy backs out of bounds t gin. The Masons' basic offen- rm tion is single wingback with ing back. "But this may resolve jil n different formations," as a ed scout said last winter, after ng he Home line up in a different io every down.

sel gives his scholars about o ensive plays, very steep for oo .

sel has been labeled a hard task- b cause, frequently, he scrim- t boys fiercely a day or so an important game. But the lads o ve it, and the Home has never se ous injury sustained in prac- Th boys always start out in Sep- r the Interscholastic League's on ioned footballers. Because av no reserves, they must remain H me athlete who fails to get in is disgrace.

the Home practice field there is d, locking dummy or any other ni contrivance. Russell goes itt group work. He figures these squad scrimmages, sometimes on ed down to "six-man ball" be- of ck of boys, are the best prep- a f a game.

ve rgets! Real situations!" cries ct . "What I want to do is put it gether and see how it works." se is starting his fifteenth year ich and high-school principal at on . During this period his foot- ar have won 130 games, lost 27, and tied six. Rusty is a tall, bespectacled fellow whom you'd probably mistake for a college professor.

Russell has worn the same brown suit to games for the last half dozen or so seasons. The suit fits Rusty a little close in spots, which may have prompted the remark of a Dallas fan that the Mason coach "looks country as a coon."

Russell appears slight in his clothes. He is considerably thinner than when he played end in spectacular fashion for Howard Payne College during the years immediately before and after the World War.

Rusty was a junior when the United States entered the war in 1917. He enlisted promptly and served with the 90th Division in France. At the battle of St. Mihiel, Rusty's outfit was under a gas barrage for two days. The gangling, redheaded boy spent the last months of the war in a French hospital. After being discharged from the Army, Russell got a job with an oil-well supply company in the west Texas oil fields. It looked as if he were through with football. But after a year under the Texas sun his lungs had healed. He returned to Howard Payne and played enough end to earn a place on the all-conference team.

Opposing coaches complain that the Masons have an immense psychological advantage. It's hard to work up a mad against the polite Home kids. Every one of the boys is a perfect sport. A Mason picks you up—after he has knocked your fillings loose.

The Masons earned their "Mighty Mites" title back in '38 when they were a tempestuous gang of welterweight lateralists. Since then some critics argue that they've become too uniformly husky for such a nickname.

In '38 Dallas Highland Park had its best football team. But the Masons, outweighed fifteen pounds to the man and with only a couple of reserves, whipped the Highlanders twice, once in an early-season practice game and again in a December championship thriller before 25,000, with Moses on the bench howling like a coyote in pokeberry time.

Around 120,000 fans saw the Mighty Mites that year. They tossed forward passes and multilaterals through the baffled ranks of bigger foes and went to the state semifinals.

### They're Off Again

From '29 until the final game of the '33 season the Masons went unbeaten by a high-school team (they dropped one decision, 6-7, to a junior-college squad). In '31, the school, while going unbeaten and winning a regional Class B championship, scored 425 points. In '32, the Masons were admitted to Class AA division of the Interscholastic League. They went to the state finals, where they played a scoreless tie with Corsicana on a snow-covered field.

After '32, the Masons never managed to reach the state finals again. They were braked somewhere along the line by tough squads from Lubbock and Amarillo, and, on two occasions, by Dallas teams. The Home's other district titles came in '34, '35, '38, '39 and last season. And as this is written they have won their first six games this season.

Team physician for the Masons is Dr. E. P. Hall, a stern-faced, warm-hearted old fellow, who has been sitting on Home football benches and caring for Home athletes since the season of 1900.

Somewhat grumpy around the kids, Doc Hall praises them lavishly when





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they're not in earshot. Once someone remarked to Doc Hall that "most of the Mason footballers looked enough alike to be brothers."

"Well," replied Doc, "they don't look alike no more than any other bunch of boys. It's true that we've got a lot of cotton-headed kids and they're usually pretty well sun-tanned. But they don't look especially alike. They've just got such similar and pleasing ways that you get them mixed up."

Doc Hall has the happy memory of hundreds and hundreds of boys back through the forty-one years. But he seems able to remember almost any of them you can mention.

Doc Hall hopes to make it fifty years on the Mason bench. "If I ever retire, they can have all of my pr my work at the Home. I stay with those kids until I

During the summer, and in the winter, the Masons Home farm. They chop we mowers and cultivators and and milk cows. They stay as the crust on a home-bak

After an afternoon game ago the Masons left the fiel lop.

"What's the matter with running after a hard game asked Trainer Moses.

"Aw, them po' ol' little c plied Moses. "You know, has got to go home and m cows betweens them."

## Fighting Wings for Norway

Continued from page 53

The boys escaping from Norway began to come. One group of young aviators in Norway rowed out to four Heinkel bombing seaplanes as they rode at anchor in ■ fjord, clambered aboard and took off while the Nazi pilots drank coffee ashore. They flew to the Shetland Islands, sailing down amid the screaming of British sirens and guns ready to burst into action.

Major Reistad told of three boys:

"They calked up a leaky old sailboat, really an impossible boat. They struck out into the North Sea. There were bad storms. Three times the boat —how do you say it, the sail in the water?—capsized, ya. It had ■ heavy iron keel and righted itself, but three times they were thrown far out in the sea. They had tied themselves to the boat with ropes and pulled themselves back hand-over-hand."

Two boys, with six dollars, bought a leaky old rowboat and some bread. They calked the seams. Rowing at night and sleeping by day in fjords, finally striking out to sea, guided by a pocket compass, they reached the tiny Shetland Islands, an amazing feat of navigation.

Twenty fliers are from Norwegian whalers in the Antarctic. Whole ships' crews have volunteered and been turned down, because Norway cannot afford to weaken her merchant marine. It is now her sole support. The money it makes pays the entire expenses of the Norwegian government-in-exile, of the Norwegian navy and of the air force in Canada.

That is why Major Reistad and other exiled leaders carry Norway's future. Will Norway have anything left after the war? Her merchant fleet is the only source of wealth, the only nucleus she can build on. From 60 to 70 per cent of it is under British charter and sailing continuously through the danger zone, and Churchill has said that it has done more for Britain "than a million well-equipped soldiers."

But the merchant fleet is continuously being sunk, and ■ thousand sailors have been killed. And the frightening thing to the Norwegians is that they have no place to rebuild ships, as Britain and the United States have. The goose that lays the golden eggs is shrinking.

With protective sternness, Major Reistad told of the exhaustion of the Norwegian sailors, exiled wanderers who can never see home. You can feel at once his affection and concern for every sailor and all his own men. He does not drink or smoke. He is a formidable athlete, having won the 1928 Olympic ski-jumping championship; and he has Norwegian national championships in running, broad and high jumping, javelin and discus throwing and swimming.

When I left he said:

"Tell the American-No help us. We looked to th did not do much. They cal 'Sons of Norway' and tal Viking spirit. But you car be a son when you see Nor and being wiped out, and

Then Lieutenant G. ca me Little Norway; he was young man with an absent

"Oh, I forgot. The parac ish thing we must do eve must hurry."

At Little Norway they co barracks and line up, perh sand of them. The naval in blue. The captain giv orders and then calls thro phone names that sound li apolis telephone book: "J Olson . . . Eklund . . ."

Lieutenant G. shows m one building on two pedes mentary airplane cabins, sl and turning. In these ar neophyte pilots. They are l flying.

In the barracks the d bunks have a wide space b with a desk and writing pap and pictures. Good wool a friendly homelike air, as body cared for them.

Lieutenant G. asked: "H other barracks?"

"No."

"Well, then you may not these are better than most.

In the hospital all the be except two. "Thank heav ant G. murmured absentl aviation training is danger

"It's yust colds," says the smile.

### How Pilots Are M

We took the ferry to th port and went to the roof tower. There are long ro Fairchild trainers, and b swift American Curtiss fig

In learning to be pilots gians take their training in First with low-horsepow trainers, here on the isla at their airfield in northern intermediary training they with Canadian and Britis the third step, they come b Norway to learn dive-b fighting in high-powered p

They also train complete (it takes seven men on th each plane that goes aloft Reistad explained, the Nor would have been welcome in the R.A.F., but then N have no air force after the

In the hangar on the Is

were getting their daily
Lieutenant G., perhaps think-
Norway's meager equipment
Germans came—of the anti-
ckers and the airport made
, of the bombs contrived out
tins filled with dynamite—
h offhand pride at the new
pair shops on wheels, which
ucks, go fifty miles an hour,
up a complete airport, radio
irs, everything.
the mechanics with their
htful faces, I said:
se they all read Ibsen every

not seem to think this is a
was intended.
t Peer Gynt the other day. I
usted at people here for not
me things in Peer Gynt."
me a letter to officers at the
orthern Ontario and at Vesle
he recreation camp. To reach
es 140 miles north, then ten
a deep forest, and suddenly
clearing and a lake, shining
the northern twilight. There
large log buildings, zebra-
h mortar between the logs.
n, in the wild, chilly evening,
in khaki shorts are playing

S. and his wife are in charge.
ne to bed. The boys are in
room by the fire. Sergeant
nd blond, tears open the let-
ieutenant G., goes behind his
unter and leans on it. It
k there. He talks, gently
rward now and then by a

n Canada eleven years, a car-
nberyack, worked with horses.
look at it is this: My old
in Norway and she is such a
voman and has done so much
all her kids and everybody in
town of Drammen. She was
hool board, and when they
mething done in that town,
ple's home or anything, they
r. And she talked straight to
set to work and had so much
goodness in her and common
did what she said. Well, my
guess there is one thing in the
wants and that is to free Nor-
my life is worth anything—it
thing I can do for her."

### Everyone Wants to Help

to enlist in the air force, but
stad said he was too old. "So
b as a carpenter working on
cks at Little Norway. Then
said to the major: 'There is no
paying me union wages when
k for thirty dollars a month.'
et me enlist. I never like the
the idea of it—and I got a
house and my wife. But it
ter, ve all yust got to help and
you can think about. When
omes—well I got to be there."
others, he said nothing harsh
Nazis, did not mention the
man" even, but rather avoided
when he said, "I got to be
u knew what he meant. There
ation in the back of the neck
one's hair were trying to
end.
ght at a lodge in the wilder-
e fashionable Toronto people
Canadian girls talked about
egian fliers:
are just wonderful and the
fliers are sore because the
ke the Norwegians."
do they?"
se they are so nice and serious.
derful fliers. And reckless.
endell Willkie was in Toronto,
egians flew over the parade
n at two hundred feet. There were locked fenders and smashed radiators for a mile. Now they make them stay up 2,500 feet."

In fact so many Canadian girls have married Norwegian fliers that Major Reistad has had to issue a public warning:

"I wish to ask the Canadian women to think the matter well over before they marry a Norwegian . . . When we return to Norway we go to a country on the verge of ruin, where the Germans have taken everything . . . The standard of living will be so reduced that one must be a Norwegian to stand the strain . . . The Canadian women are used to an abundance here and may repent their decision bitterly. On the other hand, of course, such great love may exist."

This last sentence, of course, no army officer in the world except a Norwegian could possibly have uttered.

### At the Top of the Class

The last evening, I spent with Lieutenant X.—a slight young man with blue eyes in his thin, tanned face and a salient nose. He was shot down twice in Norway.

In the dining room of the hotel, he hastened to pull out my chair. "As we say, 'Please excuse my Norwegian manners,'" he said, and explained (what I knew already) that in Norway women are so accepted as friendly equals that men forget to jump around for them much.

He told me how Major Reistad, when he leaves his lodgings in the morning to go to the office headquarters three or four miles away, runs instead of walking. "The policemen wonder, 'Is it a fire?' People in cars ask him if he wants a ride. They would all be surprised if they knew he was the Commander of the Royal Norwegian Air Force and just must get some exercise. He is the kind of man who has so much energy you have to put big stones on his chest to make him sleep."

He tells of the Norwegian fliers in their intermediary school, where they are trained with Canadian and British fliers. "In grading one class, the five best were Norwegians."

He says gently: "I would not think we deserved anything, if Norway had not been generous to other countries. She gave fifty-three million Kronen to Finland. That is about ten dollars apiece. Then Nansen's work repatriating prisoners after the last war—that was the greatest humanitarian work of a whole century.

"The boys get thirty dollars a month, but many give fifteen of that to buy new planes for Norway."

Then it was after midnight and I had to start driving for Minnesota.

"How far is it?"

"A thousand miles."

"Oh, my . . . How fast do you go?"

"Sometimes about seventy miles an hour."

He looked almost shocked at the thought, this young man with his Odyssey of wild sky-catapulting, tempest-piercing danger, with all these months of anguish and patience.

At home in peaceful Minnesota you hardly ever see a soldier or even a policeman. But everybody is pretty blue about the draft. "You lose out on a whole college year." "Say that a guy has got a little business started—it's the most important year of his life."

It is nobody's fault—the difference in feeling between exiled Norwegians and Americans who have never been exiled. Human beings lack imagination. We are all heroes when our own children are suffering. But only a Shelley or a St. Francis or a Nansen can feel generous heroism, can act and help, when the suffering is very far away.




"So you operate a COMPTOMETER? Lucky you!"

"I guess the Comptometer is like home — you don't appreciate either one until you get away from it!

"For instance, when I was operating a Comptometer, I didn't realize what a wonderful device that Controlled-Key safeguard really is. Just think — every time I 'fumbled' a key stroke, or didn't depress the key fully, the keyboard locked! And it didn't take more than a split second to correct the faulty stroke and go right ahead with the calculation!

"But now I'm working with another machine — and it doesn't have any such *operator-protection*, because the Controlled-Key is exclusive with Comptometer. So now I make more errors . . . and, of course, the Boss doesn't blame the machine. *He blames me!*

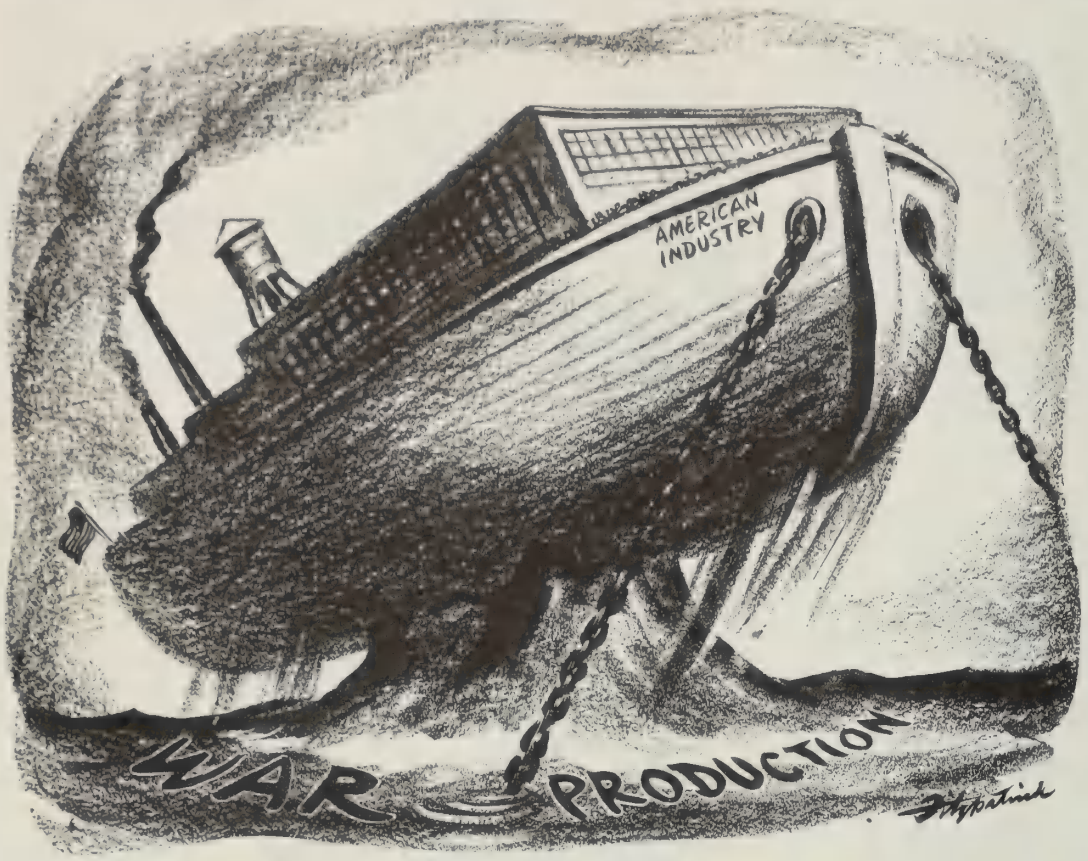
"And not only do I have to 'take the rap' for this other machine, but it's harder on my eyes and nerves! It doesn't have Comptometer's no-glare 'windows' on the answer dials. It doesn't have the Comptometer's feather-light, silent key stroke, and loads of other Comptometer features that protect the operator!

"So the next time the Boss blames *me* for an operating error that the Controlled-Key would have prevented, or complains about my taking too much time on a figure-work job, I'm going to tell him to go read a Comptometer advertisement!

"Especially that part where it says: *Telephone your local Comptometer Co. man for an on-your-work demonstration . . . or write direct to Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co., 1714 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.*"

**COLLIER'S**

WILLIAM L. CHENERY — Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH — Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK — Editorial Director




## Business and the Peace

WE SECOND the motion framed in these words by President Charles E. Wilson of General Electric in our colleague, The American Magazine:

I propose that we hold a Congress of this American Free Enterprise System, to be convened late this fall or winter. This would be a sort of a constitutional convention to draw up new, self-imposed rules for industrial and commercial progress, acceptable to the majority of our people.

The Congress should include representatives of industry, of agriculture, of the labor unions, of finance and commerce.

The general purpose would be to build a reservoir of distribution, and employment; and to make plans for releasing this reservoir, in increasing volume, when and as military expenditure falls off.

Mr. Wilson is thinking of the end of the war, whenever it comes, and the sudden slump expected then. He frankly fears that, unless private free enterprise in the democracies can somehow keep enough wheels turning through the slump, government will step in and take over the job. That will mean state socialism, which is another name for the totalitarianism which the democracies are now fighting.

We think this congress had better be held; and that it should be no halfhearted affair engineered by platitude peddlers and attended chiefly by stuffed shirts. The postwar period promises to put free enterprise to its supreme test, especially in the United States.

The potential lifesaver for American free enterprise may be found in this proposed industrial congress. At least it had better be given a tryout—unless American free enterprise, as some suspect, is supinely asking for the deathblow which its enemies are anxious to hand it. Nobody is going to fight for it unless it shows signs of fighting for itself.

## Common Sense about Russia

FOR all the myriad words printed and spoken up to now about American and British obligations toward Russia in the fight against Hitler, we think Winston Churchill's remarks of last June 22d, the day Hitler attacked Russia, are still the most sensible.

What Churchill said was that the Hitler onslaught had changed none of the Communist leopard's spots, but that an ally is an ally, and that Churchill intended to help his new ally as best he could. And that seems to us the long and the short of it.

By surprising all the topflight experts, including Hitler himself, with the magnitude of its armaments and the strength of its resistance, Russia gave Britain and its friends a priceless snatch of time to strengthen their own defenses, step up production, and pile up offensive weapons. Russia deserves Allied gratitude for that; and in any case where Allied shipments to Russia will help the general Allied cause those shipments should be sent.

But why all these efforts to pretend that Russia is something which we know it is not? Russia is not a democracy. Under the Reds as under the Czars, Russia is a cruel despotism.

Why kid ourselves otherwise? The western Allies in the other war didn't make believe that Czarist Russia was a democracy. They accepted what help the Czar's slaves could give them, and were thankful.

Efforts to camouflage Russia do the Allied cause more harm than good, we believe. They arouse widespread scorn for such hypocrisy; and they give a new lease on life to the domestic Reds and fellow travelers, the most dangerous camarilla in this country.

Stalin is on our side because e h
It's much nicer to have him or ur
it would be to have him ag ut
it is foolish to pretend that h
he is not.

## Discount that Snub

A FRIEND of ours was sobbi
der the other day about wh he
the snootiness of a friend of bot of

"I pass him on the street thre or
a week," was the complaint, "a
the time he doesn't speak. Jus ee
through me—and believe m I
through with him."

We wish we could handle a lo
easily as we were privileged to
one. We happened to know t the
question was (a) nearsighted, a (b
think intensively about his rat
job both in and out of the of
further (c) not the kind of ch wh
snub anybody intentionally. e
these facts to our wounded con ant
friendship missed coming unhoo d.

But in this nation of 130,000,( pe
many friendships do you sup e co
hooked per week because of u ces
cleared-up misunderstandings?

## FCC Backs Wa

WE'RE pleased to record t the
Communications Commi on
treated a little from the big ta it
ing a while ago about chai g
radio to the FCC's chariot whe

The FCC was going to forc he
Broadcasting Company to give p
two networks, hands down. No the
decided to suspend this rulin
and to give NBC six months' not
is ever revived. The FCC also as
its licensing period for radio sta ons
year to two years.

All this is fine—and a direc
big radio companies' decision t
fight. The press, very sensibly
radio in the fight. The newspa
zines also will have to show cou e
to be free.

But the main fight is not won The
mains a board of seven men, of hon
ambitious bureaucrats unfriend to
managed radio and operating u er a
worded statute which gives the wid
to grab for more and more po r.
be counted on to make further abs
ment they think the weather ha urne
able for such grabs. The pres t re
only a strategic retreat.

What we need is a more c fully
law, strictly limiting the FCC its
function, which is mainly that traf
ing the air waves. Until Congr enac
a law, radio in this country will main
ger of being turned into a me
vehicle for the political party n po
Washington.

# Collier's

NOVEMBER 29, 1941

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

...LDER GULCH A GOLD-RUSH ROMANCE BY ERNEST

# They "Deliver the Goods"




## DELCO Commercial Batteries for Extra-Duty Requirements

Delco commercial batteries for commercial cars, light trucks and taxicabs are specially designed to give long, dependable performance in extra-duty service. Dual insulation—Port Orford cedar separators and glass mats—assure long life. The heavy construction of the genuine hard rubber case, extra-heavy grids and conductors safeguard them against damage from hard usage. Extra starting ability in cold weather—an outstanding characteristic of all Delco batteries—helps keep deliveries on schedule.

For passenger car requirements, there is a Delco battery that is exactly right for every make and model automobile. Six million car owners depend on the sure starting power of Delco batteries every day. Forty-three per cent of all new cars sold have Delco batteries as original equipment.

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PRODUCT OF **Delco-Remy**

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***Replace with a* DELCO *Battery***

# Collier's

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NOVEMBER 29, 1941


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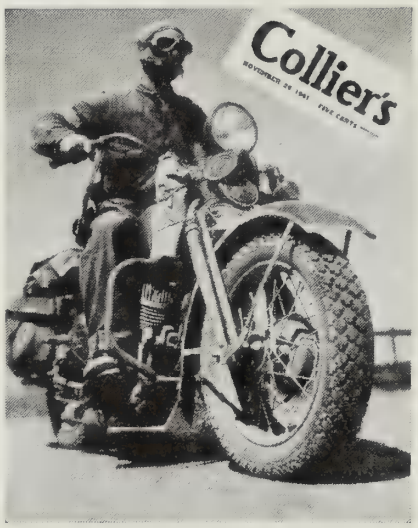
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COVER HANS GROENHOFF


# ANY WEEK

IN CIVILIAN life the grim-looking, 24-year-old gentleman on this week's cover ran an air hammer on Georgia highway construction. Right now, Third-Class Specialist Pvt. Milford B. Stevens, of Roopville, Ga., sticks his chin out for $50 a month as a "popsicle" rider in Co. G, 66th (Light) Armored Regiment, normally based at Fort Benning. Inducted a little more than a year ago, Stevens graduated as a tank and armored-vehicle driver from the Fort Knox Tank Mechanics School last June, learned to ride a motorcycle in August, found out about Louisiana red dust a month later and is currently tearing along with the rest of the "Hell on Wheels" boys (see page 20) in the Carolina war maneuvers.



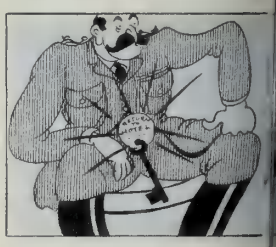

Like the others, Stevens travels light, but self-sufficiently, on the heaviest of two-wheeled machines. In front of his right knee is his encased gas mask. Hooked around the front springs, and looking like coffee percolator parts, are his dust respirator filters, to prevent silicosis. In the pack behind him are his blankets, half a shelter tent, underwear and field jacket. In the right saddlebag are his raincoat, ammunition and messages; in the left, his musette bag containing mess utensils, towel, handkerchief, socks, flashlight, toilet articles and one-day hard rations. On his pistol belt is his canteen cup and first-aid kit. He wears goggles, a leather chin protector and sometimes a crash helmet. From his jacket pocket generally protrudes a candy bar (in this case removed and presently returned in a somewhat damaged condition by the photographer). The strips of red cloth are Red Army identification.

Pvt. Stevens is one of 1,700 men and officers comprising the 2d Armored Division's 66th, the first offspring of the first U. S. Tank Corps organized early in 1918. This mobile arsenal of destruction, commanded by Col. Wm. H. H. Morris, Jr., has 129 heavily armed tanks and 73 half-track vehicles, all capable of traveling 50 m.p.h. over long distances and firing more than 1,000,000 bullets and small shells every sixty seconds. An outfit to be reckoned with.

WHEN they resume handing out Nobel prizes and get them down to common levels we shall offer the name of Mr. Charley Redcalf (not an Indian) for whatever they wish to grant a championship honest man. Mr. Redcalf lives in Miami, Florida. He has been working on what he calls Navy construction. He doesn't say whether it's ships or quarters but he does say that "it's the general opinion of everybody here that we'd be less of a nuisance if we were back on WPA." Anyway it's what Mr. Redcalf has to say about his wage that has us cheering madly. "I'm getting," says he, "on an average of one hundred bucks a week for what I'm doing and I will gladly give two weeks' salary to any deserving charity you name if you can find a guy less worth it. All I do is watch what the guy next to me is doing and then try to imitate him. If he's doing it wrong so am I but I wouldn't know it."

WE WERE interested to hear of the Englishman who, at a cocktail party given in Washington for a brand-new British war mission, was swarmed under by an American lady with apologies. "Dear Mr.————" she cried. "I've come here to tell you that I'm positively ashamed of my country and my countrymen to think that we are not over there sharing the agonies, the horrors, the hardships with you in your heroic fight against that monster Hitler." She had much more to say along the same lines—and said it. Presently however our Englishman fought free and roared: "Madame, please. Please don't feel so bad. Let me assure you that if I were an American and saw all us English around I'd be an isolationist."

WE FEAR that recently we've given you the idea that there's not so much as a square inch of quiet in all Washington. If we have, we've erred. From what we've heard peace and tranquillity reign largely in the Wages and Hours Division of the Department of Labor, and Colonel Philip B. Fleming, U.S.A., the Administrator, an able soldier unaccustomed to inactivity, yearns to get back to active military service. The trouble is that with wages what they are, in and because of defense, nobody would think of working for the legal minimum wage. Therefore, neither workers nor employers have any reason to bother the colonel. And yet we rely upon the colonel to deal tellingly with the situation. Once in the early days of the New Deal, the colonel and Lieutenant Colonel Royal Lord, U
detailed to Dr. Rex Tugv
Resettlement Bureau with
to get something done—
housing. Every day Dr. T
his executive board, all of t
from college faculties, a
deadly earnest, all of th
Phi Beta Kappa keys, met
tor's large office. Seated,
ably unbuttoned their coa
their badges of scholar
Colonel Fleming and Lor
coats buttoned, being m
and having no Phi Beta
to show anyway. Somel
hibition among other th
Colonel Fleming's nerv
morning he whisked his c
there on his stomach, gl
first-run sin, was a hug
dangling from his watch
to the key was appended
disk, also shining furiousl
finder to return the key
that owned it. "Do yo
noticed it?" asked Colone
Colonel Lord. "Noticed
Colonel Lord. "Hell, Ph
hear it for blocks aroun
that ended the coat unb
the belly-outing in the R
ment Administration. So
on Fleming.



MOREOVER, we're lo
with those who complai
the drafted brains in W
day no sound new ideas
nonsense. We've been
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for an hour to his coll
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of these memorials ar
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bomb metal is what w
nothing of what it wou
defense demands."

GOT a candidate? . . .


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# Shorter days mean longer odds – **against** you!

Winter invariably brings heavier tolls of traffic accidents. Despite the fact that there are normally fewer cars on the road, there are usually more than one and a half times as many accidents in December as in June.

Shorter days mean more hours of darkness. These shorter days bring with them stormy weather and other seasonal dangers in driving your car. These abnormal burdens are placed on drivers every Winter—and particularly this Winter because rapidly accelerating defense activities are putting more and more men and cars on the roads.

The careful driver balances increased dangers with increased caution and *pre*-caution. Here are a few suggestions he keeps in mind throughout the Winter months.



***The careful driver*** makes sure that his lighting equipment is adequate and properly adjusted for longer hours of darkness, snow, sleet or fog; also that windshield wipers and defrosters are working effectively.



***His chances of skidding*** are reduced by having brakes properly adjusted, by using tire chains on snow, slush and ice. The safe driver knows and practices safe driving technique on slippery surfaces. He is always on the alert for the unexpected icy spot.



***He leaves more room*** than usual between himself and the car ahead, is more cautious than ever about passing cars when approaching hills or curves. On hills, he watches out for children on sleds.




***The careful driver*** makes up his mind to drive at speeds reduced in conformity to road conditions throughout this season.



***He remembers*** to be especially wary of carbon monoxide gas hazards in garages. If his car is a closed model, particularly an old one, he will have it checked for leakage.

*An interesting 10-minute Technicolor movie on food and health—*"PROOF OF THE PUDDING"*—has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to national nutrition education. See it when it comes to your neighborhood.*

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*Leroy A. Lincoln,* PRESIDENT

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*Today...* you need the extra dependability of quality-built Dodge Job-Rated Trucks

**Now..MORE POWER, too!**

**115** HORSEPOWER IN 1½-TON DODGE TRUCKS *and* **120** HORSEPOWER IN 1½-TON SPECIAL

● These are days when extra *quality*, extra *dependability* and extra *power* are needed! Dodge gives you *all three* in super-powered *Job-Rated* trucks. They're built to deliver extra thousands of miles of efficient, low cost operation. They're *Job-Rated* from engine to rear axle, "sized" *right* in every feature to do the job, and to stay on the job. See your Dodge dealer—today.

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YOU CAN DEPEND ON **DODGE** *Job-Rated* TRUCKS

½ to 3-Ton Gas, and Heavy-Duty Diesel

DODGE PRODUCTS FOR DEFENSE: Command Reconnaissance Cars • Field Radio Cars • Troop and Cargo Motor Transports • Weapon Carriers • Army Carry-Alls • Ambulances • Duralumin Forgings for Bomber Fuselages • Parts and Assemblies for Anti-Aircraft Cannons.

BETTER BECAUSE OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION ENGINEERING





**R.A.F. fliers who bail out over the Channel try to make moored flo from which they are rescued by speedboat on radioing for he**

STYLES in aircraft and air tactics have changed several times since the war began. Sometimes they have been influenced by what the Germans have used; others by the way the battle lines have shifted. Because the Germans had been preparing for an air war for at least six years and possess great technical and industrial skill, whatever they produce has a great effect on the other side.

A brand-new Messerschmitt 109F, the very latest of this line of fighters, has been captured, and in the opinion of returning Army Air Force observers has features that should be incorporated in future American designs. Instead of bristling with armament like the British and American planes, it possesses one cannon smaller than a 20-millimeter, which the Germans heretofore have used and which the British are now installing in their fighters, and two machine guns comparable to our .50 calibers. It is powered with a 1,300-horsepower Daimler-Benz, liquid-cooled in-line engine, and the plane fully equipped for battle weighs only 5,600 pounds. The low weight of the ship and the high horsepower give it an advantage of speed and maneuverability at high altitudes. Both British and American fighters have been getting heavier and heavier as more armament, armor plate and ammunition are loaded on board.

Two distinct theories are now set up, each with their advocates. One sponsors larger and more heavily armed fighters weighing up to twelve and fifteen thousand pounds and mounting air-cooled radial engines of 2,000 horsepower, and the other favors keeping down weight and armament in return for high altitude performance and superior maneuverability. Since it is now evident that one type of plane cannot be superior in all operations from treetops to 50,000 feet, the result is going to be an all-out effort for large numbers of both light and heavy fighters.

LOOK into the cockpits of our military planes, if you can get permission, and you'll see enough switches, knobs and buttons to make your head swim. Look very closely and you'll see one particular switch fenced off with a plastic guard and if you try to flip it with one finger while flipping others at the same time you just won't be able to. All this has been made necessary by a series of embarrassing occurrences which have reddened the faces o guilty of a slight slip of the fin

Coming in for a landing, th flips a switch and down goes his gear. When this is securely lo place he flips another switch, r which drops his flaps, or air

After he is on the ground anc up to the line, the pilot is busy out for other ships, and as h along he reaches over to the fla without taking his eyes off the f flips it to retract the flaps. Mo once he has flipped the wrong and has had that sickening fe the wheels falling out from un and the plane dropping on it Damage always has been limi bent propeller, and the extend which he thought he was retrac

So now that little landing-gea is fenced off from the flap sw the new generation of militar will not wear the permanent bl their predecessors.

HATRED of the Nazis by quered Poles is so intense justified that no one dares at ask those fiery people to be and charge it all up to war. A times the boys in the R.A.F. the Polish pilots who are fly fires and Hurricanes with Briti ings would look upon the air b a sports contest instead of mi absolute extermination. There ferent aproach to warfare amo and, with certain exceptions amount of gallantry and admi the skill of the adversary on b Things have been going along of late until a Pole or two, fire and brimstone of hate f thing Nazi, not only crippled s man planes over the Channel to work on the Luftwaffe p their machine guns as they flo in their parachutes. That has bad feeling, and of course t retaliated the next time and mercy to R.A.F. pilots who h out. The British pay highest the fierce fighters they have but it seems there are severa fight a war.

THERE'S such a thing as a so enthusiastically hospitab seriously embarrasses his g maybe these young R.A.F. pil cut down a little on their idea

*(Continued on page*


Douglas Defends the Democracies
DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT CO., INC., SANTA MONICA, CALIF. ★ El Segundo ★ Long Beach ★ Tulsa




It was BINGO for BUTTERCUP

*when she scrapped the*

double O

OF COURSE Buttercup's "dated up" a lot oftener since she got wise to the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath)! Naturally a girl with a bright, attractive smile and pleasant breath stands a better chance than a girl who has the "Double O."

**What To Do About It**

If *you've* been careless about this double offense, why not get after it with the delightful double precaution that so many wise and popular women use?

**For the teeth,** the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's the result of a years' work on the part of experts in the field of oral hygiene. This new paste is created especially to help bring out the natural beauty of your smile. It does a remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits. Many women say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time!

**And for a sweeter breath**—Listerine Antiseptic, of course. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis (bad breath).

**Delightful Daily Double**

If you want to make a good impression on others, never neglect the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Start in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: Listerine Tooth Paste for an attractive smile and Listerine Antiseptic for a more agreeable breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

*the double precaution against* double O *Offensive Breath, Offensive looking Teeth*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

and LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC




# KEEP UP WITH THE W RL

## By Freling Foster

*Many* Florida citrus-fruit growers now overcome the zinc deficiency in the soil by driving a number of zinc-covered nails into the trunk and main branches of their trees instead of spraying them with zinc sulphate and lime.—*By Bernice Becker, New York, New York.*

*Nails,* wire, knife blades, door hooks and many other objects are found in the stomachs of approximately twenty per cent of all cattle slaughtered in the United States. Although these foreign bodies usually do not cause any visible harm, the animal deaths that result from swallowing them cost the livestock industry more than $500,000 a year. —*By H. H. Barnum, Mason, Michigan.*

*Members* of Congress have the free use of the mails for correspondence from the day they are elected until the day they take office and from the expiration of their term until the following December first, although these periods when the congressmen are not in office may in some cases cover many months.—*By Leo Ryan, Waukon, Iowa.*

*Catherine I* of Russia, at her coronation in 1724, wore a crown that was studded with 2,564 precious stones and surmounted by a ruby as large as a pigeon's egg. Catherine II, at her coronation in 1762, wore a gown that had a train 225 feet long, which was carried by fifty attendants.—*By Juliette Palmer, New York, New York.*

*Horse* races in England are seldom timed, turf bets in Japan are limited to the equivalent of $5 in American money, and jockeys in Mongolia are always young boys without sufficient strength to hold in a horse and make it lose the race. —*By Dutch Harley, East Cleveland, Ohio.*

*In the* United States women are the victims of twenty per cent of all murders. In England they are sixty-two per cent of the victims.

*Silica gel,* a proces sand w a very high moistu adsorpt quality, is now being ed in boards to keep sal sugar crackers dry, in draw to pr important papers ar in ca to prevent the rustin f tools instruments. By turn g from to pink, the sand in ates that has reached the mois e limit must be dried in an n.

*Radio* invention include "cough button" that ables a p son speaking into a crophone cut himself off the ai hile ing, and a tuning de e for that can be set to tur n automa cally as many as 6 consecu programs, covering ght stat for a week in adva —*By Louis Slutzker, Alt a, Penn vania.*

*The* first complete man sk ton ever found in a ue state petrifaction, every l e conve into solid stone, w the Man of Mentone," ich was covered in a caver n Men France, in 1873.—*E Alice Bl gett, Stowe, Vermo*

*Of the* 150 baffling minous plays that have n obser during earthquakes e mos markable accompan d the trophe of 1930 in J Japan. the height of th earthqu strange sheets of li illumi the night sky so br tly that jects in unlit rooms re visib

*After* the British d spent months in prepari to raise Bayern, the 28,0 on Ger dreadnought that scuttled Scapa Flow in 1919, vessel to the surface in thirty onds from a depth 20 feet the air locks went to acro September 1, 1934.

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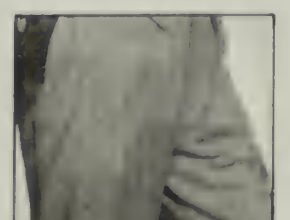

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The National Weekly for November 29, 1941



der Gulch

Ernest Haycox

ng a new novel of the
an West—the turbulent
ry of a dangerous man
daring woman, set
the violent background
irginia City gold rush

moment he was a cool man
o viewed his chances for es-
e and found them full of risk;
a night wind moved over the
its odors of dark soil warmed
r rain and the resin scent of
he acrid taint of brush fires,
these rank flavors came to
ew at once he was done with
He belonged to the land, and
ummoned him. Before mid-
e he would go over the ship's
nger caring whether it would
ving man or a dead one. He
he foredeck and laid a hand
stan's bar, and excitement
through him and sweat made
e-stinging on his face.
un was a short black shadow
e foremast pinrail. The bosun
rce, come down from there."
are-rigged ship, the Panama
ind slowly around its anchor
am, bowsprit now pointed on
y glow of Portland's water-
s two hundred feet removed.
t lay against a ragged back-
ildings, beyond which the dark
of town ran back into a mass
ng blackly to rear hills. All
aveled resonantly over the
e crack of a teamster's whip,
of feet on the boardwalks,
f a near-by saloon.
down," repeated the bosun.
's bell struck five short ring-
The moon's quarter-full face
ehind a bank of clouds and

**instant he took his dive**
**ship's rail, with a second**
**another gun following him**




**She darted behind a b paused to catch his han with your feet," she said,**

the color of night at once deepened so that the surface of the river became a vague-moving oil surface into which a man might quickly drop and quickly vanish. Pierce bent and unlaced his shoes. He kicked them quietly off, moved to the break of the deck and descended the ladder.

He went by the bosun, passed the galley and paused near the mainmast shrouds. Mister Sitgreaves, the first mate, stood against the starboard rail and Canrinus, the second officer, was in the same sentry position on the port side. The captain was above them on the aft deck, his cigar bright-burning in the shadows. "Mister Sitgreaves," called the captain, "come here."

There were two Sitgreaveses on this ship, the mate and his brother, the captain. The mate retreated aft and went scuffing up the aft-deck's ladder. On the amidships hatch cover the rest of the Panama Chief's crew silently and sullenly waited for a break to come, hating the ship and its master and its officers.

The captain said in his bold, steady voice, "If any man tries to jump ship, Mister Sitgreaves, knock him down. This crew is signed from San Francisco to Canton and return. I'm no hand to lose my men."

The captain was afraid of losing his men, as well he might be. All of them, excepting the two mates and the bosun, had been shanghaied aboard at San Francisco by force and knockout drops. There had been, Pierce remembered, an amiable man beside him in the Bella Union saloon. The amiable man had suggested a drink and presently he, Pierce, had died on his feet, to awaken on the Panama Chief at sea.

"Bully boy," said a murmuring voice from the amidships hatch cover.

The captain moved to th ladder and he stared below the crew his hard, short la like me down there, no dou confusion whereby you your escape. I'll not pleas put to sea. Then, by gad, confusion."

On the hatch cover me bitterly murmured. The Mister Sitgreaves, clanke ladder and took his statior starboard rail. The second moved from the port side, mained deep in the forema All these men were armec six months to Canton and b time this year of 1863 wc The Panama Chief was n than the Confederates' pri sonville, of which Pierce scribable memories.

He closed his fingers ar and his body, lank in the s backward until all weight balls of his feet. Mister S this and smoothly said, " that."

The men on the hatch and rose up. Brought ab lence, starved and bruisec cipline, they caught the cle of freedom and suddenly were shifting softly along t captain issued a sharp ca

"Who's that by the rai greaves?"

The mate said, "Pierce,

"Knock him down, Miste

The mate moved forwa sibilantly scrubbing the de his arm drop to the cool, r belaying pin, seized it fron took one quick side step. rear warned him that the b moving forward to slug h in the crew called out, "Wa

The captain roared, "D who's master on this boa down from the ladder in lc

PIERCE gave ground ar the hatch cover, thereb mate and the bosun, who gether shoulder to should slowly at him. The crew Pierce, making a cover f with this unexpected re and bosun paused.

The captain said, "I'll to handle mutiny, Miste and came forward, bold a night. Some man groaned in, Pierce!"

Pierce gave ground as b moved at him, backing t rail. The captain whee Pierce's way. "You're a s said. "I am going to mak a dog."

These three, captain, m were pinching him in aga wall. He wheeled and r galley, circling it to the and reached the mainm had shaken mate and b captain had outguessed h was before him, softly l throat. Pierce saw the c pistol out of his pocket aim, and all this while t mate and bosun pounde Pierce, never wholly sto aside. He caught the fl his face and felt the viol eardrums; and brought t down on the captain's sweeping blow. The next his tumbling dive over with a second shot fro

*(Continued on p*

ED R COLLIER'S BY FRANK LYNCH



Author Ernest Haycox owns an excellently equipped woodworking shop and turns out furniture as a hobby

# Books and Saddles

## By Jim Marshall

**d own, pardner, around arpfire and visit with ne boss of the Haycox ry whose seventeenth , Alder Gulch, begins g eleven of this issue**

RY once in a while—although k ws better—Ernest Haycox dvn and pecks himself out a estern serial plot. He writes describes the hero, heroine, ats, secondary characters and final clinch, sixty thousand words away. This done, Mr. Haycox glances glumly through the six or seven thousand words of the synopsis and throws the whole thing into the fire.

Once, some years ago, he figured out a complete plot and stuck grimly to it. The result was pretty terrible. None of Erny's friends even mention the thing, preferring to remember the sixteen good Western novels he's written—with no idea, when he started each, how it was going to turn out.

Today, when he feels a serial for Collier's coming on, Mr. Haycox simply dreams up a hero, a general situation and an opening scene. His heroes are pretty real to him. They're all rebels, more or less; strongly individualistic guys, with a touch of sadness somewhere. They represent to their creator something typical of the Old West.

"The West," says Haycox, "was—and to some extent still is—the last major stand of freedom and the rights of individuals who are willing to fight for them. It still is the freest place in the world—and that is why Western stories have such a universal appeal."

What is going to happen after Haycox's hero has ridden into Haycox's scene no one has the slightest idea, least of all Haycox.

"You place your hero in a certain setting, at a certain period—maybe half a century ago—and let him meet the other characters," explains Erny. "Then if you have your characters and their setting clearly in mind, they'll write the story for you. All you have to do is hammer it out on the typewriter."

Haycox, now ranked as America's ace Western-story writer, has been hammering them out that way since he sold his first story for $30 back in 1922. He was a student then at the University of Oregon, learning journalism and short-story writing and living in a converted chicken coop back of a fraternity house in Eugene. The walls of the coop were covered with rejection slips and it became a game among the several budding scribblers at the college to collect rare slips from obscure magazines.

But before he went to the university, Erny had had a pretty full life. At twelve he was making a living on the streets of Portland, Oregon, where he was born. He sold the Oregonian and the Oregon Journal and Portland News, and when he had fifteen cents he ate in a Jap restaurant. This sustained him until he could make another fifteen cents for more food. Well, it was steady work, but it got him nowhere.

He tried other jobs—bellboy in a family hotel, dishwashing at half the lumber camps in Oregon, anything he could lay his hands on. In 1914 he drifted south to San Francisco and got a job as a delivery boy for a hat factory. This paid $5 a week. A room cost $1.25 and a meal ticket $3.50, leaving two bits for the more abundant life. Besides, the hatboxes were too large to go on streetcars and the kid had to walk around delivering them.

So he left the hat factory and got a job as news butcher on the old Oakland, Antioch & Eastern, an interurban line running to Sacramento. You rode continuously and met interesting people and somebody was always leaving half a package of popcorn or a chunk of peanut brittle that a growing boy could use.

*(Continued on page 64)*

# Lady Makes Good

By Kyle Crichton



WALL KERLEE

**Here is Joanna Boniface Winnifrith of Ightham—who is now better known in movie circles as Anna Lee**

FROM our European operatives we learn that the ambition of all English actresses is to get a Hollywood contract and join the Nanny set. A requisite for this is that you should be married and have a child. Naturally, when you are an actress and have a child, the child must have a nursemaid. The nursemaid is Nanny. All decent English families have a Nanny. Nannies seem to be a strange breed of people. They have no names. They are known solely by the names of their employers.

"Nanny Stevenson had tea this afternoon with Nanny Rathbone; Nanny Stevenson went to the cinema last night with Nanny Best."

From this you will know that the Stevensons are in town. Robert Stevenson is a director at RKO and a successful gentleman. His wife is Anna Lee, who plays opposite Ronald Colman in My Life with Caroline and is now featured in How Green Was My Valley, the John Ford production at 20th Century-Fox.

When you have that assimilated, we will really knock your eye out with a story. You're not going to believe it and nobody is going to push it off on you, but Mrs. Stevenson will raise her right hand in solemn oath and swear that it doesn't pay to be the wife of a movie director.

This is the evidence: when Lewis Milestone was getting My Life with Caroline ready for production he found he had no leading woman. Mr. Stevenson knew of the crisis and he also knew that Miss Lee, his spouse, was not only available but was slightly frothing at the jowls for want of lucrative labor. But did Mr. Stevenson so much as say, "By the way, Miley, old man, I think you might take a look at a little girl who did rather well in British films, a Miss Lee?" Mr. Stevenson did nothing of the kind. He played the game like a little man. He bit his tongue, he gulped back a sob, but no words passed his lips.

Up to this point we feel that truth is being preserved. But, according to the story, Milestone, desperate even to the point of looking at old English films, encountered one called A Young Man's Fancy, took one look at Miss Lee's calcimined countenance and started leaping. Mr. Milestone is a heavy man; he leaps only under severe provocation.

"Where is this beautiful lady?" Mr. Milestone is reported to have cried. "Find her and let not an hour pass. Use bloodhounds, radio interceptors and special-delivery air-mail letters!"

### Right Under Their Noses

There were cables to London, there were frantic inquiries at theatrical agencies. Finally she was found at San Francisco, where she had gone for the week end.

"I think you will like Hollywood, Miss Lee," Mr. Milestone is reported to have said over the phone, wheedlingly. Miss Lee refrained from saying she had been living in the place for six months and liked it right well, barring the climate. She said merely she would come down and hear what Mr. Milestone had to say.

Is there anybody in the house who believes Milestone didn't know that Lee was Stevenson? No? Well, let's go on.

She started in life as Joanna Boniface Winnifrith, the daughter of the rector of Ightham, near Sevenoaks, England. Her father ran a boys' school and she was the only girl around. At his death she talked her mother into allowing her to enter the Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Arts in London, better known as Miss Fogarty's. Joanna Boniface was fifteen at the time and it was a step of some a dominie's daughter. T held in Albert Hall, wl between our Madison S and Carnegie Hall, and was sneaking into the l prize fights, concerts and cos. After a year she qu as understudy with a th company.

"It turned out that hated me," says Miss L tion.

What got her the conse was the assurance that in the hands of the Actor which recommended boa the week stands and kep moral lapses. As a preac Winnifrith couldn't very that.

"The 'dig's' keeper wa 'Ma' and there was inva graphed photograph o Tree in the parlor and t ways out in the back yar a bucket of water to pou You couldn't cook your you could buy a kipper fix it up, taking a nice self. Room rent was c six, about two dollars, week."

The provincial acto

*(Continued on p*




Thorgens called for time, wiped his mouth and stood up in the line. "If you guys want to get me, come on," he said. "This is your last chance"

# Second Wind

## By Stanley Frank

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

**Espionage and football, or how a Miss Hobie Baker sabotaged the game she loved**

THORGENS spotted the familiar, funny little hat with the impudent feather and, as always, wrapped up his illusions in a foolish grin. Thorgens knew he was strong as an ox and no smarter, a self-appraisal invariably stimulated and emphasized by Hobie. Now, walking down the steps leading from the Polo Grounds to the street, he hurried on his bum leg to have Hobie knock his brains out, thereby completing the process begun by the Chicago Bears.

It was no use trying to kid Hobie; she knew when he played a lousy game and she would tell him as much, in spades and with gestures. You knew where you stood with Hobie. You could count on her, just as you could depend on Nagurski to belt out five yards every time he carried the ball, on Baugh to pitch at least one touchdown a game and on Manders to kick the points. Thorgens had been around long enough to realize consistency was the hallmark of a champion. In his book, Hobie was the Queen of the May, with a meat ax in each hand to belabor him when he played a bad game of football.

He favored his left leg to cover up his limp as he went up to her under the street light. "Been waiting long, sugar?" he asked brightly.

Hobie pushed back the sleeve of her coat and consulted her wrist watch. "I've been waiting since two o'clock, or almost four hours, for you to do something right," she said archly.

Thorgens sighed. Hobie wasn't wasting time with the how've-ya-been or whaddye-know formalities tonight. "I wasn't that bad, was I?" he protested mildly.

"You were terrible," Hobie said simply.

Thorgens took her arm and steered her toward the subway. They went down into the hole in the ground and Hobie jiggled all over pleasingly when she ran ahead to catch the train roaring into the station on the lower level. They found separate seats on opposite sides of the aisle and Thorgens sat back to relax and admire Hobie's legs. She intercepted his glance, uncrossed her legs and glared. . . .

Thorgens had seen the subway for the first time five years before, when he came to New York to join the Giants fresh out of Minnesota. He was one of the magnificent Swedes, undefeated Big Ten champions, and there were pictures in the papers, endorsements in the magazines and one hundred and fifty dollars every Sunday for playing a game he had been playing for seven years for nothing but the hell of it, plus board, room, tuition in college. Thorgens thought the one-fifty a week, every week for three months, was wonderful.

A hundred and a half was chicken feed. Thorgens got up to four hundred a game the year he made all-league tackle and the Giants won the championship. But the Giants no longer were winning championships and the honeymoon was over for Thorgens. He was down to two-fifty and he had a hunch the mailman would be coming around with bad news when the club mailed the contracts next summer.

Originally, there had been nine of the big Swedes from Minnesota, but now Thorgens was the only one left in the

*(Continued on page 65)*

# Naval Engagement

## By George Trevor

**After all these years Navy now has a football team it honestly can brag about—thanks to Swede Larson, who, in exactly three years, has performed a real coaching miracle**

WHEN Swede Larson enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1917, fresh out of high school in Minneapolis, it caused some heartburning in the family. His father, although patriotically proud of the choice, was regretful that the boy wasn't going to follow in his footsteps at the University of Minnesota. Also he was somewhat hazy about his son's selection.

"What is a marine?" he asked.

"Well-l," began Swede. "It's something like a . . ."

"Soldier or sailor?" asked his father.

"Both," said Swede, not too sure.

"Now, Emery," said his father, "don't make jokes. We'll look it up in the encyclopedia."

He looked it up and found that Swede was right. Swede was a Marine private for a while and then went to Annapolis and got a commission and now he is football coach at Navy and if Army, by some miracle, should lick Major Emery Ellsworth Larson's team this week in Philadelphia, it will be the first time, either as a player or as a coach, that Swede Larson has experienced such a disaster.

By a coincidence, both service teams happen to be good this year, which is a break for morale. It has not always been thus. For years Navy couldn't have beaten Army with eight trained gunners in the backfield. Last year Army, through most of the season, played like a group of little boys that had never recovered from early cases of rickets. Earl Blaik has corrected that situation; Navy has three sets of strength everywhere; and the result should be as fine a chorus of bone-crushing as the Army-Navy game has seen in years.

Swede comes by his football from tradition. His father was captain and guard on the Minnesota team of 1895; his brother, Douglas, was Minnesota center in 1920-21; another brother, Ted, was halfback and center on St. Olaf's (Minn.). Swede got his start at West High, Minneapolis, on a team that contained such greats as Earl Martineau and Al Ruben, later stars at Minnesota. Swede alternated at center and tackle on that team and was captain in his senior year.

### The Hero Makes His Debut

Then the war and the Marines. He fought the war from a post at guard duty at the Bear Mountain station close to West Point. Major Larson prefers not to mention these days, saying merely: "I was disappointed."

Through the help of Congressman Harold Knutson of Minnesota, he got an appointment to Annapolis after the war and was on the great Gil Dobie teams of that period almost immediately, plebes being eligible then. The great game of that era was the famous Navy-Great Lakes Training School classic, perhaps the most exciting game ever played anywhere. In the first two minutes of the game, the regular Navy center made a bad pass and Dobie said to Swede: "Warm up, Larson."

Larson started running up and down the side lines. He ran for fifty-eight minutes and never did get in the game. When somebody reminded Dobie of this, he said:

"Hell, we'll win without a center."

But Navy didn't win. It was ahead 6-0 with about a minute to play and Bill Ingram was going over for a second Navy touchdown when Erickson of Great Lakes stole the ball and started down with a clear field. When he was halfway to the goal line and no regular Navy man even in sight, he was suddenly tackled with fury and completely buried by Saunders, a sub guard of Navy, who, overcome by this disaster, had come off the bench and floored him.

Pandemonium. Fights. Utter confusion. Jimmy Conzelman, coach of the Great Lakes team, swears that they only got the touchdown by gathering around the ball in a scrum and forcing it over the goal line. Larson says this is the bunk. There was no rule to cover the play. Unnecessary interference is only penalized by half the distance to the goal line. That would have saved the game for Navy, but, according to Larson, Admiral Eberle, superintendent of the Academy, came down on the field and insisted that the touchdown be awarded to Great Lakes. They kicked the goal and won, 7-6.

Larson was fond of Dobie, the gloom-ing Gil, who seriously predicted befo every game that if Navy could hold t opposition to six touchdowns, he wou be satisfied.

"That's great psychology if you ha great players," says Larson, "and had them. Dobie would work for hou on the 'three out and up' play, timi it with a stop watch. The halfba would take three steps to the right a then go into the line. I'd loft a soft p to the back just at the right mome Nobody could stop that play."

### The World's Most Uncertain Gam

Navy was not defeated by Army these days, even with the great W French in the Army backfield, but game Larson remembers with the m pleasure is the Princeton game in senior year when Navy avenged a feat of the year before. He rememt it best because of a remark by the eree. There had been a pile-up an Princeton man had swung on the ene The referee threw himself at the m grabbed the man whom he couldn't and howled:

"Whoever owns this hand goes of the game!"

When he was graduated from Academy, Swede wrote Dobie, who then at Cornell, and applied for a co ing job.

"Stay in the service," advised D "Football coaching is the most un tain thing in the world."

So Larson stayed in the service also coached. He was at Quantic 1922 under General Smedley Bu coaching the football squad and pla on it along with John Beckett, the Oregon tackle. They defeated the Army Corps team that was heade Gene Vidal, but next year the w team was almost court-martialed General Butler said he would be s fied with a 40-0 victory over V.M.I the team instead lost 6-0.

"Football is like a war!" bell General Butler in a rage. "Who ir wants to lose a war!"

*(Continued on page 54)*

HANS KNOPF



**Major Emery (Swede) Larson coaches Backs Werner and Gutting and End Zoeller. Capt. Froude watches**



# A Home for Love

## By William A. Krauss

ILLUSTRATED BY NOEL SICKLES

***It took a stroke of fortune disguised as a calamity to show them what they needed to be happy***

**"They'll be counting strongly on surprise," Marivaux said. "We'll give them surprise," one of the men shouted. They were beyond the town, past the last of the outlying houses**

ZANNE CHAUVET sat comfortly in the deep grass. From the rner of her eye, without turning ad, she could see the brown curve n Willis' cheek; she could see the his shoulders. He was an Eng-n: strange.

adn't a wife in England (or anyelse). He had said as much. She d, then, to be brazen.

pale cloud moved languidly the sky, traveling westward to-Cuba. She smiled at it.

thought: If only you could bring lf to consider the matter fairly thout prejudice—reasonably, with ter avoidance of artificiality—you be forced to confess that the hand aven was obvious in it. Yes, she herself; the facts actually cried for sensible attention.

he first place, it need scarcely be that a young woman should . And if she happened to possess ain attractiveness, and the young vas attractive too, then so much tter, for themselves and for pos-

, incontestably," she said under eath, serenely, "it's all so very

ainly this was a generalization rooked no disputing: A young n should marry. It was neither rational nor quite proper to do ise. Well, then; in the present did anything really stand in the Her property— Hardly. Her ty was an accident, in a manner aking. She had been born to it, she had done nothing to deserve it. Suzanne Chauvet was prepared to regard her property as of no importance at all —whatever the others might say.

The others— She plucked a blade of grass and clamped her white teeth upon it. Her mind raced on. Confound and mortify the others, she said to herself with unaccustomed violence of thought.

She knew that others, certain people of the port town, Cayona—she could give names to them—could be counted upon to declare that John Willis was a wanderer, an adventurer, a man without property—and an Englishman. Thus they would sum him up, harshly.

She felt a sudden keen thrust of anger.

She assured herself that there was doubtless a special hell devised for gossips of Cayona. She found a moment's solace in the thought.

"But now it is necessary to be brazen," she remarked privately. "Because he is an Englishman: strange."

She turned her head and looked at John Willis as he sat quietly, thoughtfully, beside her in the grass.

HE WAS, now, staring at the sea that curled upon the shore a thousand or more feet below them. The slope was precipitous and brilliantly green. Distantly across the fine dark blue water rose the wild and unpeopled mountains of western Haiti. The West Indian sun was hot; there was no breeze. But the almond tree on the crest where they sat offered shade that had almost the texture of velvet.

Suzanne Chauvet was not, for the moment, aware of either sun or shade. "There is something I must speak to you about," she said.

She would, she declared, be entirely frank with him. She said, looking at him evenly and without embarrassment, "I have always felt the greatest respect for Englishmen. In that I differ from my father. He used to say the English were unprincipled, unscrupulous and ruffianly. He was bitter on the subject; so are a lot of others in this colony."

John Willis nodded, but did not shape a reply.

The girl smiled pleasantly, almost gaily, yet there was deep seriousness in her wide black eyes. "I can still hear my father," she went on, "though he's been dead now for three years, may he rest quietly. He used to stand up here on the crest—this is, you know, the highest point of our land—and stare out over the sea and say to me, 'Suzanne,' speaking gruffly, 'some day when this island grows prosperous with farming, the English will sail up the Windward Passage from Jamaica and they will lay their guns on us and destroy us and drive us out!' "

John Willis moved his head and his eyes met hers. His lean brown face, topped by an unruly shock of corn-colored hair, was expressionless. "But that was unreasonable—" he said, mildly.

*(Continued on page 60)*

# One of We's Own

**By Roark Bradford**

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLLAM MEADE PRINCE




**"Hot damn!" said Lounetty's restless husband. "Hit's so many places whar I'm ain't, I don't see how come I'm whar I'm is!"**

IT WAS spring in the Red River bottoms of northern Louisiana. The winter's dark cold nights and foggy days were gone, and now bright sunshine and balmy air swept the land. The birds chirped gaily, the women wore colorful clothes and laughed at nothing and the men stretched lazily, talking dreamily of the big crop of cotton they would sell next fall if they "lived and nothing happened."

It was not the mystic power of the vernal equinox that made Lake spend his last nickel for a bottle of red soda for Lou-netty. Nor was it budding love that made him watch her stick a thumb in the bottle's neck, shake it, and then observe the bubbles.

"I swear to my soul, Lou-netty," Lake said to her, "you's what dey calls a cutie! De way you make dem bubbles come up in dat strawberry is jest de way you make de pyore love bubble up inside my heart."

Lake had come to Little Bee Bend plantation for the cotton-picking season, the fall before. With his savings and an occasional job at "day wages," he had managed to stay on until spring.

Little Bee Bend people knew little about him, although he had nothing in particular to conceal. He claimed he came from a place named Lake Village, so they called him Lake and asked nothing more about him. He was capable enough, but nothing extra.

Anyone who took the trouble to think about him figured that he had come to Little Bee Bend of his own free will and was at liberty to go the same way. He was not considered "one er we's own," as the regular residents of the plantation referred to themselves. Not until the time came for Giles to assign specific land to each man did L lize he was not a member of t Giles offered Lake no land at al protested.

"You might do efn I couldn better," Giles told him.

"I'm better'n some you got argued. "You seed me pick co de best and you seed me plo knows I steps faster den Joe Bo you knows I'm got mo' sense in den Jett—"

"Yeah," Giles admitted, " Boody and Jett is we's own. I too good but dey kin git along de homefolks."

"I kin git along, too," Lake got along over in Texas and I over in Arkansas. I got along u and I got along down de river c'd git along even in McGee-

"Dat's jest de p'int er not g no crop," Giles said. "For a yo you done got along in too mar You's what dey calls a ramble axin' you no questions, but I picked cotton hyar last fall, er cotton-pickin' time. And dat dat you had done left out f'm was at, about de time cott started. You don't stay in long enough to make you a den pick hit. You got to r place to place."

"BUT I done quit ramblin'," sisted. "Dat's how come settle down on Little Bee and a crop, hyar."

"You aims to quit rambl said, "but one er dese days wake up and find yo'se'f purt de credicks at de commissary, grassy in yo' crop, and dat you'd change yo' mind. Why ain't even got you no wife t down."

Lake pretended shyness. to git one," he said.

Giles laughed. After all, that low patch known as Burr cut that no man wante Its seven acres would mak bales, if the grass were kep If Johnson grass got the u just once, you might just as mower and hay baler to wor would be no cotton on Cockl fall. The cut had whipped m man. It was the first land water when it rained, and the out. It stayed wet several than any other land on Little and Johnson grass can do growing in two or three extra

"Git you a wife," Giles "and I'll gi' you a crop fo present."

It was not Lake's first e marriage, nor did he figure his last. He selected Lou-n she seemed calm, capable a He began his courtship by bottle of red soda pop and wooing on the commissar likening her technique in b bles to the top between sips of love on his heart.

"But I ain't shakin' yo' h is dis strawberry," Lou-ne ain't did nothin' to yo' ole ain't got no call to bubble bles at me."

"Aw, go 'haid, Thaing," "Ev'y time you opens dat er yo'n, hit jest drools ou for me. Efn I had me two over to town and buy you candy-stripe socks."

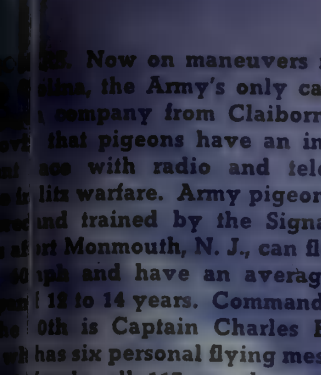
*(Continued on pag 6)*

**"Take hit easy, chile," Lou-netty. "He's leavin good like dat. He ain't own and he never coul**

...Now on maneuvers in ...lina, the Army's only car- ...company from Claiborne ...that pigeons have an im- ...ace with radio and tele- ...litz warfare. Army pigeons ...nd trained by the Signal ...rt Monmouth, N. J., can fly ...mph and have an average ...f 12 to 14 years. Command- ...0th is Captain Charles B. ...has six personal flying mes- ...Nearly all 117 members of ...ny were pigeon hobbyists ...s. Some officers had Army ...perience in World War I




...carried in wicker bas- ...training in the field



...base camp, pigeons are ...lofts like that above



...Gerlach watches Capt. ...a pigeon which is be- ...d to land on specially ...trieving cages. This ...the two-way schooling




How it's done is a military secret, but the pigeon leaving Corp. Richard Arrowsmith's hand (above) has been trained to carry a message 50 miles and return with an answer. Special groups, trained to fly at night, are kept in dark lofts during daylight

# OUR NEW ARMY

6TH ARMY CORPS

MANEUVER NOTES: In Norman, N. C., the 101st Cavalry's Corp. Charles T. Kirk was having trouble with some of the men in his squad who wouldn't keep their clothes hung up. Stuff all over the place. Corp. Kirk found the answer. He procured what is described as "a sort of dog" and trained him to be a first-class tearer-upper of socks and other apparel not being worn. The boys are so neat now you wouldn't know the old squad. . . . One inventive trooper in the mechanized regiment decided the easiest way to heat a can of beans was to wire it to the exhaust manifold of his scout car. Soon's he got it all rigged up, orders came to move out. Ten minutes later there was a loud bang from under the hood. Yep. Beans.

## SOUTH CAROLINA

CAMP CROFT, Spartanburg. Activated last February, this infantry replacement training center is now in line for two distinctions. (1) It is said to be the largest cantonment around which no trailer brothel has been found and (2) it is probably the "marryingest" Army post in the country.

Since mid-February, some 500 of an average of 15,000 soldiers have taken brides. The record is thirty-seven in one week. Simplicity of South Carolina marriage laws is the best reason ascribed for the boom in marriages. There are no restrictions other than that the girl be sixteen, the boy eighteen; and there is no waiting period, no blood tests. Just a dollar and a quarter for the license.

8TH DIV.

FORT JACKSON, Columbia. The things that Pfc. Chas. H. Delamater, 4th Ordnance Co. Detachment, never knew until he was inducted are many and varied. Here, according to a recent dispatch from him, are a few of them:

"That 5:30 A. M. is a better time to get up than to go to bed. That more draftees are afraid of being turned down than accepted. That some Reception Centers are very bad examples of Army life. That a lot of rest can be had in the ten minutes of every hour permitted men in training. That a technical sergeant doesn't have to be technical. That a soldier on guard duty allowing a prisoner to escape must serve the prisoner's term. That shavetails aren't such bad guys. That Regular Army and Reserve officers disagree on training procedure, the former believing the sergeants should do the work to make them more self-reliant, the latter believing they should do it themselves so they won't forget how. That the primary requisite for admission to Officers School is leadership—experience, education and ability are secondary. That two shelter halves can be made into a boat large enough to float the full equipment of two men. That K.P. duty as a punishment is against Army regulations; and that peeling potatoes is the easiest part of K.P. That the War Between the States is discussed more often than the current World War. And that a steel helmet is a hair restorer; it stimulates the scalp by bouncing around on the head."

## MISSISSIPPI

37TH DIV.

CAMP SHELBY, Hattiesburg. Top Kick Robert Wolfe, Co. D, 112th Quartermaster Regiment, sent his company clerk on an errand the other day and sort of wishes he hadn't. The clerk was delayed, and when somebody finally entered the tent the sergeant, scraping the whiskers off his face, yelled over his shoulder as to wit: "Where the hell have you been?" Because the immediate silence was extremely pregnant, the sergeant turned around to face the division's commanding general, Major Gen. Robert S. Beightler, and several staff officers. "Attention!" croaked Sgt. Wolfe. Sgt. Sylvester Rowan, who was pulling on his trousers, snapped to attention and, as is customary in embarrassing moments of this type, his pants rolled down to his ankles.

OFFICERS and men of the Hq. Co. and Band, 147th Infantry, put up a public-address outfit in the two units so that sergeants, instead of blowing whistles, can now yap their orders into a microphone. The system is okay by everybody except Pvt. Bruno Egger. Seems Pvt. Egger gets regular shipments of cookies and candy from home, and that whenever a new batch is tossed into the orderly tent a sergeant tells Pvt. Egger about it via loud-speaker. By the

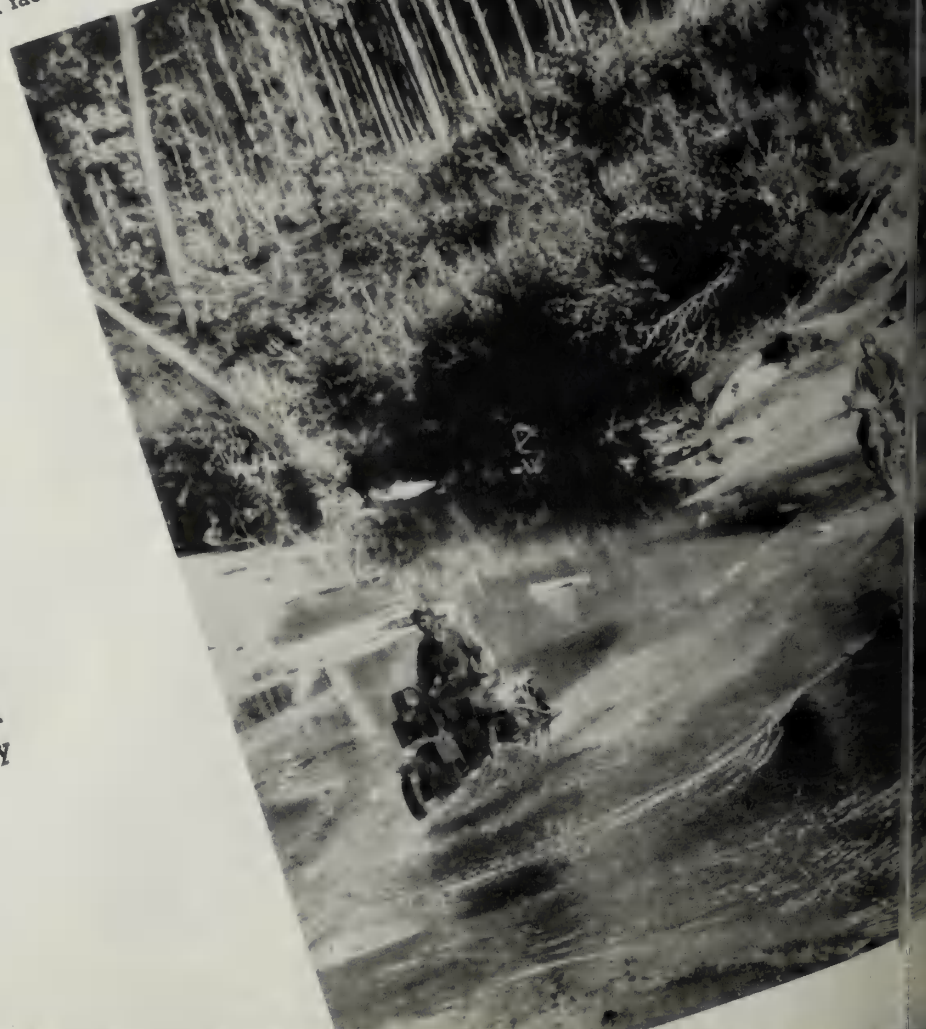
*(Continued on page 71)*



Before the advent of armored vehicles, motorcyclists were mere messengers. Nowadays, motorcycling is a rough, dangerous, romantic assignment. Second Armored Division men tackle rough terrain (above) at Ft. Benning



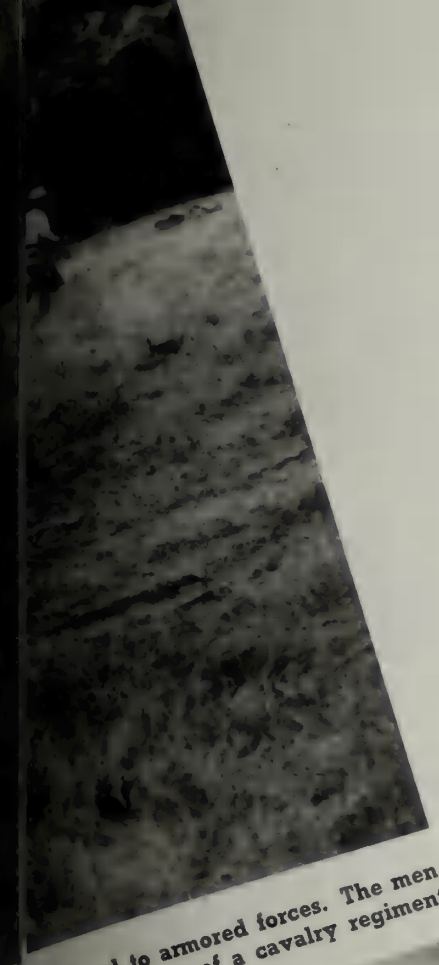
It takes more than heat and cold, r
(below) to put the motorcycle uni



# HELL ON WHEELS

## By Lieutenant Will Charles

**Toughest guys in our mechanized Army are the reckless lads who slam around on motorcycles, and sometimes stop much too suddenly**



confined to armored forces. The men the fire power of a cavalry regiment



A CONVOY of tanks trundled through a small Kansas town toward the mock attack. Twenty-five yards apart they came, charging over the trembling pavement, shaking the clapboard buildings and rattling store-front windows. Occasionally one sidled onto the dirt shoulder, chewed the earth and raised a red cloud that choked onlookers. Presently heads turned toward ■ screaming siren approaching from the opposite direction. Wide open, ■ goggled motorcyclist ripped around a bend and swished by the two leading tanks.

He never passed the third.

A pavement crevice twisted his front wheel, the rear of the cycle jerked up and snapped him with the speed of ■ pellet at the oncoming tank. His body smashed on the front of the steel hulk.

Deep-throatedly the column halted and idled at the roadside. A captain quick-stepped to the scene; a glance at the motorcycle's insignia showed it to be one of his men. Color drained from his face.

A private, one of the tank's crew, clambered out and approached his captain. He surveyed the remains briefly, then looked at his commander.

"Looks like he's dead, sir."

The captain surveyed him sourly. "Apparently so."

"Well, then, sir," the private said, haltingly, "can I have his motorcycle job?"

Army Armored Force veterans, continually enthralled by field performance of the motorcyclists, recall in bivouac bull sessions the audacious request of this private. The incident occurred in the early summer of '37, when the 7th Cavalry Brigade (mechanized), a forerunner of our present Armored Divisions, maneuvered in the Ft. Riley, Kansas, area. Since then hundreds of cycle soldiers have slithered and slipped, hurdled and hit, flipped and flopped and when handle bars ram into them or when tanks don't stop in time, the investigating officer writes those four little words in the accident report, "In line of duty," which entitles one to military honors at Arlington or a long time in a hospital bed as a plaster-cast saint. All this at government expense.

Before the advent of armored vehicles in the Army, motorcyclists were mere messengers with occasional light convoy duty interspersed. It was nice work and everybody tried to get it. Nowadays it's different. A rough, dangerous, romantic assignment, it has developed a rough, dangerous, romantic breed of men. Some of the toughest guys in the Army.

"But," you say, "what about Eddie (Thirty Degree Angle) Sullivan, who races in the barnstorming cycle circuit?"

"Sure," I answer, "Eddie's good. Odds are he'll beat Private Smith on the board track and dirt track, too. But it's not only speed that counts in the Army. Have Eddie put on full field equipment and ride down a pitted country road at night at 35 or 40 miles an hour. Maybe they're practicing black-out and Eddie somehow has to get to the head of the column to block civilian traffic at the big intersection not far distant. In front of him a thirty-ton tank is thundering along, emitting only ■ pencil-thin blue light. There's another behind him, and if he falls they'll never see him. Eddie has to pass. The country lane isn't wide enough for both the tank and Eddie. It's impossible to see the ditch, but it's the only chance. Can Eddie do it? Private Smith can. They're tough hombres, these cycle cowboys."

"Okay, maybe these guys are tough," you say, "but what about tank crews and the pilots and the parachutists at Fort Benning. What are they, softy-pants?"

I'm glad you asked me, brother. The answer is no.

But the Army is cracking up more motorcyclists than all three put together. War may reverse the scales on this point, but the fact remains at present. Newspapers, in quest of the dramatic, ferret out air crashes and scream about them. True, most of the comparatively few are fatalities. As for our parachute squadron, I suppose they boast many wrenched and broken legs, but I have heard of only one death. You'll agree both the pilot and the parachutist are heroes. The treasury pays each of them fifty to a hundred bucks additional per month for being heroes, while a tank crew (not to go so far as to mention the motorcyclist) in ■ more uncomfortable job has its beer limited by the usual basic pay allowance.

Every time one of America's five armored divisions takes to the field, say for three or four days, it is conservative to count on a number of accidents—usually motorcyclists. Even when a division shows itself off in a cross-country review, or "rat race," that lasts half an hour, the medicos are ready for business. A political committee visiting Fort Benning and especially ■ camp-canvassing bunch of movie photogs would be surprised to know the costs of their visits. The Secretary of War probably doesn't know that the "rat race" in his honor at Fort Knox snuffed out two lives; one ■ motorcyclist who flopped in the blinding dust in front of ■ tank herd, the other a tank sergeant who was standing in the turret when the tank overturned.

Safe driving is preached daily by Army authorities but preparing for war is an inherently dangerous business. Tankmen, pilots, parachutists know they face the prospect; motorcyclists expect it. Their philosophy was reflected in the request of that private in Kansas. To

*(Continued on page 73)*

Taciturn and sinewy, the cycle boys take their jobs seriously. Full field regalia (details on page 4) includes a dust respirator, worn by the man at left, as a guard against silicosis



Like most other soldiers on maneuvers, the motorcyclists sleep when and where they can, with a pack for a pillow and saddle and gas tank for a mattress. Despite motorization, shoes wear out fast

# The Pied Piper

## By Nevil Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

*The Story Thus Far:*

WHEN his only son, a member of the R.A.F., is killed, John Sidney Howard, a retired English barrister, tries to find forgetfulness, years of the placid French village of Cidoton where, days gone by, he had spent many pleasant vacations. Among those whom he meets, and sincerely likes, at his little hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh. The Cavanaghs have two children: Ronald and Sheila. Mr. Cavanagh, employed by the League of Nations in Geneva, is obsessed with the idea that, come what may, he must never desert his post.

The Germans begin their drive into France; and Howard decides to return to England. Whereupon, the Cavanaghs (who are English) ask him if he will take the children to England with him. Howard is an old man—he is nearly seventy, he is growing feeble; he realizes he should not encumber himself with the children but he has not the heart to refuse his friends.

The journey toward the channel is an arduous one. In Dijon, little Sheila becomes ill. A sympathetic hotel maid takes her in hand, nurses her skillfully; and when the little party is about to leave Dijon, she implores Howard to take with him her niece, the daughter of a Frenchman (the maid's brother) who is living in London. The little girl's name is Rose—the maid calls her "*la petite* Rose." Howard hesitates, but finds himself unable to refuse the maid's request.

The old man and his charges reach Joigny, by train. There, they take a bus for Montargis. Some fifteen miles from their destination, German planes bomb the crowded road, wreck the bus; after which, there is nothing to do but walk!

They walk slowly. Presently, they reach a badly smashed car. In the car are two dead persons—a man and a woman. Near the car is a small boy—five or six years of age. Howard speaks to the boy, asks him what his name is. The boy, terrified, is unable to answer. Taking pity on the little fellow (whose name, it is later learned, is Pierre), the old man decides to take him along.

After a time, two English soldiers—a corporal in the R.A.F. and a driver—give Howard and the children a lift, in a motor lorry, take them to Pithiviers. Reconnoitering in the town, Howard and the corporal encounter a pitiful little figure—a little Dutch boy, perhaps seven, who is being stoned by the villagers. Making inquiries, the old man learns that the terrified and embittered villagers suspect the boy of being a German—*and a spy!* Howard, deeply touched, realizing that the little fellow may be killed if he remains in the town, makes another sudden decision. "We'll take him along with us," he says quietly. "All right," the corporal says. "But if we don't get a move on us, the bloody Jerries will be here and kill the lot of us."

### V

HOWARD picked up the spy, who suffered that in silence; they hurried to the lorry. The child smelled and was plainly verminous; the old man turned his face away in nausea. Perhaps in Angerville there would be nuns who would take charge of him. They might take Pierre, too, though Pierre was so little bother that the old man didn't mind about him much.

They put the children in the workshop; Howard got in with them and the corporal got into the front seat by the driver. The big truck moved across the road from Paris and out upon the road to Angerville, seventeen miles away.

"If we don't get some juice in Angerville," the driver said, "we'll be bloody well sunk."

In the van, crouched down beside the lathe with the children huddled around him, the old man pulled out a sticky bundle of chocolate. He broke off five pieces for the children; as soon as the German spy realized what it was he stretched out a filthy paw and said something unintelligible. He ate it greedily, and stretched out his hand for more.

"You wait a bit." The old man gave the chocolate to the other children. Pierre whispered, "*Merci,* monsieur."

*La petite* Rose leaned down to him. "After supper, Pierre?" she s Monsieur keep it for you to supper?"

The little boy whispered, Sunday. On Sunday I may h late after supper. Is today

The old man said, "I'm not what day it is. But I don't mother will mind if you hav after supper tonight. I'll p and you can have it then."

They drove on at a good pa the hot afternoon. Three Angerville the corporal t spoke to Howard through "Getting near that next tow said. "We got to get some or we're done."

The old man said, "If you likely on the road I'll ask hi depot is."

"Okay."

In a few minutes they cam A car stood outside it, and carrying sacks of grain or f the car into the farm. "Sto old man said, "I'll ask that

They drew up by the ro mediately switching off th save petrol. "Only about a now," said the driver. "We fine, an' no mistake."

Howard got down and v to the farm. The man, of about fifty without a coll

*(Continued on page )*



**He saw the little girl come to the tank and speak urgently to Ronnie and the Germans. The old man sent up an urgent prayer for the success of her errand**




**Northern anchor of our Pacific defense is the 1,000-mile chain of the Aleutian Islands, lying directly across the shortest air and sea routes between Asia and North America. Navy and Army bases in the Aleutians are equally valuable for offense or defense; protect Alaska and Hawaii. Existing bases (stars) are being greatly enlarged. Red circles indicate possible bases of great value**

# Alaska Gets Hot

## By Corey Ford

**plenty of rea-
good—for the
military prep-
n Alaska, and
nd all of them
p. Have a look**

S Cocktail Lounge fills up
Saturday night. Blackie's
Lounge is the only bar in
Islands, the only bar in
er a thousand miles; and
a play when the men are
Dutch Harbor base. The
g one side of the big bare
to be a dance hall until
t too rough—and there are
d a couple of stout tables,
. "Had to take out the
ie explained. "They splin-
in a fight. Made a lot of
g up on Sunday."
from the base were stand-
center of the room, drink-
r is all you can afford to
y bucks a month. Rain-
off their hats—it rains all
Unalaska—and ran down
skins and down the sides
leather boots and formed
muddy water around the
d seen them working in
sailed into Unalaska Har-
oon, toiling single-file like
p the green, treeless, rain-
ound the harbor, string-
ire on inverted V's like
digging gopher holes in
undra for gun emplace-
away the dirt afterward
it over the cliff so that no
mounds would warn an
We had seen them miring
the soupy yellow mud,
around Amaknak Island,
materials up steep moun-
Now they stood around
night and watched the
e workers lined along the

workers were drinking
can afford whisky if you
worker. Civilians get paid

eighteen bucks a day. Shovel runners get as high as $175 a week. They were getting quite drunk along the bar, and the soldiers sipped their beer in the center of the room and watched them soberly. We asked a soldier if they ever had any trouble.

"Oh, no, we don't have no trouble," he replied matter-of-factly. He was watching the group along the bar with a calculating eye. "We just wait till they get drunk enough, is all." He polished his hands. "That way we never have no trouble at all."

### This Place is Hot

Some of the troops they expect at Dutch Harbor this winter will have to live in tents until barracks can be built, but it can't be helped. There is work to be done here, and they can't get enough workers from the States. So far nobody who has applied for a job at Dutch Harbor has been turned down; but still they can't get workers enough. Even at $175 a week they can't get the workmen to stay. Every ship from the States takes away as many workmen as it brings.

"They're scared to stay," one of the soldiers said. He wasn't resentful—just mentioned it. "They're scared the bombing's going to start. They found out we got orders to evacuate all women and children from Unalaska if it starts, and they're scared to bring their families, and they're scared to be up here in Alaska away from their families. I can't blame 'em," he shrugged. "This place is hot."

The heat is on, here at Dutch Harbor; for the Aleutians form our westernmost outpost in the Pacific, eight degrees west of Hawaii, less than eight hundred miles from Japan itself. Two hundred and fifty miles north is Russia's heavily fortified Komandorski Island—a rich plum for an enemy power if Russia falls. At about the same distance from American soil is a big Soviet air base at St. Lawrence Bay, reportedly built by Nazi engineers. And across the narrow Bering Straits is still another base on Russia's East Cape peninsula at Weylin, only forty-seven miles from Alaska. The capture of Siberia by Nazi-dominated Japan—and any effective resistance by Siberia's two semiautonomous armies, in case the Moscow government crumbles, is at least problematical—would mean that we should have strong Nazi military bases and airports literally within shooting distance of the United States.

They take it for granted in Dutch Harbor that when it comes, they will get it first.

Not only at Dutch Harbor; they're getting ready all over Alaska today. You will see it, in the course of this article, at the Navy's other two Alaskan bases at Kodiak and at Sitka; see it for the first time, as far as we know, since up to now no correspondent has been permitted to inspect or photograph these sites. You will see it in the interior at the Army's nearly completed cold-weather experimental stations and its smaller auxiliary fields. You will see the Alaskan tundra quaking with the greatest burst of activity since gold-rush days, the mountains rumbling with dynamite, the yellow carryalls hauling out the ancient spruce stumps, the 'dozers uprooting million-year-old mastodon bones in the freshly thawed muck, the cats and the scrapers smoothing the ground for runways. Night and day you will hear the hammers pounding, the concrete mixers grinding, the steel framework of hangars rising clamorously against a silent background of forests and glaciers. You will find huge Army bombers, on experimental flights, alighting at remote Eskimo villages in the Arctic. You will see ships from the States arriving every day with more and more men, at such a rate that the white population of the Territory may be doubled in a year. You will see a hundred million dollars being poured into Alaska today to make it ready.

### Designed for Offense

Ready for what? Invasion? Military experts generally scoff at the idea that an enemy would attempt to capture a territory so far from home, so sparsely settled and undeveloped that it would be impossible to hold it successfully. Attack by parachute troops? Air-borne tanks? A siege of Alaska by an enemy fleet? No; none of these. Contrary to popular impression, our Army and Navy




ROLF KLEP

are not primarily concerned today with Alaskan defense. There is another reason for all the military preparation going on up there in such a hurry right now.

That reason is offense.

Take a globe and a piece of string. Put one end of the string on Tokyo, and the other on Seattle. The string will cross the Aleutian Islands twice. Dutch Harbor, you will find, lies smack in the middle of the shortest ocean highway between the United States and Japan. Now swing the western end of your string down as far as Manila. Still it will pass only a few hundred miles south of the Aleutians. Actually it is shorter to Manila by way of Dutch Harbor than by way of Honolulu. (Impossible? Check it yourself.) Even the southern islands of Guam and Luzon, you will find, are nearer our Pacific coast by way of Alaska than by way of the Hawaiians.

Try a little further. Run your string from Panama to Nome, Alaska, and down again from Nome to Singapore. Incredible as it seems, you will have come within fifteen degrees of forming an absolutely straight line. For the startling fact is that the shortest route from *any* part of northern Asia to *any* part of North America is either through, or close to, our Territory in the north. Alaska lies virtually dead center. All roads, it seems, lead to Nome.

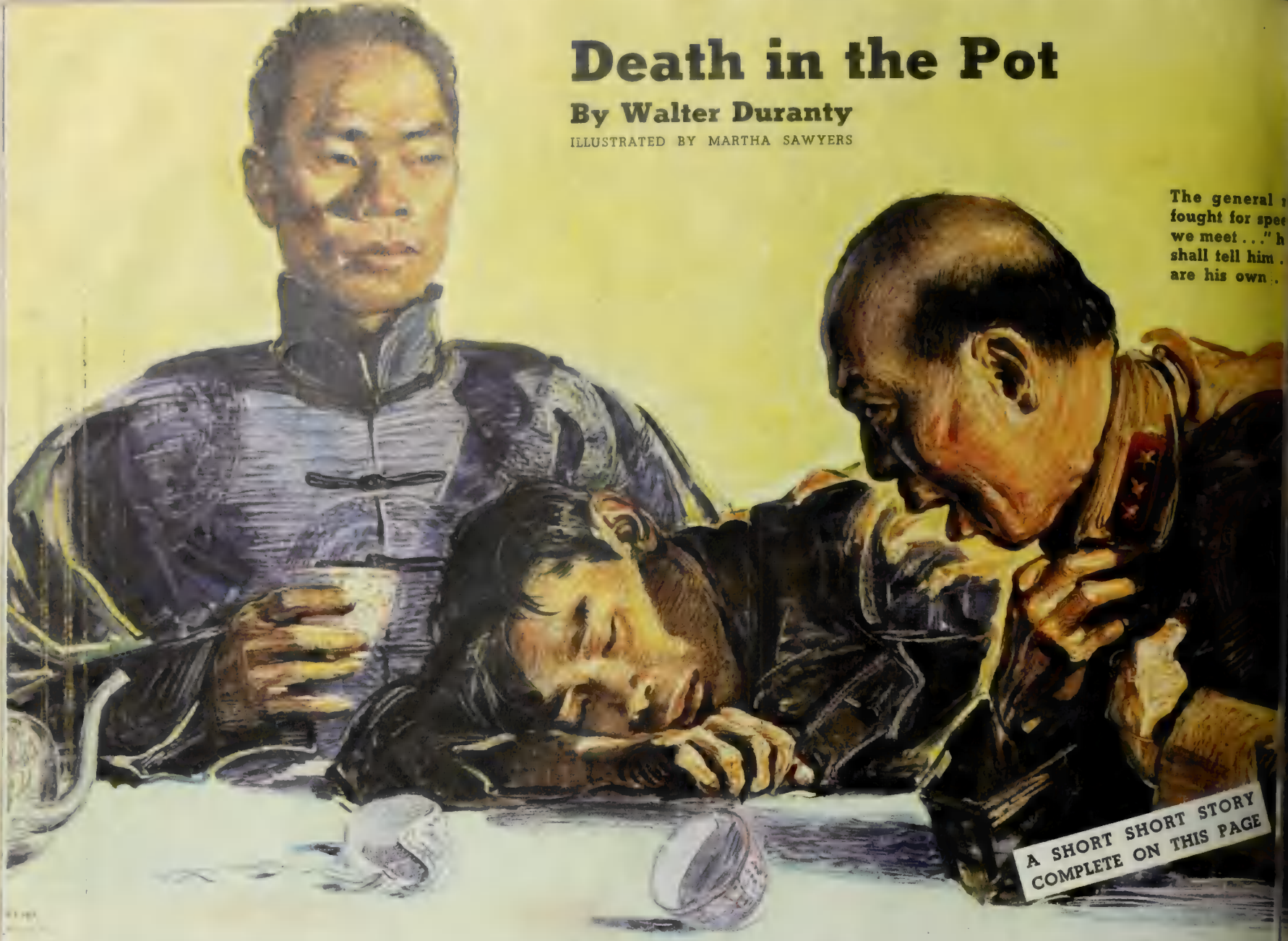
What does it add up to, then? Briefly, that we have in the Aleutians a transoceanic bridge of potential island bases unequaled anywhere else in the world. They are located strategically on the flank of the most direct routes from northern Asia, not only to our own coast but also to Hawaii; any Oriental force proceeding against Honolulu, for example, would automatically have them on its left and rear. The mere existence of well-fortified bases in these islands

*(Continued on page 46)*

# Death in the Pot

## By Walter Duranty

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS




A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"IT IS perfect," said Baron von Neustadt, caressing the little teapot. "Ming of course. It cost me dearly—a Han jade seal which I loved."

The baron was past eighty, but his eyes were clear and there was no tremor in his voice. He had been dean of the diplomatic corps at Peking for many years.

I took the little teapot from the old man's hand. "But why has it two compartments?" I asked as I lifted the lid, whose top was a four-clawed dragon. "And why these two holes in the handle?"

The baron's smile was subtle. "Ah, it's new to you, is it? They *are* very rare, very ingenious. . . . Do you remember Ho-hang-min?"

"You mean the northern dictator—the old marshal?"

"Yes, that one," said the baron. "He began as a bandit leader in the northern provinces and helped the Russians in the war of 1904. Then he swung to the Japanese, four million dollars the price was, and so they won. He grew too strong and that worried the Japanese. So his train was dynamited and he went to join his ancestors.

"General Yung-feng, the old marshal's chief of staff, had a finger in that murderous pie. I think he provided the dynamite. He was *most* ambitious. I suppose too he despised the young marshal, as they called him, the old man's son, whose name was Ho-min-cheng; he thought he was sodden and ruined by drugs. A not uncommon mistake for intelligent men to make, to undervalue an opponent.

"The young marshal had an English adviser, under whose influence he 'took a cure,' as Americans say. Thus restored, he became aware of General Yung-feng's conspiracy, and asked him to dinner.

"At that time, the general had made his plans to kill the young marshal and seize power in the northern provinces.

"Being Chinese and astute, the general took with him to the banquet four or five of his trustiest henchmen, all armed with Luger pistols.

"The young marshal received the general warmly and offered, most politely, to seat his guest in the host's place at the foot of the table with his back to the door. Yung-feng refused the honor and sat himself down in the middle with his gunmen on both sides. He had no suspicions, but he took no chances, and was careful to partake only of such dishes as the marshal had tasted already.

"After the dinner the young marshal clapped his hands and they brought him tea, in this teapot, this very same porcelain teapot. He poured for himself and for the general and for the general's henchmen. He drank the tea from his cup before the general drank, and his henchmen. All of them drank their tea.

"MEANWHILE they went on chatting in a desultory manner, but the general saw that the young marshal's English adviser had come quietly into the room and was sitting near the marshal. He nudged his leading gunman and whispered, 'Watch it, it smells wrong.'

"The gunman looked at him dully. 'My feet have gone to sleep,' he muttered, 'without any pins and needles.' "

The Baron von Neustadt tapped me on the knee. "At that instant General Yung-feng found that his feet also had gone to sleep, without any pins and needles. He knew quite well he was poisoned and finished and dying and doomed. He did not know how they had done it but he knew it all right."

The baron paused dramatically, and pointed at me with his finger. He went on: "There with death in his body, now aware that his hands and feet and the hands of his men were paralyzed, that the chill of death had caught them and was slowly flowing up to heart and brain . . . at this moment the general became one hundred per cent Chinese.

"Looking straight at Ho-min-cheng, he said, 'My host, I wish to thank you . . . for a splendid entertainment. You are . . . I perceive . . . a young man of unusual gifts. But not, I must say, the equal of your late-lamented parent, that pearl among men. Your father, young sir, was a *man,* like whom there are few in this world.'

"The young marshal looked at him coldly. 'Who are you?' he said, 'to say such things of my father, whom you killed, you pro-Japanese traitor, as you plotted to kill me too?'

"The general's senses were fading. His knees were cold, and he could not move a muscle. 'That's the fault of your education,' he said, 'your barbarous foreign tutor. You have lost your Chinese manners, and you do not understand. I go now from here to your father, to join him . . . over there. Of course you are right, I killed him . . . and you're right, I meant to kill you . . . but somehow you did it first. So now . . . as I'm dying . . . I send him . . . I send to your noble father . . . a message through the skies. I speak my last words in his honor, that we can meet on friendly terms.'

"For a moment his head fell forward, then he rallied and fought for speech. 'When we meet . . .' he gasped, 'I shall tell him . . . that you are his own . . . true son.' "

The baron sat back grin
Cheshire Cat in the story

"I don't understand," I
yet see how they did it."

"You will if you look at
you see it has two compa
the two little holes in the
is one of the poison teapo
lid fits tight. If you put y
the upper hole in the han
most compartment in the
by lack of air, and it po
second compartment. If
second hole, the foremost
pours."

I TOOK it in my hands,
shape and texture. Sim
of a finger one could pour

"Oh, yes," I said, "now
how did you . . . ?"

The Baron von Neustad
pot back on the table.
trouble I acquired an authe
jade seal. The young mar
too. He said to me smo
lency, I deem you my fr
father's friend before me
fore, in token of friendshi
a trifling present. This sm
there is nothing so rare i
see it has hidden virtues
me the teapot's secret.
one day you may need t

The baron's eyes were
mouth was old and tired.
he said, "what that mean
give him a return gift, a
was the seal, the jade se

"What a deadly toy,"
"Did you ever, sir, *did* y

"My friend," said the
"you are young and I am
not wait long for an ans
know that when I am de

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*Patent N



*Distinctive rosé model. Three-figured dia o. 5706E*

# Alder Gulch

Continued from page 12

m. Deep under the water he
ho.
l under and drifted with the
l his heart began to strike its
ws on his ribs, and came up
ark hull of the ship slipping
ater was half warm from
and bore the silt of a hun-
s and hills far away. He
: Sitgreaves calling: "Lower

is head!"
vhacked the near-by water
m down. He swam breast
he thought he had cleared
mpletely, and rose again.
the Panama Chief was an
pe upstream. Mister Sit-
d his orders, very cold and
nd the blocks of the davit
ueaking. He heard the bot-
eboat hit the water. Mister
id, "Let go," in a softer and
This man, Pierce remem-
e captain's brother.

t carried him downstream.
e on the water another row-
and a lantern bobbed close
r's surface. Pierce angled
eeling the down-dragging
s clothes. He swam over-
his strength into his long
s he swam he had a very
lection of a shallow Vir-
e had crossed two years
the fire of Confederate
s. All around him the creek

greaves had lost him. It
aboard that he heard Mis-
es say conversationally,
le I listen." The pilings of
d before Pierce and water
idily from it to the river.
ick odor of sewage around
eared the wharf's end and
down upon yielding mud.
ed from wharf to ship:
rouble out there?"
low, crumbling bank and
the wet silt to fight for
ate's answer rode over the
he Panama Chief: "Man
Where's your police?"
w in a mouthful of water
out. He came against the
bed it, to face the played-
treet on the ragged edge of
and barns loomed before
arf was to his left and in
the main part of Portland
; a wagon rolled by, two
ing on the seat.
o more sound from Mister
d no further inquiry from
on the wharf. But as he
e edge of the river bluff
raining from his clothes
d the town was no more
an the ship had been. Sit-
d notify the police and the
be searched. What he
ry clothes, a meal and a
of leaving Portland.
away from the bluff, past
d through broken piles of
rossed the pure mud sur-
t entirely dark and empty,
lley not much wider than
h and found himself at a
ular square. Across the
on shed light from every
eyond this saloon the main
own apparently lay, hard
ts stores open even at this
ong this street supply wag-
moved. The name of the
e Oro Fino.
alley and walked directly
l square toward the flaring lights of the saloon. A string of freight wagons crawled out of the darkness and passed between him and the saloon and somewhere a river boat whistled. Paused at the edge of the square while the freighters rolled by, he observed a man ride up and come to a halt before the string of wagons. He was in high boots and rough clothes, he wore a shaggy beard and he had the stain and the smell of a miner about him.

Pierce said, "Where's gold country around here?"

The man gave him a moment's study. "Upriver. Away up. In Ideeho."

"Just came from the California diggings myself."

"Hear they're played out. You look damp to me. You could stand a drink."

"I am a little shy of company," said Pierce.

He had judged his man rightly. The miner's lawless spirit instantly arose and prompted him to say, "Stay here and I'll get you a drink." The string of freighters had now gone by, whereupon the miner crossed the mud, dismounted before the Oro Fino, and rolled the swinging doors aside with his shoulders.

There seemed to be a sharp dividing line in town. Before him light glowed and warmth moved, regardless of the hour, while behind him in Portland's quieter quarter the solid and respectable citizens slept the sleep of the righteous. At that moment Pierce heard a quick call and turned to find Sitgreaves pointing at him. Behind Sitgreaves were the bosun and two citizens who were undoubtedly police.

"That's him," said Sitgreaves.

Pierce wheeled across the square to the alley's mouth. There was perfect darkness here for the length of a full block. Running down the loose mud, he heard the halloo of voices and a command from one of the police, "Hold up or I'll fire!" The alley played out in the middle of the block, dissipating itself into a series of between-building pathways, and Pierce took one of these in full flight, to arrive at another street all dark except for a corner house whose lights shimmered on wet pools in the street's mud. He swung close to the face of the buildings with the racket of the pursuing gentlemen steadily continuing to his rear. He cut across the mud to the far side of the street; he ran through the beam of light from the corner house, and curved into another street. And heard a woman's voice say:

"Wait!"

HE CAME to a dead stop, he whirled half around to face the dark side of the house. The woman was a shadow against the house, and he saw only the motion of her shoulders in these shadows. "No," he said impatiently. "No, I'm sorry."

She came nearer. "I had a look at you when you came across the light. You're wet." She put a hand against his chest and drew it away. Back on the other street Sitgreaves' dead, calm voice was very distinct: "He went that way."

The woman said, "Come with me."

She went ahead of him at a light run, so that he had to stretch his legs to keep up with her. Half a block onward she darted behind a building and paused to catch his hand. "Careful with your feet," she said, and led him on. Somewhere in the heart of this complete darkness she stopped again, threw open a door and pushed him into a lighted room. She came in after him, closing the door.

It was a bare and worn and unlovely room with a stove in its center, a counter in the corner, a clock on the wall, and a


## Grandpa Goes Modern



**"BACK IN 'SIXTY-FIVE,"** says Grandpa, "I was just a drummer boy. But I remember one thing the old general told me. 'Boy,' he says, 'nothing in the world does a soldier as much good as a real old-fashioned *purge*.'"



**"AND SO, YOUNG LADY,"** says Gramps, "never quibble over a good strong dose. Stick your chin out and drink it down. It makes a man of you!"



**"GRAMPS,"** says I, "you're a hard character. Did it ever occur to you to find and correct the *cause* of your trouble? Come to breakfast; I want to show you something."




**"NOW WHAT?"** says Gramps.

"Just a crisp, delicious breakfast cereal," says I. "KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. If your trouble is the common kind of constipation that's due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN will go right to the cause of it."




**"WHOA THERE!"** hollers Grandpa. "Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good! If vittles like this can make you join the 'regulars,' I'm enlisting right now."

And, bless you, he did—even to following the directions: "Eat it every day and drink plenty of water!"

**Join the "Regulars" with**

***Kellogg's All-Bran***

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**"Touché!"** means "it hits the spot" in fencing talk. Sort of reminds you of WILD CHERRY LIFE SAVERS, the dandy little candy that hits the spot every time. Have a pack in your pocket or pocketbook.



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"All candy products having the distinctive shape of LIFE SAVERS are manufactured by Life Savers Corp., Port Chester, N. Y.

huge, man-shaped woman sitting unsurprised in a rocking chair. She had iron-gray hair and a tremendous figure and her eyes were thoroughly unsympathetic as she looked at Pierce and read his story. "Jumped ship, didn't you?" she said. Then she turned her attention to the other woman and her expression changed, as though she saw something she didn't understand. "What are you doing in this end of town, Miss Castle?"

Pierce wheeled to have a look at this Miss Castle and met a pair of gray-green eyes dead-on. She had black hair covered by a kind of shawl that women sometimes seized up on the spur of the moment for both hat and cloak. It sat like a cowl on her head and came down about straight shoulders and a strong, rounded bosom. The night had brought color to her cheeks and her glance made a good job of investigating him. For a common woman she was well gotten out in a dark dress which came snug to her throat. A cameo pendant hung from a fine gold chain about her neck.

THE big woman in the rocker said, "Ladies never come here. What kind of menfolk have you got to let you be such an elegant fool? If you were seen you would be compromised."

Miss Castle shrugged her shoulders. "You have two fugitives instead of one, Madame Bessie."

"How would a lady like you know my name?" demanded Madame Bessie in clear displeasure. "And how did you know my door?"

"From my menfolk. You're talked about over Portland's supper tables."

"Is that what the best part of town talks about?" asked Madame Bessie. "In mixed company?" She got up from the rocker and took a lamp from the counter, and trimmed and lighted it. She was, when she faced Pierce, both taller and heavier than he; she was a formidable creature with a square-jowled face and a bit of a mustache. "Your menfolk ought to keep such things out of their houses."

She led them down a dismal hall scarcely wider than her shoulders and flung open a room's door. She put the lamp on a marble-topped dresser and stepped back, again watching Miss Castle with resentment. "I don't understand this. I shouldn't permit it. You're a fool for being something you shouldn't be. Usually it is money or a man that turns a girl. Your people have got money enough. So it must be a man."

"We won't be spending the whole night here," said the girl.

"That makes no difference," said Madame Bessie. "You are compromised now. But I suppose it is no different falling from a high place than from a low place." Thus far ignoring Pierce, she now turned to him: "Be quiet if you hear trouble outside. Get out of those clothes and I'll find some dry ones. All these ship jumpers land here wet to the skin. You'll be getting the last one's clothes. The next one will get yours. I'll take four dollars now."

"Two," said Pierce, "is my stake."

"You think I do this for the fun of it?" asked Madame Bessie sharply. "You can get out now. I won't be cheated."

"It's all right," said the girl. She produced a little purse from somewhere and laid a half-eagle into Madame Bessie's waiting palm. Madame Bessie gave the girl one look of scorn. "To go with him is bad enough. To pay his way is worse. He'll use you and lay you aside. Don't you know you can't buy a man for very long?" She closed the door behind her with a harsh jar; her heavy body went audibly down the narrow hall.

"Fugitives," murmured the girl, "can't be particular."

"Don't spend your money on me," said Pierce. "I have no way of paying you back."

"Perhaps," she answered, present itself. What is your

"Jeff Pierce."

"Mine is Diana Castle. shanghaied aboard ship at cisco, I suppose, and made night."

"That's it," he said. "How know?"

"I saw the Panama Chief in the middle of the river. V stays out from the dock it us they've got a shanghaied escape frequently from the is an old story to us. You ca until your ship sails and abroad a free man. Our au not much interested in reca men for bully shipmasters."

"For a lady," he said, "y common knowledge of the h

"I told you I was a fugitiv I?" Then she lifted her h him silent; for there was t men suddenly arrived i Bessie's office, and uncivil looked carefully around th a window and he went to i the window and put his hea ders through the opening. an alley, black as a tunnel. side this building; he drew the window open. Out in M sie's office a first-class q with Madame Bessie layi around like a club. "If the the hall," said Pierce, "w way."

It was her lack of exc puzzled him more than a She was, as Madame Bess lady from the proper qua and had no business bei cheap lodginghouse was kind of woman. There w kinds. This was the thing his judgment of her and sent her steadiness, as M had resented it. Either sh norant of this muddy side shame or she was a woma He could not really tell strong, shapely girl with firmly controlled, and with sion in her eyes. She was had the idea there was a l which she deliberately h On her left hand a diamo single spot of white fire.

THE sound of bitter bra the searchers appare The girl said as an "Madame is outraged b I have noticed that her h always has the strictest priety. Why is that?"

"She knows what good

"What are good and b girl. "Do you know?" S sharp glance; she shook h do not approve of me," and shrugged her shoulde it will do you no good."

Madame Bessie came She closed the door behin with her great shoulders formidable than before. she said. "Now you b here."

"How about that chan asked Pierce.

"No," retorted Madam call no trouble down o put both large arms ac and locked them togethe thought came gray and She turned on Diana paying for this man's tro It will just cost you a hu keep my mouth shut. call the police back."

Diana Castle said, " pened?"

"This man," said M nodding at Pierce, "kil in the fracas."

Diana Castle stood before Madame Bessie and watched the woman with a growing self-reliance. She matched Madame Bessie's stare. She was cool and she was very thoughtful. Madame Bessie said, "You can get that hundred dollars from me, Miss Castle."

"You want to keep out of trouble. Don't you?" asked the girl. "What if I were to step out on the street and start to scream? Suppose I said you had dragged me into your place? I think you'd be in the penitentiary a long while."

Madame Bessie watched her a considerable interval, not so much with anger as with a reluctant admiration. And she said finally, "All right, Miss Castle. I guess you know what you want."

"Now," added Diana Castle, "could you get me some clothes? And he needs a drink, Madame, and we are both hungry. Are we?"

MADAME opened the door and stood through it and turned. "Miss Castle," she said, "you are too calculating for a proper lady. Wherever did you learn to be smart?" With this, she departed.

The girl walked to the open window. Her back to Pierce, and placed her hands on the window's sash. Her shoulders stopped and became round at the points and the she came slowly about and he saw that her face had a shadow on it. Her confidence was momentarily broken. Having her tired or weak or a little afraid. He liked her better for seeing it. It took the calculation and the chill out of her.

"Did you have to do that?" she asked. "When I made for the rail he came almost at me and fired a shot. I knocked him down with a belaying pin and went over the side." He shook his head; he made an odd motion with his hand. "Not to be helped."

She was watching him and he discovered that she was afraid of him for the first time. "What," she asked in a distant voice, "would you like me to do?" "Nothing. You'd better go out of that window now."

She let out a sigh and moved toward him. She was almost smiling, her fear vanished. "For a moment I thought I had made a mistake in you. But I have not. You are not one of those murderous Sydney ducks coming off a ship with your teeth broken in, cunning and half inhuman." She paused, not quite through with her thoughts about him, and added in a softer way, "I can still hope."

He said, "Why should you hope?"

"Because I need a man. That is why I stopped you on the street. You are to help me get out of this town. There are four thousand people in Portland. I can't appear on the street, or get on the California stage, or take a boat without being recognized. A woman traveling alone in this country is under handicaps."

"I do not know about that," he said.

She checked him with a gesture. "You're in trouble and you know nothing of this country. You cannot take any road from Portland without being spotted in the back country. But I know how you can drop from sight."

"How?"

"Do I go with you?"

"How do you go with me?" he asked.

She drew a breath and her pleasant lips came momentarily together. She looked down at the floor and so avoided his eyes. "As your wife."

"No," he said. "Not as my wife."

She said: "There will, of course, be no marriage. We must make the best of it before people's eyes until we get to the place we're going. Is it so much to ask? Are you already married?"

"No," he said. He moved back to the window and he stood there watching the yellow lamplight shine in her eyes. She had a fair, smooth skin and a round face pointed by a firm chin; she had an enormous certainty in her, she had a positive will. What confused him was that light in her eyes which seemed to hold back some kind of laughter from him. In a way she liked this touch-and-go business: it had an exciting effect on her. Madame Bessie stirred heavily in the hall and time went on fast and he looked at her and made his decision. "All right," he said.

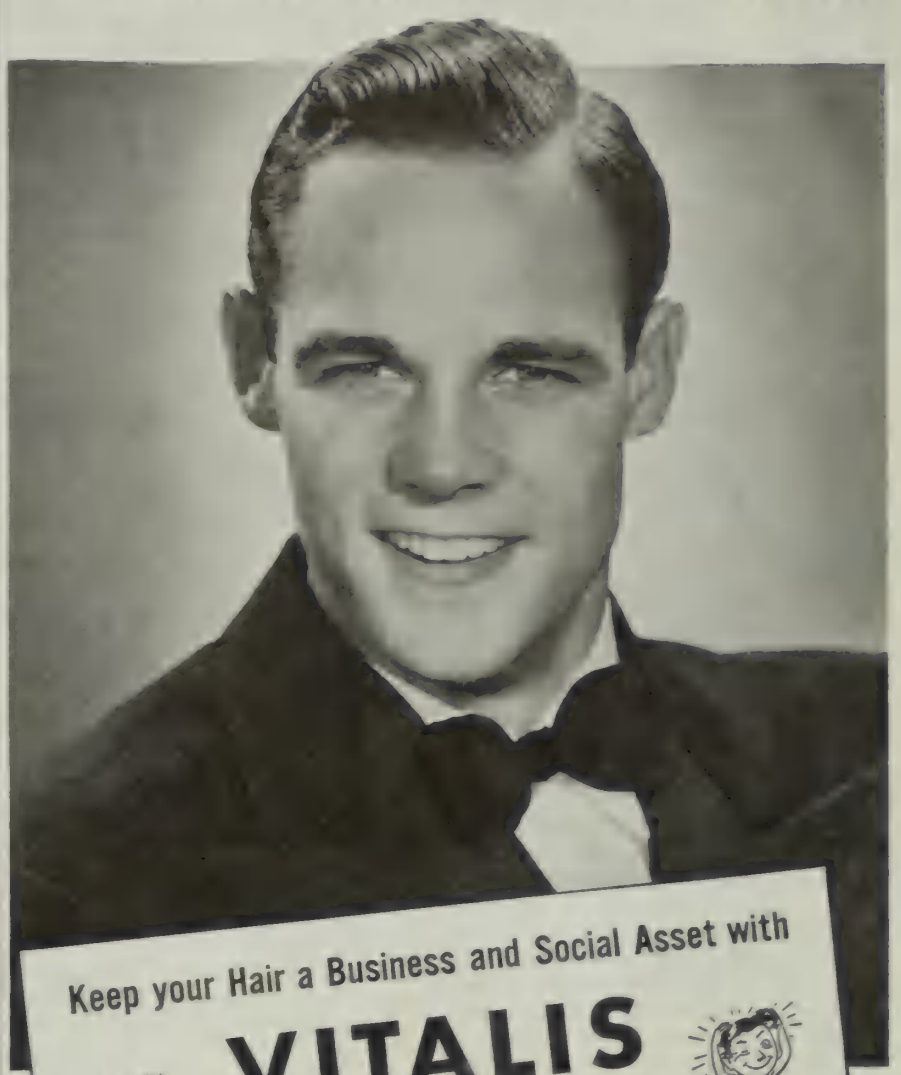
Madame Bessie came in with a suit of clothes and a pair of boots over one




"Maybe we'd better put in another stool"


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*Federal tax included





arm. She had a whisky bottle under the clothes, and carried a pitcher of coffee and a loaf of bread in her other hand. She threw the clothes on the bed and deposited the rest of her burden on the washstand. "There's a miner from the Owyhee dead drunk in one of my rooms," she said. "This is his suit."

"Give him mine in the morning," said Pierce, "and tell him he fell in the river."

Madame Bessie nested both fists against her ample hip line and scanned these people with her dismal experience of the world's worst side. "You're a cool lot," she said, "the both of you, and you want your way and mean to get it."

"Yes," said Diana Castle, "we mean to get it, Madame."

"Mark me," said the madame, "you'll get something else. You will get hurt." She turned out and lifted her shaggy eyebrows in faint surprise when Diana Castle followed her into the hall and closed the door. "You start with modesty," Madame commented in her tart, disbelieving voice. "You will end with something else. You will never keep him."

"I don't want him, Madame. Not for long."

"So you think," retorted the madame. "Cool as you are, you are still a fool. The game you play will make you cry soon or late. He will break your heart and you might break his."

"What game, Madame?"

"For a woman there's only two—money or a man. You have money, so it must be a man."

"There's still another game, Madame."

"Is there?" countered Madame Bessie. She moved her massive shoulders forward and laid her gray-chilled stare on Diana Castle. "I've seen a lot of girls start as you start. You know where they are now? Up on the second floor of places like mine, waiting for trade." She put her face quite close to Diana Castle, darkly murmured, "Women are weaker than they think," and moved heavily down the hall.

Pierce removed the cheap sweater and pants that had come out of the Panama Chief's slop chest and stood stripped in the room's center, drying himself with a towel. He was lank-bodied top and bottom with long, flat muscles; his ribs showed when he lifted his arms and two bullet scars made white nipples above his left hip. He had sandy red hair and a heavy-boned face, and his eyes sat broad and deep in their sockets, and his chin was faintly thrust out. His mouth was full at the center, and habitually held steady. When he had gotten into the miner's clothes—trousers and double-breasted blue shirt and high boots—he said, "You can come in," and took time to wash up at the stand.

SHE came in; she stood against the wall, waiting. When he turned to her she noticed that he had the bluest and darkest eyes a man could possibly own. They were penetrating and reserved rather than friendly, and he had an alertness to his body motion, as though keyed and cocked for the unexpected. He was thinner than he should be and she had not yet seen him smile. She supposed he was around twenty-eight.

He put on the miner's coat and took a water glass from the washstand. He filled it half with coffee and half with whisky; he tipped his glass to Diana Castle and waited a moment. She had that smile somewhere behind her eyes when she said: "Luck." He drank his coffee and whisky straight down.

He had been cold, and presently was warm. He broke the bread with his hands and offered her half the loaf. She shook her head and watched him eat. He had a ring on his small left-hand finger that interested her, since it seemed to be a woman's ring, but she pushed the obvious question away. He put his hands in the miner's coat and pulled out a pipe, a letter, a small bullet mold, and a buckskin pouch. The pouch, when he loosened the pucker string, held three or four ounces of coarse gold nuggets.

She watched him now with complete troubled interest. He looked down at the pouch and hefted it between his hands, and laid it on the washstand beside the other articles. "What's left of a large bust," he commented. "Madame Bessie will probably see that he never gets it." He went to his wet clothes in the corner, retrieved his two dollars and put them in the pocket of the borrowed coat. The girl released a held breath. "You're honest," she said.

"Up to thirty dollars," he answered dryly. "What now?"

"The steamboat Carrie Ladd leaves the foot of Washington Street at five in the morning for Lewiston. A thousand miners come through here every month bound for the mines upriver. When you get there you'll be out of sight."

"Neither you nor I," he pointed out, "will walk up that boat's gangplank at five in the morning without being stopped. The police will watch it."

"I know," she said. "But we have to get on that boat."

"Where's Washington Street?"

"Two blocks south of here. Then turn left and go two blocks to Front."

"I'll go take a look."

SHE came toward him. She had her small purse in her hand. "As long as we're together," she said, "this is yours."

He let the purse lie in his palm, feeling its heaviness. "Maybe my honesty doesn't go beyond thirty dollars."

"I've got to take that chance, haven't I? When I left the house tonight, I left for good. There's six hundred dollars gold in the purse."

He turned to the window and had one leg through it when a thought arrested him. He looked back to her. "You married?"

"No."

"Not that it would have made much difference," he said in the same dry way. "But I have never run off with a married woman."

"Otherwise?" she asked.

He gave her a good and sudden smile. "Or any woman," he said.

The window let him into a pitch-black alley which he pursued to a street bordered by little frame shops long since locked up for the night. He halted on the sidewalk, listening to the thinned-out voices of men drift over h from the water front; and pres crossed the mud and advanced block and saw the flare of l Front. Keeping to the shadow he moved toward the river. C Front he put his back to a salc moment's observation.

Directly across from him s Pioneer Hotel, and beyond th dock to which a steamboat pilothouse and single stack against the night sky. Men trot boat to dock, loading freigh barrel of tar burned on the do its smoky yellow light darkly on the river. A line of waitin bent around the corner of the House as far as the dock.

HE WAS in poor position h men moving past him, in a the saloon; and so he crossed th line of wagons and took positi shadowed side of the hotel. tilted downgrade to the lowe the boat, and at the foot of way a big canvas-topped wag its driver half asleep inside a b overcoat.

"Hard sleeping," said Pierc

The driver pulled himsel "Been here three days. Damn booked solid. I'll get on tonight

"Coat looks familiar."

"Third Ohio," said the drive

"First Michigan myself," Pierce.

"Ah," observed the driver hard war, and a long one. Buy out?"

"Wounded and discharg Pierce. "My wife and I are tr upriver. There isn't any spac

"Be lucky if you get away week."

"That would be too late," s "It is damned serious." He ward and stood close by the heavy piece of machinery the deck of the Carrie Lad men rounded the corner of t and came to a stand behind was in the shadow cast by with his back to them, but he Sitgreaves' voice at once.

"We will watch this bo sails."

"Hard man to give up, ain' one of the others.

"Why, yes," stated Sitgr steady voice, "I reckon I am. him tonight, or in the morn week, or next year. Let's tr again."

The four men departed.




"13-12, sir—Army—third quarter"



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*like a Flying Fortress?"*

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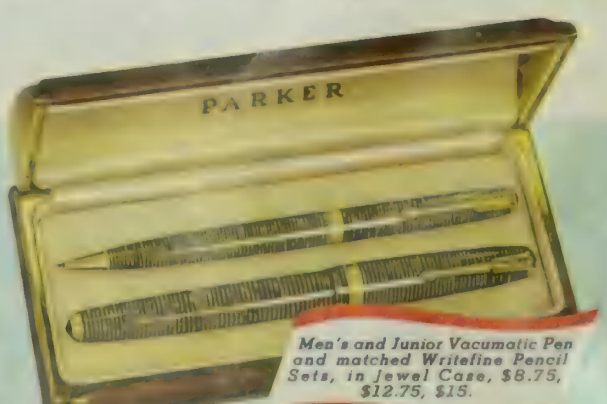
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killed," commented the driver with disinterest. "Well, I guess we seen a lot of boys killed, ain't we, brother?"

"You've got a cover on your wagon," said Pierce. "If my wife and I hid inside they couldn't see us."

The driver revived himself sufficiently to pack and light his pipe. He lowered the match until he caught a clear view of Pierce's face. He laughed easily to himself. "That's one way," he said. But he gave Pierce one more sharp appraisal before he said, "Come later when some of these lights go out."

Sitgreaves and his three partners were fading into the darkness up Washington. Pierce moved back into the first available shadows beyond the saloon and took station there, watching the driver of the canvas-topped wagon with ■ degree of suspicion; the man's gesture with the match was on his mind. The driver settled down inside his big coat for ■ chilly rest and, half an hour later, Pierce made his way across town to Madame Bessie's, let himself through the window to the lodginghouse room, and found Diana Castle sound asleep on the bed.

PIERCE ate the rest of the bread and drank the cold coffee and tilted himself on the room's only chair. He thought of the dead captain with a slow pity but without regret, much as he had once thought of those butternut-clad Confederate infantry who came running out of the summer wheat fields in Virginia and dropped at the crack of his gun. Pity was something he remembered in a far-off boyhood, never since recaptured; it was just a memory.

Long later he got up from the chair, observing that the black night's square at the window began to tremble slightly with gray; and touched the girl on the shoulder. "Time to go," he said.

She was up at once, frightened. She stared at him and her arms came up in a quick, pushing gesture; and then the shock passed and relief softened her and for the first time he saw her smile. "I would have been asleep in another moment. You weren't gone long."

"You have been asleep for three hours," he said irritably.

She said in a little voice, "I don't ever mean to cause you trouble."

"You have a good home. You have people. You have friends and money and nothing much to worry about. You don't know what you're getting into. It is like leaving a warm room and going out into the rain. You'll never get dry again."

"So you have a conscience," she murmured. "But let's not argue. If you hadn't turned the corner of this house a few hours ago some other man would have. I would have taken him."

"All right," he said. "We go out through the window." He gave her a hand through the window, seized a blanket from the bed and followed her. It was still black in the heart of this block but, overhead, the stars had lost some of their electric brightness, and a thin river mist moved against them. Diana Castle took the lead, reaching back for his arm, and in this manner they reached the nearest street and went along it, their footfalls running sharply ahead.

The remnant of a tar-barrel fire guttered crimson and black on the dock and the superstructure of the Carrie Ladd traced a skeleton shape against the night mists. The girl suddenly pulled him to ■ stop before a building's door. She had, he saw, a letter in her hand and now bent and slipped it beneath the door. Looking up, he noticed a sign that said: "Castle and Tipton, Wholesalers." Diana Castle faced the door, and her voice contained the first regret he had so far heard from her: "I am telling my father not to worry. I am telling him that this is my own doing."

Somewhere footsteps made in the town's stillness. The g pered. "That will be them," a his hand and led him down a building gap. Fifty feet from t once more in the sightless h block, he pulled her to a stop. them, at the mouth of the c lantern made its diamond-bri and men were talking:

"There was a racket up this

"She'd not be walking the this hour, Harry. It makes n

The first man's voice came b used and very tired: "None of sense. I'm going to knock on of every house in town."

A third man added his wo have seen all her friends. No not like to offend you, Mr. you, Mr. Wyatt. But we mus tical about this. Was she fo other man?"

"If you suggest that aga forced to knock you down," tired voice.

They moved on, their steps ing back from distant quart made a first thin pulse in th the river mists began to sho "One was the marshal," Diana Castle. She had his h leading him on through qu seemed to know well. "One v ther. I am sorry for my fathe

"There was a third man," Pierce.

"I'm not sorry for him," she They came presently to ano along which low-burning n showed out of glassed sho The square edge of the Pio stood directly to their right, lay on the boardwalk wrappe and the line of wagons wait boat made a black curve aro tel's corner.

The girl moved over the farther walk. They passe building's side, thus coming at which the Carrie Ladd la groaned against the piling burned in the purser's cabi

"What do we do now?" as

THE foot of the runway wa and the teamster who had Third Ohio slept soundly or his wagon. Deep in the hull rie Ladd iron fire doors sl wood smoke drifted in the air. Light appeared from a the Pioneer and steam dew-damp housetops and, b the Oregon fir forest beg through, silvered by mist. nobody at this moment visit ington except the sleepir Taking the girl's arm, he m the Ohio man's wagon, pul vas open at the rear and Castle a hand up. Followi himself sprawled on a loa potatoes, with scarcely breathing room between and the canvas top.

The teamster, wakened b of their entrance, put his the front apron and withdr heard the girl say, "You ful," and saw her face dim situation would be uncon in some degree risky, for canvas lay tight-lashed bows, all down to the wag was an opening at the re anyone might look. He t this, and settled himself knees, shifting the potato off that view and also to in which they might be spread down Madame blanket. "Yours," he said her slide into it.

It was light enough so saw her face. She wasn't s effect of excitement was

hough he had far pleasanter thoughts
han she wanted to show. "Thank you,"
he whispered, "for being thoughtful."
"It is the third man I'm wondering
bout," he said.

The teamster left the wagon. Day-
ght came and the odor of coffee drifted
ut of some near-by door and people
egan to stir around the corner of the
ioneer Hotel toward the Carrie Ladd;
nd presently the boat's whistle sent a
reat warning blast bounding back
roug Portland. People tramped
eadil along the gangplank, and a
oman said, half in tears, "Write, won't
ou?" And over and above the growing
onfusion he caught a voice that be-
onged to Sitgreaves: "You've gone
roug the boat, cabin by cabin?"
"He ot on board."
"We ll watch."

THE touched Pierce's arm. She
looked up and her lips moved and he
aw the steady brightness of her eyes;
nd once more he got the idea that this
as all something which pleased her in
way that no other thing could. The
hio man stirred on the wagon seat and
cked the brake; the wagon moved
wngrily and struck the Carrie Ladd's
ck. A boat's officer shouted his con-
ant orders and all around there was
e rising clash of voices on dock and
boat and other wagons groaned
ross the deck.
"Plank s in, sir!"
"Cast off bow and spring!"
The whistle flung out a second warn-
g and bells jingled in the Carrie Ladd's
gine room. "Cast off stern!"
"All clear astern!"
The dock trembled to the thrust of the
arrie Ladd's big Pittmans. The pad-
s slowly threshed and the nose of the
ip swung as it turned into the chan-
l. . . .

Five hours from Portland the boat
ied ashore and the wagon moved off
a rutted piecemeal road. Jeff Pierce
had been sleeping. He stirred and said, "Where are we now?"

"We've left the Carrie. We're driving around the Cascade Portage to the middle river boat—the Oneonta. We'll be in The Dalles tonight."

He fell asleep again. The wagon turned down an incline and struck the middle river boat's deck; and in a little while they were underway, steaming through the great Cascade Gorge. . . .

Dusk came and with it the smell of food; and darkness fell. Pierce was awake and now lay silent beside the girl, and somewhere in the early night the Oneonta whistled and turned into The Dalles landing. The wagon moved up a long grade and town lights streaked the side of the canvas and there was music from a saloon and rough voices cheerfully calling. Then the wagon stopped and the Ohio man rapped on the canvas. Pierce crawled out, assisting the girl to the ground. They were, she discovered, on a quiet back street.

The Ohio man said, "Both you folks seemed a little shy, so I thought I'd unload you privately."

"I am grateful," said the girl.

The teamster nodded, and gave his attention to Pierce. "I could make a good guess as to your bein' on my wagon," he said. "But Army men stick together, don't they?" He got back on the wagon, lifted a hand to them and rolled away.

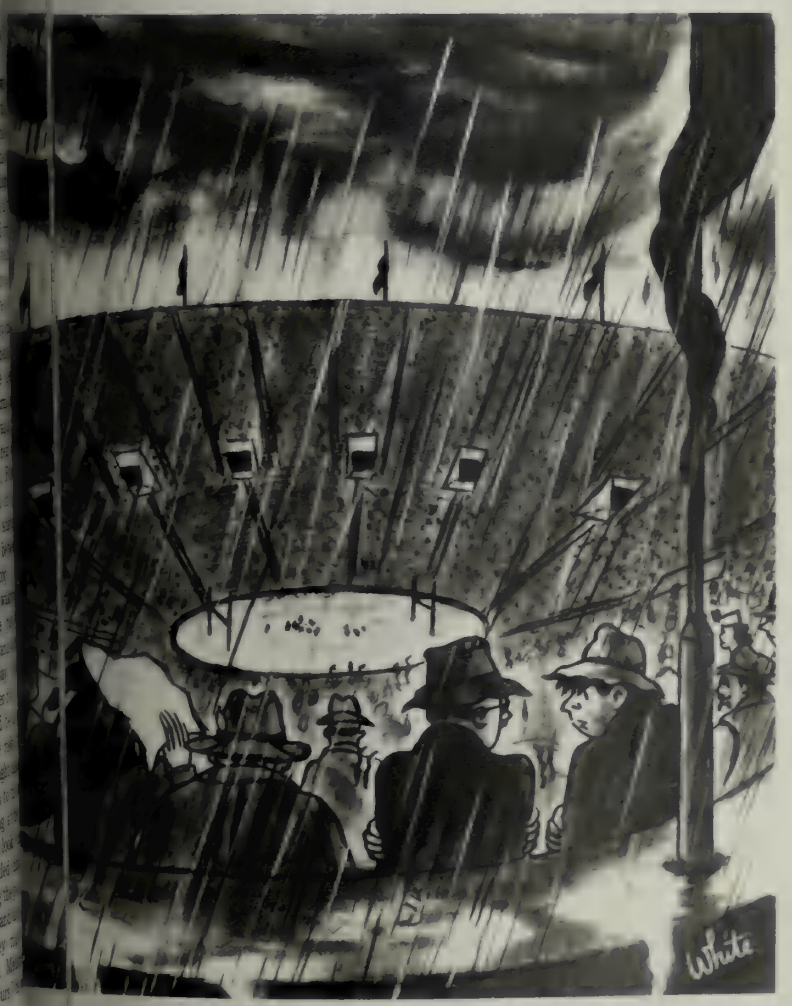
Pierce moved to the street's corner and looked toward the heart of this river town. He said, "What's next?"

"The Umatilla House is on that corner. We are halfway to Lewiston. The upper river boat leaves in the morning."

He gave her a long, straight look. "I'll have to see about space on that boat. Meanwhile, we'll need a room and something to eat. I expect we register as man and wife?"

"Yes," she said. "If you don't mind."

"It is too late to mind now, isn't it?" There was no particular inflection to his




"You mean you'd rather be home having a turkey dinner?"

HUGH WHITE


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Serve wine as simply as tea are served. At dinner-t white or red table variety– California *Rhine Wine* or *Sa* well with chicken. Or rec with roast beef. For betwee refreshment wines like *P catel*. And as an appetize

t as she took his arm and
ith him toward the Umatilla
had an unexpectedly painful
His judgment of her character
e. She wished it were not.

LLES' principal street paral-
river whose lava-rock margins
l and black in the quarter
; and a soft wind brought in
scent of a thousand miles of
and sagebrush desert, giving
thin and vigorous pungency.
to the Umatilla House with
rce observed the freight out-
for their long, slow run into
untry, and the shaggy shapes
ho prospected the hills, and
eyed and half-wild cow hands
tant ranches. Indians—these
oud and intractable plains
fferent from the slovenly fish
he coast—stood by the hotel
rmy men roamed by in their
s. Pierce and Diana Castle
to the desk through a crowd
and boat passengers. Pierce
om for myself and wife." A
man dressed in black broad-
white shirt turned from the
lightly collided with Diana,
ick to lift his hat in apology.
been some confusion,"
as he signed the register.
ost our luggage and my wife
ably fatigued. Could you
neal?"
aid the clerk, and handed
y. "Four. Up the stairs."
lked as far as the stairway,
ng the key to Diana. "I'll
assage," he said, and turned
gh the crowd to the street.
dropped here recently but
o mud underfoot; the fine,
il of the street glittered by
nd would make, in another
teady pall of dust. An auc-
d on a box beside a tar flare
ustomers in a tireless voice,
an came against him and
m with a laughing face. He
the office of the navigation
ear the hotel, took place in
ntually found himself at the counter. Beside him was the grave and neat man who had lifted his hat to Diana.

"Passage to Lewiston for two," said Pierce to the clerk.

"Thirty dollars," said the clerk.

"My wife is in poor health," added Pierce. "This includes a decent stateroom?"

"All gone," said the clerk. "You are buying deck space, and not much of that. It will be a full list inside of half an hour."

The neat man had been listening. Now he said, "If your wife does not mind sharing a stateroom with my daughter, I should be happy to accommodate you."

"That is handsome," said Pierce. "We will see you in the morning. Pierce is my name."

"Temperton," offered the man. "Will Temperton." He was courteous but he did not extend his hand. Pierce paid for two passages upriver and moved aside, hearing a woman's voice attack the clerk with a good-natured malice: "One upriver. I wouldn't consider it much of a treat to sit in one of your ratty little staterooms. Your bosses are making too much money for their own good. They're greedy, Neall."

"Hello, Lil Shannon," said the clerk. "But what other way could you get to Lewiston?"

"I can walk or I can ride," retorted the woman. "I can do both better than your stuffed Portland capitalists, my friend."

SHE was a woman with a rose-complexioned face, smiling and a little bold, and dressed on the high side of taste. She was his own age, Pierce judged, and knew as much of the world as he did. She turned her head with a rather swift gesture and met his attention. Her eyes were hazel and ready to be amused, and he saw that she was accustomed to meeting the glances of men. She looked at him with a moment's steady interest; he bent his head slightly and left the office. The ticket line had lengthened and now stretched halfway back to the corner of the Umatilla House and a man in the line said, "That Lil Shannon in there?"



**"Mabel, if you don't let Henry go home his mother won't allow him to call again!"** LOUIS PRISCILLA

Pierce returned to the barroom of the Umatilla House and pressed through the thick crowd. All the talk around him concerned the mining camps of Burnt River, the Blue Mountains and the Owyhee, and Elk City and Florence; the smell of gold was in the smoke and whisky reek of the room. He got to the bar and bought a drink. He stood idle and solitary with the crowd moving around him and had hot beef and beans and bread off the steam table and he bought a cigar and got it properly burning, meanwhile, watching the gold scales on the bar tip to the dust poured out of miners' pokes.

"Nothing down Powder River. Elk City's playin' out. There's a new strike on over beyond the Grasshopper diggin's, in Alder Gulch."

"Where's that, Joe?"

"Up the Clearwater, beyond the Bitterroots, other side of Bannack."

He heard this talk but paid little attention to it, for his mind went back to Portland to review the scene aboard the Panama Chief. The captain had meant to kill him, and the captain's voice had betrayed a tone of pleasure. He remembered the sound of the belaying pin on the captain's skull and the way the captain's mouth sprung wide open, and all during that time the smell of land had rolled over the water, rich and thick and racy with the freedom he had to have. There had been a black streak in the captain.

Somebody said, "You're in my way," and drove a shoulder point hard against his arm. The cigar, lightly held between his teeth, flew from his mouth and hot ashes sifted back to his face. He made a complete turn and came about and saw a man's square, sun-black face stare up from beneath the flat brim of a hat. He looked straight into a pair of mud-gray eyes and noticed temper move in spongelike contractions across this man's full-centered lips.

He waited a moment. Then he said, almost gentle with his words, "An accident?"

"You can do your sleeping somewhere else, can't you?" said the man.

Men crowded behind Pierce. He pushed his shoulders backward to relieve that pressure and he pulled up both arms and batted the man with his open left palm and hit him on the chest with his right fist. The man went backward into the crowd, into the arms of a tall fellow wearing a mustache and goatee. The tall one clenched and showed his big white teeth in a smile as he caught the falling man. He said, wickedly easy with his words, "There's your meat, Rube, go after him."

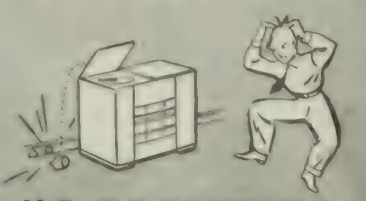
RUBE struggled out of the arms of the tall one. He was short and broad, and sweat rushed a thin, glistening film over his sun-blackened cheeks. He was speaking to himself as he moved forward; and he lifted the point of one shoulder, as though to cock his fist. Pierce shoved himself clear of the bar. He hit this muscular, slow Rube in the belly and drove the wind out of him. He waited until Rube's head dropped and thereafter caught him fully on the temple. Rube went down to the floor.

Pierce said, "I don't like to be crowded. Keep your hands out of your pocket." Then he looked up to the tall fellow with the goatee who still smiled. He said nothing but he watched that smile as wickedness honed it thin. The tall one had a fresh, light skin and a set of agate eyes in which brightness danced; and small wrinkles deepened at the corners of his temples, and he seemed to be laughing deep in his chest.

Rube rolled and stood up. He shook his head and he looked at the tall fellow with the goatee. "What'll I do, George?"

*(To be continued next week)*


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KAYWOODIE COMPANY
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# The Pied Piper

Continued from page 22

toward the car. "We want petrol," said Howard. "There is, without doubt, a depot for military transport in Angerville?"

The man stared at him. "There are Germans in Angerville."

There was a momentary silence. The old Englishman stared across the farmyard, at the lean pig rooting on the midden, at the scraggy fowls scratching in the dust. So it was closing in on him.

"How long have they been there?" he asked quietly.

"Since early morning. They have come from the north."

There was no more to be said about that. "Have you petrol? I will buy any that you have, at your own price."

The peasant's eyes glowed. "A hundred francs a liter."

"How much have you got?"

The man looked at the gauge upon the battered dashboard of his car. "Seven liters. Seven hundred francs."

Less than a gallon and a half of petrol would not take the ten-ton truck very far. Howard went back to the corporal.

"Not very good news, I'm afraid," he said. "The Germans are in Angerville."

There was a pause. "Bloody 'ell," the corporal said at last. He said it very quietly, as if he were suddenly tired. "How many are there there?"

Howard called back the inquiry to the peasant. "A regiment," he said. "I suppose he means about a thousand men."

"Come down from the north, like," said the driver.

There was nothing much more to be said. The old man told them about the petrol. "That's not much good," the corporal said. "With what we'd got, that wouldn't take us more'n ten miles." He turned to the driver. "Let's 'ave the muckin' map."

TOGETHER they pored over the sheet; the old man got up into the cab and studied it with them. There was no side road between them and the town; behind them there was no road leading to the south for nearly seven miles. "That's right," the driver said. "I didn't see no road on that side when we came along."

The corporal said quietly, "An' if we did go back, we'd meet the Jerries coming along after us, from that other muckin' place. Where he picked up the nipper what they told him was a spy."

"That's right," the driver said.

The corporal said, "Got a fag?"

The driver produced a cigarette; the corporal lit it and blew a long cloud. "Well," he said presently, "this puts the lid on it."

The other two were silent.

"I wanted to get home with that big lathe," the corporal said. "I wanted to get that through okay, as much as I ever wanted anything in all my life." He turned to Howard. "Straight, I did. But I ain't going to."

The old man said gently, "I am very sorry."

The other shook himself. "You can't always do them things you want to most." He stirred. "Well, this won't buy baby a new frock."

He got down from the cab onto the ground. "What are you going to do?" asked Howard.

"I'll show you what I'm going to do." He led the old man to the side of the great lorry, about half way down its length. There was a little handle sticking out through the side chassis member, painted bright red. "I'm going to pull that, and run like bloody 'ell."

"Demolition," said the driver at his elbow. "Pull that out, an' up she goes."

The corporal said, "Come on, now. Get them muckin' kids out of the back. I'm sorry we can't take you any farther, mate, but that's the way it is."

Howard said, "What will you do, yourselves?"

The corporal said, "Mugger off cross country to the south, an' hope to keep in front of the Jerries." He hesitated. "You'll be all right," he said, a little awkwardly. "They won't do nothin' to you, with all them kids."

The old man said, "We'll be all right. Don't worry about us. You've got to get back home, to fight again."

"We got to dodge the muckin' Jerries, first."

Together they got the children down onto the road; then they lifted down the pram from the top of the van. Howard collected his few possessions and stowed them in the pram, took the corporal's address in England, and gave his own.

There was nothing then to wait for.

"So long, mate," said the corporal. "See you one day."

The old man said, "So long."

He gathered the children around him, and set off with them down the road in the direction of Angerville.

They went slowly, as they always did. From time to time Howard glanced back over his shoulder; the men by the lorry seemed to be sorting out their personal belongings. Then one of them, the driver, started off across the field toward the south, carrying a small bundle. The other bent to some task at the lorry.

Then he was up, and runn fr
the road toward the driver. e
clumsily, stumbling; when he d go
about two hundred yards the was
sharp, crackling explosion.

A sheet of flame shot outw d fr
the lorry. Parts of it sailed u nto t
air and fell upon the road an nto t
fields; then it sunk lower on e roa
A little tongue of fire appear and
was in flames.

Ronnie said, "Coo, Mr. Hov d. D
it blow up?"

Sheila echoed, "Did it blow its
Mr. Howard?"

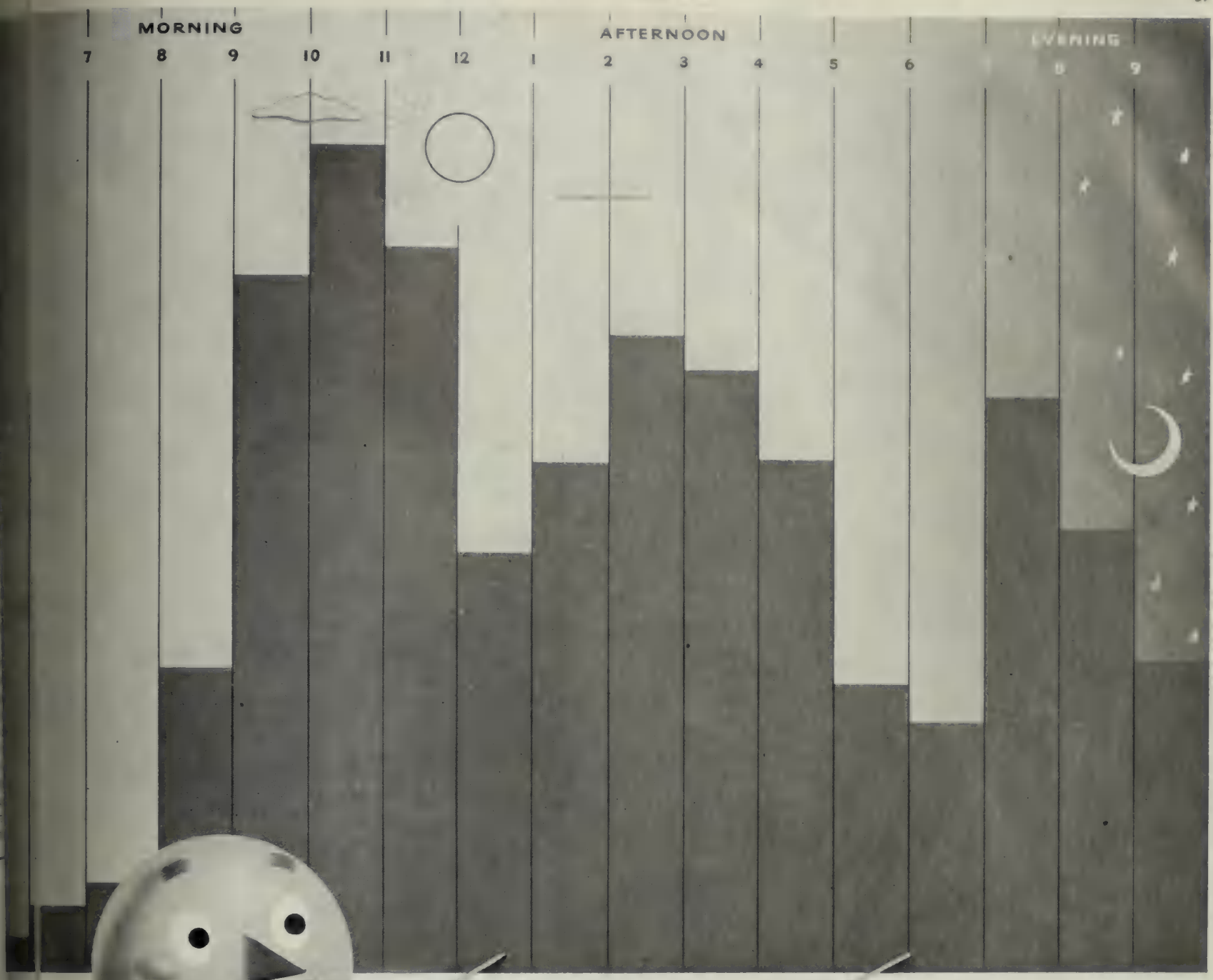
"Yes," he said heavily, "th s wh
happened." A column of th bla
smoke rose from it on the id.
turned away. "Don't bother bout
any more."

Two miles ahead of him h saw
roofs of Angerville. The net is pa
tically closed upon him nov With
heavy heart he led the chil n do
the road toward the town.

ANGERVILLE is a little n up
the Paris-Orleans road. It is abo
five o'clock when Howard rted
walk toward it with the chil n, a h
dusty afternoon.

On the way into the town t past
a train of very dirty lorries ha d by
road, drawing in turn up to a age
filling their tanks at the pum The s
diers moving round them ppear
strange at first; with a sho the
man realized that he was s ng w
he had expected for the last h r to
the men were German sold s. Th
wore field-gray uniforms wit pen
lars and patch pockets, wit win








# Pick the right time...and save time on your Long Distance calls

Defense calls keep the Long Distance telephone lines pretty crowded these days. The chart above shows the tide of traffic during an average day.

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for mily and friends.

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eral lectric, Westinghouse, Toastmaster and Silex —
ting ods that bear such famous names as Spalding,
on a d Walter Hagen — more than 100 different toys
hild n of all ages, including such popular items as
el t ns, Flexible Flyer sleds and Erector sets.

At t right is a list of suggestions that will be helpful
aki up your Christmas list. See these attractive
ays day and select your gifts for the entire family
ely, mfortably and inexpensively. Convenient budget
ca be arranged if you desire.

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### *for Every Name on Your Christmas List*

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Dart Boards . . . Dish Sets
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Lionel Trains . . . . . .
Lionel Train Accessories
Mechanical Toys—
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Portables . . Table Models
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# Firestone



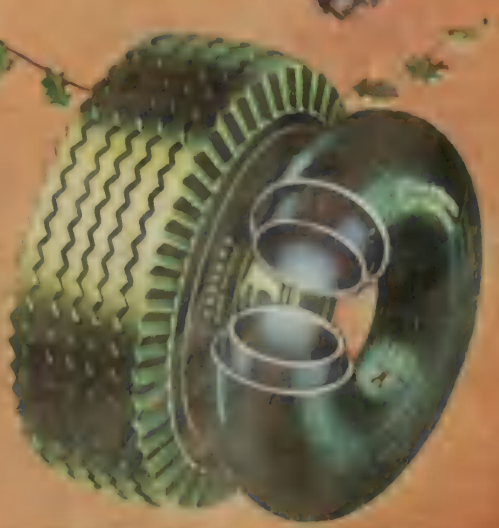


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## CHEVROLET LEADER HI

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roidered on the right breast.
uid, "Are those Swiss soldiers,
rd?"
said, "they're not Swiss."
said, "They wear the same
t."
d, "What are they?"
nered them around him.
said in French, "you mustn't
They are German, but they
you."
re passing a little group of
m the crowd an *Unterfeld-*
up to them: he wore long
and breeches stained with
s the proper spirit," he said
uttural French. "We Ger-
our friends. We bring you
y soon you will be able to
gain."

ren stared at him, as if they
nderstand what he had said.
this was so, because his
very bad.
aid in French. "It will be
e have peace again." There
t in giving up before he was

smiled, a set, expressionless
far have you come?"
thiviers."
u walked so far?"
got a lift in a lorry which
a few miles back."
an said. "So. Then you will
. In the *Place* there is a
which you may go to."
aid. "*Je vous remercie.*"
othing else to say.
as pleased. He ran his eye
nd frowned at the little boy
. He stepped up and took
ead, not ungently, and ex-
ound upon his neck. Then
his own hands, and wiped
isgust, having handled the

aid. "By the church there
spital. Take him to the
*offizier.*" He dismissed
and turned back to his

of the men looked at them
stlessly, but no one else
m. They went on to the
town. At the crossroads
where the road to Orleans
the left and the road to
right, there was a market
a large gray church.
ospital was on the far side
n. It consisted of a large
ending from a lorry. At
a lance corporal of the
vice, a *Sanitätsgefreiter,*
d bored, picking his teeth.
d to Rose, "Stay here, and
ren with you." He led the
to the tent. He said to the
nch. "The little boy is
little piece of plaster or a
haps?"
amined the child deftly.
said, "*Kommen Sie—entrez.*"
n followed with the child
A dresser was tending a
ier with a burned hand;
em the only other occu-
as a ctor wearing a white over-
is ra was not apparent. The
led e child to him, and showed
e wo d.
doct nodded briefly. Then he
the ld's head to the light, and
at expressionless. Then he
the hild's soiled clothes and
at highest. Then, rather osten-
ly, h rinsed his hands.
crosse the tent to Howard. "You
me gain," he said in thick
"in e hour." He held up one
"Or hour." Fearing that he
ot me himself understood he
out l watch and pointed to the
"Six ours."
n coeris," said the old man. "*A six heures.*" He left the tent, wondering what dark trouble lay in store for him. It could not take an hour to put a dressing on a little cut.

Still there was nothing he could do. He did not dare even to enter into any long conversation with the German; sooner or later his British accent must betray him. He went back to the children, and led them away from the tent.

Earlier in the day—how long it seemed!—Sheila had suffered a sartorial disaster, in that she had lost her knickers. It had not worried her or any of the children, but it had weighed on Howard's mind. Now was the time to rectify that omission. To ease Ronnie's longings they went and had a look at the German tanks in the *Place;* then, ten minutes later, he led them to a draper's shop not far from the hospital.

He pushed open the door of the shop, and a German soldier was at the counter. It was too late to draw back and to do so would have raised suspicion; he stood aside and waited till the German had finished his purchases. Then, as he stood there in the background, he saw that the German was the orderly from the hospital.

A little bundle of clothes lay upon the counter before him, a yellow jersey, a pair of brown children's shorts, socks, and a vest. "*Cinquante quatre, quatre vingt dix,*" said the stout old woman at the counter.

The German did not understand her rapid way of speech. She repeated it several times; then he pushed a little pad of paper toward her, and she wrote the sum upon the pad for him. He took it and studied it. Then he wrote his own name and the unit carefully beneath. He tore off the sheet and gave it to her.

"You will be paid later," he said, in difficult French. He gathered up the garments.

She protested. "I cannot let you take away the clothes unless I have the money. My husband—he would be much annoyed. He would be furious. Truly, monsieur—that is not possible at all."

The German said stolidly, "It is good. You will be paid. That is a good requisition."

She said angrily, "It is not good at all, that. It is necessary that you should pay with money."

The man said, "That is money, good German money. If you do not believe it, I will call the military police. As for your husband, he had better take our German money and be thankful. Perhaps he is a Jew? We have a way with Jews."

THE woman stared at him, dumb. There was a momentary silence in the shop; then the hospital orderly gathered up his purchases and swaggered out. The woman remained staring after him, uncertainly fingering the piece of paper.

Howard went forward and distracted her. She roused herself and showed him children's pants. With much advice from Rose upon the color and design, he chose a pair for Sheila, paid three francs fifty for them, and put them on her in the shop.

The woman stood fingering the money. "You are not German, monsieur?" she said heavily. She glanced down at the money in her hand.

He shook his head.

"I thought perhaps you were. Flemish?"

It would never do to admit his nationality, but at any moment one of the children might betray him. He moved toward the door. "Norwegian," he said at random. "My country has also suffered."

"I thought you were not French," she said. "I do not know what will become of us."

He left the shop and went a little way





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up the Paris road, hoping to avoid the people. German soldiers were still pouring into the town. He walked about for a time in the increasing crowd, tense and fearful of betrayal every moment. At last it was six o'clock; he went back to the hospital.

He left the children by the church. "Keep them beside you," he said to Rose. "I shall only be at the hospital a little while. Stay here until I come back."

He went into the tent, tired and worn with apprehension. The orderly saw him coming. "Wait here," he said. "I will tell the *Herr Oberstabsarzt*."

The man vanished into the tent. The old man stood waiting at the entrance patiently. The warm sun was pleasant now, in the cool of the evening. It would have been pleasant to stay free, to get back to England. But he was tired now, very, very tired. If only he could see the children right, then he could rest.

There was a movement in the tent, and the doctor was there, leading a child by the hand. It was a strange, new child, sucking a sweet. It was spotlessly clean, with short-cropped hair trimmed close to its head with clippers. It was a little boy. He wore a yellow jersey and a pair of brown shorts, socks, and new shoes. The clothes were all brand-new, and all seemed vaguely familiar to the old man. The little boy smelled very strong of yellow soap and disinfectant.

He wore a clean white dressing on his neck. He smiled at the old man.

Howard stared at him, dumfounded. The doctor said genially, "So! My orderly has given him a bath. That is better?"

The old man said, "It is wonderful, *Herr Doktor*. And the clothes, too. And the dressing on his neck. I do not know how to thank you."

The doctor swelled visibly. "It is not me that you must thank, my friend," he said with heavy geniality. "It is Germany! We Germans have come to bring you peace, and cleanliness, and the ordered life that is true happiness. There will be no more war, no more wandering for you now. We Germans are your friends."

"Indeed," the old man said faintly, "we realize that, *Herr Doktor*."

"So," said the man, "what Germany has done for this boy, she will do for France, for all Europe. A new order has begun."

There was rather an awkward silence. Howard was about to say something suitable, but the yellow jersey caught his eye, and the image of the woman in the shop came into his mind and drove the words from his head. He stood hesitant for a minute.

THE doctor gave the child a little push toward him. "What Germany has done for this one litle Dutchman she will do for all the children of the world," he said. "Take him away."

He went back into the tent.

The old man took the little boy by the hand and led him around the church, passing on the other side of the shop that had sold children's clothes. He found Rose standing more or less where he had left her, with Sheila and Pierre. There was no sign of Ronnie.

He said anxiously to her, "Rose, what has become of Ronnie? Where is he?"

She said, "M'sieur, he has been so naughty. He wanted to see the tanks, but I told him it was wrong that he should go. I told him, m'sieur, that he was a very, very naughty little boy and that you would be very cross with him, m'sieur. But he ran off, all alone."

Sheila piped up, loud and clear, in English, "May I go and see the tanks, too, Mr. Howard?"

Mechanically he said in French, "Not this evening. I told you that you were all to stay here."

He looked around, irresolute. He did not know whether to leave the children where they were and go and look for Ronnie, or to take them with him. Either course might bring the other children into danger. If he left them they might get into further trouble. He took hold of the pram, and pushed it ahead of him. "Come this way," he said.

Pierre edged up to him, and whispered, "May I push?"

It was the first time that the old man had heard the little boy volunteer a remark. He surrendered the handle of the pram. "Of course," he said. "Rose, help him push."

HE WALKED beside them toward the parked tanks and lorries, anxiously scanning the crowd. There were German soldiers all about the transport, gray, weary men consciously endeavoring to fraternize with a suspicious population. Some of them were cleaning up their clothes, some tending their machines. Others had little phrase books in their hands, and these were trying to make conversation with the crowd. The French peasants seemed sullen and uncommunicative. The French children, however, impelled by curiosity, clustered about the tanks.

Sheila said suddenly, "There's Ronnie, over there!"

The old man turned, but could not see him. "Where is he?"

Rose said, "I see him—oh, m'sieur, what a naughty little boy. There, m'sieur, right inside the tank, there—with the German soldiers!"

A cold fear entered Howard's heart. His eyesight for long distances was not too good; he screwed his eyes up and peered in the direction Rose was pointing.

True enough, there he was. Howard could see his little head just sticking out of a steel hatch at the top of the gun turret as he chattered eagerly to the German soldier with him. The man seemed to be holding Ronnie in his arms, lifting him up to show him how the captain conned his tank. It was a pretty little picture of fraternization.

The old man thought very quickly. He knew that Ronnie would most probably be talking French; there would be nothing to impel him to break into English. But he knew also that he himself must not go near the little boy, nor must his sister; in his excited state he would at once break out in English to tell them all about the tank. Yet, he must be got away immediately, while he was still thinking of nothi tank. Once he began to thin things, of their journey, or himself, he would inevitat them all in boyish chatter. minutes of his losing interest the Germans would be told t English, that an old Englis strolling around the town.

Sheila plucked his sleeve my supper," she said. "May supper now? Please, Mr. H I have my supper now?"

"In a minute," he saic "We'll all go and have our minute." But that was a Sheila was hungry, Ronnie hungry, too—unless the G given him sweets. He mus There was that soup kitch German at the entrance to t spoken of. Howard could s cookers a hundred yards *Place*.

He showed them to Rose. ing the little children down the smoke is, for our supp casually. "Go and fetch bring him to us there. Are y

"*Oui*, m'sieur." She said very hungry, indeed.

"We shall have a fine hot hot soup and bread," the o drawing on his imaginatic tell Ronnie, and bring hin you. I will walk on with th

HE SENT her off, and running through the cr legs twinkling. He steere children rather away from would not do for Ronnie hail him. He saw the lit to the tank and speak urg nie and the Germans; t lost to sight.

The old man sent up a sonal prayer for the succe witting errand, as he helpe the pram toward the There was nothing now do. Their future lay in th of two children, and in God.

There was a trestle benches. He parked the Pierre and Sheila and the tle Dutch boy at the tat dispensed in thick bowls of bread; he went and d for the lot of them and to the table.

He turned, and Rose w with Ronnie. The little



**"Look what we have left over!"**




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flushed and ecstatic. "They took me right inside!" he said in English.

The old man said gently in French, "If you tell us in French, then Pierre can understand, too." He did not think that anyone had noticed. But the town was terribly dangerous for them; at any moment the children might break into English and betray them.

Ronnie said in French, "There was a great big gun, and two little guns, m'sieur, and you steer with two handles and it goes seventy kilos an hour!"

Howard said, "Come on and eat your supper." He gave him a bowl of soup and a piece of bread.

Sheila said enviously, "Did you go for a ride, Ronnie?" The adventurer hesitated. "Not exactly," he said. "But they said I might go with them for a ride tomorrow or one day. They did speak funnily. I could hardly understand what they wanted to say. May I go for a ride with them tomorrow, m'sieur? They say I might."

The old man said, "We'll have to see about that. We may not be here tomorrow."

Sheila said, "Why did they talk funny, Ronnie?"

Rose said, "They are dirty Germans, who come here to murder people."

The old man coughed loudly. "Go on and eat your supper," he said, "all of you. That's enough talking for the present." More than enough, he thought; if the German dishing out the soup had overheard they would all have been in trouble.

Angerville was no place for them; at all costs he must get the children out. It was only a matter of an hour or two before exposure came. He meditated for a moment; there was still some hours of daylight. The children were tired, he knew, yet it would be better to move on, out of the town.

Chartres was the next town on his list, Chartres where he was to have taken train for St. Malo. He could not get to Chartres that night; it was the best part of thirty miles farther to the west. There was little hope now that he would escape the territory occupied by Germans, yet for want of an alternative he would carry on to Chartres. Indeed, it never really occurred to him to do otherwise.

THE children were very slow eaters. It was nearly an hour before Pierre and Sheila, the two smallest, had finished their meal. The old man waited, with the patience of old age. It would do no good to hurry them. When they had finished he wiped their mouths, thanked the German cook politely, collected the pram, and led them out onto the road to Chartres.

The children walked very slowly, languidly. It was after eight o'clock, long past their ordinary bedtime; moreover, they had eaten a full meal. The sun was still warm, though it was dropping toward the horizon; manifestly they could not go very far. Yet he kept them at it, anxious to get as far as possible from the town.

The problem of the little Dutch boy engaged his attention. He had not left him with the Sisters, as he had been minded to; it had not seemed practical when he was in the town to search out a convent. Nor had he yet got rid of Pierre, as he had promised himself that he would do. Pierre was no trouble, but this new little boy was quite a serious responsibility. He could not speak one word of any language that they spoke. Howard did not even know his name. Perhaps it would be marked upon his clothes.

Then with a shock of dismay, the old man realized that the clothes were gone forever. They had been taken by the Germans when the little chap had been deloused; by this time they were probably burned. It might well be that his identity was lost now till the war was over, and inquiries could be made. It might be lost forever.

The thought distressed old Howard very much. It was one thing to hand over to the Sisters a child who could be traced; it seemed to him to be a different matter altogether when the little boy was practically untraceable. As he walked along, the old man revolved this new trouble in his mind. The only link now with his past lay in the fact that he had been found abandoned in Pithiviers upon a certain day in June—lay in the evidence which Howard alone could give. With that evidence, it might one day be possible to find his parents or his relatives. If now he were abandoned to a convent, that evidence might well be lost.

They walked on down the dusty road.

Sheila said, "My feet do hurt."

She was obviously tired out. He picked her up and put her in the pram, and put Pierre in with her.

He stopped at the next farm, left the pram with the children in the road, and went into the courtyard to see if it was possible for them to find a bed. There was a strange stillness in the place. No dog sprang out to bark at him. He called out, and stood expectant in the evening light, but no one answered him. He tried the door to the farmhouse, and it was locked. He went into the cow house, but no animals were there. Two hens scratched upon the midden; otherwise there was no sign of life.

The place was deserted.

As on the previous night, they slept in the hayloft.

Howard woke several times in the night, gasping and breathless with a very tired heart. Each time he sat upright for half an hour and drank a little brandy, presently slipping down again to an uneasy doze. The children also slept uneasily, but did not wake. At five o'clock the old man woke for good, and sitting up against a heap of hay resigned himself to wait till it was time to wake the children.

He would go to Chartres and look up Rougeron. The bad night that he had suffered was a warning; it might well be that his strength was giving out. If that should happen, he must get the children safe with someone else. With Rougeron, if he were there, the children would be safe. Howard could leave money for their keep, English money it was true, but probably negotiable. Rougeron might give him a bed, and let him rest a little till this deathly feeling of fatigue went away.

Pierre woke at about half past six, and lay awake with him. "You must stay quiet," the old man said. "It's not time to get up yet. Go to sl

At seven o'clock Sheila wriggled about, and climbed bed. Her movements woke children. Howard got up sti them all up. He herded t him down the ladder to the and one by one made them faces beneath the pump. T them on biscuits with a li chocolate.

There was a step behin he turned to meet a formida who was the farmer's wif manded crossly what he there.

He said mildly, "I have s hay, madame, with these thousand pardons, but th other place where we could

She eyed him keenly, "W going to?"

"To Chartres," he said.

She said, "By the tram?"

He repeated uncertainly.

"It passes at ten minute There is still half an hour.

He thanked her and went road.

Three hours later they and walked out into th Chartres, still pushing the as easy as that—a complet ful journey.

Chartres, like Angerville Germans.

IN a telephone booth t found the name of Rouge rectory; they lived in an the Rue Vaugiraud. He di feeling the matter to be a for the telephone. Instead way, and walked round still pushing the pram, trailing after him.

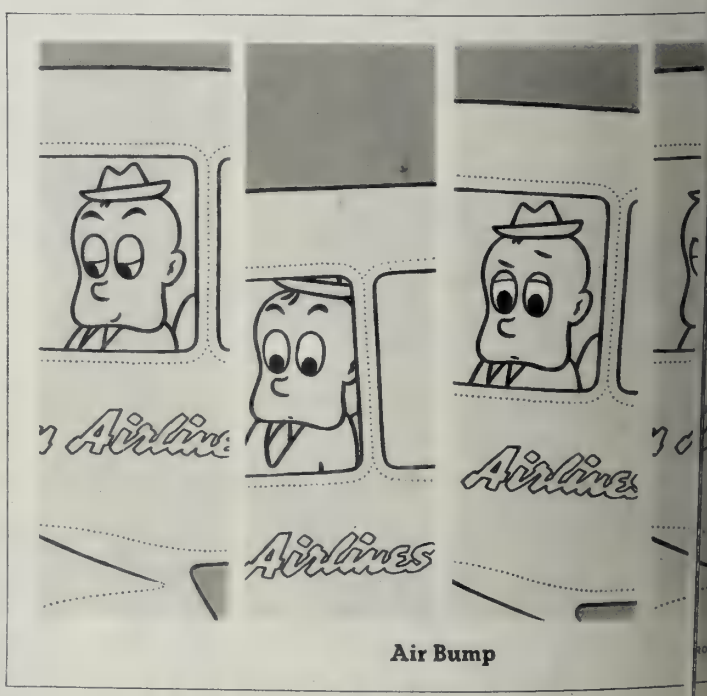
Rue Vaugiraud was a of tall gray-shuttered hou the bell of the house, opened silently before h the common staircase. R on the second floor. He slowly, for he was rather s the children following hin bell of the apartment.

There was the sounc voices from behind the d a step, and the door open It was the daughter, the membered eighteen mo Cidoton.

She said, "What is it?

In the passage it was "Mademoiselle," he said to see your father, Mons I do not know if you will we have met before. A

*(To be continued n*




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## Alaska Gets Hot

Continued from page 23

would have a strongly deterring effect likewise on any tendency to trespass on the Philippines, the East Indies, Singapore or Australia. Furthermore, in this thousand-mile Aleutian chain there are at least three harbors—Dutch Harbor, Adak and Kiska—which are larger than any harbors in the South Pacific east of the Philippines. The capacities of Pearl Harbor, Pago Pago and Guam are, respectively, four, seven and eleven first-class ships; the capacity of Adak Harbor alone is 23 ships, Kiska could accommodate 40, and Dutch Harbor could furnish accommodations for the entire fleet.

In other words, when Secretary Seward laid his $7,200,000 on the line in 1867, he got more for his money than a land fabulously rich in minerals and fish and timber and furs. He got a location which, properly developed and fortified, could serve in peacetime as well as war as a powerful offensive position to hold aggressive Oriental powers in check, a sort of midocean police booth, a Bering Sea Gibraltar. The late Mr. Seward—and no one would be more surprised than Mr. Seward himself, save possibly our military experts who have only recently come to realize how right General Billy Mitchell was when he called Alaska the most important strategic spot in the world—bought the key to the whole northern Pacific.

### Ready for Anything

Alaska's role is to keep the peace; but, if war comes to the Pacific, Dutch Harbor is the spot they all figure would be the most logical target for an enemy attack. Not invasion; but a token bombing. "There are three reasons," a Navy official explained, "why this place would be Number One on the list: First is its offensive position; an enemy would naturally wish to remove it, for his own security, before it could strike at him. Second, such a bombing of an Alaskan base would have an immensely stimulating effect on enemy morale at home; and Dutch Harbor is the nearest. Third, and most important, any attack on Alaska would bring our ships rushing from all directions, thereby immobilizing a large portion of our fleet in the North Pacific and leaving the southern waters less adequately protected."

"Could they really knock it off?"

He shrugged. "Figure it out. If a long-range bomber hit the power plant, say, and the radio center and the water supply, this place wouldn't be worth much for another six months, at least."

"And what would we do then?"

"Fall back. You see, our Alaskan naval district—I'm speaking of defense now—is actually like a long, jointed pipe line, feeding out from the main base at Bremerton. If the outermost section of the pipe line at Dutch Harbor is shut off, we fall back on the next section of Kodiak. If that section is shut off, we fall back on Sitka. Meantime, as our pipe line gets shorter, a pursuing enemy would be forced to extend his own pipe line farther and farther from his home base. The longer a pipe line, the more the friction. When it gets too long, the water can't go through it at all. . . . That's why we don't take much stock in an enemy invasion of Alaska. An enemy couldn't stretch out that far. The main danger lies probably in token raids and nuisance attacks. But we're not taking any chances, of course. We're getting ready for anything."

They're getting ready fast. The Navy, working without publicity and against staggering handicaps of distance and tough terrain, has turned miracle in Alaska, one they proud of. A year ago, for ex alaska was a small, disrep smelling collection of native liquor stores—still is, for th and Dutch Harbor, across t literally a ghost town, with and a rusty tin warehouse sagging and deserted build of the gold stampede of th Today that ghost town has the startled streets echo to steam shovels; the famed H tel—you can still see the place where Jack London Service once warmed their been converted into a carpe house; the old Dutch Harb center of activity during winter of '99 when several th waited impatiently for the and the ships to start n Nome's gold-studded beach demurely as a paint shed. T very site of a historic pas $13,000,000 Naval base is a mile-and-a-half area, ahead of schedule that o first of this year, twelve the first workmen arrived, missioned by the Secretary

It was no easy task ge "First, we had to provid the men who had come he shelter for the men who here," the contractor said did was to haul the old ste western all the way from and refit her as a floating was all right till a hund hour gale tore her loose fr ings one night and piled beach. So we ballasted he and poured concrete aro and they're living in her this winter she'll stay put

Nor were the wild wint the Bering Sea the only had to solve. Amaknak ered to a depth of six fe volcanic ash—they say yo active volcanoes from Du a clear day, if they ever day—and all this ash had clear down to bedrock be tion could start. Too, difficulty of shipping ma way from Seattle, as we present problem of secur to the absence of trees- tree in the Aleutians f miles—all guns had to b deep holes in the m camouflaged from the air a whole prehistoric Aleut forgotten burial ground earthed. The contractor startled one morning to d seven skeletons seated of a fresh excavation, grimly at a powder mag first it gave him quite a

### The Aleutians' Be

But they are coming the temporary Marine some defense houses h pleted. At the adjoini tonment, the standar barracks are occupied. crete naval barracks, a a hospital are all under

This site is well cho itself is the best in the with a little dredging i into a full-section base commodating the larg now must go all the wa pert or Bremerton for

only visible sign of the pproach is the brand-new massive structure which a hill above the whole and which can be seen g Sea for fifty miles. The inting it when we were im irony, they were put- d-white bull's-eye in the

Harbor has only begun. question of time before age will be absorbed. ed on the new destroyer base to be located on and, between Unalaska rbor; and a pile-driver st pilings in the harbor. second section of the e, some seven hundred astward in the Gulf of arted just a year earlier bor; and it is that much ion. It is located about the village of Kodiak, on d, somewhat incongru- Bay. We couldn't find alled that, unless it is Woman Mountain, which base. Even the three und which the base is d Margaret, Genevieve rtedly after three young om a party of surveyors ming in the lakes, nude. ree girls are still living uite proud of their dis-

### s Its Money's Worth

ervation covers some e miles. There are at the base, all but 55 ase itself. The whole at least thirty-seven in Alaska they always nd it will be the Navy's e Territory, the Pearl rth.

getting an impressive ey. Already three per- rracks are completed, l-lighted and well- is an attractive mess n hundred men at a handling 2,000 without ed with the most mod- including soundproof- hall. The commander fectionately over the and aluminum when he showed us the efficient kitchen. The handsome new recreation hall across the way has bowling alleys, gym, movie hall, a swimming pool.

One airplane hangar is already in use, a second is due to be completed this year; when they will finish the others depends on how soon they can get the steel. There are docking facilities to accommodate 600-foot vessels with 30-foot draught—small carriers and destroyers and aircraft tenders, anything short of the big cruisers or battleships. Work on the submarine base is expected to start this year, with an eventual capacity of 18 subs.

They were just finishing paving the two runways when we were there. It wasn't taking long—a paver lays a strip 21 feet by 1,400 feet in a single ten-hour day. Like squeezing toothpaste out of a tube. Next spring, when funds are available, they hope to finish an additional runway.

We asked him a question that had been puzzling us, both at Dutch Harbor and here: "There are soldiers and sailors and marines all mixed together. How do you split the authority up?"

"The Navy's in command of the base, of course," he said. "That is, matters that affect the whole base are under naval jurisdiction. The Naval Air Station also provides facilities for anti-aircraft and sub units, and for any Marine or Army pursuit groups using the field. The Army garrison composes our outer defenses; they're responsible for the protection of the base from attack from without. The Marines are responsible for inner security and police protection. Actually there is no complete detachment here, but a number of small units, each with its special task. That way we have a modern and flexible garrison, working in unison, working swiftly. We've taken a leaf out of Europe's book, you see."

One final question: "And when will you be ready?"

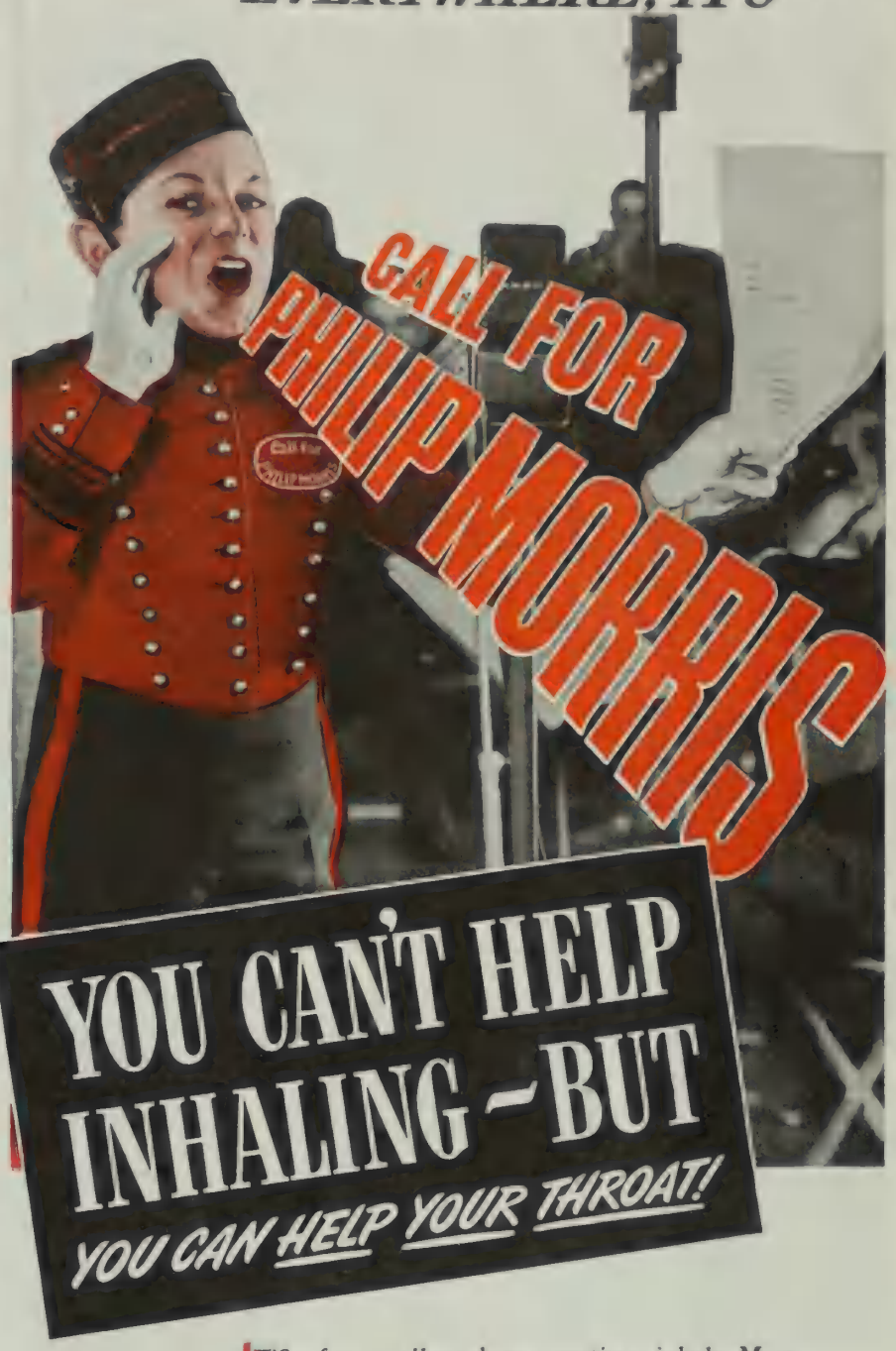
"We can go to war on a limited basis right this minute," he said very deliberately. "Kodiak's ready now."

Sitka—third and last section of the Navy pipe line, located about midway in Alaska's famed panhandle—is ready, too; ready in spite of difficulties. They still recall the objections Washington raised to the cost of removing the spruce stumps from the site of the base, for example. The first bill was steep enough—big spruce stumps yank out



always wears his badge conspicuously w—ever since one time about a year ago . . ." JAY IRVING


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# HOW TO "RING" A WEDDING BELLE



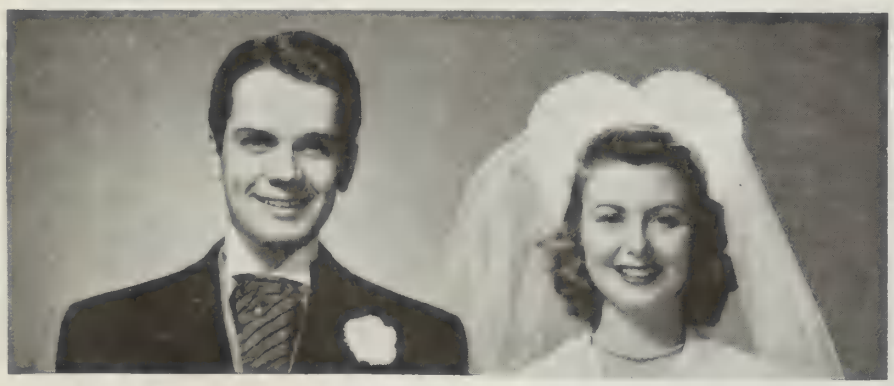

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CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE


hard—but when they submitted a second bill a month later for clearing the same land all over again, Washington hit the ceiling. Washington was reasonably sure you couldn't grow a whole new crop of spruce stumps in ■ month. It required considerable effort to persuade Washington that when they removed the spruce forest that covered Japonski Island, and dug down a couple of feet they found the remains of an earlier forest, cleared ■ century ago during the Russian occupation. Even below that, they said, they found an old Russian corduroy road, several skulls with bullet holes, some bits of chain, a rusted cannon.

It was the early Russians who gave Japonski Island its name. In 1804, when Sitka was the colorful capital of Russian Alaska and Baranof was its fabulous ruler, it was decided to import as slave labor some odd little yellow men that the fur traders had observed on the islands of Nippon, south of Siberia. An expedition set out from Alaska to capture a boatload of these slaves, and Baranof hastened to prepare a spot near Sitka where they could be kept. But the project fell through, and the Japanese never got to Japonski Island.

And, from the looks of it, they never will, for the base the Navy is building there today appears to be a really impregnable proposition. About a hundred buildings are completed to date; permanent concrete structures for the Navy, temporary wooden structures for the Army. Two concrete hangars are already in use, with full ramps and parking areas, and a third hangar is going up as this is written. Coastal guns bristle from strategic points around the island, protected by the natural rock barriers, screened from air view by heavy camouflage netting. A causeway is being strung around the small islands on the ocean side of the base, in order to improve Whiting Harbor and give it adequate protection as well.

Moving half a million cubic yards of fill is nothing unusual at Sitka. They don't fool. Last year they cleared and leveled seventy acres of the rocky island; a total of a million tons of rock. At least half of that was moved in clearing the site for the Army base alone over on Charcoal Island, now actually part of the main island of Japonski. They shot off the entire top of a mountain in three blasts—eleven and seventeen and twenty-nine tons of dynamite, respectively. Ninety-five days later, a complete Army base stood on the spot.

### Full Speed Ahead

They move fast. "When I came to Alaska," the general superintendent said, "they told me to throw away my wrist watch, and get a calendar. I threw away my wrist watch," he added, "but I got an alarm clock instead." There are between 700 and 1,000 workmen at Sitka today, doing regular ten-hour shifts. To solve the living problem, the Navy purchased the creaky old honeymoon special City of Baltimore, pride of the Chesapeake Bay run, and towed it from Maryland all the way north over the long Pacific rollers to Sitka Harbor. Today she sags alongside the Navy pier, her dowdy gilt paint and gingerbread trim as incongruous amid the snow-capped peaks and glaciers as a colored mammy in an igloo.

Nor are solid rock and soft muskeg their only problems. Here, as elsewhere in Alaska, labor unions tried to prevent the soldiers from aiding in the work of clearing the land. In Sitka, they were equal to the occasion. They explained to the union leaders that the soldiers were getting logs for their own work. "We can't help it," they added naïvely, "if the land happens to get cleared in the process." Not only did the union leaders acquiesce; relations Navy and the union have b ever since.

There is another proble manding officer has had t problem of morale. The t gets pretty much out of ha urday night; so the comma stituted a series of weekly in the first hangar, with ments afterward. On Sunda the men small boats in whi ing; guarding meantime ag destruction of the game-fis imposing rigid restriction and number far below th limits. This same sense o ship has been instrumenta game right around the base large personnel. Recently practicing on the rifle ran ski Island, were startled flag waving from the pit. " came the order, "and chase the range."

### Look at the Map

These three Navy bases and Kodiak and Dutch stitute Alaska's first line They are nearly ready. W be called on to serve, of c can tell; the Pacific situat fast. But one thing at They will serve in othe merely for defense. Fo you haven't put that glob the distance between Singapore is 12,000 m around the world. The dis the two continents at Bering Sea, is sixty miles of any extensive operatic with Russia, therefore, furnish a continent-to-co communications passing Japan and protected—if rest of the Aleutians—all

Already Alaska offers tant method of sending Ninety per cent of the b shipping to Russia are ma Coast. From Seattle t head of the trans-Siberia distance via the Aleutian miles; approximately the New York to Bordeaux. the smaller pursuit plan land over the new Ca fields between Prince Geo horse and thence across have to hop less than fift water. Last but not lea route between the States way of Alaska—from S Harbor, thence north th ring Straits to the Arc across the top of the wo and Murmansk—is bein the first time in histor steel-prowed icebreake dynamiting a path thr Arctic ice pack—the lon west passage realized at

We've secured our po lantic and our job now guarding our North Pa well. We should haster and fortify fleet, subs bases all the way ou Islands—to and includ way only can we anch Pacific triangle of defe only can we offset an thrust at the Western Alaska and Canada, an ships and planes from to slash at the invade way, and that way alo courage permanently tempts to trespass on on Hawaii, on the Phi Singapore and the East

Only with the whol fully fortified and rea dictate peace in the P

# Make or Break!




## Car Engineers prove AC Spark Plugs on hills that are 12 months long

You'll never drive your car so hard,—or so long. But car engineers do it, day and night. Why? To get for you—among other things—the spark plug that is most reliable, most efficient, most satisfactory.

Out of brutal, killing tests like these comes AC leadership as the spark plugs for new cars and trucks. More AC Spark Plugs are used as factory equipment on new cars and trucks than any other make. And this has been true for the last 14 years.

That is why motorists who wisely follow the lead of car engineers say, "Give me AC's," when their service man suggests replacement of worn plugs.

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Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Nash, Oldsmobile, and Pontiac motor cars; Chevrolet, Corbitt, Diamond T, Federal, GMC, International, and Sterling trucks; Allis-Chalmers, J. I. Case, Cletrac, and International Harvester tractors . . . these are some of the well-known cars, trucks and tractors which use AC Quality Spark Plugs. Trust your spark plug requirements to the same brand of spark plugs which the leading, big volume manufacturers select.

**New AC's every 10,000 miles will more than pay for themselves**




## How to continue GOOD PLUG PERFORMANCE

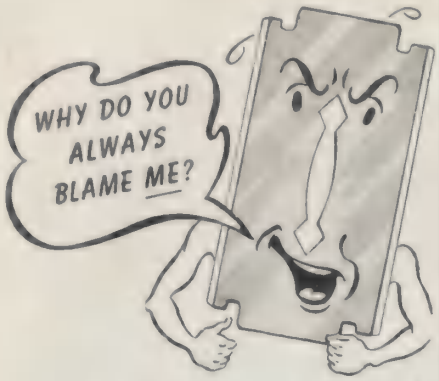


Have your Registered AC Cleaning Station check, clean, and regap your spark plugs every 4,000 miles. This service costs only 5c a plug. Clean plugs mean more power—as much as 21% more.




***Get Plugs CLEANED where you see this Sign***

SPARK PLUG DIVISION · *GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION* · FLINT, MICHIGAN




# DON'T BLAME YOUR BLADE

How often do you get a really decent shave? Not very often, if you're like most men. Either your beard doesn't 'come clean', or your face is tender and irritated.

And like most of us, you probably blame the whole business on your blade. Yet most blades today are well made. It might be a simple matter of getting the *right cream.*

● **That's why you ought to try** Listerine Shaving Cream. Just to *prove* to yourself how important good cream is . . . how good *this* cream is . . . try it with the *same blade you were complaining about.* We're positive Listerine Shaving Cream will give you a close, comfortable shave . . . even if your beard is tough, your skin sensitive! And that big economy tube lasts over 3 months.

**But if you don't feel like risking a cent,** just print your name and address, send it to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Dept. P, St. Louis, Missouri, and we'll *give* you a 15 day tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.

That's how sure we are of what this *different* shaving cream will do for you.

**LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM**

***Brushless and Lather***

See the
**WOODSTOCK**
**TYPEWRITER**

Always clean and free from goo no matter how often you smoke it. Challenging higher-priced pipes in briar quality and value.
WM. DEMUTH & CO., N.Y.




**HESSON GUARD**
**MILANO**




## Lady Makes Good

Continued from page 14

most brilliant in the world but it was a chance to learn stage business and she took advantage of that. The week-end performances were likely to be on the hilarious side because the cast was paid on Friday and the male members invariably carried a load when they hit the boards that night. That got her the only part she was allowed to play on tour.

"Played a corpse, lying in the box and everything. They were afraid the man who ordinarily did it would sit up in the middle of the scene and yell for a brandy."

When she came back to London she got a small acting part in another provincial company but her stage career was halted for a year while she went on a world cruise as companion to an elderly woman. She felt she might as well get that out of her system while she was young.

"We intended to be gone a month, but every time we came to a stopping place we decided to see another continent."

When she got back from the cruise she found it harder to break into the London theater. The few contacts she had picked up seemed to have disappeared and she spent the usual sad months going into little offices where a hard-faced stenographer pulled back a sliding window, looked at her wonderingly and then told her there was nothing today. She managed to get work as a model and liked that all right because it paid a guinea ($5) a sitting, and on good days she worked in as many as four of the things.

### American Little Honeys

But the modeling game began to fall off and she was glad to get work at the studios. She started as an extra with Estelle O'Brien, who later turned out to be Merle Oberon, and worked from that into 'quota' pictures, those monstrosities confected by American film companies in London to surmount legal difficulties. In an effort to stimulate British pictures, the government required that for a certain number of American pictures imported, the American companies were required to make a certain quantity of British films. The way the Americans smacked those out was a thing to behold.

"I think you have a name for them over here," says Miss Lee. "Little honeys?"

She could see that she was never going to get anywhere appearing in such. So she went up to Gaumont-British to get a real job. She had an appointment to see Stevenson, then assistant producer, and arrived swathed in furs.

"Will you be a good fellow and go down and tell my man to be back in an hour?" she asked Stevenson, regally.

He went down and saw a Rolls-Royce, red, and a liveried chauffeur He came back slightly impressed.

"It was years later, when we were married, that she confessed to me she had hired the outfit, furs and all," reports Stevenson.

"I still haven't got a real fur coat," puts in Miss Lee.

"What's that thing you wear?" demands Stevenson.

"That little cut-off rag," retorts Lee promptly. "They'll throw me out of the Screen Actors Guild when they find that's all I have."

Anyhow, she was signed by Gaumont-British and shipped off to Africa immediately to make a desert picture, one of those triumphs where four white men stand off an army of dervishes and save the poor anemic white wench. With Miss Lee on the trip was one other girl, the script girl, who was taken sick the third day on location and had to be lugged off home.

"Forty-two wild men and me," says Lee. "But I was safe enough. Everybody was sick and about to die."

After fourteen weeks the boss in London called Stevenson in and said vaguely:

"Oh-ah . . . that African company. Deuced funny thing about that group; haven't heard a word in five weeks. Perhaps you'd better pop down there and see."

When Stevenson arrived on camel back, he was a sight and they were a sight. The company looked like the Lost Battalion of the Last Foreign Legion. They were scurvy, they were starving, they were bearded and dying.

"Stevenson?" says Miss Lee. "Stevenson at a hundred paces looked like an angel masquerading as a Boy Scout. He wore white shorts, a white shirt, a white helmet . . . and the duckiest little pair of white socks you ever saw. I knew I was going to marry that man even before I knew who he was. What I wanted to see most in the world was a man with a clean neck. That was Stevenson."

Miss Lee's career really started with that adventure, and her personal life as half of the Stevenson-Lee team has been satisfactory. After they had worked together for several years, they both laid off for a year. Miss Lee had a baby and Mr. Stevenson wrote a book, something called Darkness in the Land. This year there is to be another addition to the family.

"And *I'm* writing the book," says Miss Lee pointedly. "Started it four years ago, thought it was wonderful, thought I was a pretty smart girl . . . I might as well finish it now; I'll be out of work anyhow."

When Miss Lee worked under Stevenson's direction in England, they had a plan of operation. He was absolute boss of the production. They never talked about the progress of the film at home; she never complained and never made suggestions; she did her work and kept her face shut.

"And after it was over there was no use discussing the mistakes because by that time everybody in town would be telling us how bad it was," says Stevenson sourly.

Miss Lee picked her stage n
cause it was the shortest thing
think of; the Anna comes fron
her real first name. She is a bl
with the typically marvelous
complexion, and she has nev
life been known to "yes" anyt
likes cold showers, never ch
and doesn't believe in ma
vacations. She hates wedge
women.

"Obviously invented by a m
warped sense of humor," she s
"Probably by some old ba
make women look dumb."

### Texans, Take Notic

She never wears jewelry
she is still hopeful of getti
length fur coat; she is a
specializing in veal cooked i
she would like to appear o
York stage but will compron
Selznick company at Santa
they'll have her; she hates lar
she is disgustingly systemat
derly. She is an expert h
and has an insane theory th
from Texas are romantic and
She has never been to Texas.

"What I really want to d
she explains, "is work up t
I'd like to be a female Gene

There is other astoundir
Miss Lee, including the fact
superstitious and believes in
history will probably conti
course without thought of
nomena.

The world can also live wit
edge of the circumstance th
used to collect pets in En
ing Irish setters, Cairn te
fish—and a formicary fu
meadow ants, which fascin
their industry. But that fa
made an impression on h
Invicta, aged three, who
from a walk with her Nan
that she had seen a majo
nature.

"A little bug down in a d
it was being eaten up by
heddahopper," she cried e

This shows what happ
English girls who come t
equipped with Nanny, a
movie columns. There m
sermon in it somewhere.

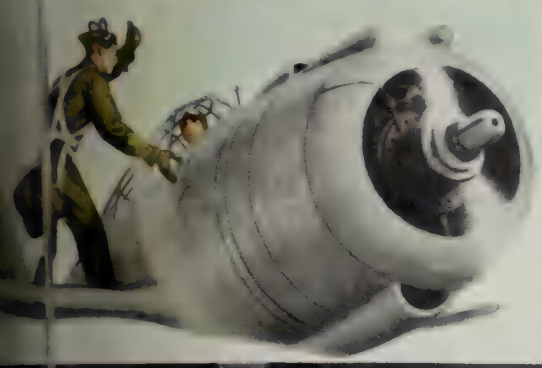



**"Would Madam care to try it out?"**

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# Mercury Has More Power Per Pound!

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TO SEE IT and drive it, you'd never guess the luxurious new Mercury is a stand-out *economy* car. But Mercury is airplane-engineered . . . *streamlined from the inside out* . . . and built of highest-quality materials for long life and unusual "big car" performance at low cost. You get the smooth, brilliant "drive" of a 100-horsepower V-type 8-cylinder engine. You get an all new kind of gentle "sky-ride" made possible by longer, slow-motion springs and improved shock absorbers. And Mercury combines a lower center of gravity with wider tread, for better traction on curves and wet roads. Step up to *Mercury* for 1942 . . . drive a car you'll be proud of in the years to come.

# Mercury 8

*THE AVIATION IDEA IN AN AUTOMOBILE*

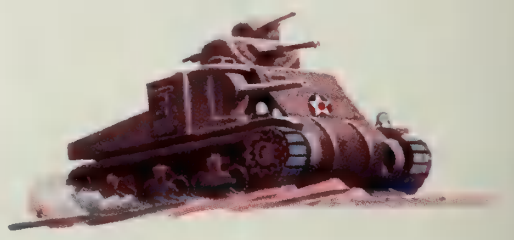
# YOUR PLANES



# YOUR SHIPS



# YOUR TANKS



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In addition to Government demands made on the finished product, "Prestone" anti-freeze, thousands of tons of raw materials necessary for its manufacture are now being used in making vital defense equipment of many different kinds.

Some of the uses to which these raw materials are being put were born in the laboratory but a short time ago.

Despite these heavy defense requirements, quantities of "Prestone" anti-freeze were made available to American motorists, but the supply probably will not be sufficient to meet all civilian needs.

# "PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

**NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.**

*Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation*

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*The word "Prestone" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.*

# FORT WARMS

**Henry L. Jackson**

V of realize how many of the thes e wear today originated the my or Navy. From the com blucher-style shoes, bal- n co , trench-model raincoats. the avy, straw kellys (once as h ters), reefer coats, even ot in ur tie.

ou're oking for a new overcoat inter, g news is the Army of- "Shor Warm." You will find it npuse and in stadiums. You'll in the ountry on week ends and n with emisports clothing.

Shor Warm first was worn by cave ymen in Peshawar near yber ss in the '90's. Prior to ne a d k blue ankle-length cloak orn b Indian cavalrymen and cover the horse, too. That was r the rse but tough on the sol- hen wasn't mounted. The nding officer recommended a an coa with vent in back. After it pro d acceptable a quarter- s slip ead: "Coat—British— -Offic s'." Originally the coat led "I tish Army Officer's Short —cut nally to "Short Warm." ng th World War the Short was d as an extra coat for warfa in place of the great- t was t worn for parade. After Briti officers used their coats ral co try and spectator sports

le-bre ted, short, and in the hades nd natural tans similar origin khaki and olive drab, coat at may become classic, polo at. It has the swagger a wel ut uniform, with broad rs, o nite waistline, short nd ce er vent in the back. The Arm coat carries shoulder like t trench-model raincoat. e coat ith or without the straps rrect oth ways and it's just r of ste. It's also made in with gular buttons, although he ex t military model. All arms e interlined.

hort arm is perfect for driv- re's n material to flap around s or g in the way. It's a good coun walking, won't inter- your ride. It's an ideal coat l—sh , warm and good-look-

ver, w don't recommend it if one-c t man. In that case you play e with the navy blue . Then ren't wearing the Short ith th tux and tails—yet. If ady ha a coat, this is just the you particularly for sports l trave In case any short guys ing th here's a coat that will a lift Tall guys will like the look it too. Try one on and yours —we'll be glad to tell re.

★★★

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND: Officers of an artillery regiment on maneuvers, both wearing Short Warms. At the left, fur-collared Short Warm; at the right, over battle dress, the regulation type of Short Warm that carries shoulder straps



COATS, COURTESY OF SIMPSONS OF PICCADILLY

FOR TRAVEL & INFORMAL TOWN WEAR: The double-breasted Short Warm with leather buttons and flap on breast pocket—made in military-shade fleece-type fabric

FOR CAMPUS & COUNTRY WEAR: Double-breasted Short Warm with shoulder straps and leather buttons, in camel color—favorite of university and sportsmen

ANGUTI LARROUSSE





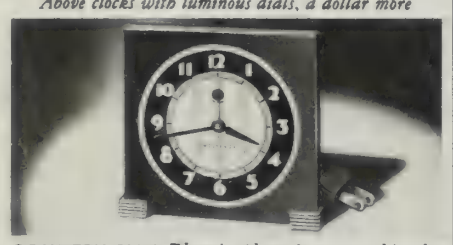
Give the Gift that's most often remembered



Give a good clock—it's looked at many times a day . . . a constant reminder of you! Choose from this smart array of Westclox electrics—



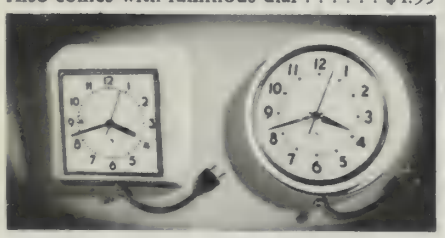
**BIG BEN** *Electric Chime Alarm* is a Christmas gift anyone would love to get! It's self-starting. Has a pleasing alarm. In black with nickel trim or ivory finish, gold color trim . . . $4.95
**BABY BEN** *Electric* is a marvelous gift in a small package. Self-starting. Lovely ivory finish with gold color trim . . . . . $3.95
*Above clocks with luminous dials, a dollar more*



**COUNTRY CLUB** *Electric Alarm* is so good looking that you'll want to use it in your living room. Maroon finish with plain dial . . $2.50
Ivory finish with luminous dial . . . . . $3.45



**Got a bachelor** or married couple on your list? Either would appreciate Bachelor electric alarm. Self-starting. Ivory finish, plain dial $3.95
Also comes with luminous dial . . . . . $4.95



**Either of these** smart electric wall clocks will make a marvelous gift for mother. Both are self-starting. Both give you a choice of four colors. Dunbar (*left*) has tilted case for easier reading . . . $3.95. Manor (*right*) is . . . $3.50

• • •

Westclox electrics make lovely Christmas gifts at moderate prices . . . $2.50 to $6.95. Only a few shown here. See them all today—time clocks, wall clocks, alarm models.

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois
*Division of General Time Instruments Corp.*

WESTCLOX* ELECTRIC CLOCKS
*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# Naval Engagement

Continued from page 16

When the Marines played Michigan that year the field judge got mixed up in his time and the teams played about two hours. The Detroit papers fixed that up by headlines:

"Marines Win First Game, 6-0; Michigan Takes Second."

With all this Larson was discovering that all the good men were not in the colleges. Even today he says flatly that the best football man he ever played with was Frank Goettege, great plunger, passer and kicker, who had been a frosh at Ohio State before joining the Marines. Later he was to see a sailor named Ray Fitch run rings around the celebrated Buzz Borries of Navy in a game between the U.S.S. Pennsylvania and the U.S.S. Arizona on the West Coast.

He also learned that anything can happen in football and has operated his system on that principle ever since. In the Vanderbilt game in 1924, the Marines were leading 13-0 and had the ball on Vanderbilt's nine-yard line when Groves the quarterback fumbled and then kicked the ball when he tried to recover. It went straight into the arms of Bomar, the great Vanderbilt end, who ran for a touchdown, one hundred yards. It finally ended in a 13-13 tie.

## Football Round the World

In 1925 when he was playing and coaching at Parris Island, South Carolina, his team and Newberry played a game without time out on either side, the game ending in one hour and seventeen minutes, fastest on record. In 1927 he was in Honolulu, playing in the barefoot league. It was so hot that the teams took off their shoes.

He was moving all the time. From Honolulu he came back to Bremerton, Washington; then to San Diego; and then, in 1937, the Chinese-Japanese war broke out and he was sent to Shanghai with the Sixth Marines, landing there in the middle of the battle of Shanghai. Fighting was raging on Suchow Creek but the Marines had to have their football and were practicing vigorously in City Park when the Japanese started to shell Nantao Wall, the bullets going over City Park in a salvo. Larson wanted to stick it out but one of his players, a sensible fellow said to him:

"Coach . . . just one little announcement from you now: No more workout today." The players were on their way to cover before he could open his mouth.

After that he was recalled and stationed on the Reina Mercedes, the old Spanish ship captured by Dewey at Manila, anchored off Annapolis. This was the headquarters of the Marines who were in charge of the yard at the Academy, and Larson was in charge of it.

"Head traffic cop, to be exact," says Larson.

Going back and forth to his duties, he used to pass a lot where young sons of Navy officers were playing football. He took over that aggregation and was shunting the midgets around in lively fashion, glad enough to keep his hand in at the sport, when Capt. W. C. McKee, director of athletics at Annapolis, came around and asked him if he would like to coach Navy. It was really quite an advancement.

"You're not joking, surely, Captain," said Swede, and it was arranged, he seeing the squad for the first time at spring practice in 1939.

In 1939 his team won three, lost five and tied one—but beat Army, 10-0. In 1940 they won six, tied one and lost two—but beat Army, 14-0, which is all that counts. The record this year is well known and writers have spoken of it as the greatest Navy squad since the days of the World War. With Bill Busik, Howie Clark, and half a dozen other whiz-backs scampering all over the landscape and such powerhouses as Gene Flathmann and Bill Chewning messing up the opposition from their tackle spots, it has been a happy season for Swede and his boys.

In appearance Major Larson is tall, straight, still spare and lean. He is six feet and weighs 190 pounds, which is something for him because in his best playing days he never could come up to more than 172 pounds, being a string bean. He has a bronzed look, high cheekbones and nobody takes him for a Swede.

"He looks like old Tecumseh," they say affectionately at the Academy, referring to the old bowsprit figure of the Indian that is a landmark down there at which the young men throw pennies with their left hand, for luck, when they are going to take examinations.

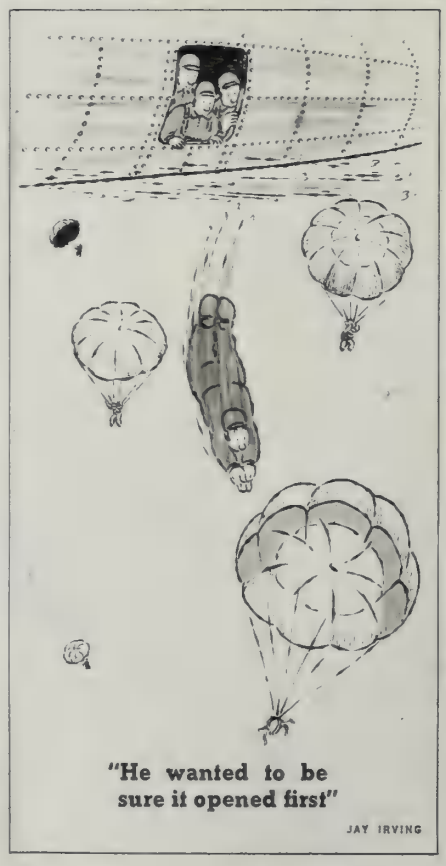
But the solemn, saturnine appearance is merely a front. Swede is a garrulous and humorous gent when he is with his pals, and in the service he was something of a heller. On one maneuver when they were about to take the long thirty-one-day jaunt back from Lisbon to Guantanamo, the crew sent Swede and Battler Cruise into Lisbon to buy extra provisions.

"They got confused and only remembered their errand at the last minute," recalls Mal Hogan, a classmate. "All we got was twelve cans of peanuts, a stinking diet after the first ten days."

Larson was a member of the first landing party at Nicaragua, when we took over that state for a few years, and became the poker champion of the Nicaraguan president and his cabinet.

"He's been trying to get sent back there since," say his pals. "He won a fortune and picked up some splendid Spanish phrases."

Mrs. Larson is a California girl who took over Swede's three children upon the death of the first Mrs. Lar has been needling her husband tivity ever since, he being inc take things easy. She is kr "Grandma" at the Academy everybody comes running to l their troubles. She is pretty, a extremely popular. They have year-old daughter, Mercedes, called "Murmur" by the family much to Mrs. Larson's disgust. est boy, Emery, Jr., is a star f at Lawrenceville, and is he Harvard next fall.



**"He wanted to be sure it opened first"**

JAY IRVING

## Simplicity that Pays

Larson is a psychologist worked out a pattern for his Na

"Football is hard work," he "and there is enough tension a olis in studies alone without p on. I try to make the game as possible for them."

He avoids being the Great drum, as are some coaches, an "Swede" by most of the squ talk the plays over with him afraid to offer suggestions. T fun of practice, putting passe defenders and keeping tally sults. The course at the Aca been reduced to three years b the war crisis and that mea pressure on the students.

The 1939 season was plain everybody because they lost cessive games and were so p injuries that they were nev getting a team on the fiel asked Harvey Harmon, th coach, to check up on his pa during the Princeton game an could be done about it. Har him later.

"I have a simple solution, bled. "Shoot the whole squ

But in the Army game o they had progressed so rapid intercepted five passes and win. The break in that game Dick Schafer, a 145-pound twenty-two yards for a touc had been so light that Lars him off the field during spri On the Tuesday before th game, he came to Larson a

"Coach, you have to let have a hunch we're going t and I want to be part of it.'

"Get your varsity jersey Larson. "We haven't much else; a hunch won't hurt

The outcome of this year' cidedly unpredictable. Na but Army is hungry. Th pains Larson most is the under normal conditions h counted on his greatest t Instead of that, by reason year graduation, he loses Cameron, Harrell, Chip, Ze ler, Maxson and Donaldson

As a coach Major Lar regular Marine Corps sala ing more. A shift in his might even mean a bre financially but he certai gling for it.

He gives a guileless, first impression and for a l ple feared that he would for the more foxy coaches tion quickly disappeared.

"That Swede Larson "He's like an old mule in He sees everything that

That's the Major—Maj worth Larson, the Minne ber who finally found th Navy thereof.

# Man deflates brother-in-law

by *Al Piane*



**1.** Arriving home for family reunion at Thanksgiving, he notes particularly smug look on brother-in-law's face.



**2.** Brother-in-law immediately launches into bragfest on how he and family made trip home by *Pullman*.




...ou...ls at length on delicious steak dinner which he, wife, and ...ha... immediately on boarding train.



**4.** Tells next how they left Junior tucked in bed and in care of porter as they went back for evening in club car.



...nts ...owing picture of refreshments in club car, and general ...air of all people there.



**6.** Gets practically poetical telling how wonderful a sleep he had, claiming Pullman beds are best beds in entire world.



...ds ...oration by explaining how rail ...llm... fare is less than 4c a mile ...it ...sts 5c a mile to run your own car.



**8.** After hearing out b-in-law to end, our hero says quietly, "I know; I came Pullman myself like I always do. Nice, isn't it?"



*For Comfort — For Safety — For Dependability-Go Pullman*

You get there refreshed, readier for a good time. Try it for your next trip.




Amazing New

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Guarantees

more heat FASTER!

*Now America's Fastest-Selling Quality Heater*



*Heats Hot While the Motor's Still Cold —Burns Fuel from Carburetor in Patented Sealed Chamber*

HERE'S winter driving comfort no other car heater—*at any price*—can give you! Hot heat *in 90 seconds by the stop watch!* Heat *all the way*—not just on the last leg of a trip! Comfort that millions praise!

This amazing South Wind Car Heater gives more heat faster, *guaranteed,* because it doesn't depend on a cooling system for heat. *It makes its own heat by burning fuel from the carburetor inside a patented sealed chamber, from which all fumes pass out the engine exhaust.* It carries the official seal of Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

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## One of We's Own

**Continued from page 18**

"Naw!"

"Yeah. And at ain't all. Quick as dem socks got hyar, I'd th'ow you down and put 'em on you, you good-lookin' heifer. Right hyar in front er ev'y-body!"

A young girl in the springtime can stand only so much ardent love-making. Lou-netty squirmed shyly and giggled. "Lake," she said warmly, "you's a dog! You's jest a natchel dog! Th'owin' me down right hyar in front er ev'ybody and puttin' dem candy-stripe socks on me! You ain't got a shame in dis world!"

"I ain't got no shame about lovin' you like I'm lovin' you now, gal," he declared.

"And efn you keeps on wid dat kind er love tawk," Lou-netty warned him, "I bet I'd *he'p* you put dem candy-stripe socks on me. Cause dat kind er tawk makes me ain't got no shame, too. I can't do nothin' but jest stand hyar and grin at you, you big ole monkey-face dog!"

Lake did not have to buy the stockings, for he and Lou-netty stood before B'r Charlie that evening and gave the answers that made Lou-netty a spring bride, and Lake a sharecropper on Little Bee Bend plantation.

THE Cockle Burr cut was tough, but Lake and Lou-netty went at it cheerfully. "You keep de grass chopped out," he told her "and I'll keep dis ole cultivator turnin' and us'll make a crop for de books, next fall, efn hit don't rain too much and nothin' else happen."

Lou-netty was proud of her husband. He was the first one she ever had, and from where she stood he was the best anybody had ever had.

In a way, Lake was happy, too. Lou-netty was not the most entertaining wife he'd ever had, but he decided she'd "do in a rush." The thing that pleased him most was the fact he was making a crop on Little Bee Bend plantation. He had heard tales of the place, and of the hard-driving foreman, during his ramblings. There was a legend that stretched from the St. Francis River in the North to the sugar country in the South about how hard it was to get on the place and how easy to get off. It had ever been a challenge to his ability to get along anywhere. And here he was, not only making a crop on Little Bee Bend, but getting an occasional nod of approval from Giles! It was something to brag about.

"Dey tells me," Lake confided to Lou-netty, "dat efn a late-come worker kin git along wid Giles, he kin git along in McGee-hee."

"McGee-hee who?" asked Lou-netty.

"McGee-hee ain't nobody, gal. Hit's a place. Hit's a place dat's so hard dat can't nobody, black or white, git along in hit."

Lou-netty was fascinated by her husband's knowledge of far-off places, and she always wanted to know more. Frequently, in her simple, practical way, she asked the wrong questions:

"Efn hit's all dat bad, den what do anybody want to stay dar for?"

Lake had to figure out an answer to that one, it having never before occurred to him. Since he had no personal knowledge about the town and had heard only gossip about it, he did not have to confine his answer to statistics. "Dey don't nobody stay dar," he told Lou-netty. "Ev'ybody jest moved off and left hit flat." He saw another question coming and answered it before it was asked: "But dat didn't do no good. Hit's still jest as bad as hit would be ef a hund'ed people dar, fightin' a lin' and goin' on. McGee-hee' hard to git along in."

Lou-netty thought about i her husband's fantastic tales fired her with admiration, th seemed real. She had been Little Bee Bend as had her pa grandparents. It was the only knew about. She naturally t granted that Little Bee Ben best place in the world and places were neither good nor

"Giles ain't hard to git al Lou-netty said. "Anybody kin git along wid him. Efn good, you git along good wid you works bad, you git alon him. But you git along, one yuther."

The first sign of disaffectio perienced as a sharecropper Bee Bend, came late one Fr noon. He and Lou-netty h working through their crop time in as many weeks. It w tom for a man to be allott land for him and his famil through in five days during t season so they might have and Sundays for holidays. L through in two days and h netty with the hoeing for thr

"Hit looks middlin' fair," that Friday afternoon. "Bu see some Johnson grass spr grass in the Cucker Burr cut good. You ketch yo' team mawnin', Lake, and start pl

"Yassuh," said Lake.

"And efn you wears out y netty," the foreman added, a bran'-new hoe."

Walking across the fie cabin, Lake's mind was far in the middle of a bad towr talked about. Maybe if a the middle of that bad to his pistol—"I wonder is *raley* as bad as folks clain mumbled to himself.

As soon as it was light e next morning, Lake had hi field. Lou-netty joined h hoe when the breakfast cleared and the noon meal quick cooking.

Later in the morning through the field several ti loped away without sayin Lake.

"He keep ridin' in my fi nothin' but a good end- Lake growled. "And ev'y plows in de middle er my as I plows de end whar He was feeling downhear

AN HOUR later, four cu and a dozen women, t tening in the sun, follow the turnrow.

"Widow Duck, you t over yonder wid Lou-ne man said. "And y'all boy vators cut down de fi Mens, plow deep. Anc hard. And us'll git dis g fo' de sun go down."

Lake stopped his team I ain't axed for no he'p,"

"You gittin' he'p, jest gonna rain soon."

"I works my own cro

Giles, usually short- people who tried to argu his temper. "Lake, yo hand," Giles said, "an tuck de patience to lea acks on Little Bee. Bu

…s on Little Bee jest like I …t's how hit is wid yo' crop. …tin' he'p and you's gittin'."
…started after the crop was …gh, clean and deep, and the …ack in the barn. It looked …a shower, but soon streaks …htning were flashing in all …d a steady June pour set in.
…impressed. "Mist' Giles," …ow come you knowed hit …rain?"

…n removed the bridle from …horse and hung it up be-

…," he said modestly. "I …g." He looked at Lake …ted eyes. "I kin read in …you figgers I'm jest lucky …' dat rain. Ain't dat right?"
…d had not actually come …asion, but the suggestion …sonable that he adopted it …nd marveled at the fore-
"Lawd, Lawd," he said …ou's de best. I hyared all …de line dat you was de …uldn't believe hit to I seed …yes."
…o bad," Giles said. "You …ever seed but you'll do, …eps tryin'."
…ne through mud and rain, …d, almost happy. He was …Giles and pleased with …"A…d me jest a-*gittin'* along …iles, good as de next one! …at is dis McGee-hee got …must he?"
…ntermittently all night. …tripping overcast day, too …ly to dress up and get …hot to sit in the cabin and …tty. It would have been …e on a pallet on the porch …m labor done, and sleep …k to come.
…eep were not for Lake. …aginary pictures of Mc-…cing themselves into his …here, sometime, in his …ad heard somebody say …a hard town to get along …ounding name had hung …until that day, by acci-…n dragged forth in sup-…a to Giles for a crop on …l.
…s not just a name, any …a reality that challenged every drop of run-around blood in his body. He wondered how a man would set out for McGehee. Was it close to Angleton over in Texas, or was it near Pine Bluff up in Arkansas? He had been to both of those places, but he disremembered in which town he had heard about McGehee. He remembered other places he had been to; recalling their charms made him no happier.

"Hot damn!" he exclaimed. "Hit's so many places whar I'm ain't, I don't see how come I'm whar I'm is!"

"Say which, darlin'?" Lou-netty called from the kitchen.

"Say git me somethin' to eat and quit argyin' wid me!"

Lou-netty almost choked. It was the first short-talk she had heard from Lake. "Darlin', I ain't argyin'," she objected.

"Den don't start," Lake growled.

Monday morning came and, with it, the sunshine. Though the field was far too wet for plowing, Lou-netty got her hoe and began to drain the water trapped in the middles by hurried plowing. She knew that Lake should have been in the field with his team hitched to a middle splitter, making longer ditches to drain the low places. Unless the water was drained, the field wouldn't be dry enough for working in less than a week. A whole week with no work in a cotton field was unthinkable.

"Lake kin git de down-yonders and quar'l and hit ain't no skin off'n nobody's back," Lou-netty told herself. "But he ain't got no call to take hit out on dis crop er cotton."

LAKE had no thought for the cotton. He was at the commissary, sitting around, aimless and thoughtless. After two nights and a day with the uninspiring Lou-netty in his present restlessness, it was a relief to get away. It was a mile or more from his cabin to the commissary, and that was a help. It would be better, he decided, if he were even farther away. Maybe off in some other community altogether, where he didn't know anybody at all.

A place like McGehee, for instance.

An idea came to him. He grinned, and sauntered inside.

"Mist' Giles," he said forlornly, "I needs me a pair shoes."

"What size?" asked the foreman.

"Tens."

Giles wrote in the book and instructed

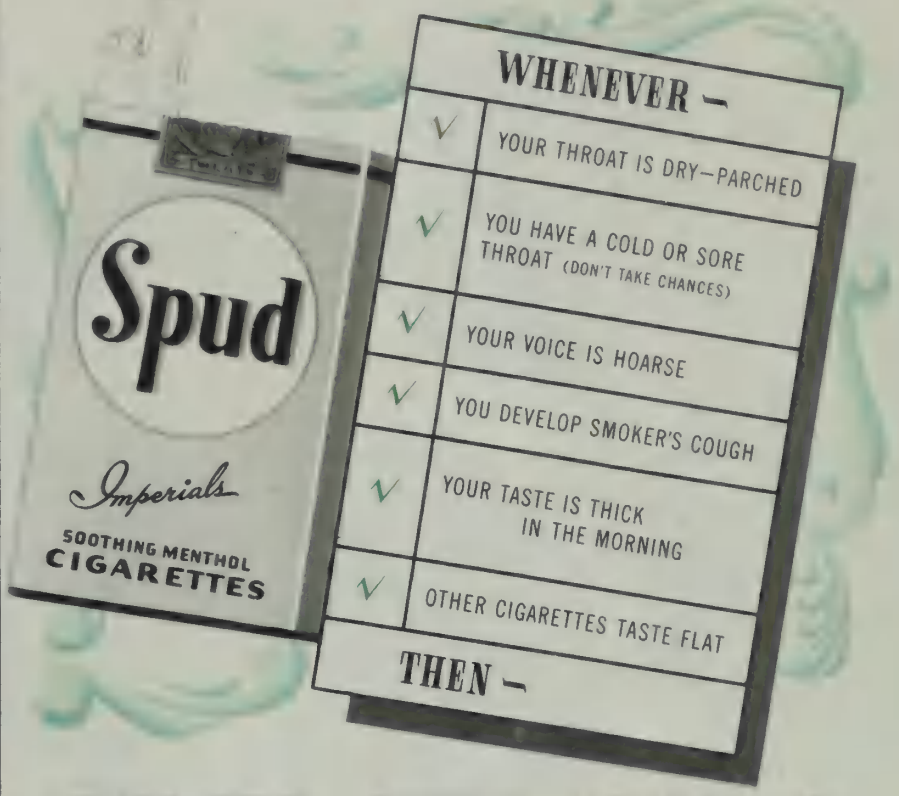



". . . and now a few words about today's game"


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*It's time to*

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GENERAL MOTORS
LOCOMOTIVES

he commissary, to wait on Lake. er git me a pair er over-halls, mper, too," Lake said, as an ght.

cratched the shoes entry from "How 'bout a couple er shirts · er dat long underwears, too, winter?" Giles' voice dripped

nought. "Yassuh, hit'll come ' he said, "but I wa'n't figgerin'

aybe," the foreman suggested, sack to pack hit off in?"

?"

fool," Giles said. "I ain't got yo' mind to know dat you's in off and leave. Ev'y ram- ver got set to ramble tried to push his credicks for a new es and some over-halls. I ain' be half as smart as I'm is to out."

s crushed. It had seemed to good idea. "Nawsuh," he de- artedly. "I ain't fixin' to go I jest figgered I be needin' and stuff."

dn't figger Lou-netty might shoes and a dress, did you? on account er you's fixin' to leave her, same as yo' crop." eman's words hurt. "Aw, ," Lake protested. "I ain't ave Lou-netty, no mo'n I'm ve my crop."

as cold and impersonal. "A n come of his own free will," nd he kin go de same way. t leave his crop under water mmissary bill, too. Now efn ke travelin', yonder's de big it runs bofe ways f'm hyar. ants to stay, git a middle- dreen dat water offn de cut y out befo' next Ju-vember." in' to run off nowhars," Lake

aims to stay today, you git splitter," Giles said. "To- you is still hyar, you'll git Buldickie's fiel' whar hit's to plow. He worked half fiel' and you'll do as much en after dinner, you'll git in Den de next day, hit'll be in Grant's fiel'. You owes day on account er Dallas ande plowed for you, Sad- stand de motion?"

Lake grunted.

y ain't got to weary 'bout de hoein'. She's one er we's 'll have enough to do, any- travel. Travel twarge de iddle-buster team, or travel g road. But one way er de travel!"

hed to the soul, caught his oked to the middle buster. , he snubbed the plow- board and drove to the could go no farther.

see the little lakes in his d measure with his eye the ow to the big ditch that off the water from his fine ; he could see Lou-netty ing at the ends of the rows; his was he able to associate . He couldn't move. He d gazed at it stupidly.

came up. "I done opened e ends," she said. "You ne had dem low places at sun gittin' hot and hit water and sun to hit we's ame time."

red me," Lou-netty re- ay you git to runnin' dem . N."

ied. "Ain't no woman kin e," said. "Too many done didn't none of 'em had no

Lou-netty swung her hoe, its goose-neck heel landing close to Lake's left ear. Without looking to estimate the damage done to her husband's supine body, Lou-netty removed the snub from the plow and began to make deep furrows to the drainage ditch.

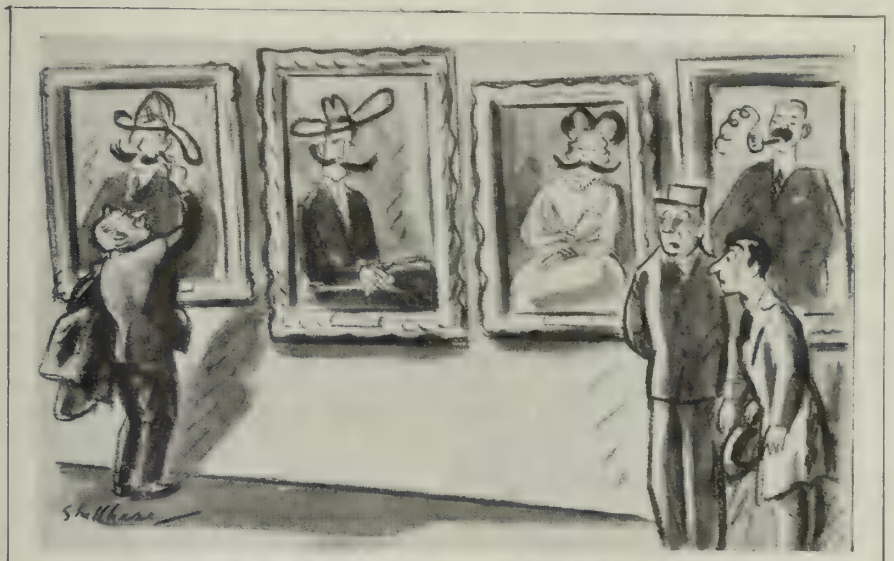
When she had finished, she went back to Lake, who was sitting in the mud, shaking his head as if trying to dispel a fog.

"I swear to my soul," he said wonderingly, "I didn't know a mule's hind laigs was so long. Dat mule was standin' betwixt his traces on de yuther side er his doubletree and I was standin' betwixt de plow handles."

"Have it yo' way," Lou-netty said, "but put de snub back on and drag de plow back to de barn. Only don't tell nobody I runned out dem ditches, cause Giles is agin ladies plowin' in de fiel'."

Lake took the team to the lot and returned to his house. Lou-netty was preparing dinner. She said nothing by way of greeting and Lake sat in silence, nursing an aching head. "I swear," he said finally, "dat de longest-laigged mule I ever seed."

"We's mules is de best," said Lou-netty proudly. " 'Cause de best ain't too good for Little Bee."



**"There's nothing much we can do about it. This is the Bosworth collection and that's Mr. Bosworth"**

GEORGE SHELLHASE

Lake ate lightly, and spent the afternoon trying to sleep and complaining of his head.

"Efn hit hurt all dat bad," Lou-netty said unsympathetically, "I'll rub some lard on hit."

Lake felt lonesome and abused, "Gittin' treated like a stranger in a far-off land, wid my head hurtin' fit to bus' open."

"Lay quiet," said Lou-netty, rubbing lard on Lake's head. "Us owes fo' half days plowin' and twelve half days hoein'. Efn you lay quiet to sunup, you kin ketch two half days for Buldickie and Nud. And de next day hit'll be dry enough in Uncle Grant's fiel'. Den us bofe'll pitch in wid de hoes and git we's beholdens paid back by de time ole Cucker Burr git dry."

IT ALL sounded vague and distant to Lake. He thought some of explaining what Giles had already told him about the hoeing, but he remembered he had been arguing with Lou-netty when that mule kicked him. It was a solid mile from where he lay to the lot where the mules were. In his confused state it seemed possible, even probable, that if he started another argument with this Little Bee Bend woman, a Little Bee Bend mule would stretch a leg across that mile and kick him again. "Little Bee Bend," he decided, "sho do take keer er dey own."

Lake plowed the next day in the fields of Buldickie and Nud. The day following, in Grant's field, he paid back the labor of Grant's two boys. But that night it rained again. Lou-netty went to the door several times and observed that it fell straight from ■ completely black sky instead of a particular cloud.

"Dis is *raley* a June rain," she said. "Hit'll be a month er Sundays befo' Cucker Burr git dry enough to work in."

"Mo' rain, mo' rest," said Lake.

"YOU mean," asked Lou-netty, "you don't keer how much water git in we's cotton—me and you's cotton dat us worked so hard in?" There was a menacing note in her voice and Lake felt it.

"Dat ain't what I means, darlin'," he said. "Dat what us used to say in de public works, cause when hit rained in de public works us jest laid off." He was lying on the bed, fingers laced behind his head and eyes gazing dreamily on the ceiling. "Hit's ■ good wages in de public works," he continued reminiscently. "You gits paid ev'y Sadday. And you ain't got to work all de year fightin' Johnson grass, and den when fall come maybe you got some money and maybe you ain't."

Lou-netty refused to believe what she heard. "You mean, you'd druther be in de public works den raisin' cotton?"

Lake chuckled. "You knows what de song say, good as me·

*" 'Tell you somethin', let hit bear down on yo' mind:*
*A man gits tired er de same thing all de time,*
*Cause my home ain't hyar,*
*Hit's further down de road.' "*

Stunned, Lou-netty crawled into bed, shut her mind to everything but the fall of rain on the roof, and went to sleep.

The next morning, as Lou-netty went about her domestic duties, Lake, as was his privilege, lazed about the house, grumbling because breakfast was late. He heated a kettle of water for a bath in the washtub and demanded his best clean clothes.

"You fixin' to git dressed up?" Lou-netty demanded.

"Sho," said Lake, standing in the washtub, rubbing soapy water out of his eyes.

"You ain't gittin' no good clothes f'm me in de middle er de week," Lou-netty assured him. "I'm got too much to do to wash for you ev'y time you wants to put on clean clothes."

"Hyar's clean clothes—a whole croker sack full of 'em. Shoes and all," Giles said, getting off his horse and pitching a bundle into the doorway.

"Mist' Giles, I wa'n't expectin' you!" Lou-netty exclaimed. To Lake, she said, "Git some clothes on, fool! Standin' befo' Mist' Giles, buck nekkid!"

Giles dumped the contents of the sack upon the floor. "Put 'em on, long underwears and all," the foreman ordered.

Lake did not appear too surprised, but Lou-netty was astounded. "You credicked all er dat stuff agin we's crop?" she gasped. "Wid all er dis rain?"

Giles laughed. "Hold hit, baby," he said. "I rid all over Cucker Burr befo' I brang dis stuff. You won't be able to git in dar, much befo' cotton-pickin' time, and hit'll be plenty cotton to take keer er dese clothes."

"But he don't need all er dem clothes," Lou-netty said.

"He fixin' to need 'em whar he's goin'," Giles explained. "Cause he fixin' to git along down de road, ain't you, Lake?"

Lake got into the long underwear. "You reads my mind. Mist' Giles," Lake said. "De work was all right but I jest got tired er Lou-netty's grumblin' and quar'lin', so I'm gettin' on down de road."

"You's ■ big ole rusty lie!" Lou-netty yelled indignantly. "You's de one quar'lin'! You quar'l agin me, and you quar'l agin we's crop!"

Lou-netty swung her fist. It landed accurately in the same spot the hoe had got him, three days before. Lake dropped.

Giles grabbed Lou-netty and pinioned her arms. "Take hit easy, chile," he soothed her. "He's leavin', but hit's good like dat. He ain't one er we's own and he never could make hit. He's a rambler and he'll be good ruddance."

"But we's crop?" Lou-netty cried.

"Even efn you don't work hit no mo'," Giles told her, "you'll make enough to pay off yo' credicks and have cash money, too, maybe. And a good-lookin' widow-gal like you, wid cash money—" Giles grinned. "Effn I wa'n't so ole and so married up to Betsy—"

"Aw, Mist Giles, how you goes on!" Lou-netty giggled.

GILES revived Lake by dashing water on him. Lake dressed in silence, collected his belongings and with a pleasant, "Good-by, all," walked out. When he was out of sight, Lou-netty turned to Giles.

"Whar at is McGee-hee?" she wanted to know.

"Never hyared of hit," Giles said. "What about hit?"

"Dat's whar he figgerin' on goin'," Lou-netty explained. "He claim hits a hard place to git along in."

"He won't make hit," Giles prophesied. "He all right, ontwell de goin' git tight, and den he got to ramble. I called his number de day he hit dis place. I wouldn't 'a' let him stay, only I wanted de Cucker Burr cut worked dis year and I didn't ha'dly had de cheeks to give dat stretch to one of we's own."

Lou-netty said proudly, "Us had dat cut whupped to ■ frazzle, ontwell de rain started."

Giles laughed. "Hit's whupped, rain or no rain," he told her. "I ain't never seed hit in such good shape. And dat's on account er you. You held him hyar to hit was whupped. Next year, you git yo'se'f ■ good husband and I'll gi' you some high ground for ■ weddin' present."

When Giles had gone, Lou-netty began to set her house in order again, adjusting things suitably for occupancy by ■ young widow woman.

"Nawp," Lou-netty decided, "he can't make hit in dat McGee-hee." She grinned. "But I bet dat ole scound'el is jest fool enough to try hit."




# A Home for Love

Continued from page 17

"I know. I told him so. I told him that this was 1690—not the black days of 1610. But he was stubborn. My father came from Brittany, you know, and he was remarkably stubborn. He simply did not like the English. He would not, if he were alive, like your having rented the strip of Edouard Belladere's land so close to us—to me. I suspect he might even have made an attempt to have you removed—"

"He couldn't have."

"He might have."

"I think you have a better reason to fear the Spanish."

"I think so too. Yes. But do you see the point that I've been driving toward? You're an Englishman, and you'll remain a stranger until you really attach yourself to our land. Renting one grim, stony little patch of a farm isn't enough."

The girl paused and drew in her breath deeply. "If you had your own land, now, soon the people of the island would say, 'The Englishman is becoming one of us.' And you'd be less a stranger—"

"Of course," John Willis said, with the briefest touch of irritation in his voice. "Yes; I can see that. And I intend to own land in Tortuga one day. But for the present it's a very simple matter of money—"

His gaze returned to the sea. They fell silent. He doesn't understand, the girl thought; or perhaps he doesn't want to understand. She sat up straight in the grass, tensely, and lifted her hand unconsciously to touch her dark hair with her fingers. I've almost said the words to him, she told herself; and she felt the quick warmth rise to her cheeks. I've almost said: "See, my father is dead and I am alone and all this land you're looking at is mine; I have nine hundred hectares of black Tortugan earth: six slaves, horses, oxen, more pigs than I can tell—"

The animation died suddenly from her face; she stood up.

"You're going?" John Willis asked, lifting his head.

"Yes," she said; "yes, I'm going now. I'm going over the ridge to the house that was my father's and is now mine. John Willis, listen to me. I have six slaves and nine hundred hectares of land. I am alone and you are alone—"

But she did not continue. Her voice, drawn tight as a wire, broke as a wire breaks. John Willis stared at her in bewilderment. "What's the matter?" he said. "Is anything the matter? You're crying—have I said something to offend you?" He leaned toward her but did not touch her with his hands. On his face was a look of vast, troubled incomprehension.

She was on her feet, then, and running through the high grass along the ridge with small, quick steps. She did not once look back.

SHE was at breakfast on the tiled veranda when, next morning, John Willis came up the hill toward her house.

He walked rapidly, as if unmindful of the brilliant early sun. The lane, hard-packed, was defined by coconut palms; to the right, toward the sea, lay sloping fields of young tobacco.

Suzanne Chauvet signed the mulatto serving-maid to leave the veranda. She sipped the milk in her glass, then dropped her napkin to the table and turned in her chair. She was aware that her hands were trembling. Be still, she said to herself, sternly.

She faced the lane, across the veranda railing. She tried to have orderly thoughts about John Willis, coming up the lane, coming early, in the breakfast hour, but a kind of numbness possessed her and she stood uncertainly and, after a minute, walked to the broad steps.

There, at the top step, her hand on the white column, she waited for John Willis.

His head was bent thoughtfully and his eyes were on the earth. He did not see her until he was close to the veranda steps. Then he looked up. He seemed a little startled, and the thread of his preoccupation was broken. "Good morning," he said. He smiled, but only fleetingly; and then his brown face was serious again.

"You're walking abroad at an early hour," Suzanne Chauvet said.

"Ah?" he said. "So. I hope I'm not intruding? I must talk with you."

He stood before her, strangely irresolute.

"Come upon the veranda," she said.

He mounted the steps and they placed chairs to look across the fields.

He seemed lost in somber reflection. But after a minute or two he said, "I wish I spoke French better—I'd be able to make myself a lot clearer—"

"You speak French excellently."

He waved this aside. "I mean all the fine shadings," he said, "that enable one to say precisely what one intends. As it is, I'm conscious of a toiling awkwardness."

He paused.

"Yes?" Suzanne Chauvet said.

THEN he launched boldly upon it. "It's this," he said, looking steadily at her. "And I shall ask you to think seriously about it. That is, I don't want you to answer immediately. In strict fairness to yourself—and, I suppose, to me—you must consider it carefully—"

"Come," she said. Her voice was perfectly in control. "Consider what?"

"I am asking if you will agree to marry me."

Nothing changed in the girl's expression. "I thought that was it."

John Willis rushed ahead. The words tumbled recklessly out of him; it was as if a dam had burst, as if a flood had been released. "You must believe," he said, "that I have the greatest admiration for you. You know that; you've seen it. I do not speak of love—not yet—because it's not in my nature to think lightly of love—we've known each other all too briefly—"

"So. But you think love will come in time."

He glanced quickly into the girl's eyes as if to surprise any meaning that might lie behind her words. "Please understand me," he said. "I'm not ashamed that I'm a simple man. I've been a seaman and a farmer since I left England in my twelfth year. I'm not clever and I don't speak cleverly. Love is a difficult word for me—I've observed that it can mean one thing in Paris and another in the colonies. I believe that love in Tortuga must be more than a froth of perfumes and frivolous whisperings—"

"Do you?"

"Yes. Don't you?"

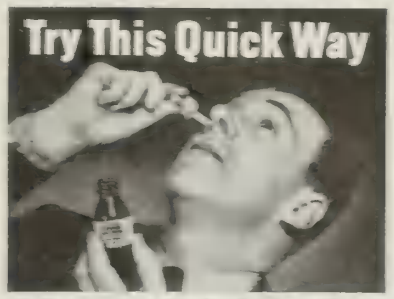
Suzanne Chauvet shrugged. "I am a woman," she said. "Women are notoriously frivolous, even—perhaps especially—in the colonies."

He smiled then. "That isn't true," he said. "I mean, at least it isn't true about you. If it were I should not be here talking with you. We'd have no common ground."

"But you think that as it is we do have a common ground?"

"Of course. We live on the soil. The

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the sun are things we both
e hesitated. "I realize all too
ıe went on quickly, "that you
and I have none. That's un-
But it won't always be the
n earn money here. I can in-
production of your land, and
more together—"
ded; my house, my slaves, my
thought. These are the lure,
nder her breath—and I have
ame nor pride.
d her hands and pressed her
th her fingers.
ught: I cannot bear more
and the nearness of him
nging in me—
you, John Willis," she said.
no more about it. Thank
ing me to be your wife."
an that you will?"
e said, in a whisper.

le on horseback down the
l to Cayona in the late after-
spoke to the civil registrar
er Le Pers, the Breton priest.
that the wedding ceremony
d in the morning of the next
hile, they said, they would
n: Suzanne at the convent
church, John Willis at the
he Three Candlemakers.
Pers was helpful. "It can
ged," he said.
took Suzanne's arm and
her to the convent; and
. alone, crossed the bare
the church and turned into
the Three Candlemakers.
the air. The evening prom-
ol. John Willis was aware
hungry.
n clattered by in the nar-
ding hard in the half-dark-
Willis jumped against the
ght a glimpse of the horse-
m—a soldier from the fort
and east of the town. John
They rode like madmen,
of France!
oldier was gone instantly,
tropical darkness clamped
he town, and John Willis,
ully, made his way to the
e Three Candlemakers.
that he heard the raised
voices, the excitement of loud speech. He pushed open the door. The room was full of young men of the town, and a few older men—merchants, traders—and a soldier in uniform—the horseman.

John Willis touched the arm of a man beside the door. "What's the matter?"

The man gave him only a moment's glance. "Spaniards," he said. "It's the damned Spaniards from Santo Domingo. Two ships off the headland. One, maybe two more reported going around the north shore—they'll try to make a landing there and come over the mountain and drop from behind us onto the town—"

He breathed heavily, snorting. He turned and, in the lamplight, looked into John Willis' face. "Who are you?"

"John Willis. I live in the hills near—"

"You're a foreigner?"

"I'm an Englishman, yes. But I'm also a farmer of Tortuga. This is my home—"

The soldier seemed to be bellowing orders but his voice was drowned in the babel. "What are you planning to do?" John Willis asked the man beside him.

"Fight, of course! The garrison's small, but we have enough men to hold the town—"

"What of the people in the hill farms?"

The man jerked his shoulders in a shrug. "They'll have to run for it. The alarm's being spread in the hills; they'll have to come into town."

"Where can I get a gun?" John Willis asked. He felt the muscles tighten across his back.

"Stay beside me. You know me, don't you? Jules Marivaux—"

"The coffee merchant—"

"None other. You stay with me, Englishman." He spoke breathlessly, disconnectedly. "A score or so of us here are detailed to get guns at the fort—hold the main road into town from the north—from the hills. Do you see? The cannon at the fort can engage the ships—"

"Will they attack now, in the dark, at night?"

"Certain to," Marivaux said. "Spanish trick."

John Willis shouted to hold his at-

By Larry Reynolds



"He saved the day. I didn't dare start dinner with only thirteen at the table"





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tention. "Listen," John Willis said. "There's a woman—my fiancée—in the convent behind the church—what should I—"

"Don't worry, man. There'll be troops at the convent."

"All right," John Willis said. He rubbed the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. The crowd in the hot, smoky taproom of the Tavern of the Three Candlemakers broke, and the soldier from the fort passed through them. He was shouting names—Casimir, Mathon, Buffon, others. John Willis felt a hand on his shoulder; he turned his head. Marivaux, the burly coffee merchant, a tall, swarthy fellow with a shock of dirty white hair, said in his ear, "Come on. Stay with me, Englishman. Now is the time—we're getting guns."

His face was sharp and, at first, uneasily tense. They ran through the dark streets, past doorways where small lights showed, and people called to them; they passed other men, already armed, hurrying in other directions. He stayed close behind Marivaux, the coffee merchant; for though he knew the town he was not, in the dark, certain of all the short cuts, the side alleys.

They were silent as they ran; nobody spoke, and before they reached the fort they were all of them breathing in short, heavy gasps, like fish tossed out of the sea.

A lieutenant of the French garrison gave guns to them as they crowded into a chamber at the top of the fort's ramp. Then, "Who is this man?" he asked, pointing to John Willis.

Marivaux explained curtly. "Englishman," he said. "Willis. He's the Englishman who's rented some of Edouard Belladere's land in the hills."

"He wants to fight?"

"Lieutenant," John Willis said. "I've settled here. This is my home—"

"Give him a gun," the coffee merchant said.

THEY went out of the fort and across the town to the road that dropped from the hills. Marivaux said, "If the Spaniards land on the north shore they'll come down this road. There's no other way. To cut through the forest, through the undergrowth, would be too slow, too difficult—"

"I know these hills," John Willis said.

"They'll be counting strongly on surprise."

"We'll give them surprise," one of the men shouted.

They were beyond the limits of the town, past the last of the outlying houses of Cayona, and the road to the hills sloped sharply upward, a narrow gash, almost a tunnel, through the lofty barrier of black and silent forest.

"We will stop here," said Marivaux. Unconsciously he lowered his voice. The men gathered around him in a tight circle, waiting. "Get behind trees on the side of the road—string out a little—each of you take a position and hold it. I'll be in the lead. If the Spaniards come we'll hear them soon enough. And when I yell out to shoot, start shooting. And while you're shooting, yell."

He paused, as if listening.

"Noise disconcerts them more than bullets." He grinned in the darkness.

Abruptly the deep-throated roar of cannon, a biting, trenchant sound, quivering on the air, lifted out of the town behind them.

"They're firing from the fort," Marivaux said.

"What can they hit in the darkness?" John Willis asked.

"Probably nothing. No lights on the Spanish ships, of course. But it's a declaration that we're not asleep."

Another blast came, hollower, more distant. "The ships have opened up—" Marivaux said.

John Willis fought back an instant's panic. He caught Marivaux's arm. "The convent—" he said. "If the Spaniards hit the convent—"

"Take it easy, man," Marivaux said. "They are already in the cellars in the convent. They won't be sitting in the windows."

THEY stood for a minute, a huddled knot of men, listening to the guns across the town. Then Marivaux said, low, "All right. Take your positions."

It might so easily have been different.

If, as Marivaux said later, speaking to John Willis as the Englishman was carried into town—if the Spaniards had come down the road in a tight and unbroken column of men, if they'd pushed relentlessly ahead, they'd have got through. Beyond doubt. "Like a bayonet through a cheese," Marivaux said, grinning.

They'd had enough men, perhaps two hundred. But they had come slowly, with caution, and the advance guard



**"And they don't even have any white meat on them"**

PERRY BARLOW

was, in a manner of speaking, a disorganized trickle, flowing down the hill. When they encountered the gunfire of the men of Tortuga, they paused. They had no way of knowing what force of arms was concealed in the trees ahead of them along the steep road, in the black and forest-scented tunnel. "That's what lost it for them," Marivaux said reflectively. "Indecision. Blame their numskull officers."

He spat, as if to get the taste of powder smoke from his mouth. He laid a hamlike hand on John Willis' shoulder.

"How's your leg now?" he asked.

"Not bad. Ball went through the calf. Clean through. I think the bleeding's stopped."

Marivaux spoke to the two men carrying John Willis. "Easy with him," he directed sharply. And to John Willis, "You put up a good fight, Englishman." He laughed, and the sound was rather like an empty cart rumbling over stones. "Damn me! The way you whooped and bellowed you sounded like half a regiment of wildcats—"

Did I? John Willis asked himself. Strange. His memory of it was blurred and formless; the Spaniards came and he fired and loaded, fired and loaded, his fingers maddeningly clumsy, his hands moving feverishly, the consciousness of a tight pain in his head, the acrid smoke burning in his eyes and nostrils. It seemed to him that he had been sustained by some tireless, driving demon of force that he had not known existed within him; and he remembered thinking that his voice was cracked and shrill, issuing from him as though he were pulling out the sound by main strength.

And then he was struck in the leg. Perhaps the shock of his wound had been more than he had thought; in any case, his consciousness had played him tricks. He did not remember the end of the firing— He was being carried, not too ungently, and the voice of Marivaux moved beside him like a disembodied sound.

Then they were in the town.

"Take me to the convent," John Willis said.

"Who is this fiancée of yours?" the coffee merchant asked.

"Suzanne Chauvet—"

"Ah, yes," said Marivaux. His voice was weary now; the tension had gone out of him. "I know her. I knew her father. She's a capable girl—and pretty as blue cloth. She had a damned fine farm—"

John Willis said, sharply, "Had a farm?"

"Had," Marivaux repeated. "The news came out of the hills not twenty minutes ago. It's what we all expected. The Spaniards destroyed what they could, retreating. The Chauvet place as well as most of the others. Burned the house, killed the livestock, dragged the slaves off with them."

HE MADE a violent sound in his throat, and, for a moment, swore softly under his breath. John Willis said nothing. He felt the weight of Marivaux's hand on his shoulder.

"I think," Marivaux said, "you might tell her about this yourself, eh? If she hasn't already heard. It might be a little easier, coming from you."

"I'll tell her," John Willis said.

She saw them coming a rough-cobbled yard of the c the half-light before the da escaped her. She ran to m

But John Willis was not face was strained and tired, his leather breeches torn shreds, his face incredibly he was not dead. His eyes her evenly, calmly.

"You're hurt!" she cried.

"Not much," he said. "N matters—"

He thought: She doesn't it will be a shock to her. I must tell you. Your farm—

"I know," she said. She Marivaux and at the two town who held John Willis. Willis," she said. "The brought to the convent. T the house and took the sla a lovely house."

"Yes."

"They marched their men tobacco, cutting across the afraid the crop—"

He watched her silently. pain in her face, waiting fo ish. Her mind tumbled al words. She thought: I mu him now; I've pride enou The house is gone and the the stock—I've nothing t now. Nothing's the same r

SHE saw his lips moving v house was, as you say, heard him saying. "But large. Don't you think? T you and me. We'll buil house, a compact place kitchen and deep ovens—

He raised his hand. She said, speaking so low he b her words, "It doesn't ma The loss of the house, th marriage plan—"

He stared at her inte and his face was oddly p me," he said. "What ha thinking about me?"

"I don't know," she wh not sure." And her hand ing her eyes and she was

John Willis nodded s was a foolish thing to t softly. "That I'd marry to live in your rambling, and drive your slaves to as well tell you—I didn't l Not for us. Not for you a

He turned his head. " said crisply, "before thes under shelter, before you a doctor for me, there's like to ask you. I'm goi ried this morning at elev have to be carried to th I think I will have to be. tion: Can you see your stand up as my best ma

"Why not?" said Mar

"Good. Thank you."

Marivaux was grinni crease across his dirty man," he said, "aren't something?"

"Forgetting? What?"

"I haven't heard you love her—"

"I don't have to tell it."

"Women like to hear Englishman."

"Ah," said John Wil they do." He clung to His eyes moved back t zanne," he said. "I sh simply: I love you."

She pressed his hand to answer.

He smiled, then; he vaux. "Well, I've sa coughed modestly, as i achievement. "Now, tor—"

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# Books and Saddles

Continued from page 13

In 1915, when he was fourteen and a half years old, Erny drifted north again and joined the Third Infantry, Oregon National Guard, having such an honest face that the bemused recruiting officers believed him when Erny told them he was eighteen. Or so Erny says. He went to the Mexican border with the outfit in '16, returned, went to high school until April, '17, when war broke out and his regiment was called into service. He went to France with the 162d Infantry in the Sunset Division, got to be a sergeant and came back home in February, 1919.

He wrote a few stories, got some encouragement and next summer went to Alaska as a deck hand on a purse seiner out of Ketchikan. This gave him material for his first stories, in which all the men were large hairy fellows with honest blue eyes, and all the waves were forty feet high. Raging seas, in pulp-magazine circles, still are known as "Haycox waves."

### Author Meets Heroine

Coming back to Portland, Haycox heard that the government was offering an education to war veterans, and promptly enrolled at the University of Oregon in journalism and short-story-writing classes. Graduating in 1923, he got a job reporting on the Oregonian and soon was holding down the night police beat. Coming in from the police station early in the morning, he used to climb eight floors to the editorial room and pound out fiction until the dawn. After a while he was making as much from fiction as from reporting.

This looked like a turning point. Haycox decided New York was where you made money, and took a train east in midwinter.

On the train across the aisle was a pretty, red-haired, brown-eyed girl from Baker, Oregon, going east to attend art school. She turned out to be Miss Jill Marie Chord—and the Only Girl for Erny. The courtship started on the train continued in Greenwich Village and ended in the Little Church Around the Corner. It also supplied a plot for a short story—Window Shopping—which was one of Erny's best. . . . Any faithful Haycox reader, incidentally, knows Jill "like a book." She is the prototype of almost all Erny's heroines.

As most good fictionists must, Haycox served a short $2,000-a-week term in Hollywood, pining for his timbered Pacific Northwest, and was finally released with the customary suit of clothes and $5 in cash.

"No matter what you make in Hollywood," he says, "it always costs you $5 a week more to live."

Haycox likes things big. He smokes the biggest cigars he can find, wears a tentlike overcoat in winter, drives a huge car. His dog, a 200-pound St. Bernard, is built along the lines of a lioness. This dog is rather a trial, because every guest asks Erny where the brandy cask is, and the whole thing is a bit repetitious. His friends used to say that the Haycox bedroom contained a badminton court and sleeping nook, but this is exaggerated. The net has never been put up.

The three million words Erny has sold are all stored away in manuscript and print behind the pine paneling of a two-story study and library in Firmont, his home atop the Green Hills, overlooking the Tualatin Valley, west of Portland. Firmont itself is a two-story Georgian Colonial house, one hundred fifty-two feet long—and the library-study includes the largest concealed stairway west of the Rockies. By it, Haycox climbs to the library on the upper level, where his hundreds of source books, volumes of Western history, lore, legend and fact are shelved. When a reader, as sometimes happens, questions some detail of Erny's descriptions, Haycox can always give chapter and verse to prove himself right. In one serial he referred to a cavalry company; many readers wrote in that it should have been a troop. Erny was right, however, and proved it by War Department records.

As most writers do, Haycox writes a bit of himself, unconsciously, into his heroes. They are nearly all lone wolves, with a touch of the rebel, and often they stop and wonder a little about life. This is the sort of hero you'd expect from a guy who was on his own at twelve, who scorned help and fought his way up, through disappointment and near starvation, to the top. Erny's heroes are always human beings—but you never find them sitting around waiting for a government handout. They always battle it through alone.

The paneled walls of the Haycox study are covered with maps of the Old West, with Western Army scenes of the 70's and 80's. There is an unworkmanlike desk, a typewriter with a shiny cover, a big fireplace. But Erny seldom writes amid all this luxury.

Most of his writing still is done in a modest downtown office he has shared with a lawyer friend for years. He writes all his own stuff on a battered typewriter.

"You can tell a dictated story a mile," he says. "It's too easy to dictate—the story always has too many words in it."

Haycox does it the hard way, smiling wanly at the geniuses who just sit down and dash off literary masterpieces in a couple of hours. His first draft he goes over carefully, pruning, altering, adding, rephrasing. A typist copies this and Erny goes to work on the copy. After a while, this version, interlined, scratched out, revised, gets another typing. It may even have a third. Then it goes out to New York—and may come back for still another revision. Erny has written as many as one hundred fifty manuscript pages before turning in an eighteen-page short story.

Rewriting, more than just writing, is so in Erny's blood that he even rewrites business notes. He'll ite grocer, "Enclosed please f tear it up; write, "Please fi check"; dislike that phrasi up with, "Please find chec He has a hard time, he sa from rewriting the checks

Haycox still wants to be a his seven acres he does mo kitchen gardening and is bi a holly plantation in the h ing the estate pay its wa needed water for irrigatio the services of Frank J. Ta writer, who witches wells a Mr. Taylor showed up w fork and marched about place in a trancelike sta finally uttering a deep, es the fork turned down.

### Mr. Taylor is Vin

Erny drilled where Mr. cated, but no water showe farmers round about wer thirty feet. Mr. Haycox, great faith in human na Taylor's eerie powers an the drillers to labor down five hundred feet. He fel let Mr. Taylor down. The hit water at four hund feet, vindicating Mr. Tay Mr. Haycox the deepest nomah County to add to h big things.

Besides writing and owns a power yacht an on the Willamette and Jill and the two chil Mary Ann. When this sheds, chicken houses a estate, or whittles at shi editors often retitle hi takes his revenge by re A scale model of the ol his library mantelpiece titled Star of the West

Not content with a absorbers, Haycox has working shop and propo niture. There is also model railroad, with rea running about the pla needless to say, in no gon. When manual lab studies Army life in th includes geography an side lines.

A versatile guy.



"I told the butcher I had to have a drumstick for e ryone!




# Second Wind

Continued from page 15

...e often wondered whether he ...last longer than the others be... ...he was bigger or dumber.

...e in lurched and screeched ...d curve, bringing Hobie into the ...m e was playing within himself. ...ys leaped into his consciousness ...high, piercing note routing ...ughts from his mind. That's ...been from the start, six weeks ...Hobie wrote her first letter.

...ge got his share of fan mail ...pois-pen letters. But Hobie's ...ette was different. It came the ...ter e Packers murdered him and

...M. Thorgens:

...ld better mousetrap and you ...ut you big piece of cheese.

"Hobie Baker"

...all, but it intrigued him. ...he writing and the blue sta... ...tified the writer as a dame, ...it all the more interesting. ...spot the mousetrap from the ...rgens himself didn't realize ...were mousetrapping him ...ing him break through the ...opposition, then whacking ...e rear while the ball car... ...through the large hole he ...until late in the second ...by that time the Packers ...e in the bag. Thorgens ...otball-playing brother or ...hartened her up. He hoped ...her.

...ing Sunday he did all right ...Cardinals. The customers ...after you won a game, ex... ...or favors, but a blue en... ...waiting for him the next ...the letter was short, but

...Thorgens:

...now Baskin of the Eagles ...punts by stepping off four ...breaks from the huddle?

"Hobie Baker"

...had something on the ball. ...ood rookie, kept every... ...league off balance with his ...ing and kicking from a ...rmation. The next week ...ched Baskin closely the ...Eagles had fourth down ...ep in their own territory. ...the kid wheeled from the ...ned back four steps and ...a nice ride down the field ...had to kick back, losing ...ge. The Eagles huddled ...ve it the one-two-three- ...It didn't look like a punt; ...paced in a fancy spread ...orgens glanced at his own ...they were playing it tight ...quick kick would make ...emely silly.

...ew he was a chump to go ...word and leave himself ...a sucker play, but he de... ...it a try. The ball was ...enter and Thorgens burst ...se line. He saw Baskin ...foot. Instinctively, he ...and threw up his hands ...e kicked him in the belly. ...orse. It was the ball he ...he impetus of his charge ...Baskin and the ball was ...y toward the goal line. ...ed it fondly to his chest ...enty yards to pay dirt. ...ne about the touchdown, ...I scored in five years of pro ball. When he returned to the hotel he examined the blue envelope for the return address he already knew wasn't there. The only clue was a Station H postmark, and then he astonished himself by getting a brain storm. He looked in the phone book and discovered Station H was on West 104th Street, practically around the corner from the hotel. Breathing heavily with the thrill of the chase and the unaccustomed mental activity, he flipped the pages of the phone book and was floored momentarily when he saw there were a thousand Bakers listed, but no Hobie Baker. There was, however, an H. Baker on West 114th Street, near Columbia. That could be, he supposed, in the Station H district.

He vaguely wondered what he could do with the information now that he had it. He still was wondering the next afternoon at five o'clock when he stood in front of the address in the phone book.

He rocked gently on his heels and said "Hi" to a couple of Columbia kids who recognized him from his picture. That gave him another bright idea. A dame who could tab the mousetrap and Baskin's tip-off from the stands should have no trouble spotting his bulk a block away. He decided to let the dame introduce herself and while he waited he tried to imagine what she looked like.

She might be built like the side of a barn and she might be a toothy, giggling dame. Too many who hung around the clubhouse after games were no bargains. She might even be a high-school kid doing her homework in one of those square patches of light high above him. Or cooking dinner for an ever-loving husband. Thorgens puzzled over that for a while and decided he could take a powder on the dame by dreaming up a dinner date with Lou Little at Columbia if she turned out to be a wet smack or out of his league.

Thorgens idly watched the citizens hurrying home from an honest day of toil and then he saw her coming down the street. Only he didn't know it was she. He only knew the girl he saw was meant to be accompanied by the soft, dreamy music they played in burlesque theaters at frequent and promising intervals, an irreverent thought Thorgens immediately dismissed. She was tall and she carried herself with the controlled, conscious grace a good halfback puts on for the customers after he has run for a touchdown. She was beautiful and she was wonderful.

THEN he realized the girl was approaching him deliberately and he froze up, like the time in his first pro game he had a clear shot for a touchdown with an intercepted pass and he couldn't make his hands and feet work.

"Hello, Minnesota," Hobie said. "Waiting for me?" She wasn't surprised. Her eyes were so large and wide and blue they couldn't possibly open wider without falling out of her face.

"Is this a coincidence or a plot?" she asked, and her throat throbbed with suppressed laughter.

The cat crawled out of Thorgens' mouth: "I—I just wanted to say thanks for that touchdown you tipped me to yesterday."

"That's nice of you, Minnesota." She smiled and her teeth reminded Thorgens of young corn kernels. "I haven't talked football in ages. Come up to my place and tell me all about it."

So they went up to Hobie's place, a two-room apartment very cozy in the dim lamplight. Thorgens sat down in a chair before he discovered a pair of




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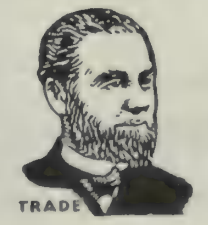


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Before the first wheat was cut, the railroads had started moving old wheat out of grain-belt elevators. Altogether more than 75,000,000 bushels were shifted to more distant points. And while the loaded cars were rolling out, a reserve army of 30,000 cars was being mobilized in the wheat belt, ready to handle the new harvest.

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cings and a strange gadget, which
dentified from ads in the papers as
rdle, were draped over the back of
He moved hastily to another chair
looked around guardedly for signs
ale life. Hobie came in from the
enette with a can of beer and read
houghts.

o husband, no man, no nothing,"
announced. "I'm just a bachelor

ey had the can of beer and an-
or several and it was very gay
lew Yorky. Thorgens felt fine. He
good that he asked Hobie to have
r with him. You don't make a
ce of buying dinner for dames
you earn two-fifty a week, twelve
a year.

THEY went to dinner, they had
and that's how it started. Hobie
more football than any other girl
er met. He presently was to dis-
Hobie knew so much more about
ll, his business, than he that she
him look like a dim-witted college
an. He asked her how come.

father was a football nut from
ton," she explained. "I guess you
say he was the whole orchard.
ny mother and me, football was
in interest in life and sometimes
touch and go whether we rated
-in. I was watching football be-
ould talk and then I grew up talk-
tball."

did she write letters to all the
n the Giants putting them wise
e secrets?

you're the only one I've written.
se I picked you because you were
great player my father saw."

n did he see me play?" Thor-
ked, puzzled and flattered.

took me west with him to see
your junior year," she said. "He
o much about you that we made
al trip."

t was in 'thirty-five," he said.
re unbeaten and untied. Which
id you see?"

hwestern. The score was 21-

s good that day," Thorgens said.
were good," Hobie agreed. "My
as thinking of putting you on his
all-time team when he died a
ater. I guess my father spent
his life dreaming up new plays
ceton and picking all-time All-
teams, for all the good it ever
one. He thought you were tre-
s. That's why I—I have a special
in you."

she told him that, Thorgens
athedral bells pealing while
Camp and Grantland Rice in-
im with the royal robes of All-
office awarded by Hobie's old

hey were leaving the subway
s Square and they were having
gether again, but they didn't
ch fun any more. Thorgens
obie had something pretty im-
on her mind and was reluctant
. Maybe she was griped by the
the Bears had given the
That was the trouble with
they were tough losers.

usually grabbed a seventy-five-
plate at a little joint on a side
Broadway and saw a movie
, but tonight Thorgens wanted
Hobie a time and lift her out
imps. He felt pretty low him-
took her to one of the big ho-
e they had music, headwaiters
an tablecloth for each new cus-
. Iobie didn't seem to notice.
want to jig?" Thorgens asked,
toward the dance floor. Thor-
d to dance. He was surpris-
d in spite of his size.
anks, I don't feel quite up to
esota shift. Besides, if some-
body bumped you you'd probably fall flat on the floor through sheer force of habit."

Thorgens smiled ruefully. Hobie was in the groove. They sat silently for a few minutes. Hobie leaned across the table and said, "Minnesota," in a husky, tentative voice.

That was a good sign. Whenever Hobie wanted to be nice to him, she called him Minnesota.

"Yeah, what is it, sugar?"

Hobie hesitated. She averted her gaze and imprinted circles on the tablecloth with the bottom of her glass and then, suddenly and swiftly, she said, "I want you to quit playing after this season."

That was it. That's how you must feel when you go for a routine physical examination and the doctor says you have six months to live. One minute you're great. The next minute you're dead. You feel no pain. You just go numb all over.

"Am I that bad?" Thorgens asked after a while. "Don't I earn my money any more?"

"Oh, you're worth what they're paying you," Hobie protested quickly. "You're still a fine tackle, Minnesota. You can take care of the college boys who think they're All-Americas, but I remember the time you could handle the entire side of the line yourself. Next year the college boys will be playing you even and the year after that they'll be pushing you around. It's like a two-way elevator. You're going down and the college boys are coming up. I hate to think of them passing you, and it's got to be like that."

"Are you afraid I'll get hurt, baby?" he asked.

"The scars won't show on you, you big, beautiful hulk," she said softly, "but they'll cut you up inside. They'll twist your spirit out of shape and they'll leave you punch-drunk emotionally. You're the strongest guy in the world, Minnesota, but you're gentle and sweet and you play cleanly. When they start to push you around, you'll try to get by on your strength and you'll get a physical, tough-guy complex. That's what I don't want to see."

"All right, I quit," Thorgens said. "Then what? I ain't got what to eat or where to sleep. I got to play football for a living. This is the only racket I know."

"You've got your college degree in physical ed. You can get a job teaching in high school and coaching the football team. You'd have security and you'd be doing the work you like."

"I'm not a smart guy," he grumbled. "I'd be a lousy coach."

"You'd be a good coach," she retorted. "The kids will love you. You know the fundamentals of football. That's all you need in high school."

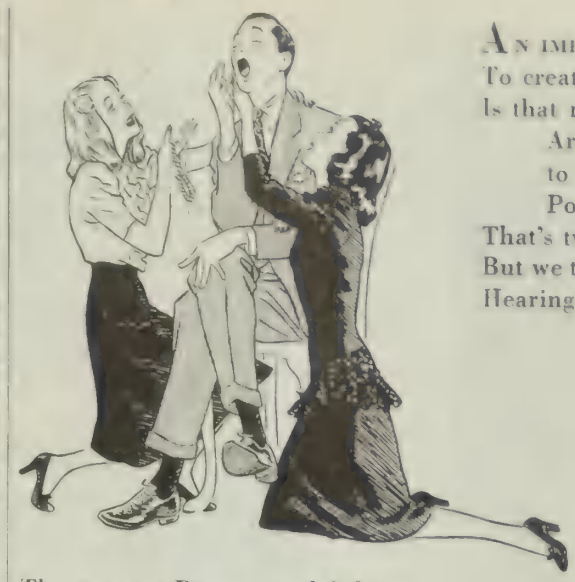
THORGENS reached across the table and enfolded her hands in his paws. "There's something more on your mind than me getting punchy inside. What is it, sugar? You fed up with football? I thought you came from a long line of football nuts."

"That's the trouble," Hobie said, pressing hard against his hands. "I like football so much that I want everyone to remember you as I think of you—as the best tackle most of us ever saw. That's what makes me a nut. But there's another side, Minnesota. Every time I look at you I see an enlarged picture of my father, and I don't like what I see."

"The way you talked, I thought you were crazy about your old man," Thorgens said slowly.

Hobie studied the glass. "I was," she said. "My father was a very swell guy, but he never grew up. Football left him breathless all his life. You might say he never got his second wind emotionally."

Thorgens frowned hard. "I must be

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(Simply because his bank balance
began with 1 and ended with
many and many a zero.)
But he looked far from the nerts
In his shirts.
The designing model thereupon
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One night, while dancing at that
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The Stork Club,
Roy met an heiress, who, naturally,
wasn't after his money,
And who, incidentally, was a honey.
He looked mighty good to her in
one of the shirts the model
gave him, and as you were
probably able to predict,
They clicked.

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The Powers girl caught the bride's
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are only for men in Who's Who,
May we remind you that Dale costs
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merely two.

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To create
Is that merely by wearing
Arrow Shirts you'll get
to marry an heiress or a
Powers model.
That's twaddle.
But we think you might enjoy
Hearing about Roy.



These two shirts have collars that
never wilt—
*Arrow* Collars, you understand, the
handsomest ever built.
Hitt and Dale are fine broadcloth,
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dumber than I think," he said. "I don't get it."

"My father lived in a dream world marked like a gridiron," Hobie went on. "Everything might have been different had he weighed twenty pounds more. He might have made the team at Princeton and football would have been a reality behind him instead of a romantic illusion to chase all his life."

"What did your old man play?" he asked.

"My father was quarterback on the fourth team for four years," she said dully. "He never played in a real game. His greatest thrill was sitting on the bench in uniform during the Yale game in his senior year. He went through college an animated tackling dummy for the varsity and he was very noble about it. He thought Fate, or something, brought him to Princeton in Hobey Baker's class. You've heard of Hobey Baker, haven't you?"

Thorgens nodded. Back home in Minnesota, though, the kids remembered Hobey Baker as a hockey, rather than a football, player.

HOBIE was like a tightly wound clock trying to recapture time. "Everything important in my life seems mixed up with Princeton, football and a coincidence of names. My own silly name, for instance. I was born two days after the Armistice, in 'eighteen. A few hours before Hobey Baker was killed in France making a test flight in a plane a friend was supposed to take up. My father survived the shock of death and birth quite well, considering I was a girl. He named me for his friend, of course. Hence, Hobie.

"Under other circumstances, my father might have been a useful citizen. He was intelligent. He made money on Wall Street almost in spite of himself. He could have made a lot more, but he thought it was unethical, even dishonest, to make twice as much as the football coach. He was wiped out in October, 'twenty-nine, during the market crash, but he didn't seem to notice it. He had other things on his mind. Princeton was going through its worst season in history.

"Football was my father's life and—and my mother's death. She had the grippe the day Bill Roper put his last Princeton team on the field against Yale. My mother knew my father wouldn't go without her and it would kill him to miss the game. She went and contracted pneumonia. It was a wonderful game, but it wasn't worth my mother's life.

"My father got drunk twice in his life. The first time was the night after the Armistice, but he wasn't celebrating with the rest of the world. He was alone in the Princeton Club, drinking toasts to Hobey Baker. Seventeen years later he got drunk again, the night Princeton finished the 'thirty-five season unbeaten and untied. He ran into a telephone pole driving back to New York. I have one consolation, anyway," she added bitterly. "I know he died happy."

Thorgens wanted to shout above the blare of the orchestra and silence its brassy, mocking requiem. He wanted to crawl into the woodwork for being part of the game that had brought Hobie so much pain. He sat there in an agony of embarrassment, watching Hobie fight to pull herself together, wondering what to say. If there was anything that could be said.

She saw the reflection of her suffering on his face and said it for him: "It wasn't football's fault. It wasn't even my father's fault that he remained a sophomore. But I don't want it to happen to you, Minnesota. I want you to grow up and expand and look ahead, even if it's only teaching kids how to play football. At least, that's a man's job."

"It's a wonder you want to have anything to do with football after all it's done to you," Thorgens said.

Hobie's lashes opened wide, the shutters of her eyes, giving him a giddy vista of the future. "Maybe I figure football owes me something," she said.

"Say the word and I'll quit tomorrow," Thorgens growled.

"No, I want you to tell me you know you're ready to quit," Hobie said. "I don't want you to think back on what might have been, as my father did. I know how you feel about football. It's exciting; it gives you a lift. When it stops doing that to you, tell me. You'll be the first to know."

"You mean that?" he demanded. "Suppose it takes two, three years? I've got a lot of football in me yet."

"I'll wait," she promised, "but you've got to be on the level with yourself. Don't try to please me. Convince yourself."

He was incredulous. "Gee, you trust me that far?"

"I'll go farther. I'll help you keep me dangling on the hook. Remember how I tipped you to that touchdown against the Eagles?" Now she was the brisk efficient young woman who earned thirty bucks a week downtown. "I'll be your personal scout. I'll watch the teams you're going to play and maybe I'll see little things your own scouts haven't the time to notice. I know the game and my father had the most expensive pair of binoculars ever made. I might as well use my inheritance," she finished wryly.

Thorgens slumped back in his chair and gawked. "You're crazy," he said.

"That's right," Hobie nodded. "I come from a long line of football nuts. Let's see, now. You play Cleveland here next Sunday. I didn't see the first game you had with them out there in October, but I gathered from the newspaper accounts that Koshlinski, their end, played rings around you."

"He sure did, but good," Thorgens agreed fervently.

"All right. Cleveland plays in Brooklyn Tuesday night. We'll see what makes Mr. Koshlinski so tough."

THORGENS went to the game with the Giants and sat behind the goal posts, where they could see the plays originate and develop. Hobie sat at midfield in the upper tier equipped with pad, pencil, binoculars and a preoccupied expression. Thorgens watched the game and saw Koshlinski commit interesting atrocities on his counterpart in the Brooklyn line. When Hobie met him after the game, she wasn't quite sure of the score, but she was most certain Thorgens could put Koshlinski in a bag and toss him over his shoulder.

"The oaf gives away the plays by the position of his feet," she reported "When he's going to put a block on the tackle, you, he crouches with his right foot back to get the angle on you. When the play calls for him to go out to his right for a pass, he pushes off the left foot. If he's going straight ahead to cover a kick or block the halfback, he has his feet together. Don't you masterminds in the league watch those things?"

Thorgens spent a thoroughly enjoyable and energetic Sunday frustrating Mr. Koshlinski. Hobie had the guy cold. When the chump's telltale feet tipped a pass, Thorgens bawled the warning before the ball was snapped from center and the Giant secondary batted down the ball and frequently Mr. Koshlinski. When he was going straight down the field, Thorgens played wide and whacked him from the side, upsetting the Clevelands and Mr. Koshlinski no end. When his large and unmistakable right foot indicated a soulful smack for


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ens was cooking, Thorgens went on his hands and knees and dug olutely and jammed up the hole evelands were trying to clear. He any soulful smacks, to be sure, Clevelands got no ground what- tackle.

customers clapped hands for ns, and the Giants won the ball a breeze, but Hobie wasn't there t. She was in Philadelphia scout- troit, their next opponent. She t back gladsome news which en- Thorgens to set up light house- in the Detroit backfield all day Giants shut them out.

gens invested twenty dollars in Pittsburgh for Hobie and drew dividends when she returned e blueprints of the Packers' ap. The Packers baited the him but he didn't nibble, much surprise and subsequent cha- ce again Thorgens' face, sinister ocious under a helmet and the ng of persistent photographers, ed regular readers of the sports There was much loud and loose Thorgens as all-league tackle ecame louder when he com- imself with such vigor and ve- against Brooklyn that the were quite astounded to find es tied with Washington for ern division title.

ENS was at Penn Station at ht to meet the Washington ging Hobie and the dope on the to him. Hobie beamed radi- on him but Thorgens greeted lently. He didn't even try to n the station, a very good place ort of thing, as she was keenly

hamp," she halloed. "I heard before we left Washington. did I have their flat pass and d?"

nose," he said shortly.

until you hear what I dug up he trilled. "Mata Baker, the nal spy, they'll call me. You're playing the Bears for the ship."

w, sugar," he said. "Let's get ee."

strangely aloof and detached own the street. Hobie guessed of the season and the impor- he game coming up with the had him down a little. He'd after he heard her news.

ey ent in for coffee and Hobie rette with what she hoped ening deliberation. Thorgens off the chair when she told she knew. She held the match arette and her eyes gleamed ond flecks.

our hat, Minnesota," she said. oney in the bank."

sugar—" he cut in.

interrupt. Watch Mallory Redskins have the ball. When ng to pass, Mallory—"

reached across the table a napkin into her mouth. there until she stopped strug-

to me, baby," he said gently. to be strictly on my own y. Don't tell me what Mal- Let me find out. You said first to know when I'm et me find out about that, m smart Swede now, but that's 's you, Hobie. I want to see gens, the big, dumb Swede, I'm big boy now. It's about time age."

shed the napkin away from e she put her absurd little fist point of his chin.

here and fight, kid," she said

e coach, gave them the same song and dance, only longer and with a different inflection, and then they were rumbling out of the Polo Grounds clubhouse to try contusions with the ton of meat and muscle advertised as the Washington football team. Thorgens dug up divots with his cleats; he felt good. He tried to spot Hobie among the solid wall of faces on the upper shelf but had to be satisfied with a vague wave in her general direction. The mob waved back and roared. He was their boy.

The officials called Hein and Mallory, the captains, to the center of the field and Thorgens went to the bench for his helmet. He grabbed Orson and took him off to one side.

"Do me a favor, pal," he said. "Don't take me out today unless I'm lousy. If I'm going good, let me stay in. I don't want a breather. This game may have to stay with me for a long time."

Orson looked at him quizzically. "Okay, it's your funeral. In a manner of speaking, that is."

Orson wasn't groping for words. It was no afternoon dedicated to light exercise. They kicked off to the 'Skins and somebody knocked Thorgens down. He got up off the floor for the 'Skins' first play from scrimmage and he was knocked down again. They slammed into him again and somebody used the back of his neck as a springboard to first down. The 'Skins punched out another and then they kicked and the Giants banged into the line and got nowhere rapidly.

The Giants were good and tough but the 'Skins were better and no less tough. Thorgens knew after five minutes the 'Skins had them on the hip but it didn't show on the scoreboard. He pushed his face into people's bellies and sometimes the people had the ball and sometimes they pushed his face through his rear collar button, but the Giants did all right until Pellini stepped out of the line and nudged the ball over the sticks from the 37 for a field goal and three points.

THE Giants knocked their brains out against the brick wall the 'Skins used for a line and then the other guys were having another go at them. Mallory, the halfback with a chest like the trunk of a tree and a voice like a buzz saw going through same, was too good for them.

Thorgens didn't like Mallory, a sneering, contemptuous punk and a good football player. Too good. He wondered what Hobie could have told him about the harp. He watched Mallory on the next play, which was a grievous mistake. The tackle and end double-teamed him and the ball carrier went through the hole for fifteen yards. Then Pellini dropped back again, put the boot to the ball and it was 6-0.

Thorgens was sore. He began to curse steadily and fluently. The Giants couldn't buy two first downs in a row. Mallory tried him with a power play and Thorgens pushed the interference back into Mallory's lap. Maybe that refreshed Hobie's memory of him handling the entire side of the line himself. Thorgens dived over the middle to help on a spinner. He went down into a whirlpool of thrashing, cleated feet and one dug into his knee. The customers groaned when Thorgens didn't get up, but he knew Hobie was taking it calmly. She said they couldn't hurt him. That's what she thought.

The trainer came out and poked inquisitive fingers into Thorgens' left knee. Thorgens clenched his teeth against the flame of pain curling up his leg and pulled away savagely.

"Work on the other leg, you fool," he rasped. "Make out the good one is hurt. I wanna stay in here."

So Thorgens had two bad legs when


# This May Be the Coldest Winter in History

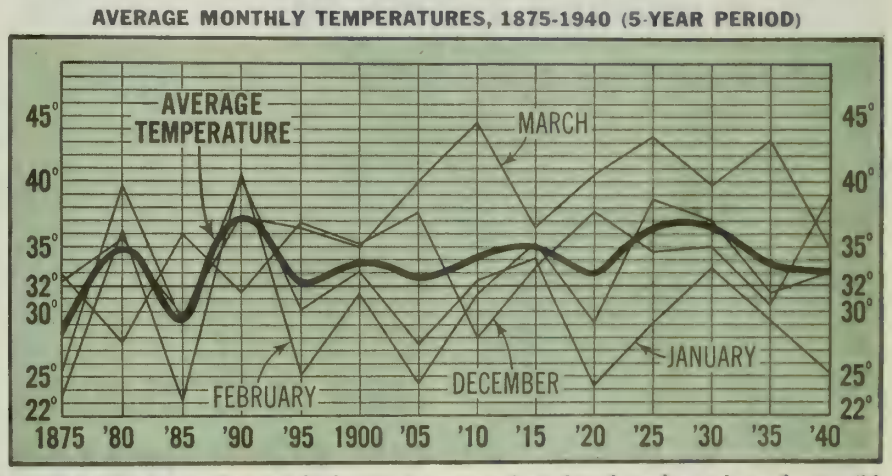


You may safely disregard that time-worn statement "we don't have the Winters we used to have." Weather Bureau records prove it just isn't so. The only sensible thing for a motorist to do is to prepare for the worst.

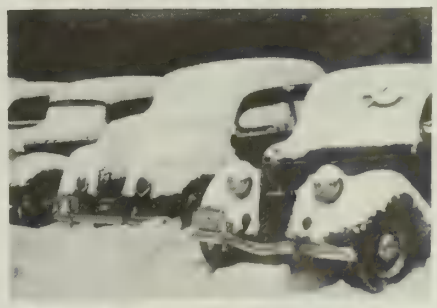
Motors today need the best possible protection, particularly in Winter. Oil has a harder job to do, all along the line. To meet stricter requirements, Quaker State has developed a special type of oil . . . an oil that stands up against increased heats, speeds, and pressures.

So, when you're preparing your car for Winter, change to this *better* Winter oil . . . an oil that gives protection against the hazards which threaten your motor at all times, and redouble their attack in Winter. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

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**SCENE IN ATLANTA, GA.** In 1938 the South was paralyzed by severe cold and snow.




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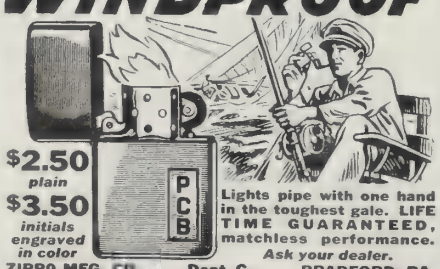
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they went off at the half with the 'Skins' big 6 overpowering their fat zero on the scoreboard. They still had a chance, Orson told them between the halves; one touchdown would put them in the ball game. Thorgens wished he knew how they were going to get it. But they did rack it up and it was so ridiculously easy that Thorgens had to laugh. You beat your head against a brick wall for thirty minutes and nothing happens and boom! a pass connects and ten seconds later you're walking on a springy rubber mat and the other bums are dragging their tails on the ground.

Then the 'Skins really went to work on them. They picked them up and threw them down. Mallory stabbed up and down the line seeking a vulnerable spot and found one at right end. He went over standing up and the rubber went out of Thorgens' legs. A hammer was pounding his ribs and a small safe dropped from a height and landed on his back.

Thorgens was pooped; the Giants were through. They tried to keep it a secret. They smacked into the 'Skins and were smacked back, but harder. Mallory came through tackle ahead of the ball and scrambled Thorgens' brains with a high, careless elbow. Thorgens spat blood and tried to free his right arm Mallory had pinned to the ground. Mallory rubbed his rough, grime-caked hand over Thorgens' face and casually walked away.

"I'll get you," Thorgens muttered thickly. "I'll kill you."

Mallory turned and sneered. He called Thorgens a gutless dog, among other things. Hatred choked Thorgens' throat. He went after Mallory on the next play and the 'Skins let him come. They mousetrapped him and Mallory slipped through the hole and went all the way for another touchdown, the clincher.

Thorgens ignored his man on the kickoff. He went for Mallory; he trailed him down the field and exploded into him from the rear, without warning. Thorgens waited for Mallory to say something. Mallory didn't move; he didn't get up. A stretcher came out for Mallory and Thorgens heard a monstrous booing in his inner ear.

He was a dirty louse. For time in his life he had maime deliberately.

He was the strongest guy in and he had used his strengt down Mallory, a better footba Now he understood what Hob Now nausea gnawed at Thorg wasn't exciting, high adventu grinding, demeaning labor.

He crawled on his hands to his position and from a tance he heard the field judge were eighteen seconds to go. left. Thorgens called for ti the blood from his mouth an in the line.

"If you guys want to get on," he told the 'Skins. "T last chance."

THE 'Skins came and someb up the ball park and hit hi head with it. He was slidi dark, winding tunnel and denly, there was a blindi light at the far end and standing there. Her face v and then it was clearly in fo was smiling at him from th white bed. The bed felt goo snuggled down into the bl grinned sheepishly.

"Hello, you big, beaut Hobie said. "You didn't yourself half killed to show you could take it. They dis long ago."

"Nuts to the people," h ably. "I wanted to find ou about us, you and me. Su —"

"Yes?"

"When you said footba something, did you mean a a grown-up husband?"

Hobie tilted her head, s heel and pursed her lips.

"You know, I've drea swellest off-tackle play school team," she said tho can't miss."

"There's one tough pa hospital gag," Thorgens d. "Y have to come all the way you want to be kissed."

It was quite the mos tackle Thorgens ever ma

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

time when American air observers go to England. One high-ranking American Air Force officer who flew in France in the last war as a lieutenant and who is still an active pilot recently went over as an observer and was invited to go on an observation mission over England on a quiet night to see how the radio and communications were operated. The R.A.F. pilot hadn't been born when the American air officer was flying stick and wire airplanes during the last war, but he was very proud of his distinguished passenger and wanted to give him the best. After working out the communications mission, the youngster announced through the interphones: "Now I'm going to take you over to Brest and let you see the fireworks."

The German antiaircraft over there is reported to be very good, especially at night. The American officer was in a quandary. He most certainly would like to compare it with the last war but here he was in uniform and what if they were shot down and he were taken prisoner? Fine thing for the international situation. Yet, the honor and reputation of the American Air Forces were at stake and what would R.A.F. pilots thing of these American pilots if he declined to go for any reason. He had but one choice.

"Okay," he phoned back They out over the water an appro Brest. The fireworks can up and suddenly the young office up from covered he was running on f had just enough to get b . He it. Whew!

OUT in the Channel spots of the North have established a nu buoylike shelters whe pilots wait until aid comes fr shore. ports brought back her hold half a dozen men at they are stocked with bl artificial stimulation.

Put out of commissio an R.A.F. plane made near one of these oase occupants swam ove aboard. Eagerly they supply of rum to head to develop from the d thing else was there bu they looked down in th big cylinder and saw a pilot, sound asleep an a number of empty bot he had been down the and had had a wonderf

# Our New Army

Continued from page 19

legitimate addressee gets to the nds most of the company's 200 ing with impatience.

GEN. EDMUND L. DALEY, of the 5th Army Corps, has he record of Hq. Btry., 2d Btn., ., to be put on every bulletin the corps. It's a model unit, mpleted a year of service with- he arrest of a single man, (b) L. case, (c) a member's hav- any time whatever in the and (d) a case of venereal dis- n the record went up, all other nd Shelby began calling it The ery. They quit when the model football team hiked up its nts and began to clean up the

### ARKANSAS

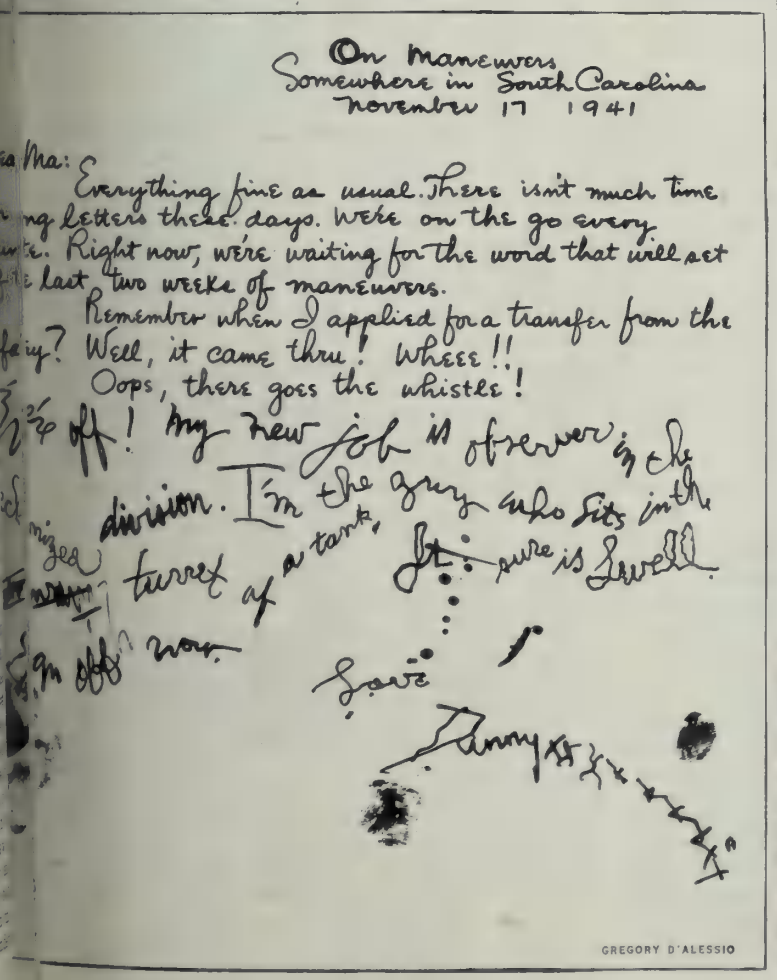
MP ROBINSON, Little ck. The American Legion lying cry, "Where's Elmer?" ne you don't hear around the sion. Every member of his nsas) regiment knows that r Davis will show up in the everything every time, put- ht foot down when the other down the left. Elmer has s of things in the Army, but ep is not one of them, and him from parades and re- roblem that has officers toss- ir sleep. Coincidental with came the news that Elmer hospital. "We want him to officers assured the medicos, u positive Elmer will be in al for the duration of the ?" The docs said yes. With the regiment leaped into the ey had forgotten Elmer's re- bility to show up in any deli- ion that could easily be . For Elmer, having sneaked hospital, was at this point miles from his regiment, grimly marching down the highway, pausing occasionally to flag a passing car with the wrong thumb. There were plenty of vehicles on the road that day and no one has been able to explain why Elmer had to thumb the one flying the three-starred, red flag. The car stopped and Elmer contrived to finish his trip with Lieut. Gen. Ben Lear, generally known as the 35th Division's severest critic. Elmer was delivered, with suitable comments, to regimental headquarters, which promptly shipped him back to Camp Robinson and the hospital. So now, with half the 35th on furlough and nothing going on that could possibly be tossed off base by Elmer, our hero rests quietly, thinking happily of the parades to come, when he's on his feet again.

### TEXAS

1ST CAVALRY DIV.

FORT BLISS. Operating here for the first time in the Army's history is the 16th Veterinary Evacuation Hospital, meaning a battlefield emergency station for man's best friend (or are we thinking of dogs?). You can take a horse's word for it that the most modern equine hospital treatment is the Army's answer to a horse's prayer. On maneuvers the 16th performed military and hospital duties and followed the zigzag course of the 1st Cavalry Division all at the same time. A sick horse goes to the hospital in a veterinary company truck and the record of his condition and recovery is kept as diligently as though he were a brass hat. Some horses don't realize the great benefits to be derived from medicine, but Staff Sgt. Zwierzynski and Pvts. Szaszowski, Zukowski, Sokolowski and Stransky have persuading ways. With a force like that there's nothing for a horse to do but give in.

CAMP WOLTERS, Mineral Wells. For an infantry sergeant with twenty-nine service years behind him,





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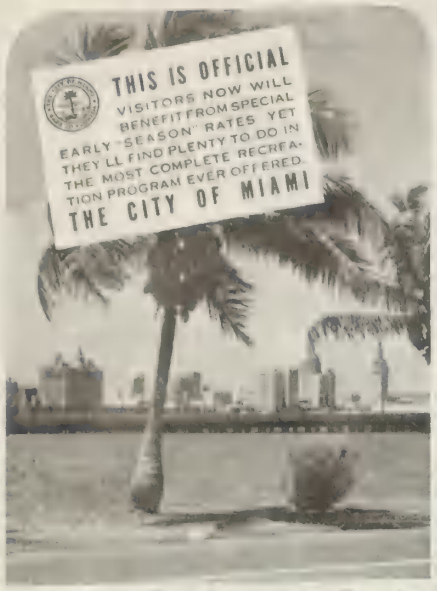
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**EVENTUALLY, WHY NOT NOW!**—Plan early, *come* early—and come right to Miami—where living costs are lower and you're nearer more things to do.

**"BRIGHT" IDEA FOR XMAS**—During the holidays there are scores of added thrills—special events, a new high in fun and gaiety even in gay Miami. A Miami vacation will make a fascinating, *different* present for yourself (family, too). Miami's new official booklet gives full details: costs, color photos, complete recreation calendar from now till Easter. The coupon will bring your copy—mail it now—fun's awastin'!

HERE'S the Story in COLOR!

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Please send new "color" booklet and full details.

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Warren Givens, Co. C, 54th Btn., has accomplished a feat with his footwear. The pair of shoes issued to him back in 1921 at Camp Sherman, Ohio, still serve as spares for guard duty, furloughs and visits to town. Sgt. Givens has had them repaired only twice during the intervening twenty years.

WHEN camp personnel last spring bulged out of bounds and into nearby Mineral Wells and Weatherford, thirty-some miles away, rents hit and went through the ceiling. In April Capt. W. E. Davis was made billeting officer and in August a civilian Fair Rents Committee pitched in and helped finish the job. Rents charged Army men are now $5,000 per month less than last April's total. One garage apartment, formerly renting for $65 unfurnished, is down to $35, with a cookstove and icebox thrown in. The whole thing was done with diplomacy and a minimum of hard feelings. Landlords were asked to bring down high rents but the recalcitrants weren't blacklisted. "Bad psychology," said Capt. Davis. When the Army and city representatives agreed on a top price of $40 and the landlord held out for $60, Army men were told they could rent the place if they liked it—but for not more than $40. It merely took a succession of would-be tenants all offering the same price to make the landlord surrender.

### UTAH

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. If you want to get away from war talk, join the Army. Now in the Reception Center barbershop, Tonsorial Artist Jack Carter, who had become fed up with the war gab of his customers, hasn't heard any for five months. Friends ask him for the inside dope. "Don't know any," says Carter. Selectees generally are too occupied with their immediate welfare to worry about actual combat. As a matter of fact, many of the new ones are switching to the regular three-year hitch upon induction. Some of the reasons: $30 a month right off the bat instead of waiting four months, better opportunities, knowledge of where they are going and what they will be doing.

WHILE practically everybody else was tossing millions around, the 188 soldiers at the Wendover Bombing and Gunnery Range, in the salt-flats and sagebrush country 130 miles from anywhere, up and built their own sidewalks out of cement dust the runway contractor left in the boxcars. The men here are pretty much on their own. When the noncoms decided they needed a clubhouse, four of them set out in a reconnaissance car to size up an old railroad bridge for lumber salvage. They found the lumber. Eventually, a searching party found them—thirty-five miles out in a desert gully, where they had spent the night minus food, water and other stuff like that.

For the fliers the soldiers make giant bull's-eyes out of waste oil. The bombs obliterate the targets with one application but there's lots of room for more—1,800,000 acres. The permanent targets are built by Army engineers, who aren't provided with bombing schedules and have to do some neat dodging now and again.

### CALIFORNIA

CAMP CALLAN, San Diego. "There's good money in it, but I earn every cent I get," is the opinion of Corp. Lowell Harmer, Battery B, 52d Training Btn. He doesn't mean the Army. His side line is operating a recording machine into which Callan soldiers dictate messages, mostly to gals. To get a customer into a sentimental mood Corp. Harmer puts what he calls "a mush record" on a phonograph. "Then," says the corporal, "I tell the guy to pour it in thick and not mind me. Talk about hot records! Nobody'll ever know the agony I go through keeping from passing along some of the stuff I hear."

### GENERAL

THAT de-emphasis cry, long directed at college football, seems to be migrating to some Army camp athletics. The mistake being made, according to officers and men here and there, is that too much attention is devoted to turning out one or two top-notch teams, which draws more sports-page publicity but doesn't help the soldier who's not good enough to participate. The question seems to be whether the purpose of the athletic program is to put on a show for the boys or give them a chance to play in the game. We aren't taking sides.

HERE are the names of a few more out-of-the-States soldiers who are pining for a kind word from gals back home. In Co. A, Force A, (A.P.O. 803), Trinidad, British West Indies: First Sgt. John H. McMahan and Sgts. Charles Colburn, George Angel, Bart Sockle and Julis Snider. At Borinquen Field, Puerto Rico: Pvts. Ernest Hanscom and Robert M. Meigs, 305th Signal Co., and Pfc. John C. Carey, Jr., 51st Signal Maintenance Co. At Schofield Barracks, Hawaii: Pvts. Wm. L. Hallberg and Clarence J. Hunt, both of Co. C, 804th Engineers Battalion.

WISCONSIN Selective Service officials were somewhat chagrined the other day when a prospective draftee, after medical examinations showed him fit for Army service, walked out of the local board's office and dropped dead. Minnesota's Hennepin County Board No. 19 experienced the reverse of this situation. A machinist answered the question about illnesses and accidents with the following list: Back injury, scarlet fever, stiff neck; index, middle and ring fingers all broken; nose broken eight times; both arms broken at wrist; dent in skull from football injury. "Do you consider that you are now sound and well?" asked the questionnaire. "Yes," wrote the machinist. He's in Class 1-A.

THE ARMY is getting the boys all set for a cold winter, and at prices civilians wish they could buy stuff. In addition to nearly 2,000,000 more blankets at about $6.65 each the Army has let contracts for 1,350,000 olive-drab overcoats costing between three and four bucks each, and 1,392,000 pairs of woolen gloves at about six bits a pair. A million tons of coal were squeezed in somewhere. For mobility, Uncle Sam bought thousands of pairs of skis and ski shoes, 69,000 pounds of ski wax, 100,000 pairs of skis and snow goggles, plenty of ski pants and a quarter of a million dollars' worth of special winter flying shoes. Not to forget 165,000 parkas at ten bucks per parka.

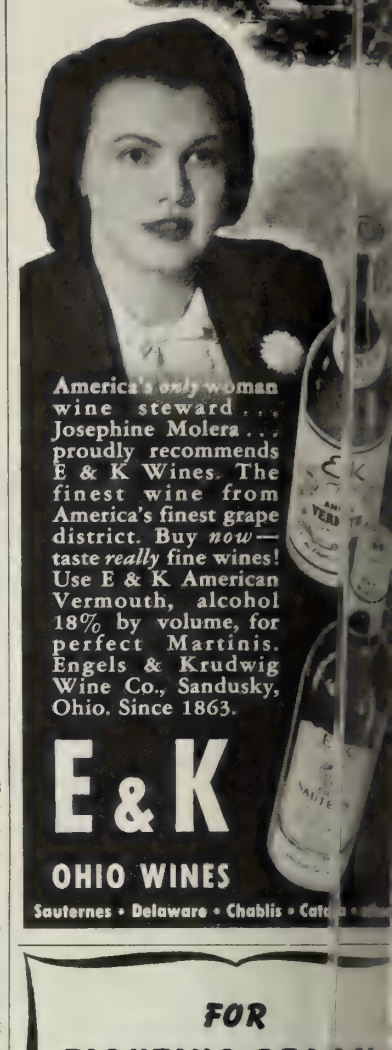
THE latest and hottest bull session at Fort Douglas was not over football, chow or Christmas leave. No. The topic was whether a man would make a better husband for having served a year or more in the Army. The affirmative said the ex-draftee would get up promptly for breakfast, wouldn't dawdle over dressing, would make his own bed and hang up his pajamas before sprinting for the 7:55, would be in time for all meals, scrape the dishes and wash them occasionally, get along on a small allowance, be polite to his wife and take orders without growling.

WHAT do *you* think? As though we need ask. G. W.

"My sincere thanks to the Virgin Islands for these delicious wines"

says Josephine Molera, manager wine dept., Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago





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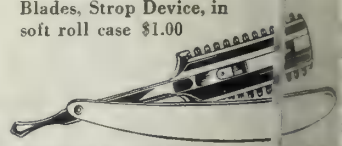
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SAVE FROM THE BOTTOM UP

don't throw away YOUR OLD SHOES

Your shoe repairer rebuilds like new!

CAT'S PAW RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

# Hell on Wheels

Continued from page 21

e thrill surpasses the danger. ey'll risk their lives to accom- eir mission, however insignifi- ith utmost expedience and . Possibly this is their great-

al Row, in our outfit, was that ery time he received his errand off at top acceleration, giving in the jitters. Later we'd hear g coming toward us from the nce; as the put-puts loudened would say, "Here comes Cor- w."

y the captain called him in. I'm afraid you're going to get ou are too fast on your cycle." I'm doing my best, sir."

w you are. You're the best re got, but you're going to kill I need a staff-car driver and I put you on it."

as reluctant. "Very well, sir." a new staff car and you'll colonel in G-4. You won't p, now?"

my best, sir," Row said. "Just n my motorcycle."

tain threw his arms in the air. he incorrigible Row was back oved cycle.

d his fellows, though serious 's to be done, cowboy their de-show gravity-defying style ers are out of sight. Care- sts are they, and their reward em of fellow soldiers or, per- , the wide-eyed worship of r whom they put on a special prescribed in Army regula- ortunately, civilians see only ay processionals, which are for the cyclists who frolic up the column with pleasant

rossroads a cyclist drops out s traffic until the column anwhile flirting with a neat river or explaining the in- his tommy-gun to a passing er the last vehicle clears, the narls the waiting cars and s the fun he loves—leap- e civilians past the convoy.

### lough on Rookies

eld regalia the motorcyclist ting. Summertime he wears an his shoes, sox, coveralls hat (wintertime clothing oars). But he carries a pis- holster, a canteen, rounds of , a first-aid pouch, a rain- respirator and a gas mask. ut side of his cycle is the and holster; biggest and ll is the bedding roll in rear

cyclist experiences con- otch chafing and buttocks when first he rides cross- furiously does the seat nd down. Rough though all , it is during winter months that you see cycle soldiers exhibit their fortitude.

You have ridden all day and into the evening on a vehicular march in January. Hardly do you slip into your bedding roll, when someone awakens you and you crawl shivering to a scout car. It is scarcely ten P. M., you've slept perhaps an hour. The column pulls out of bivouac for an all-night march, you learn, to strike the enemy at dawn 200 miles away. And it's cold. The black-out order is issued. It seems to get colder. The metal hulk of the vehicle seems to attract and hold the damp iciness. There's nothing colder than cold steel. All the clothes they issued you aren't enough, you're so frozen you can't sleep and the car heater can't warm itself. Every hour and a half you stop for hot coffee; to your amazement it's worse outside, the wind cuts and there's a bit of sleet or hail in the air. Stiffly you crawl back inside and resume your all-night misery. You admit, grudgingly, the coffee helped some.

### The Column Goes Through

Then you realize, as something roars and passes your scout car, what an abominable, soft, pampered sissy you are. You had forgotten about the motorcyclists. This is too much. Impossible. You see them working, but still. . . . That settles it. Those guys are tough . . . they're the toughest guys you ever saw. Civilian motorcycles during winter are stored away in gobs of grease. Yet here are these cycle soldiers, unstymied, battling inexorably with the elements. Only nuts or experts, you say, would ride on a night like this. You can see by the way they handle themselves on black, icy roads they're not nuts. In your numbness you realize you couldn't begin to do their job.

Occasionally you'll see one spill, pull his cycle out of the way quickly, brush himself off and start again. A green rider once in a while will, in fright, switch on his lights. A veteran will ride up to him, shout something and all will be darkness again.

It's a hellish night, but the column goes through without snarls, thanks to the night riders. Somewhere, sometime, somehow you fall asleep—groggily, perhaps, but you snare some rest. At dawn you awake; the motorcyclists still are working tirelessly, efficiently. You have some new ideas about heroes.

"Never ask your men to do anything you can't do," officers are told. Generally the rule is adhered to, but motorcycle riding makes exceptions.

Young lieutenants and captains ride as well, often better, than their cycle soldiers, but love of security and the preservation of a sound and unified bone structure is uppermost in the minds of older, higher-ranking officers, and the quick co-ordination so vital to safe riding is not for them. As is to be expected, hordes of officers and men could never qualify as Army cycle riders, many more want no part of it. But from the youngest private to the most crochety colonel their respect for the devil riders is on the highest plane.

One colonel, his legs bowed from years in the horse cavalry, stood near an Armored Division command post wistfully watching several riders kick-starting their cycles. One took off in a roar, skidded sharply, showered the colonel with dust and grit and sped away. A lieutenant swore and began dusting his superior's tunic. The colonel glared after the departing motorcyclist.

"Wish I could do that," he growled.



G. KESNER







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# Collier's

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# DEFENSE DEPRESSION




BUSINESS as usual" was a pleasant dream, fostered at Washington till realities exploded it. The realities are that defense priorities are expected to force numerous small businesses to the wall and throw between two and two and a half million people out of work at least temporarily. All this in the middle of an unprecedented boom in the defense industries and in those that can shift over to defense.

It's unavoidable; but must the little businessmen and the new unemployed smile cheerfully and slide quietly into the quicksand? We don't see why they should. Neither do we see why so many Washington thinkers should airily expect these people to take it on the chin, unless, as some charge, said thinkers are Communists and Fascists at heart and want to see the little fellow rubbed out economically.

For the little businessman caught by priorities, there should be some scheme whereby he can be helped along out of the profits of the defense boom—and we don't mean by super-excess taxes piled on industry. ] unemployed, there should be less t: action in the matter of extending a Social Security.

Plans to counteract the defens can be worked out and put in mc gress and the Executive branch r do the job. And they'd better wa is social, political and economic attempting to laugh it off, detour i hollow appeals to patriotism, or ig

## Why High-Hat Hoover?

HERBERT HOOVER again proposes to organize food relief for some of Europe's war destitute if allowed to do so by the governments of Great Britain, the United States and Germany. And again, up to this writing at least, he gets the not too polite brush-off in Washington and London.

Why? There is actual famine in Poland; the Germans are stripping Greece; civil war is intensifying food shortages in Yugoslavia and Croatia; the Low Countries, occupied France, Norway and Finland are on semistarvation rations; 40,000,000 children, according to Mr. Hoover, face hunger, famine and pestilence.

So why not give Hoover a chance to ameliorate the horror? This man fed about 10,000,000 persons in Belgium and France during the other war. No substantial German thefts of that food were detected. Neither was any adverse effect on the Allied war effort.

Hoover thinks that he could get similar agreements from the Germans again, if Great Britain and the United States would consent to pass his food ships through the blockade. The minute any real cheating on the Germans' part was discovered, the whole thing would be called off.

We've heard only one plausible reason for the refusal to let Hoover try it. ] that the Allied strategists hope a hunger will move the conquered volt that much sooner. It is a c best, and it is more than outweig by the fact that undernourished habitually stage successful upri the further fact that German pro fanning European hatred for Eng ing the general belt-tightening o

We think it would be sound A as well as humanitarian decency ver his chance to repeat his m formance of 1914-18.

## The National Health

A LOT of draftees have been rejected because of minor physical defects, so the compulsory repair of as many of them as possible has been ordered. This is all to the good, we think—one of the numerous ways in which the draft can be made to work widespread benefits.

However, when the politicians go on to talk about a national health program to include practically all of us, it sounds to us like hashish. Americans are too fond of gypping such government ukases, as was proved for all time, we thought, by the prohibition experience.

We think the national health can best be improved in the ways in which it has been improved for the last 35 or 40 years. We mean chiefly by individual efforts and health study—don't eat too much; don't eat crazy food combinations; see your dentist at least twice a year; take reasonable exercise; be moderate with your liquor, tobacco and other indulgences; act your age; get a full physical checkup once a year from a reliable doctor; above all, don't worry too much about your health.

These individual efforts should be supplemented by prudently managed group hospital insurance plans, more and more community attention to hospital services, sanitation, parks and playgrounds, care of sch teeth, free school lunches or mi ing of information about venere vention and cure, and so on.

In short, we think the nat doing all right.

And speaking of the draft ar boys are learning things they before about sensible foods anc tions. As they stream back to c mand for fruits, fruit juices, other health foods ought to so self will be an automatic boost health.

## Uncle Sam's Contact Bureau

A RECENT Collier's editorial, Those Defense Commissions, objected to persons claiming to be able, for an appropriate fee, to connect businessmen with government defense contracts. We observed that this seemed a bit noncricket to us; that it was up to the government to make such contacts easy.

We hear now, from Undersecretary of Commerce Wayne C. Taylor, that the Department of Commerce has established such a service. The commission men, says Mr. Taylor, are made largely unnecessary by this new office; so are personal trips by businessmen to Washington in search of contracts; and "that more businessmen have not availed themselves of this service is due entirely to the fact that many of them still do not know it is ava

We're glad to pass on the tainly was news to us, and we h optimism is justified. If you w send a request for full inform contract bureau to Service Office, Room 1060, Departme Washington, D. C.

# Collier's

DECEMBER 6, 1941

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## The Fuehrer of Sugar Creek (Ga.)

By Walter Davenport

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# D You See a Girl in a Pageant?
# N. I see a Future Star of the Stage.

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# N, but She has Charm and Personality.

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**Q.** *What have healthy gums to do with a brighter smile?*

**A.** Just this: many modern dentists tell us that firm, strong gums are vitally important to sound, sparkling teeth...that weak, sensitive gums tend to make teeth dull and dingy.

**Q.** *What can be done to help gums?*

**A.** Regular, daily gum massage—that is what most dentists recommend. For today's soft, creamy foods do not give our gums sufficient work and stimulation. Gums are apt to become weak, tender...and frequently flash a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

**Q.** *Is "pink tooth brush" a dangerous condition?*

**A.** "Pink tooth brush" is a warning that may or may not mean serious trouble ahead. But only your dentist can decide that. He may merely say that your weakened gums need more work and resistance. And, like thousands of dentists, he may well suggest the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

**Q.** *How should Ipana be used for most effective aid?*

**A.** Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Do this faithfully, every day! For Ipana not only cleans teeth brilliantly but, with massage, it is specially designed to help make gums firmer and stronger. That is why you'll find the modern dental health routine of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage so effective in helping you to ward off "pink tooth brush"... in helping you to have healthier gums and a brighter, more sparkling smile.

**Ipana Tooth Paste**

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DECEMBER 6, 1941


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COVER JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.


# ANY WEEK

MR. JEFF DAVIS of Hollywood, California, recently sat in at a conference called by a patent-medicine maker. Present too were representatives of the radio chain over which the gentleman's product was to be advertised. The announcers, whose velvet voices would do the selling, sat in. The sponsor said that radio plugs lacked spirit and that he intended to supply it. "We shall open the program with important headlines," said he. "They'll be spoken sharply. Each will arouse this country from coast to coast. For example, we'll start like this: Hitler Takes Over Europe! South America Invades U.S.A.! Tidal Wave Submerges All Japan! Take Paingo-Paingo for That Headache!" The sponsor paused. "Then, gentlemen," he concluded, "I suggest a waltz."



BEFORE he flew to Russia, Quentin Reynolds may have been seen any evening at one of the take-off points from which the R.A.F. flies to drop devastation upon the Nazis. Under Mr. Reynolds' arms was a football, sent to him recently by Brown University, from which Mr. Reynolds was graduated in 1923. As each British flier took off, Mr. Reynolds may have been seen to thrust his hand into the football, extract a small pellet and flip it into the open mouth of the lad at the controls. In the football Brown had poured a large quantity of tablets into each of which had been squeezed vitamins A, B1, B2, C and D plus generous helpings of iron, calcium and phosphorus in case of a tie. Along with the vitaminized football (which Brown needed badly that day she played Columbia) two of Mr. Reynolds' classmates, Mr. Bruce Bigelow and Mr. Ed Place, sent a collaborated cablegram: "Sending gift football from Brown University team to Eagle Squadron. Will recall memories to you and should bring luck. Ball packed full of new vitamin and mineral ration for you and Eagle Squadron. Great All-Americas all." But Mr. Reynolds reported that the Eagle Squadron did not need vitamins. In fact there's no telling what the Eagles might do if anything propelling or extraenergizing were added to their diet. Just to demonstrate to the R.A.F. lads, Mr. Reynolds took several of the tablets himself. The combination of Reynolds and vitamins was rather violent, which is all that the English censors will release on that particular phase of the experiment.

AND while we have no intention of sticking our battle-bruised chin further into the British-American relations controversy, we're compelled to by Dr. E. Black Jeremiah of Carmel, California. Doctor Jeremiah laments that Englishmen coming to our shores officially on war business are not being received with acclaim, that many of these Britons are less than popular, thus failing to promote the kindest feelings on this side. "I am writing to President Roosevelt telling him precisely what to do about this. It's exceedingly simple. All we have to do is to import some Nazi missionaries, giving them all the freedom the British commissioners have. And if that doesn't make the Britishers popular by contrast we may as well give up."

A LETTER from the Reverend Grady (Bulljine) Jones of Driedup, Georgia, asks us to lend a hand to his latest crusade. He calls it Eat By the Wayside and wishes it understood that he isn't plugging for barbecue, hot-dog or hamburger stops. The Reverend Bulljine says that he hasn't eaten a meal indoors in twenty-eight years save once when "the floodwaters of the Lord were so high that fish of the sea drowned of immersion." Otherwise the Reverend (Help Yo'self to Glory, Folks) Bulljine plucks sustenance from field and stream as he strides the Southern plain and highland "hightailin' for heaven whilst hitch-singin' the Psalms." We quote the good man even though we don't quite understand "hitch-singin'." The long-delayed point is, however, that he urges that our armies follow his dietary example, thus saving the taxpayer a great deal of money. "Also," writes he, "it will make retreat from the face of the enemy foolish and vainglorious because there will be nothing left to eat coming back." The Reverend Bulljine has written all this to General Marshall, Chief of Staff, United States Army. One of the general's aides replied saying that the Army was very grateful to Mr. Jones for his interest and that his letter had been forwarded to the Quartermaster Corps.

AND the Honorable George H. Watson, mayor of Romantic Alta, Utah, sends us a report of the latest meeting of the Great American Prospectors' Association of which he is scribe. The meeting was held as usual in Tim's Tavern, Roaring Gulch, 22½ East 1st South Trail, No. 2 Level, Romantic Alta. Between refreshments they adopted resolutions which, somewhat condensed, follow: "Whereas, altogether too many people are getting hit by drunken drivers and whereas if you must take a few shots on such occasions as Congress voting for sound money at fourteen ounces of silver to one ounce gold, or hearing Mr. Morgenthau recommend taking the tax off hard liquor to beat the bootlegger or

on going to a wedding
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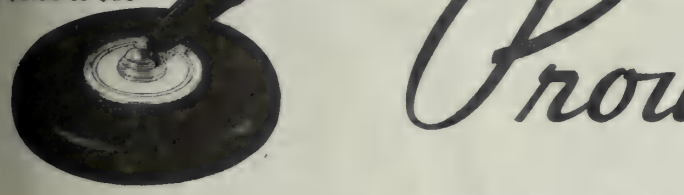






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# WING TALK



**They're in the Army now: Small planes are proving their mili[tary] value**

THERE are many hundreds of middle-aged men in the United States with thinning hair and rotund fuselages who will testify that the greatest airplane ever built was the old Curtiss JN-4 or Jenny. That's because they soloed it back in the days of the last war. Today there are many thousands of young men and women who left the earth for the first time all alone in Aeroncas, Piper Cubs, or Taylorcrafts and similar types, and who will always feel about these ships as the old-timers do about the Jennies. Now something has happened that causes the Puddle-Jumper Alumni Association to burst with pride —their ships have become Army airplanes!

Bearing the official Army designations of YO-57 (Taylorcraft), YO-58 (Aeronca) and YO-59 (Piper Cub), these little jobs are now dressed in the official Army drab camouflage paint, with red, white and blue stars, just like a hot pursuit ship or a terrific bomber. The YO prefix isn't an abbreviation for "Young Observation" plane, as one waggish Air Forces officer suggested. The Y stands for the service order, which means an order of 13 of each has been bought, to be tested, along with other tactical planes, for suitability in the field. The O means observation. The numerals following mean they are the 57th, 58th and 59th types to be acquired by the Army since the present system of designation was adopted nearly two decades ago.

The little putt-putts, or grasshoppers —all sorts of outrageous yet endearing names are hung on them—are to work with troops in general courier and observation operations. Some were used in the Louisiana maneuvers and experienced no difficulty in operating from highways, small fields and other areas not usually associated with aircraft take-offs and landings. What appealed to the troops was the ease with which they could be repaired in the field—any saw-and-hatchet mechanic with some haywire could put them back in operation after they had decapitated a tree or made a hard landing. And in the Army today are hundreds of pilots who were trained on these little 50-horsepower types in the Civilian Pilot Training Program and who can fit right in with their operations, whereas it would wound the pride of a bomber or fighter pilot, used to thousands of horsepow[er] signed to the extremely in[portant] these little ships are cap[able]

OUR modern high-perf[ormance] planes owe a great [debt] to invention and developme[nt] of the trollable-pitch metal prop[eller]. the chief producers of which [is] Standard Propellers of E[ast] Hart Connecticut, and Curtiss [Electric] pellers of Caldwell, New [Jersey.] propeller, which converts [engine] into the thrust that make[s] an airp[lane] fly, must be designed to op[erate] at m[axi]mum efficiency under the [many] conditions of altitude, spe[ed] and en[gine] power. To do this, the p[ro]peller is signed to permit the pitch [to] ting of the blades to [change] manually or automaticall[y] [as] those ing conditions change. A[ll] the che[nges] take place while the blade[s] are whi[rling] at 2,000 r.p.m., or faster.

Before the days of the [controllable] pitch prop, the blade, ma[de] of wo[od] metal and fixed in its pi[tch], had t[o be] designed so that it woul[d] afford performance on take-off. [Or] That n[ecessitated] sacrifices in cruising and t[op] speed, the ship was in the air. [Now] the trollable and constant-sp[eed] props maximum performance f[or] take-off, maximum performance a[t] cruising high speeds, and that's [why] of the portant reasons for the [good] perf[ormance] ance we get out of our pl[anes].

ONE index into the ca[pacities] pilot is his number of [hours of] flight time. That total in [a log bo]the pilot's greatest asset. [Hence] with a low hourage tota[l] re egge[d] by their consciences to [acquire] and more time and tha[t why] awakened early Sunda[y] morning some bird boiling away i[n the sky] head. He's shooting fo[r a legiti]500 or 1,000 hours in his [book. Th]no real double check on [flight] logged in the pilot's boo[k and an] written code exists amon[g] down only the actual tim[e] the air at the controls. [Provisio]made for copilots on ai[rmen] dent instructors to log as [flight] a percentage of the tim[e] actually at the controls [because] are in a responsible capa[city.]

*(Continued on p. 82)*

# What to do when you feel a COLD coming on

WHEN you start to sniffle . . . when you feel a chill . . . or get a dry, rasping irritation in your throat, it's time to a –and act fast! *A cold may be getting you in its grip.* What can y do to ward it off?

Unfortunately, in spite of all the time and money spent on s lying the condition, there is no known positive specific. C ainly, we would not classify Listerine Antiseptic as one. Y tests made during ten years of intensive research have con- v ed us that this safe, pleasant-tasting germicide often has a v marked effect.

Over and over again these tests have shown that those who g led Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had *fewer colds, milder c , and colds of shorter duration than those who did not.*

### *Kills Germs Associated with Colds*

The reason for this success, we believe, must be that Listerine A iseptic kills vast numbers of germs on mouth and throat s aces . . . so called "secondary invaders" which, according t many authorities, are largely responsible for the distressing m ifestations of a cold. Listerine Antiseptic kills these germs b the millions, before they can invade the delicate membrane a aggravate infection.

### *Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces*

Clinical "bacteria counts" showed germ reductions on mouth a throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after g ling with Listerine Antiseptic . . . up to 80% an hour after t gargle.

Isn't it sensible, then, to use Listerine Antiseptic promptly a often to help combat a sore throat and keep a cold from b oming troublesome?

We do not pretend to say that Listerine Antiseptic so used w *always* head off a cold or reduce its severity once started. B we do say that it has had such a fine record in so many test c s that it is entitled to consideration as a reputable first aid.

Get the habit of gargling with full strength Listerine Anti- s ic morning and night; and if you feel a cold coming on, i ease the frequency of the gargle and call your physician.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

## LISTERINE
## for COLDS and SORE THROAT



**1** **Go to bed** at once, take a mild laxative if your doctor advises it. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly.



**2** **Gargle with Listerine Antiseptic,** full strength, every three hours. Listerine kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

**NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS**



BEFORE

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



AFTER



**3** **At night, take a hot bath,** or at least a hot foot bath, before getting into bed. Cover up with plenty of extra blankets to "sweat the cold out of your system."

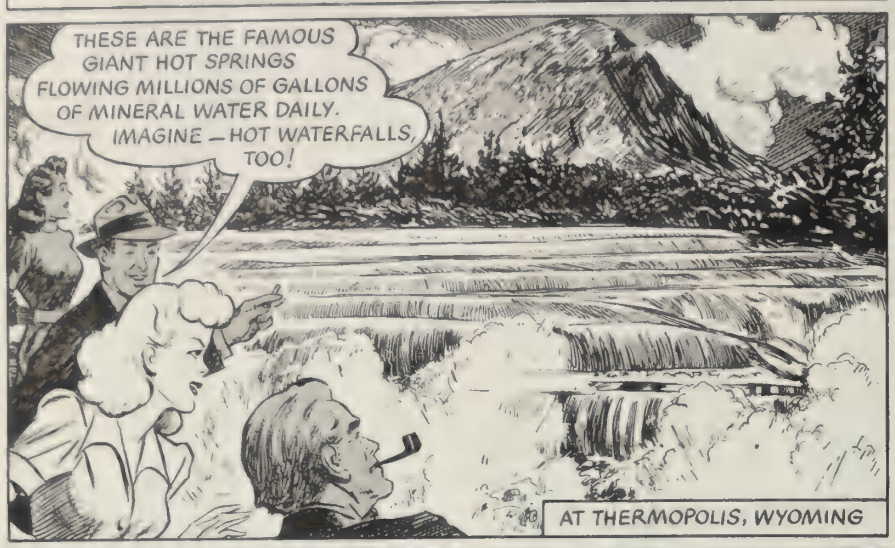


**4** **Don't blow your nose too hard.** It may spread infection to other parts of the head. Sterilize used handkerchiefs by boiling. Paper napkins should be burned.



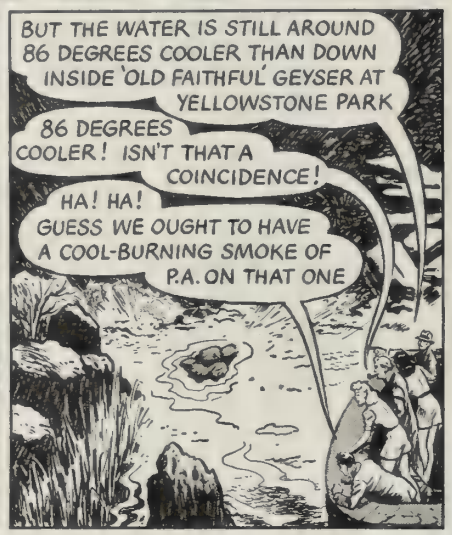
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# WONDERS OF AMERICA
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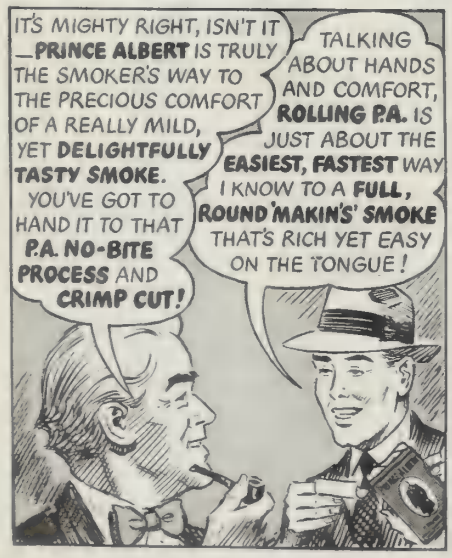



IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

**86 DEGREES COOLER**

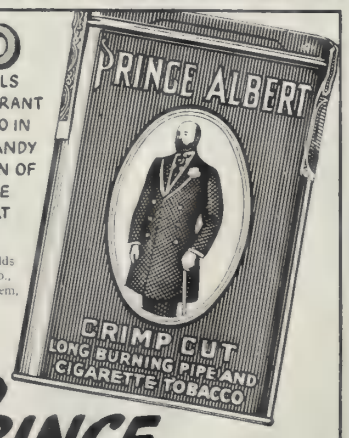
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — *COOLEST OF ALL!*




50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.




**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE




# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*A number* of obesity cures contain bladder wrack, a black seaweed which grows along both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and is frequently used as a fodder to fatten hogs. —*By Mary Fosdick, Coraopolis, Pennsylvania.*

*Crystal Helen,* a Toggenburg goat in Wanaque, New Jersey, holds the American record for having given more milk for its weight than any other animal. In 1939, this 135-pound goat produced 4,219.1 pounds, which exceeds by 33.5 per cent, on a weight comparison, the record of Carnation Ormsby Butter King, the 1,650-pound cow that once produced 38,606.6 pounds in twelve months.—*By Mrs. Wilmont Higenbothum, Hollidays Cove, West Virginia.*

*Every* summer since 1935, records have been made of the numerous flashes of lightning that strike the Empire State Building, New York City. The intensity of each flash is recorded on oscillographs set up in the tower and these readings are correlated with photographs taken with three special cameras from a building eight blocks away.

*More* people contribute money to combat tuberculosis than any other disease. In normal times Christmas seals are sold annually in more than forty countries to carry on this work—*By Dorothy Tuggle, Charlotte, North Carolina.*

*Quebec, Canada,* has no compulsory education; Turkey prohibits any person from appearing on the street in clerical garb; and Chile has a law that requires property owners, in cases of fire, to prove themselves innocent of arson.

*The* only monument ever erected by American Indians to commemorate an event in their history stands at the foot of the Bear Paw Mountains, fifteen miles south of Chinook, Montana. Constructed in 1928, it is a memorial to the Nez Percé War of 1877.

*Only* three times history has Congress g tensions of protection patent. Covering ins second renewals were the Daughters of th Revolution in 1930, States Daughters of and the United Daug Confederacy in 1941.—*Knoerzer, Calumet Ci*

*For* a long time a rival in this country, t Pilgrims refused t Christmas because served it with a gai considered irreligious it was a feast day c lished Church from w fled. Christmas did n legal holiday in Mass til 1856, or only 85 ye

*As late* as the Civi gists had recognized only about 450 of th American mammals t today.

*America's* first n The Power of Symp Triumph of Nature in Boston in 1789, widespread denuncia sold and unsold copie destroyed. The book not only because, as "forbidden fruit," bu volume was written by a lady and dealt w

*The* Supreme Cour States, for two and after it was establis ary, 1790, did not h tunity to try a single two decades later, had so little prestig held its sessions in a room was prepared basement of the Cap

Five dollars will be paid f or unusual fact accepted Contributions must be acc factory proof. Address World, Collier's, 250 Park City. This column is copyr The National Weekly. Non be reproduced without exp the publis

# HREE CHEERS

## r he New Duraglas* Syrup Package



A CHEER
for a package you can put on the table



A CHEER
for its spic and span cap



It's the syrup package you've wanted! You cheer the ease with which it pours syrup on golden waffles . . . cheer its spic and span measuring of tablespoons of syrup for baby's formula and cooking. You're grateful that it banishes sticky fingers, reseals neatly and reminds you when to reorder!

Knowing it serves your convenience, your grocer cheers for it, too. And finding this Duraglas container a good soldier—fast at marching through production lines—three more cheers rise from all the famous food-packers who've adopted it... Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.

Buy SYRUP IN Duraglas

OK FOR Duraglas* ON THE JAR
Improved Technique in Glassmaking

W E N S - I L L I N O I S  G L A S S

# The Christmas Gift for Home and Family




# PHILCO

## ADVANCED DESIGN REFRIGERATOR

It's new and here for Christmas . . . the most beautiful, most mode refrig ever built . . . a thrilling gift for your home and family. It brings you ne ways your foods fresh and wholesome . . . new ways to prepare temp g. de recipes . . . new ways to store foods, which save you time, energy and oney. you may give for Christmas through the *exclusive* features of a Ph o Adv Design Refrigerator. And you give sparkling new beauty for your k hen Philco dependability, famous in millions of American homes. I nemb *Advanced Design* is yours only in a Philco!

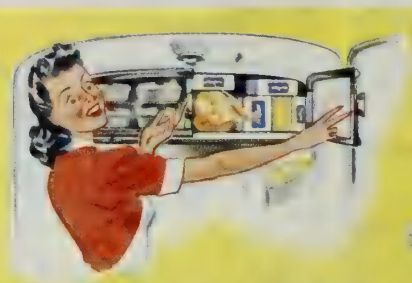



### EXCLUSIVE PATENTED CONSERVADOR

This shelf-lined inner door gives you 26% more quickly usable space . . . puts the foods you use most often *right at your finger tips!* Eliminates cluttered shelves and wasted space. Keeps cold air in, warm air out; cuts down electric bills.



**PLUS . . . every modern feature, including separate compartments for Dry, Moist and Freezing Cold.**



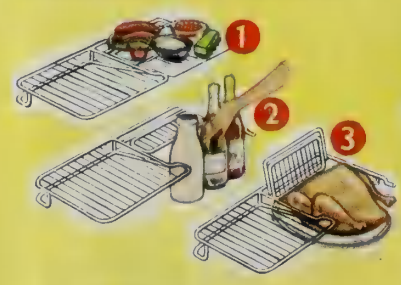
**SEPARATE FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENT**

Giant-size, separate compartment with temperatures at 15° to 30° below freezing! Plenty of room to store frozen foods, extra ice cubes, make frozen desserts, etc.



**SEPARATE DRY AND MOIST CO COMPA**

Complete Dry Cold Compartme . . . Moist Cold Compartment where juices and freshness *without co* Cold Shelf cools foods quicke




**EXCLUSIVE PHILCO FOLD-AWAY SHELF**

Philco's patented Fold-Away Shelf gives you either (1) a full shelf, (2) a space for extra tall bottles, or (3) room for extra bulky foods. Full flexibility at a touch!



**FULL WIDTH CRISPER DRAWER**

Huge, Refrigerated Crisper Drawer keeps fruits and green vegetables crisp, fresh and extra cold. Cooled by Philco Cold Shelf.

**MODELS FOR EVERY NEED. FOR CHRISTMAS DELIVERY, SEE THEM NOW AT YOUR PHILCO DE**

# Beyond the Game

## By Edward Shenton

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

**... make touchdowns ... to influence the ... people you meet ... way to the goal line**

THE excited voice issuing from the radio said, "Fourth down coming up. Eastern's ball on Southern's forty-five yard line, nine to go. Just a little time for one more play. Neither team, as you know, has been able to score. If is is a tie, it will be a moral victory for the boys from below the Mason-Dixon line. Eastern goes back into the huddle This is a big moment, folks, a most important. What will Eastern do? Pass? Run?"

"Eighty-two," Clifford Davis pleaded. "Eighty-two."

It was a beautiful play. It began like many with the tailback fading and faking to spread the secondary defense. Then a good line work and split-second timing, if it was a touchdown play, developed for the desperate minutes near the game's ending.

The radio announcer continued, "Eastern's up on the line. The ball's snapped. The tailback is fading . . ."

"Okay," Clifford said, and breathed deeply.

"He's going to pass. Ends are downfield. There goes the ball . . ."

Clifford stiffened, his eyes distended unbelievingly.

"Here's a receiver in the end zone. He goes up in the air like a jack rabbit. Has it . . . He . . . No, he dropped it. There's the ball bobbling away. And ladies and gentlemen, goes the ball game. Too bad for Southern, but a great day for . . ."

Clifford snapped off the radio with a vicious click and sank back limply.

Eighty-two would have done the trick. Eastern was all set for that pass. Every man covered. Eighty-two was one of the most perfect plays to be used against the least expected, like Columbia's famous K 79. Against a team like Eastern it was a sure bet.

And Great "Flash" Reynolds, Eastern quarterback, was being touted as a brainy field general on the grid-

"Phooey Clifford said aloud.

Julie Wentworth had been hoping to see Reynolds toss away an opening-game setup. Clifford disliked Reynolds particularly, Clifford thought, even if Julie had to have gone off the deep end about him. He knew Julie. She had to share the center of things; share the spotlight. It was a normal human failing. Underneath, she was all wool,



Clifford had come to love these evenings when they planned the strategy for the next week's game

and a yard wide. He had always imagined that some day he would marry her.

His feeling about Reynolds, Clifford decided frankly, was not jealousy but envy. Reynolds had everything—size, speed, durability, yes, and brains, in spite of this afternoon. He had gotten from college all that Clifford had yearned for and missed, just because he never could get his weight over one-forty. Small bones, he thought bitterly. No heft to his substructure. That he stood five feet ten didn't help any. His features were thin and delicate; his face missed being feminine only because of the bold brow and clean jaw line. He couldn't take the physical punishment of football, no matter how bold his spirit. That was the reason he had never risen beyond third-string quarterback at Eastern.

But he loved football. Even now he could spend happy evenings with circles, squares and arrows, building unbeatable paper offensives, defenses to check his own winning strategy.

For what? So he could sit in a deserted office on Saturday afternoons and gripe about the playing of boys out there in the heat of the battle? Not a very generous attitude.

Clifford walked to the window of the office and scowled at the ugly shapes of coal breakers looming on the dull sky, the vast black mountains of slag, the shafts above the mine entrances. Coal country, desolate and depressing. On the bare hillsides, shabby houses hung in precarious huddles. What a landscape to gaze upon for three or four long years, maybe a lifetime. Clifford hated every moment of the three months he had spent there. After he had graduated last June, his father had said:

"If you're going to be head of an anthracite company, you've got to understand all of it—mines, men and business. Especially how to handle the men."

An enlightened philosophy of labor, Clifford thought, in an industry noted for its medieval treatment of workers. He approved of it absolutely, as theory. Practically, it was difficult. The men, he admitted to himself, intimidated him. They growled in a half-dozen Slavic tongues as he passed. They got drunk and fought with knives, feet and shovels. "They're children," his father said. "If they work well, slap them on the back. If they get tough, slug them." His father stood six foot three, weighed two hundred and twenty pounds; he could break a pick handle over his knee.

There it was all over again. He hadn't gotten what he wanted out of college, and now he wasn't fitted to get along with these people.

A KNOCK on the door interrupted his miserable reverie. "Come in," he said, surprised.

The door swung back and the space was completely filled by a huge miner. Clifford strove to fit a name to the broad Slavic face and failed.

"Hello," he said with a lame attempt at heartiness. "What's the trouble?"

The man took off his cap and moved awkwardly into the office. Clifford saw that he was young. Behind him came a small, hard-faced older man wearing a suit with a belted coat and a derby hat.

"Afternoon, Mister Davis," this man said. "You don't know me. I'm Buck Wilson, manager of the 'Moles.' "

"Oh, yes," Clifford said. The "Moles" was a professional football team, its members drawn entirely from the anthracite regions, he recalled vaguely. He'd never had any interest in pro football. "Sit down, won't you?"

The young miner sat on the edge of his chair. He squeezed his enormous hands together and cast a pleading glance at Wilson.

"This here's Stan Polansky," Wilson said; "captain and right end of the Moles. He's got a bee buzzin' round in his noggin. Tell it, kid."

An apologetic expression crossed Stan's face. He spread his hands in a foreign gesture. "We got okay team, Mister Davis. We got beeg guys."

"Line averages two hundred pounds from end to end," Wilson interrupted. "Backfield, one ninety-five."

Clifford whistled.

"Fast, too," Stan said. "An' we don't win no games to speak of last season."

"Dropped the first this year," Wilson said.

"We ain't got no brains," Stan said. "We get the ball up to scoring and loosit."

"Last week," Wilson said, "they was inside the five-yard line eight times and never put it over."

"Pete Maciek's dumb," Stan said.

"He can carry the ball like hell," Wilson said, "but he can't call plays."

"Why don't you get someone else?" Clifford said, wondering where it was all leading to.

"Sure. We gotit. We want to get you, Mister Davis."

Clifford straightened up with a gasp. "Me? Whoever told you I played football?"

"My sister," Stan said.

CLIFFORD stared at him in amazement. An infectious grin lightened up the impassive face.

"Sure. Manya Polansky. She was at college where you was. Now she goes around and sees that people lives good. Everybody's crazy about her, see. She's got yellow hair an' don't talk much."

"I can't recall her," Clifford said. "There were five hundred girls in college."

"Yeah. But Manya knows you. She tells me you was the best quarterback only you was too light."

"If I had no chance in college," Clifford objected, "where would I be among a lot of Goliaths like you?"

Stan leaned forward and tapped emphatically on the desk. "You tell us

*(Continued on page 38)*



**The ball came ov the line of scrimmag ike a bullet, but it as leading him toc ar. He threw himsel or- ward. The ball se ied to balance on hi ut- thrust fingers. He squeezed the le her**

**BY HUGO SPECK**
INTERNATIONAL NEWS
CORRESPONDENT
RADIOED FROM BERLIN

**Here is an eyewitness report by one of the first American correspondents to visit the devastated Ukraine behind the German wave**

# THE SCORCHED RED EARTH



**Sad Ukrainians and grave German soldiers make an eloquent picture as, according to Berlin, the old peasant woman explains that they are glad to be "free" again**

BLACK STAR



**Disheartened and forlorn, the prisoners of war are marched to the rear. In this column there were 10,000 Russians, most of them captured in the Kiev fight**

of German-occupied Russia is rags and ruins; huge sweeps of European Soviet territory be systematically destroyed, by the Russians themselves and b the devastation of Stukas, rs, ns and fire. I have trailed mol g whirlwind of war several and iles by car and bus.

lys , perhaps, stands out as the ne t all; you may add the name ci in what was Poland to those terl and Gettysburg. It was there rst eat death struggle between orl two strongest military pow- ok ice. The town, with its 95,- eop lies on the edge of the fine s t he south and east. To the fro which I came, were open anc arklike groves.

ng li s of concrete bunkers, some unfi hed, were backed by shat- art ry emplacements. Already, we grazing peacefully around omb aters. Women and children pee g, still frightened, through oor s of their little straw-cov- hou s. Everything had been d a blasted. Smoke smudges d t loopholes of concrete ram- told ow their defenders had been d o by flame throwers. On a y adow lay the remains of Sov t fighter planes. Near by, a ed sant was cutting grass for gly orse.

a cr sroads on the outskirts of wn o machine gunners sat be- thei weapons, muzzles pointing ear- woods. Wandering Russian stil ere in those woods, coming nig to raid traffic on the dusty ay.

ba efield of Bialystok was a circl hundred miles in diameter. erm pincers came around the and losed in to trap thousands l arm fighters. As we drove down ng rd across the battlefield, we aw rned-out trucks and cars and ere. People from the shat- tow already were salvaging what coul or their own use. Farther can straggling refugees—dirty, ven, arefooted men, little chil- limp along, tired women with ened yes carrying babies with , tea meared faces. All their be- gs we in sacks over their shoul-

ne of e refugees got back to find hom , or the remains of their —on he bomb crater where the home used to be. Deep craters lined the road along which the peasants walked. Every type of war material, twisted, shattered and burned almost beyond recognition, was scattered in the fields and through the woods. Long-barreled guns still pointed skyward. Scores of munitions trucks stood abandoned. There were bales of printed propaganda, field radio sets, rolling kitchens, range finders—everything used in the grim business of killing—some unharmed, some burned to a crisp. Heavy and light tanks crouched in broken and crushed heaps. One fifty-two-tonner had been split wide open by a direct hit and its halves lay on opposite sides of the road. The bodies of artillery horses, still in harness, lay where they had fallen.

### The Price of Defeat

In the forest—into which we were told not to step too far for fear of unexploded mines and uncaptured Soviet soldiers—were smashed barriers of felled trees, blasted tanks, crushed artillery to show where the panzers had passed.

Farther on, the wreckage of defeat stood silent in the wheat fields. White flags still waved from farmhouse windows. A steel bridge hung, a twisted lacework of metal, from its riverbank supports; beside it was the hastily built pontoon bridge the German engineers had thrown across the stream. We rolled through villages—or what had been villages and were now heaps of rubble. In one hamlet I counted nineteen Soviet tanks, some wrecked, others untouched.

In Bialystok itself every building bore a mark of war. Every open space was an army camp, with the soldiers'

*(Continued on page 76)*

# COCK 'N BULL

## By Ruth Carson

**The stars help to serve themselves at Jack Morgan's Hollywood Cock 'n Bull, where the food of old England is eaten with a relish seldom seen in those parts**

FOOD tastes good. It also looks good and smells good. They are on to this at the Cock 'n Bull restaurant in Hollywood—hence the serving table. You don't decide in cold calm between roast beef and roast turkey. You yearn over roast beef, red-rare in the middle and beautiful brown around the edges, dripping delectable juices. You're distracted by turkey, crusty and golden, plump with savory promise. Your dither of indecision mounts with the rising, fragrant aroma of beefsteak and kidney pudding, bubbling in its copper casserole. You glimpse joys to come—bowls of luscious fresh fruit, hunks of mellow-ripe cheeses, the heaped-up richness of English trifle. Before ever you put fork in mouth, you are eagerly and thoroughly enjoying your dinner.

They know another thing, too. That peace and privacy are welcome with a meal—even in Hollywood, even on the neon-bright Sunset Strip. Therefore, no news photographers, no bulletins sent out to gossip columns, no fanfare over celebrities in quest of nourishment. The result is a guest book to make an autograph hound roll over and over in a frenzy of begging.

Shielded in this fashion, the guests expand, very much at home. Eddie Goulding, director, and Miles Mander, actor, carve their own meat and dish up their own dinners, though there are waitresses back of the serving table to do the job, once you've done the pointing.

Leopold Stokowski spies a corner where he would prefer to sit. Hanging on the wall in another part of the room is an etching of Christ Church, London, where he one time played the organ. So he moves the etching over to what henceforth is his corner, tacitly reserved for him, where he lunches every day he is in town. He generally eats alone, savoring his rack of lamb and fresh, thick mint sauce and his crisp green salad, with an air of leisurely contentment that is a pleasure to observe.

The originator of this small and informal, but populous and sophisticated, restaurant is Mr. J. Ainsworth Morgan, whom you might take for a top-drawer Englishman when you first talk with him. His father was English but he is American, born in San Francisco, and better known as Jack Morgan. Educated in California and England, he is a writer given to southern Pacific settings. Universal is even now previewing his recent celluloid opera, called Tahiti, set in the ever-romantic Seas and expected to launch Dorothy Lamour upon Hollywood a glamorous and tropical lady.

FRANK SCHERSCHEL



The Cock 'n Bull started as a gag, Mr. Morgan being an Anglophile devoted to everything English, including food. If your idea is that England before the war gave it any excuse for something terrible, then Mr. Morgan thinks you simply have not tasted the right English food. Found that he set out to remedy this situation.

Finding a suitably small, dark-paneled place, he fitted it out as a proper English tavern. On the walls his own collection of original sporting prints, and framed items of interest—Queen Victoria's royal signature on parchment, letters from Robert Browning, Mark Twain, Lord Kitchener, and old Toby mugs, and 17th-century pewter tankards. The serving table is the idea of the English hunt sideboard, everything kept hot and tempting on chafing dishes, for you to choose.

He searched out the best British cook he could find in Hollywood, an Irish lass named Tiffin, cook, trained in home cooking, with the theory that home cooking is best. He handed her his English grandmother's cookbook, pencile[d] and ruled copybook in her own hand, to use as a family-tested source for Cock 'n Bull recipes. And then he threw open the doors.

Sixty-two invited guests filled the house to capacity. They all came—from Hollywood, Santa Barbara, Pasadena and Los Angeles and Hollywood celebrities. Harpo Marx twanging his harp. The Morgans kept open house for three days till word could get around. Opening night it was a sellout. Instead of a hobby, Morgan had a business on his hands.

### Everything's Booming Now

He fled for a year and a half on a yacht trip around the world while his lawyer handled the business. Gone away with such nonpaying customers as the Morgan office, paneled with mahogany masters, gardenias to the ladies on Sunday and red carnations to the gentlemen. Now everything is smooth and businesslike, as well as relaxed and friendly.

There are no reserved tables. The best tables, and no waiters with snooty noses in the air. Miriam Morgan, the young hostess, will greet you graciously if you are alone as much as she would if you were big party. More so, perhaps, because she appreciates how you feel. Nobody minds where he sits, anyway, the first he totes back from the serving table being his main concern. Even Stokowski isn't unhappy if someone doesn't beat him to his corner.

When the stars don't come in to dinner, sometimes a Cock 'n Bull dinner goes home to them.

When Basil Rathbone gives a dinner party at home, he will call for an English trifle sent in, mountainous and quivering, from the Cock 'n Bull. Just what this confection should be, in addition, is hard to tell, because it is a dessert, a trifle and your waistline. The cookbook could never consider it such, but there are times when the waistline has to be considered than the contents of the purse. The process of preparation is divided into two steps, [illegible] two

*(Continued on page 63)*

**Mrs. Tiffin, head of the kitchen, and one of the waitresses in the dining room here for table decorations and delectable-looking food**



The water of the harbor leaped up under the pressure of a fresh east wind, and the shallop danced

# Appointment in Martinique

## By William A. Krauss

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

**...s a dutiful daugh-**
**...t when the time**
**...e knew just what**
**...nted—and got it**

FOR ...ost people, now, the names are ...orgten, and the difficulty that aros between Henri Thiers and his ...ghte Amandine in that summer is ...stor...d legend spoken only by a few ... ol West Indian women who re- ...ber...ales their grandparents told. ...as ...t important at the time and ... is ...ss than nothing—a personal ... t...ching only Henri Thiers, his ...ghte Amandine, and the man his ...ghte ...oved. There were, in any sea- ...mo exciting incidents and affairs Tort...a: duels, stabbings, the in- ...able whispering under dark balco- ... A... these have been, for the most ... fo...tten, too.

...he ...rs have changed Tortuga. In ... Thiers' day it was a young place alive with rude energy, rich from its trade with France; planters grew good tobacco and indifferent but valuable sugar, and they lived well, and almost none of them saved any money. Their houses were fine, according to the West Indian understanding of grandeur, which is to say ostentation; and they ate five times a day but rarely drank brandy before noon. Many worked very hard with their hands for long hours in the sun. They spoke of themselves as pioneers, and indeed they were—pioneers with good incomes. Of their labor there is no trace today.

Today Tortuga, rising precipitously from the sea a few miles north of the mainland of Haiti, is dark, wild, alone. The world has passed by it. The high frame warehouses have long since rotted, the gravestones of the colonial Frenchmen have tumbled. Of what was Cayona, the main town, the busy and notorious port, not even foundation stones remain: they are—like the Frenchmen who knew Henri Thiers and his daughter Amandine—buried in the black, hot, tropical earth.

But in 1698, on a certain day in July, there was the usual activity in the harbor, the usual excitement in the streets. Linen shops hummed. Cafés were crowded. The market was a hive of barter. And on stone walls at the deep-guttered street intersections, hand-lettered placards, placed prominently for those who could read, announced the scheduled sailing of the four-hundred-ton ship Duc d'Anvout, Captain Tobie Gautier.

SHE did not say, "I will not go." She was more subtle than that; but in the end her subtleties came to nothing, and she did go.

Amandine Thiers sat tensely in a deep chair in her father's cool library. The light that filtered through the heavy shutters was dim; shadows rippled on the walls, caressing the high shelves of old books. In the pearl-colored half darkness the girl in the chair seemed frail; her face was an unrelieved white, the whiteness accentuated by the shining, intense black of her hair, of her delicate eyebrows. But the illusion of frailty was dispelled when she moved and when she spoke. Her body was slender, yet there was strength in it. And her voice was firm. She was very young—not twenty.

"Yes, Father," she said, her voice low. "I am listening to you."

Henri Thiers stood before her, his barrel legs wide apart, his red beard, cut like a spade, thrust out at a defiant angle. He was a big man, Thiers; and a successful one. His massive, thick-walled house on the green hill above the port offered a material and irrefutable statement of his shrewd industry. It was a matter of doubt whether rugs as rich as his were laid elsewhere in the West Indies; certainly nowhere else in the French island of Tortuga, nor in the growing colony of Saint Domingue across the turbulent channel, was there such a garden. The lanes of hibiscus, the bowers of scarlet flamboyant, the restful expanses of sweet, green grass—these gave Henri Thiers a constant thrill of accomplishment, though a gardener from the château of Fontainebleau

*(Continued on page 53)*

# The Pied Piper

## By Nevil Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

*The Story Thus Far:*

JOHN SIDNEY HOWARD, a retired English barrister, is notified that his son—his only son, whom he idolizes—has been killed while flying with the R.A.F. No longer interested in anything, he leaves England and goes to the placid French village of Cidoton. There, he tries to forget the war.

The Germans drive into France. Feeling that, although he is nearly seventy, he may be of some use to his country, Howard decides to return to England. When he leaves Cidoton, he is accompanied by two children—Ronald and Sheila Cavanagh—whose parents, English, are unable to take them to their homeland.

The journey toward the Channel proves to be both difficult and hazardous. Most of the trains have been, or are being, taken over by the army. The roads—which, from time to time, are bombed—are crowded with troops and refugees. Nevertheless, although the little party is forced to walk part of the way, Howard and his charges finally arrive at Angerville.

But Howard does not escort two children into Angerville—by the time that place is reached, the young people in his care (all of whom he proposes to take to England) number five; they are (in addition to Sheila and "Ronnie") Rose, a little French girl whose father is in London; Pierre, a lad whom Howard had found terrified, speechless, beside a road, following a bombing attack; and a tiny Dutch boy, who, somehow stranded in France, had been in peril because the French suspected him of being a German—and a spy!

Following a series of misadventures, the old man finally leads the children into Chartres, where he has friends: the Rougerons (Colonel Rougeron, of the French army, his wife and his daughter). The Germans have occupied the town. Knowing that if he, an Englishman, is caught, he may be sent to a concentration camp, the old man goes to the Rougerons' address. He finds that they are living in a second-floor flat, on a simple street. He climbs up to the flat, rings the bell.

After a time, he hears women's voices. Then the door opens, and a young woman peers at Howard, in the darkness of the hall. "What is it?" she says, nervously.

"Mademoiselle," the old man replies, "I have come to see your father, M. le Colonel. I do not know if you will remember me. We have met before—at Cidoton."

### VI

THE young woman did not answer for a moment. The old man blinked his eyes; in his fatigue it seemed to him that she was holding tight onto the door. He recognized her very well. She wore her hair in the same close-curled, French manner; she wore a gray cloth skirt and a dark blue jumper, with a black scarf at the neck.

She said at last, "My father is away from home. I—I remember you very well, monsieur."

He said easily in French, "It is very charming of you to say so, mademoiselle. My name is Howard."

"I know that."

"Will Monsieur le Colonel be back today?"

She said, "He has been gone for three months, Monsieur Howard. He was near Metz. That is the last that we have heard."

He had expected as much, but the disappointment was no less keen.

"I am so sorry," he said. "I had hoped to see Monsieur le Colonel, as I was in Chartres. You have my sympathy, mademoiselle."

She drew back from the door. "Will you not come in and sit down?" she said.

He turned and motioned to the children. Then he glanced at the girl, and caught an expression of surprise, bewilderment, upon her face. "There are rather a lot of us, I'm afraid," he said apologetically.

She said, "But I . . . I do not understand, Monsieur Howard. Are these your children?"

He smiled. "I'm looking after them. They aren't really mine." He hesitated, and then said, "I am in a position of some difficulty, mademoiselle."

"Oh . . ."

"I wished to talk it over with you He wrinkled his brows in perplexity. think that it was something different?

She said hastily, "No, m'sieur—nc And then she swung around and called, Come quickly; here is Monsieur How Cidoton!"

The little woman that Howard re came bustling out; the old man greete moniously. Then for a few minutes with the children pressed close round little salon of the flat, trying to mak women understand his presence with was not an easy task.

The mother gave it up. "Well, here she said, content to let the why and pass. "Have they had lunch? Are they

THE children smiled shyly. Hov "Madame, they are always hungr not derange yourself; we can get lu town, perhaps?"

She said that that was not to be t "Nicole, stay with M'sieur for a litt make arrangements." She bustled o kitchen.

The girl turned to the old man. "W down, and rest a little?" she said. to be very tired." She turned to th "And you too, you sit down and s lunch will be ready before long."

The old man looked down at grimed with dirt. He had not washe or shaved, since leaving *(Continued c*

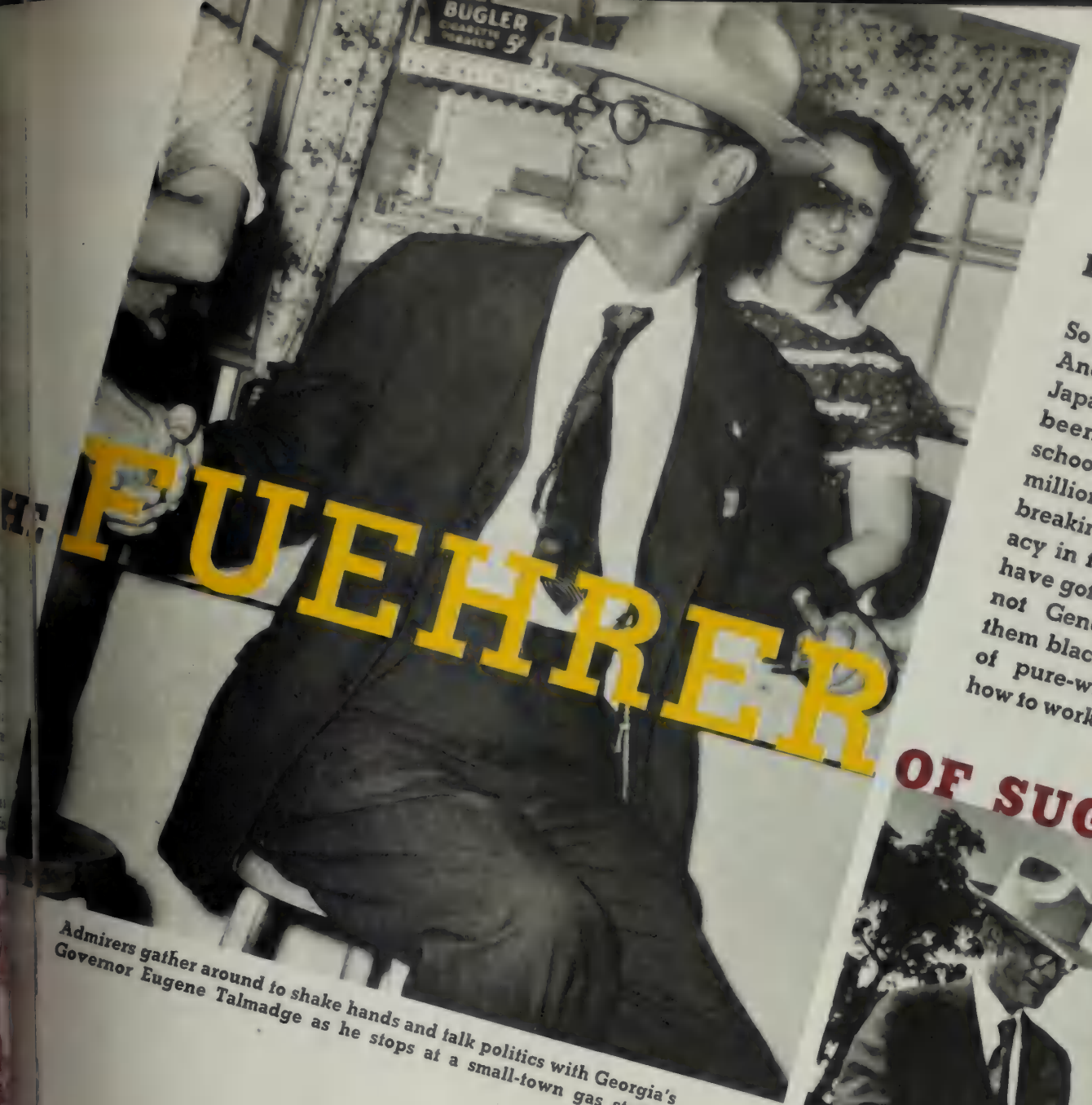
**"There are rather a lot of us, I'm afraid," he said apologetically. She sai "But I . . . I do not understand, Monsieur Howard. Are these your children**



# FUEHRER OF SUGAR CREEK

**By Walter Davenport**

*So you think Hitler's a menace. And you're prepared to fight Japan. Well, while you've not been looking, carpetbagger schoolteachers, with Yankee millions to spend, have been breaking down White Supremacy in the South. And they'd have got away with it, too, had not Gene Talmadge caught them black-handed. It's a tale of pure-white heroism—and how to work up a political issue*




Admirers gather around to shake hands and talk politics with Georgia's Governor Eugene Talmadge as he stops at a small-town gas station



The White Man's champion looks over a cotton crop

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

Just short of nine on an Atlanta morning when Gene came to the governor's huge reception room—big enough, Gene says, to hold a whole faculty of furrin, nigger-loving professors in if he's a mind to—already stale with an indoor smell of man and beast. It was a smell of convention hall, half barnyard. By half past eight they'd been pushing and waiting for Gene. And now he'd arrived. You could hear his flat, mouthy Georgia voice in the rotunda and the crowd stopped down to listen.

"Thankee, ma'am. Thankee kindly." Gene Talmadge, white-haired governor of Georgia, was just outside. The hearty politicians, the job-moochers, the briefless barristers, the busy fountain-pen lawyers with prison pardons in their hands needing Gene's signature, stopped to applaud. The wool-hat folk from Sugar Creek, Rifle Cut, Bulltown Swamp and Shirttail Gap, the women neater than the men but just as numb with shyness, didn't even smile. They merely whispered tips on what they'd brought Gene—fat children, buttermilk, watermelons, peanuts, turtles, witchin' wands, herbs, medicine and a couple of hound dogs. They had dead-pan at the door. They had come bearing gifts but they wanted—pensions mostly, or somebody out of jail or somebody maybe they'd have a bit of luck for Gene—how some Yankee trifling teacher had said something about needin' schoolin'. They'd like to give him a bag of persimmons to show him how to truck with nigger schoolteachers.

"Nawsir, brother, nawsir." Gene was still taking his morning bows. "Nawsir, not while Gene Talmadge is yo' governor, they ain't a-goin' to do it. Black's black and white's white and never shall these twain meet. Nawsir. Not in Georgia anyhow. Thankee kindly, Sister Yewell, and how is ev'thing in good old Shirttail Gap. Glory hallelujah for that, sister. I'm a-standin' up to all the long-hair, furrin' dictionary-swallowin' sociologists from up North who come down to beautiful Georgia wantin' to send our lovely, pure, sweet white young ladies and our fine-lookin', clean white boys to the same schools with the Negrah. Nawsir."

### He Aims for Washington

Gene was inside the reception room now. He came in a-burnin'. His lank, defiant black hair, only wisped with gray despite his fifty-seven years, was wooshed up in back and straggling damply down in front, giving him the appearance of having just finished a hard run after a bad fright. He's always startled-looking anyway—hot, fanatical popeyes behind black-rimmed, thick lenses, a split-the-wind profile, a tight, skinny jaw shooting out at you with every other word—all this on a thin, tough, turkey neck aggressively thrust forward. Down on Sugar Creek, where Gene lives when he isn't running for office, they say that he can't scarcely wait to finish his prayers before runnin' down to the front do' to see is somebody wantin' to say something different. Shrewd, suspicious, daring, swift to pounce, Gene "kin give a jaybird two pecks and beat him to a tick."

"Hya, Jim, yo' ole scoun'rel you. Hya, Chip. Hya, Hell-Fire." This to the politicians, the lawyers, the job hounds, the contractors. "Hell-Fire, what's this you doin' up there in that civil service hearing to all those fine men from the North tryin' to tell us how to run the state of Georgia? They say you like to take somebody outside to settle something. Seems like it's about time I went up there to Washington to see those Social Security folks and began kickin' some chairs around."

The crowd roared its complete approval. They poked stomachs, slapped shoulders, told one another they'd be chawed and bit if ole Gene Talmadge wasn't the doggondest old scoun'rel—always quotin' poetry or sayin' something at the right time. Listen at him.

Gene was almost at the door of his private office, private only in a manner of speaking. A blank-faced woman in cotton cheaps, a thin, incurious baby in her arms, offered Gene a chunk of wild honeycomb. Her man was in a convict camp. She had no money. The county told her there wasn't any relief

*(Continued on page 71)*



# Hunter's Choice

## By Kenneth Gilbert

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

**You had to be a lot more than a good shot to stay i Jeff C hunting club. This is the story of a man and a bo who**

THE most exclusive club in the world lies out yonder in the Cascades; but it is no trick at all to get into it if you're among the first six men to reach Jeff Croy when the poplars have yellowed on the smoky hills and the gray bucks of the Turnagain are thrashing the brush with their polished antlers and haunting the mating trails of the ridges.

First come, first served, is Jeff's motto. So you may get into it easily, but as for *staying* in it; well, now, you'll need something more than coronets and Norman blood in your ancestry and a two-letter rating in the financial books. You'll need a different sort of importance, and if you haven't got it you just don't get invited to dump your rucksack into one of Jeff Croy's bunks again. Sounds like a lot of pother over nothing, but not when you get to know Jeff Croy.

Comes goodby time, old Jeff may look at you with steady eyes, wag his head sorrowfully, and allow that likely he'll be so full-up with guests next year that he just can't see how he can take care of you. When that happens, you had best go home and be kinder to your wife and your fellowman, and meditate upon a humbler way of life. You've been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

The story goes that a Western governor with a brilliant future, which included a leg-up on his party's presidential nomination, got the bad news from Jeff Croy and straightway retired to private life and raising chickens and was never heard of again. That is probably exaggeration, if not pure invention, but it gives you the idea. Be sure of this: If Jeff Croy invites you back—hinting that likely next year you'll get a buck that will make your current six-pointer look like a trifling spiker—you may walk freely among the lords of creation, conceding nothing, confidently aware that the fires of ordeal have not only left you unscathed but have brought forth your true gold, which you always knew was there anyway.

You'd understand exactly if you had been along when Jed Filian shot his first blacktail and got lost, with a freak blizzard snoring down from Alaska weeks ahead of time.

MAYBE it wouldn't have happened if the lost man had been anybody save Filian. But it seemed a cinch from the start that Jeff wouldn't invite him back next year. Filian just wouldn't have fitted in with any bunch of deer hunters that ever sat around in their socks of an evening, a jug on the table between them, their mood as mellow and easy as an old moccasin.

Filian was big and blustering and had the tact of a bull elk bogged in a tamarack swamp, and the others had to clamp down on him almost be pack unlashed. To hea shot leopards in Afri Siam and tigers where and the kind of sport th bia offered was pretty stuff. The country was game wasn't tough, an here to keep his hand out where he'd go to g tion. With no effort a to insult everybody, in so many times that ham made the crack th blessing if Filan went self lost, no one smi joke with them at all.

And when the thing you couldn't blame th get too excited. May that a night alone in would cool him off; it sible that a strong m matches and compas there. Not a seasonec ian, who knew his wa they didn't count on, o a man can be lost and time.

YET likely that very back of Jeff Croy's over the big old-fash ing deer liver with b and listening to the against the north wi somebody were out t throwing handfuls of place; he kept lookir from time to time at ered around the table straight and without water as a chaser.

By and by, when t ished, he said casual have reached camp lo a couple hours now sounds like a real sn

That was the thing tening for; the thing said. Somebody sh around of a sudden keeping Filian out Boys, this doesn't lo

But none of the fiv about Filian—they with their gabbing as when the day is ove laxed in a warm roon ers under their be hadn't realized that for a couple of hour snoozer of a blow down out of the they'd just forgott Young Joe Harrow w word of it. He was a of the others, and he against the log wall, groping along the ea cold puff of it now a neck, and laughing their mildest jokes.

When Bill Dean about the wronged formal English butle his master stick to a ing in taking reveng row fell off his stool

*(Continued o*

**"That's a hell-roarer of a buck you got there, Filian," Jeff remarked. Filian looked up with a grin of pride and then wagged his head. "I've been a hell of a fool," he admitted**

# OUR NEW ARMY

## NORTH CAROLINA

THREE fledgling pilots of Bos-
t's 101st Observation Squadron
came veterans overnight on
t Carolina proving ground, but
e threat of a near-hurricane to
th the chance. Two of them
e Iuts. Donald W. Flinn and
ph McNeil, whose struggles to
win were reported in this depart-
t fo une 21st; the third was Lieut.
Re llard, who learned to fly at his
ex nse. All had received their
s ju prior to leaving Cape Cod for
Sou ern maneuvers; none had had
h e rience flying Army airplanes;
he ever made a night flight. But
fusk ne day came warning of a
nile wind headed for Knollwood
ort, outhern Pines, together with
rs t move 26 of the Army's ships
ort, agg's Pope Field where they
d b anchored to iron rings in a
rete amp.

was mad scramble of pilots and
es. th no time for detailed in-
ctio How he was to land was
pil s personal problem. Into un-
iliar airplanes without landing
wi t the three fledglings, and a
ute er each found himself aloft,
itch rkness, alone. That was dis-
ing ough, but the situation at
g w a killer-diller. Having con-
ed f n all over the maneuver area,
90 planes were circling the field
00 et, all trying to land at once.
ded," says Lieut. Flinn, "the
t th g to do was climb to 2,000
and rt of look over the situation;
loo g down, all I could think of
som giant, lighted Ferris wheel,
ing orizontally below me. So
y pi s were talking at once the
co ol tower gave up trying to
le t landings, and I shut off my
jus efore the order went out for
lar on the beam. Seems to me
cled ound for a couple of thou-
yea watching that Ferris wheel
ly r olve between me and the
nd. en, suddenly, the eight-inch
hlig on the field began to pick
egm ts of the wheel. When it
ned e of the ships the finger of
wou blink and the pilot would
his avigating lights in acknow-
nent get a steady green light in
n ar ride in on the beam. Only
was hat every now and then two
ree ots, thinking they were get-
tapp on the shoulder at the same
wo I hit the beam at approxi-
ly th same instant, get a red light
duck out of the way—but fast.
, fin y I saw a gap in the wheel
drop d down to join the parade.
ell t truth, I never did see the
. I j t followed the ship ahead of
own til I thought I was near the
nd, s a prayer, pulled back on
tick nd settled in. Phew!" Yes.

DURING the preliminary ma-
ne vers in New England, 6th
A y Corps Commander Major
G. Karl Truesdell gave Ma-
jo Gen. Roger W. Eckfeldt
Di ion) a military hotfoot in
form f a somewhat ignominious
are b 01st Cavalry troopers (Col-
No mber 1st). Now in North
lina the final week's phase of the
man ver problem, General Trues-
is sa g little about captures and

(Continued on page 60)




PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM HOFF AND HANS GROENHOFF

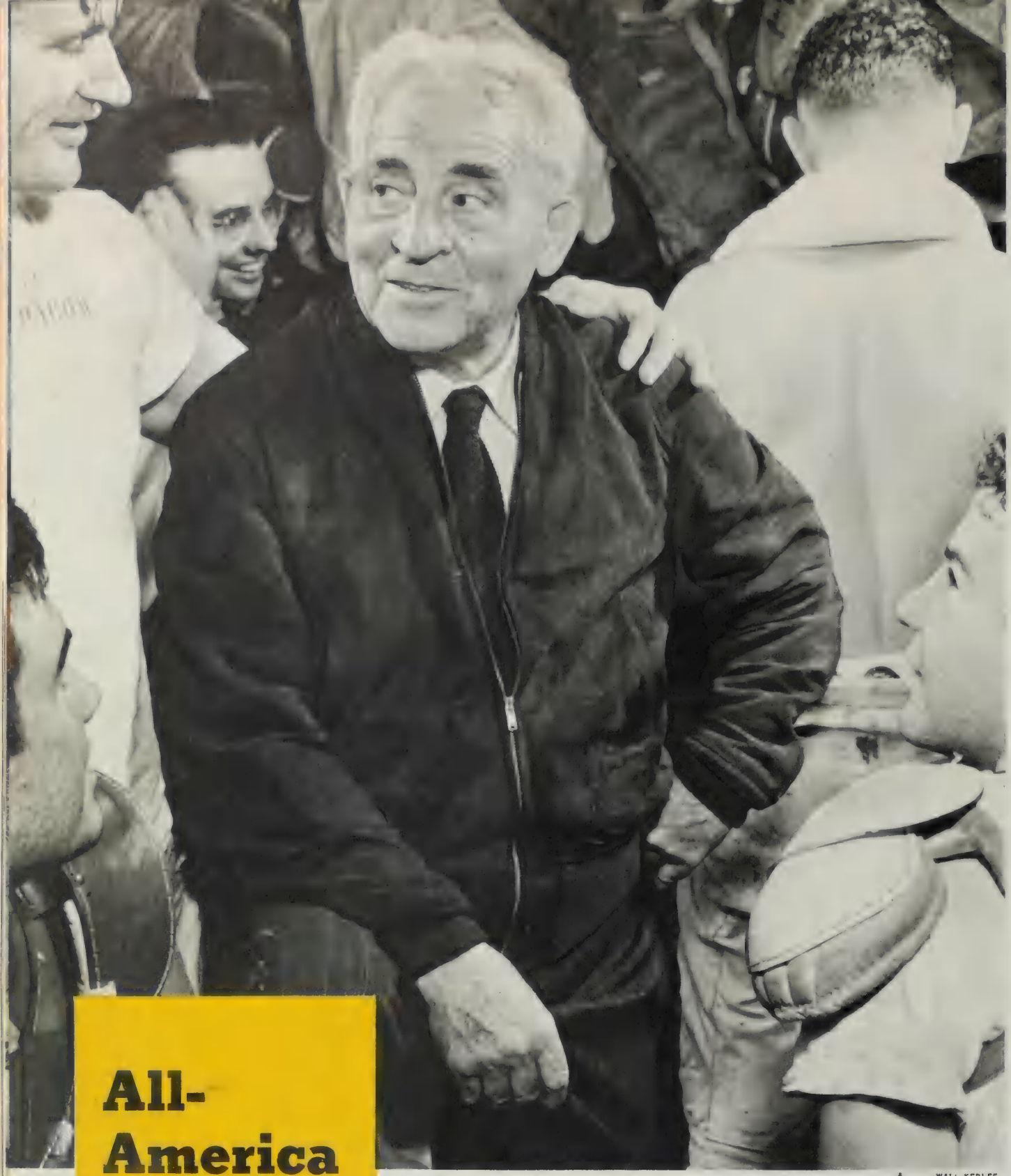





At top: Maintenance men at Mitchel Field service a sleek 400-mile-an-hour pursuit ship. Above: Pilots check routine flight on road map. Right: Flying officer in oxygen mask can climb 1,500 feet a minute (below) to intercept slower and heavier bomber planes



**NEW YORK'S AIR DEFENSE.** An enemy can't be completely prevented from bombing a city but the project can be made a costly one. At New York's Mitchel Field are based some 200 deadly fighter planes of the Seventh Pursuit Wing of the First Air Force, whose sole purpose is to make an attack on New York City so expensive it may never be attempted. Of the 5,000 officers and enlisted men, 2,800 are mechanics and technicians, 2,550 represent services essential to the post, and 250 are topflight pilots of the Army's Curtiss P40's and Bell P39's, whose stub-winged bodies contain all the elements for defense. Here are pictures of some of the Mitchel men and ships



WALL-KERLEE

**Standout among All-Americ is Alonzo Stagg, who is ing out good teams aft a half century of football**

# All-America Makers

## By Grantland Rice

MORE than 500 football stars have marched through the pages of Collier's since the first All-America team was named in 1889. In back of these stars, at least partly responsible for their fame, there has also been a parade of famous coaches who helped to develop teams and individuals effectively enough to bring about All-America consideration.

In looking back through the years we come upon such names as Walter Camp of Yale, Percy Haughton of Harvard, Fielding H. Yost of Michigan, Lonnie Stagg of Chicago, Bill Roper of Princeton, Pop Warner of Carlisle, Pittsburgh and Stanford, Knute Rockne of Notre Dame, Bob Zuppke of Illinois, Lou Little, Gil Dobie, Jock Sutherland, Bob Neyland, Bernie Bierman, Howard Jones, Tad Jones, Jimmy Phelan, Carl Snavely, Fritz Crisler, Wallace Wade, Frank Thomas and a long line of others who have contributed their complete part to the growth of football skill and football interest.

Outside of the needed material and schedule possibilities, what were the leading qualities of these All-America-making coaches?

I'll start with Percy Haughton of Harvard, who leads the field with seventeen All-America players. Haughton in many ways was colder than an iceberg and harder than a hydrant. He was austere, aloof, the only man I ever knew who hadn't the slightest interest in what anyone thought about him, good or bad.

But he was one of the great coaches of all time. Haughton not only knew every phase of football, but he was also a martinet in drilling his teams for almost perfect mechanical perfection. He knew fundamentals and football psychology to the last turn. For example, there was nothing new about the hidden-ball play when Haughton came along. But it was Haughton who developed the art of hiding the ball better than anyone else.

Haughton abhorred waste of any kind. Especially waste of time. Before practice he charted out in advance the exact number of minutes to be alloted each form of practice—seven minutes for blocking—eight minutes for signal drill—nine minutes for scrimmage—eleven minutes for this or that, all depending on what he thought his team needed at that moment. Haughton ended Yale's former domination of Harvard by overwhelming pretty good Yale teams by the murderous margin of 112 points against 5 in 1912, 1913, 1914 and 1915.

Rockne was a coach who developed not only All-America stars and winning teams, but who in addition turned out more coaches than any five rivals in football. Among his old pupils you will find Buck Shaw of Santa Clara, Harry Mehre of Mississippi, Mal Elward of Purdue, Frank Leahy and Elmer Layden of Notre Dame, Jimmy Crowley of Fordham, Hunk Anderson, line coach of the Chicago Bears, Frank Thomas of Alabama, Jimmy Phelan of Washington and at least twenty others who have more than made good. Knute Rockne in many ways was almost the exact opposite of Haughton. Haughton was hard. Rockne was human. sarcasm cut like a knife. R mixed with humor. Rockn football, the value of fu hard blocking, hard tackling

The famous Notre Dam not his main contribution t his was the greatest inspirati ship football has ever known ever lived who could steam to such a frenzy of effort.

I asked Rock once just w mous "Notre Dame system" tem?" Rock snapped back. system? I believe in thr spirit, skill and speed. In m speed and aggressivenes Show me a greater guard an 172-pound Hunk Anderso pound Metzger. Weight too surplus weight. I want men relaxed physically, but keen mentally. I'll take speed ness over brawn any time."

Alonzo Stagg is the m contribution to American sp one of the best coaches of Chicago around 1892, and later, he is still strictly on his College of the Pacific i

### They Couldn't Catch Po

Veteran coaches will tell Warner at Carlisle, Pitt Stanford has contributed m sive football than any othe was a genius at backfield n As far back as I can trace author of the single win then the double wing ba formations and variations coaches ragged. For many kept well ahead of rival de to stop his attack. Pop w of plays as Haughton was detail and Rockne was the spiration.

Pop was somewhere Haughton and Rockne, brooding side. He was master. Yost of Michigan up in the All-America play ways been an entirely d Yost stands as the greates natic that ever lived. F years he was more than football sixteen hours a d twenty-four hours a day. stages the Yost system fea mental details—power an

Back of a mighty Michi age over 215 pounds, he carriers as Willie Hesto Boss Weeks and others w to run. When the forwa along, Yost was one of the possibilities.

You may recall the wi play where Minnesota be ern this fall on a quick lin center at the end of the li far beyond this back aro thirty years ago. He winning play where the end of the line, passed the then took a long forward the field.

Later on, the main Yos what he called "position means you took no chan ing position warranted th great slogan in forward pa and over." This meant n ever throw the ball on th the receiver, for fear of a Benny Friedman, his g says that Yost used to c

*(Continued on pa*

# ...der ...lch

## ...y ...nest Haycox

...STR...ED BY
...REN... BAUMGARTNER

*... S...y Thus Far:*

... C... War is raging when Jeff Pierce, ... you... l veteran of the Union Army, is ... shai... in San Francisco and taken aboard ... p k...n as the Panama Chief, to Port... ... Ore... n. There the captain of the vessel ... to k... him with a pistol; and, in self-de... ... Pi... e strikes him with a belaying pin, ... H... out, leaps overboard and swims ... he ...iders about the streets of Portland, ... I sp... s to him. She tells him that her ... is ...ana Castle; she tells him (in de... ...ly c...tic terms) that she is eager to get ... Po...nd. And she leads him to a shady ...lishm...t, presided over by a woman ...n as Madame Bessie."

...dam... Bessie has just heard some star... ...new... which she passes on to Pierce: The ... in o...e Panama Chief is dead—and the ...rtie... are searching the city for Jeff ... . To Pierce, a thoroughly sophisti... ...ma... Diana Castle is an enigma; very ...sly ...e does not belong in Madame ...'s p...e. He wonders why she has picked ...p. ... does not wonder long; the girl ...ats t... he pose as her husband, and as... ... ...tting out of Portland.

... bo... leaving Portland are, of course, ... wa...ed. Nevertheless, accepting the ...ugg...ion, Pierce succeeds in boarding a ... wit...er; and a short time later, they ... The...alles. There Pierce tries to buy a ...ge fo...wo to Lewiston; but the clerk of ...vig...n company informs him that only ...pace... available.

... h...s discussing the matter with the ... a ...n standing near him introduces ... (h... name, he says, is Will Temper... ...and ...ggests that Pierce's "wife" share ...ight...s stateroom.

...w ...utes later, Pierce, listening to a ... of ...n discussing a new "strike" in ...Gul... is rudely interrupted by a ruffian ...ard... the arms of a friend—a tall per... ...earri... a mustache and goatee. The ...d of... says: "There's your meat, Rube, ...r hi...

...ro...s at Pierce; and again Pierce hits ...This... me, he goes down. Then, as ...sta... watching him, he rises, shakes ...head, g...ces at the man with the goatee. ...'ll I... now, George?" he asks.

### II

...H... "LL I do?" Rube repeated.

..."V...y," said the tall George, ..."n...ing more along that line, I ... I... inclined his head at Pierce. ...re ...andy with your fighting, ...er. ... I wasn't full of supper I'd ...you... for a set."

...hy? said Pierce.

...at f... fun," answered the tall one. ...nk ...ould do you in." His smile ...ons...t and winter-chilly. Light ...dan...g oddly on the gray-green ...es o... his eyes.

...it y...rself," said Pierce. "I'm go...priv...."

...y n...e is Ives," said the man. ...ge I...s," and he waited, as though ...me ...ight remind Pierce of some...

...W...n he saw it did not, he ..."I... talk with you on the boat."

...you...ring a fight," said Pierce, ...I a...od reason with it."

...ght...'s reason enough," said ...ge Iv... "Just the fun of it, friend."

...t ... way I fight," answered ...s. "...ere's no fun in it."

...I ...rst," murmured Ives, and ...ed ... short, dull partner on the ...der. ...hese two left the barroom. ...rce ...urned to the bar and bought ...h ...r, and took time to light it; ...trol...l to the lobby. The night ...d b...r, though he did not know ...he ...t clean and at ease.



**"That is too late," said the man. "I mean to take this boat. It don't look full up to me"**

He crossed the lobby to the stairs, noting that Rube and Ives had disappeared. At the foot of the stairs, he found a redheaded young man idly waiting for him. The redhead smiled. "Ketchum and Ives usually stick together. Those names don't mean anything to you? Well, if you go to Lewiston, don't consider this deal closed." He was high and robust and indolent; he was a character who seemed delighted simply to be alive and a spectator to the odd maneuverings of the world. "One other thing," he added, "close up your guard when you scrap. A trained pug would have knocked your head off whilst you were pullin' that punch forty miles up from your socks." And thereupon he strolled away, whistling between his teeth.

Pierce climbed the stairs and went down a hall to Number Four and knocked, and entered the room on hearing Diana Castle's voice. She stood at the room's window and had apparently been looking into the street. When she came around he saw loneliness on her face. She gave him a glance that he had come to expect from her, long and thoughtful and deeply interested, as though she tried to reassure her faith in him. For his part, he was ill at ease.

"I have the tickets. The boat leaves at five-thirty." He moved around the room, noting the narrow bed and the four walls, and growing more irritated with himself. "I'll stand out in the hall.

*(Continued on page 29)*



rance's artists Raoul Dufy and Aristide Malliol, like others, listen to German landishments and resolutely refuse to return to Paris to "Germanize" their art. Below, French school children drink the precious milk that is reserved for them only



PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



iermans bury their dead in French towns, and to Frenchmen goes the task f caring for the graveyards in the center of the village. Below, Marshal etain and Admiral Darlan: Le Marechal is loved but Frenchmen fear Darlan



# Our Only Hope

## By Therese Bonney

**In captive France, the people patiently watch and wait r th freedom they believe America will eventually return t ther**

EVERYWHERE you go in France today, people pinch their lips together, look at you and say nothing. You understand. Even the simplest peasant will tell you: "We are not free to say what we think."

Stunned by an unexpected defeat, quickly becoming vitamin-deficient and facing starvation, there is reason to believe them. The stronger—the leaders of tomorrow—bide their time, are patient and hope.

The first thing one wants to know about France today is what the French think about Petain. Many, probably the majority, feel that in taking over the helm in the dark days of June, 1940, he saved France from revolution. For this they are grateful. They did not like Laval.

They had no confidence in him, and less in Darlan. An official de luxe photograph of the admiral appeared in May. The shopkeepers, especially in Vichy, were expected to buy and show it in their windows beside that of the Marechal. One rarely saw it.

THE most paralyzing thing in France today is the Demarcation Line that stretches from the Swiss border to the Spanish border. It cuts France literally in two. It is the cleverest, most diabolical thing the Germans could have done. It has literally strangled France, economically, politically, emotionally. Families have been separated for over a year, the father in the interdicted zone, the son in a prison camp in Germany, the mother and daughter in Unoccupied France.

With all the records, and certain ministries with skeleton staffs, in Paris and the government in Vichy, how can things be expected to function properly? Every move is watched, every file removed from Paris is carefully checked. Government officials and plenipotentiary ministers sleep in their offices in Vichy and administer affairs from chaise-longue desks and Louis XVIII dressing tables. Hardly anything under such conditions can be done with efficiency. It is hard to keep up appearances. The only normal thing seems to be the changing of the guard.

THE growing venality of the occupants has surprised the French greatly. They have so often been told how in the new world things are to be so different.

There are everywhere professional guides, who take you across the Demarcation Line at night for from a hundred to several thousand francs. These men sometimes work both ends against the middle, and if you are denounced you are brought to a German post. If you are French, you get three to five days jail. If you're a foreigner, you get three months or more.

The Germans are surprised that most of the French never look at them, never speak to them, treat them as if they were not there, and, they complain, stare right through them. This annoys them more than any one other thing. A young German from the Rhineland at one of the Demarcation Line posts told me: "I've had enough of this business. Always ignored, stared through; I'd rather go home."

During the 1914-18 war twenty years following, the were referred to as the "Bo more frequently as the "Sal After the 1940 defeat, this pet more or less tabooed by the g and a censored press was natu instructions to avoid the term

The French found other them. Ironically, they refer "Our Guests" or "The Other most popular and appropr they have found for them is ' phores," the Potato Bugs. T to be little in the line of pest French peasant hates more tato bug. "This new variety "eats everything in sight ar never catch him at it."

AT THE beginning, the F intrigued, some almost fa the Germans. They seemed from the Germans of 1914. rect," they said. Now they the Germans might have French over to their way of d But the occupants seem to about it in the wrong way a those who were quite "pro" first few months swear toda will never live under a N This is why it seems very d the collaboration pill ca sugared enough to make t Frenchman swallow it.

The people of France ha German way of doing thing and worst, and they don't li prefer the Anglo-Saxon way why they are for an Anglo tory.

Even an anti-English Fre tell you that he prefers to se English colony rather thar protectorate.

To prove it they are re their lives, signing petitions little groups, doing many they hope may snowball thing when the time is ripe. V's all over the walls of shops. They cut them in paint them on milestones. one another with the fore fingers open. To call the w restaurants they tap out V's on their plates or glas genious restaurant keeper the glasses with V's on the ing Vezelay beer, and serve beer in them.

In small hidden towns, v mental authorities probab the gendarmes seldom obli to take the V's off of thei in cities and towns, espe Occupied zone, either the tenant or the concierge a heavy fine. Even the Ho up one morning to find a ' door.

The BBC and the Bost main the *bêtes noires* of t ernment, and through one its spokesmen it is con demning the insidious p these radios. They have do very little to wean the from them. I have driv towns at the English ra found part of the town ga



trangle hold on France is the Demarcation Line. Venal Germans —and others who can pay—across, but sometimes betray them



These were once prosperous, independent peasants. Now they daily see their cattle and grain, basis of their economy, taken under requisition

nd the very young must be cared for. Food has become deration in the lives of those who have always had plenty



Expelled from Lorraine, this woman faces a destitute, homeless old age. "Our only hope," she said, "is that the Americans will come to save us"

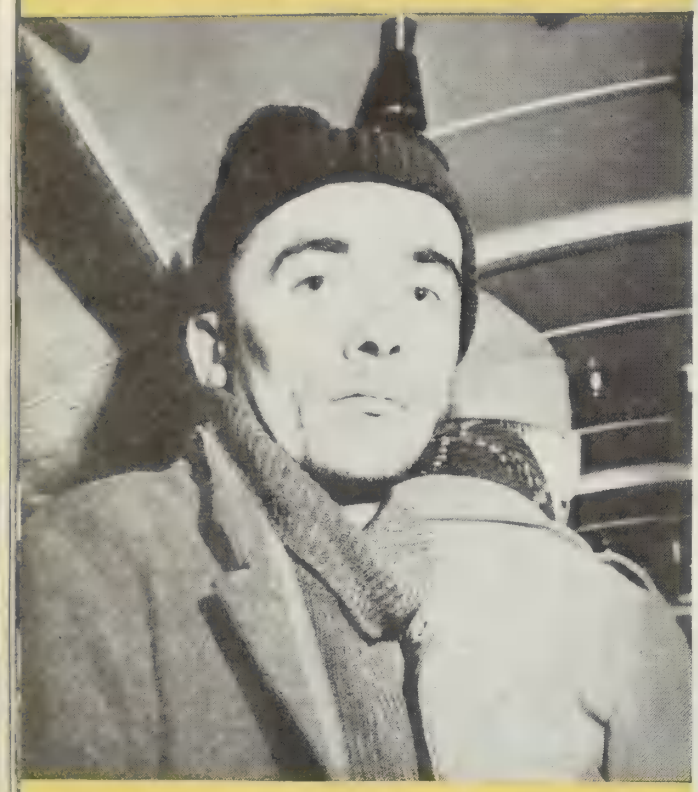




In every town the shopkeepers display only signs and, when they have stock, hide it from the requisitioners



Confusion results because France's records are in Paris but officials must administ affairs from the chaise longues and Louis XVIII furniture of Vichy hotel roon



The prisoners of war are forging a new France in their dreams, and some day Vichy will have them to fear, too



Basic disruption in France today is in that backbone of French society, the fam This one awaits the return of those who alone can make it whole—the prisoners of v



**More than money is needed to purchase food— when food is to be had, and people of every degree patiently endure the endless snipping and swapping of ration cards and food tickets**

café window, gendarmes included. They all yearn so for news. I have gone into the simplest peasant home and have been told that they listened regularly to the Boston Radio and that when they said, "Vive la France," they knew it meant America was coming to save them.

ALL this much-heralded Nazi civilization, their new-world conception of things, rolls off the French artists' backs more or less like water off a duck's. The artists do not believe the Germans have come to stay and do not hesitate to tell them so. Many artists have burrowed into some favorite haunt, which fortunately for them they selected years ago, and there they work and wait. Very few return to Paris. The Germans would so like to have them there. They want Paris to flourish under their occupation, especially its art life. There is a Gauleiter for art, who decides who is in the French tradition, and French artists are wooed. Every effort is made to get the artists to return. Emissaries are sent into the Unoccupied zone. The first time they buy or offer to buy at high prices; they know practically every artist must sell to live. They tell him there is a great demand for his work. The Germans are asking for his paintings. To date, the sirens have had no success.

With French writers it is different. know what they write when free opinio sion are again possible. They are sil anguished. No Goncourt Prize this there is no literature.

THERE is nothing more talked about day than food, and the one paramou whether the Germans take food from th zone. The French have plenty of proof places and see for yourself. The story frequently is that it is going to the Occ exchange for food coming down from th

I saw livestock requisitions go up halls, saw the peasants come out from and read the first one in their village. they said. I saw the carloading of thos saw them go north. I thought it a heav for defeat. France a little over a yea and prosperous, and is today miserabl poor.

There is so little left. No needles, shoe polish. There are practically no st women are beginning to paint their even the seam and the clocks. Few sh wait months for a ticket to buy. T shops are piled high with shoes to me wait weeks. Curiously enough, there is of perfume and eau de cologne.

The food shortage has developed social feeling. The butcher, the baker, have become citizens of considerable i are treated with much respect. (Continu

# ooks Like a Hard Winter!




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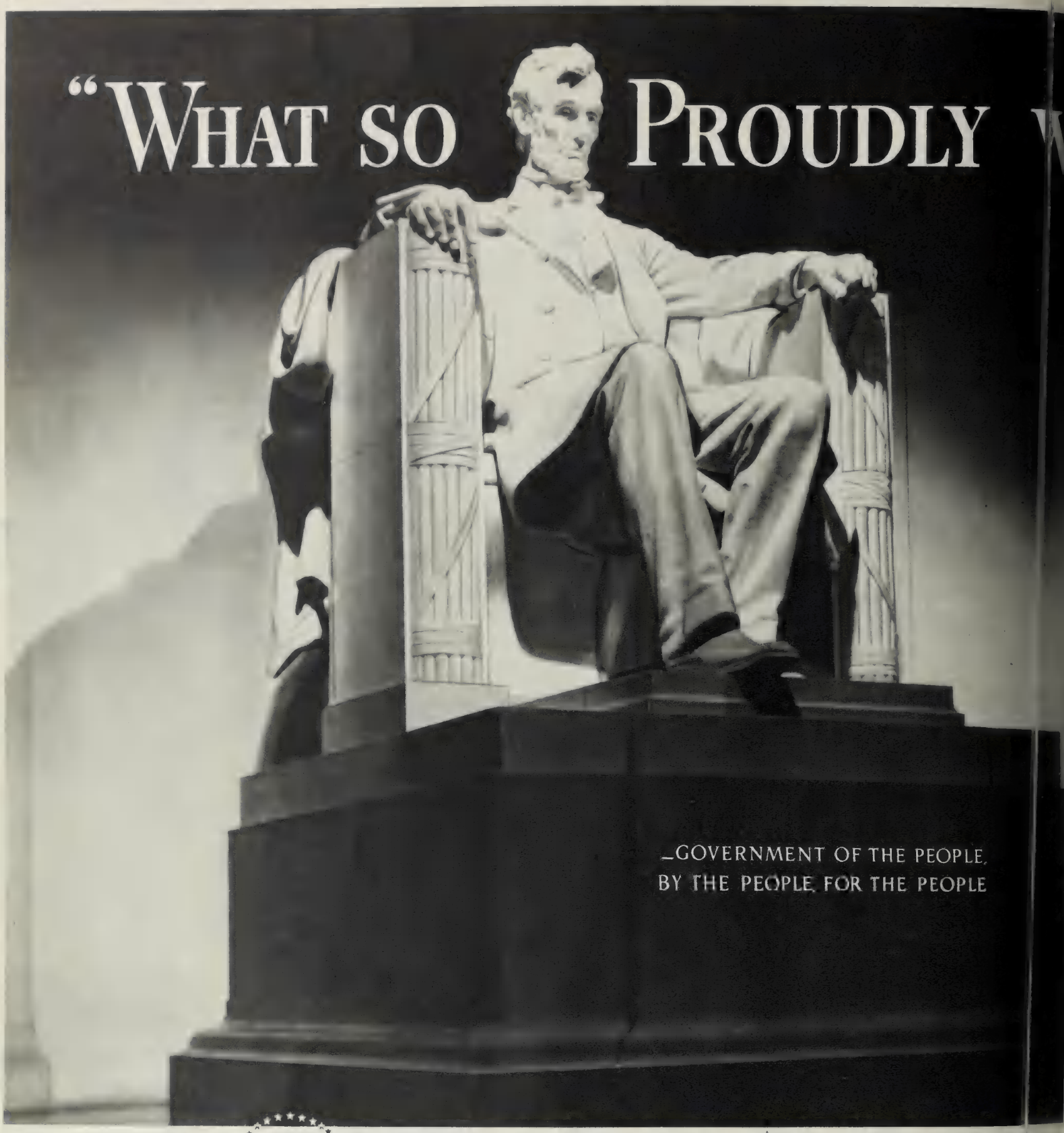
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**YOU stand before the noble statue of a simple man, and simple words reach from the carven stone to grip your mind and heart.**

**"Of the people, by the people, for the people"—ordinary words, every one.**

**As ordinary as apple pie or a family picnic, as going to a church of your own choice, as arguing politics with a neighbor, or picking up and leaving on job f better one.**

**They are plain as the gaunt gure sits everlastingly above them, a d—as that man, as with family picni and**

**MORE PEOPL RI**

to our own church — we may never know how much they mean to us until they're gone.

Now there is abroad in the world the idea those words are wrong. That the one right idea is government of the masses, by the masters, for the glory of a single race.

The whole concept that so proudly we hail is aggressively challenged, and the brutal fact dawns on us that it is not enough to want to live in peace.

It is not enough to prefer freedom and our own way of doing.

It is not enough even to tend to our own business, when someone else, dedicated to force alone, aims to take it over as *his* business.

No, to hold what we have we must insure that we can keep it—and that can't be done under any easy or usual rules.

It can't be done by confining great factories like Goodyear's to the making of tires for your car, mattresses for your sleeping comfort, cushiony heels for your shoes, a hundred and one useful things of rubber.

Those factories now must make it their first task to build the only things force understands — bulletproof tires, barrage balloons, bomber wings and tails, bullet-puncture-sealing gasoline tanks, treads for mammoth tanks, gas masks and the like.

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This does not mean there will not be Goodyear tires and tubes for your car. We believe there will be enough for all necessary use. But they may not be as quickly procurable — here and there a dealer may have to ask you to wait for a Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather, for example, in just your size.

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*At their still-low $2 price*
*Van Heusens are going fast.*
*Buy Christmas shirts now*
*while sizes and styles are complete! Ask your dealer to show*
*you the new Van Heusen*
*whites and patterns.* **$2**
*Phillips-Jones Corp., N. Y.*

"BOY! I MUST HAVE TOLD SOMEONE I LIKE

# Van Heusen Shirts

# Alder Gulch

Continued from page 21

ou're in bed—and the light's come in and sleep on the floor."

ate in the dining room of the House at four, with daylight the windows, and soon after the small train which ran fif- es around the unnavigable rap- e landing at Celilo where the er boat Tenino waited. Going Pierce and Diana Castle stood cabin deck and watched the istribute itself. Lil Shannon ft with her free and easy man- bracketed Pierce and Diana ance and moved in a rustle of rd the ladies' parlor. In a mo- l Temperton came forward with rl of about ten. He lifted his ce to Diana and bowed when d, "My wife, Mr. Temperton." emperton had a grave, soft he made a ceremony of intro- s daughter: "Lily Beth, may Mrs. Pierce? And Mr. Pierce. is at your disposal, of course." them aft along the narrow ay between rail and deck until he reached the proper and opened the door. aid, "Lily Beth, do you mind ?"

th lifted a guarded glance. "I d," she said passively. Will watched his daughter with of helplessness. The man, ought, was somehow at once l this, powerless to step in. a Castle's voice came pleas- the strain of the silence: I could help you with your our clothes. Men don't know al about those things."

aid Lily Beth. "Thank you."

wo went into the stateroom, erce turned to notice that appeared immeasurably re- 'our wife," said Temperton, hings a man can't do," sug- rce.

said Temperton. Then he h an irritable frankness, "It that a man has less affec- s daughter than her mother. fiction trumped up by—" He mself, gave Pierce a curt bow down the deck, disappearing loon.

as some wrangling at the d Pierce bent over the rail middle-sized, freckled indi- his own age arguing calmly urser, who blocked his for- ess on the gangplank. at is full up. You must wait sday."

id the man, "that is too late. take this boat. It don't look me."

questioning my word, sir?" urser.

t at all," replied the freckle- "Accordin' to your lights the . Accordin' to mine it ain't. where a man could stand." ," said the purser. "Step

reckle-faced one stuck to his A boat's never full. Why, I n top of that wagon. Room le on it."

hore," insisted the purser. elaying departure."

passenger is another fifteen 't it? Your company is in make money, I'd guess. the agent in Portland think that didn't look to the com- rests?"

The captain put his head through the pilothouse window high on the ship and let forth a blast of language: "Mr. Wynkoop, haul up that debate! Let him on or knock him overboard."

The purser meanwhile shrugged his shoulders and retired to the boat, the young man following him aboard. Deck hands hauled in the gangplank, the captain vented a whistle blast into the brightening morning and the Tenino sheered out to midstream.

PIERCE took position under the pilothouse wall. Sunlight moved low out of the east and the day grew moderately warm. Left and right the black walls of the Cascade Range leveled away into dun-colored grasslands; and far ahead the silver surface of the river moved between the emptiness of a




**"Word has come to us that some of you students are under the impression flying was much easier in the last war!"**

DICK SHAW

sagebrush plain. At noon Diana Castle joined him. "It is time to eat—and now we're free." Then she gave him a quick look. "But you wouldn't understand that because you have always been free." They moved aft toward the dining room. She looked up to him as if to see how he received her remark, and changed the subject: "Lily Beth is a nice child. But some kind of trouble has locked her tongue. She looks at me as though she dared not be herself."

After noon meal they moved to the forward end of the cabin deck and watched the river turn through shallow rapids and straighten again to straight, calm channels. The pulse of the engine was a hard, constant heartbeat through the ship. Far-distant hills showed blue behind the haze. "Over there," said Diana, "is Idaho and the mines. Will you be prospecting?"

"I expect. I put in a year in the California mother-lode country."

"I don't seem able to picture you bending beside a creek with a pan. Your star is a troubled one. You have little faith in the world and almost no trust in any person." She looked up to him.

"People are all better than you think."

"Not where you are heading for," he said.

She said, "I guess I owe you an explanation. It was the third man, Jeff."

"Mr. Wyatt?"

"Mr. Wyatt, who some day will be a very powerful man. In his own way he is harder than you, for he wouldn't lend himself to the weakness of picking a strange woman off the street as you did. He would have said, 'Move on, girl, or I'll have you run in.'" But she added in a distant voice, "Of course he would first have looked to see if she was pretty. Had she been quite pretty—"

Temperton and Lily Beth rounded the forward wall of the cabin deck. Temperton would have continued on with Lily Beth but she paused of her own notion and stood at the rail beside Diana. It was only a small gesture yet Pierce noted a veiled expression of defeat come to Temperton. He said in his grave voice, "You'd like to stay with Mrs. Pierce, Lily Beth?"

"Yes."

TEMPERTON moved away and in a moment Pierce strolled aft and ducked into the saloon for a cigar. The bar was crowded three deep and smoke boiled from wall to wall and all the gaming tables were surrounded. Pierce got his cigar, meanwhile noticing both Ketchum and George Ives in another corner of the saloon; and through a temporary gap in the crowd he discovered Temperton at one of the tables. When he saw that grave face and that immaculate figure thus engaged he knew at once the man's occupation. Temperton was a gambler.

He stepped out of the saloon's reek and fell in step with a giant of a young lad who smiled on him and seemed anxious to talk. "I hear there's plenty of gold," said the young fellow. "I never mined before. Some particular way of going about it, I suppose."

"There's a matter of luck in it," said Pierce. "If you know nothing about it, day-labor work will make you rich a good deal faster."

"Anna said that," agreed the young man. "She said I wasn't the fellow to be lucky. I was the one, she said, to take a sure job. I guess she hated to see me leave Buffalo."

"Who's Anna?"

"The girl I'm going back to marry when I make my stake. I'm Nick Tibault."

"Don't stay away from Anna too long," said Pierce, and drifted on. A crowd stood on the afterdeck, watching a very old man methodically put three shots into a piece of driftwood near the shore. The redhead lay on the deck, soaking up sunlight, and grinned as Pierce arrived. Pierce squatted on his heels and swapped talk for half an hour or more while the paddles churned out a steady roar and the boat ceaselessly swung with the channel, like a hunting dog scenting out a trail. The redhead had an amused flow of conversation, a wry and skeptical view of life. His name, it developed, was Ollie Rounds. Other than that bit of information, he revealed nothing of himself.

THE afternoon wore on and sunset flung a bitter brilliance along the water. At supper Pierce met Diana and ate with her, and stood a while in the twilight. Temperton presently arrived with Lily Beth, and Pierce left her and found a place to sleep behind the bulwark of the pilothouse. He did not see her again until late dusk the following day when, with the journey almost through, they took place at the forward railing of the upper deck and watched settlers' lights wink along the shore.

"What will you do?" he asked.

"I don't know. But you're through with me when we step ashore. I was lucky to find you. I won't forget. What are your plans? Or maybe I shouldn't ask. That's the rule, isn't it, on the frontier? Never ask questions."

"I don't know."

There was the briefest of twilights, so that one moment it was half-dark and one moment thereafter full-dark. He heard her soft laugh. "Well, we're foot-loose. You will not starve. You will always find something and so will I."

"You can pick your ticket. Women are scarce in this country. Whenever you speak there'll be a dozen men to jump."

She said, "I wish you wouldn't be harsh." She gave him a steady look through the darkness. "Why should it matter to you at all?"

"No," he said, "it shouldn't matter at all. Everybody's got a life to live. Root hog or die. Take care of yourself and watch the other fellow to see he doesn't trick you. That's about all of it. I wish you luck."

"No," she said, "you really don't. You think I have thrown everything over. You have your idea of what a good woman should be and you dislike me for spoiling the idea."

Far upriver a cluster of lights broke the black. He was thinking of her with a disappointment that astonished him. It was feeling that had no proper place in him. She should mean nothing to him, yet she did.

She faced him and touched his arm. "I didn't tell you about George Wyatt. I was to have married him. That's why I ran away. Do you understand now?"

"You could have refused him easily enough, couldn't you?"

"I guess you don't understand. My

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father wished it, and all the relatives wished it. It would have joined two families and two firms. I liked him, but not enough. And still, I wondered if it wouldn't be sensible to put all strange things out of my head and be what everybody wanted me to be. It was very easy to be agreeable, Jeff. That's what frightened me. It was easier to marry him and be a pleasant lady than to run out in the rain and wait by Madame Bessie's house for help to come along."

She fell silent, watching the outline of his face in the river dark. She held his arm, making him look at her; and he felt the swirl and rush of her feelings, the tempest which was having its way with her. "When a woman does the agreeable thing, halfheartedly for sake of propriety and comfort, she is no better than Madame Bessie," she said. "There's such a thing as feeling that the years are going by, leaving you lost behind. I have never watched a boat go upriver without thinking I should be on it. And so I got on the boat. That's all."

"No," he said, "not all. What will you do?"

She dropped her hand and turned from him; and her hand made a little dismissing gesture and her voice was cooler than the night, and far away: "We're almost in." She turned from the rail and as he followed he had the sense that he had failed her.

They moved to the main deck and stood by as the Tenino blew for Lewiston and drifted half-speed to the landing. Rows of lights lay along a bluff and tar barrels burned at the landing and people came down Lewiston's main street to stand in groups; and voices carried across the water from ship to land and from land to ship, and bells jingled in the Tenino's engine room. The boat jarred softly against the landing piles.

"Where's gold?"

"New one over the Bitterroots! Alder Gulch! You got a long way to go, brother!"

THE gangplank bridged the gap to shore. Pushed by the crowd, Pierce and Diana Castle crossed the landing and moved up an inclined road, passing touts who cried out the names of saloons and dance halls.

"The Luna House should be somewhere near," said Diana.

They went along the glitter and racket of Lewiston's long, irregular street between tents and boarded buildings and rough log huts. This town was lusty, its saloons standing door to door as far as they might see. A sharp wind blew out of the Bitterroots eastward and the boat passengers, stung by the thought of gold, rushed ahead. Pierce and Diana passed a dance hall at whose doorway women stood and beckoned trade, and arrived presently before the Luna House, which was a square two-story building without paint. She stopped here and gave him a smile which, real and generous as it was, still held its shadow.

He said, "Here's your purse."

"You're broke, Jeff. Take what you need."

"I'll get along," he replied. He was troubled by another thought: "Those people on the boat will know you as Mrs. Pierce. I don't see how you'll get around that."

"They'll soon be gone to one place or another. It won't matter."

"We're in a different country. News travels from camp to camp. Wherever you go somebody will recognize you and wonder — and maybe make some guesses about your being with me."

She shrugged her shoulders. "It was something we had to do."

"So long," he said.

One quick crease came to her forehead. She bent nearer to look at him. "Will I ever see you again? Will you be around here?"

"I don't know," he answered. "But I wish you all the luck. I really do."

Temperton and Lily Beth arrived. Lily Beth said with pleased relief, "Are you going to stay here?"

"Yes," said Diana. But she had her eyes still on Pierce as he stepped away and raised his hat and said again, "So long."

She lifted her shoulders and made a gesture with her hands and gave him a swift-vanishing smile.

PIERCE slept in the hayloft of a livery barn and had breakfast in a tent restaurant on Lewiston's rambling main street. Later he bought a razor and a cake of soap, returned to the livery to shave, and presently faced the day.

Like all boom camps, this one had been hurriedly thrown together of cheap lumber, canvas and logs. Fully three quarters of the town consisted of saloons and dance halls; the rest of it was made up of stores, miners' supply houses, livery barns, restaurants—these being surrounded by irregular rows of tents and cabins. At this hour the tide of traffic was at a peak: wagons rolling into Lewiston with supplies, and freight teams moving out toward the mines along the Salmon and Clearwater.

At noon Pierce ate and, being restless, toured the town. Over on the back side he saw men unloading lumber from a long line of freighters and was hailed as he strolled by: "You want a job? Pay's five dollars."

Pierce shucked his coat and moved to a wagon. A length of lumber slid down from the wagon and somebody said, "I'll take the other end," and he looked around and saw before him the blond-headed young man who had argued his way aboard the Tenino. "Name's Ben Scoggins," said he. "You're Pierce. I heard about your run-in with Ives and Ketchum." They moved back and forth between wagon and lumber pile, gently sweating under the sun. Other wagons came up to be loaded, and moved away on the long trip to the mines. Half through the afternoon Scoggins spoke again, as though there had been no gap in the talk: "None of these miners keep what they get. It is the trader that makes the money. That's what I got my eye on—tradin'. But there ain't no use wastin' time. Five dollars is five dollars. my lookin' for the main chanc Ain't thrifty to be idle."

The boss came around at off. Pierce returned to wash livery barn, had his supper tered along the street. Comi Luna House, he saw Diana the porch.

He stopped at once and s pleasure. She watched hi speaking for a moment and to him that she was lonely been listening to the fu echoes of the street with a expression and now as her gla to him he noticed the softe pression. Her smile, delaye turned her clear and ple pretty.

"What have you been d

"Getting information. Al a day's work. Everybody, i headed for Alder Gulch."

"Are you going?"

"Better see what's here f

He hunted in his pocket and took time lighting it; impulse he held up a hand came down the steps at on turned toward the river, sl ing. "Anything happen fo asked.

"No—not yet."

AT THE landing men wo Tenino's heavy cargo by tar flares, and wind came eastern hills, brisk-cold. aside, following a road away silent as they walked. The r up a slight grade so that pr came to a place from whi Lewiston lying a little belo its lights winking in the ni

"Why, Jeff," she said, "yo

"Yes," he said, "I suppose

Her voice was gentle. be thinking of some w where?"

"I left home when I wa woman has been someth knew about. I'm speaking of woman. Your kind has something like the light long, long way off."

She caught her breath. why you distrust me. The when it came near you it you thought. You built a something that never wa disillusioned."

He shook his head and




**"I'd like to buy something you're sure to be out of next m th!"**

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# How close an observer are you?

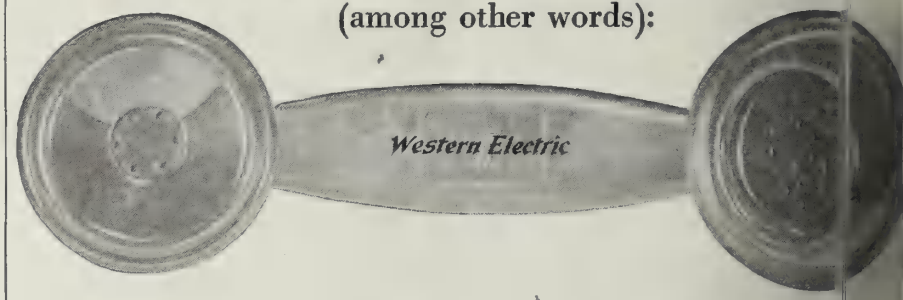
You probably handle nickels every day. Ever notice the wording on them?

Perhaps you handle a Bell telephone every day. What words appear on it?



*This Western Electric worker is measuring a molding die used in making the telephone "hand set." Its size must not vary from the standard more than 5/10,000 of an inch—about one-fifth the thickness of this paper.*

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*. . . is back f you Bell Telephone ervic*

th her, the softness gone, and ent's undercurrent of near- gone. At the hotel he lifted "Luck," he said. She only ıd watched him go down to- glowing heart of town. In a ıe saw him enter a tent sa- ng, she discovered Will Tem- cing. He lifted his hat. "May ord?" he asked.

w, of course, that he was a r his was a type of man that professional signals always less, the soft, steel-like cour- ntle and dead tone, the un- of complete fatalism. He those.

," he murmured, "say noth- d you. If I am wrong I must mplete pardon. I would not make any comment on your pt that I have a daughter some help."

ve a lovely daughter, Mr. "

no mother. And I believe erved that there are times not help her. Not so much er of dress. In other things. woman to draw her out and place of a mother for at ile. She's too much alone. ou know my trade."

ilent, for a time. "It is the I know," he said at last. know why I take the liberty ank. The gentleman is not ıd, is he?"

said.

ou for not taking offense. I r. Lily Beth and I are start- er Gulch tomorrow. I have r the carriage and pack. I you to go along as her com- s worth two hundred dollars me, or any other sum you'd As her companion. I mean by the offer."

nother dead, Mr. Temper-

ed his answer and seemed No," he said at last. "She "

er quick start of feeling for l for the woman who had th. This was what came to ng; and afterward she dis- t she watched the big tent saloon into which Pierce had gone. "You were nice to offer this chance, but I can't accept it."

She expected him to argue. He did not. He took her decision much as he took the turn of an unfavorable card. When the card fell there was never ■ back-turning of it, no question and no argument. "I'm sorry," he said, and turned into the Luna House.

THE following night Pierce stepped into the Gem with two days' pay in his pocket and found elbow room at the hundred-foot bar. Ten barkeeps sweated at their work and housemen scurried and ducked through the restless crowd to serve the packed poker tables, the roulette wheels, the faro layouts, the blackjack games.

Pierce got his drink, meanwhile noting here and there some of his companions on the boat. Rounds patronized a blackjack table, casually testing his luck. Ketchum stood near the doorway and stared at the crowd with his dead, wicked eyes. Ives, Pierce observed, was at the far end of the bar with a group of men he seemed to know.

Pierce paid for his drink and slowly ruffled his remaining nine silver dollars between his fingers. He moved to the blackjack table where Ollie Rounds was, laid his nine dollars before him and signaled the dealer for cards. He looked at his cards and said, "Stand on these." The dealer went around the circle and looked at his own hand, and debated, and took a card. He broke himself and paid off, doubling Pierce's stake. "Play eighteen dollars," said Pierce.

Ollie Rounds said, "Luck."

The cards came around again. Pierce studied his pair and stood pat. Somebody stirred the crowd behind him and pressure pushed Pierce against the blackjack table. The dealer said, "Pay twenty."

"Pay me," said Pierce, and turned to have a look at the cause of the confusion. George Ives had made ■ hole in the crowd with his shoulders and George Ives' face was ruddy red and his green eyes danced. "Friend," he said, "I just remembered we had a conversation."

The blackjack dealer cut in, speaking to Pierce: "What're you playing?"

Pierce turned to Ollie: "Play my stack. Play it straight through." He turned from the table again, watching the crowd give George Ives room. This Ives, Pierce considered, cut ■ figure in his clothes. He had a tremendous diamond ring and when he lifted his hand to adjust the flowing black tie at his throat, the gem flashed like an engine's headlight. But if he was a fop he also had a straight-grained nerve. He wanted trouble; he laughed at the thought of trouble and now stood inviting it.

"I guess we did," admitted Pierce. "You bring a good reason?"

"A fight's a fight," said Ives. "I think I can do you in."

The crowd had backed against the tent walls, sensing violence. The dealer said, "I'll pay eighteen," and Ollie Rounds answered, "Pay here then."

Pierce saw Ketchum poised like a sullen dog near the door, and then his glance returned to Ives' full-blooded face, to the man's high smile and to the dancing deviltry of his eyes. "All right," said Pierce, "here's your fun," and caught him across the mouth with a short, smashing blow.

Ives, making his stand for the crowd's benefit, had not been quite prepared. He fell backward and down, striking the packed-dirt floor with his head; he rolled like a cat and leaped up and his smile came broad and brilliant through a sudden-bleeding cut in his lips. He hallooed a great shout and dropped his head a little and ran in.

He was ■ faster man than Pierce; he had his skill and his complete assurance. He struck Pierce twice on the head as Pierce slid sidewise and his eyes, now small and cool, measured Pierce and he struck again, catching Pierce on the neck.

HURT, Pierce jumped forward, struck Ives a single, sweeping blow on the cheekbone and stunned the man in his tracks. Ives brought up his arms to cover himself. Pierce tore them down. He moved on, step by step, beating Ives backward. He made ■ second jump and seized Ives at the chest and lifted him from his feet and threw him against the tent wall. Ives stumbled and fought for balance, half bent over. Pierce caught him again and at these close quarters he pounded at Ives' face with his left hand until he saw light turn gray in the man's eyes; and he lifted him from his feet and flung him to the hard dirt floor, and stepped back.

Ives was hurt. He lay on his side without wind.

Ollie Rounds cried out, "Stand still, Rube!"

Pierce now remembered the doglike Ketchum and wheeled and found Ketchum frozen in his crouch, one hand gripping the gun at his belt. Ollie Rounds had stopped that draw before completion; he had turned from the blackjack table to fling the muzzle of his revolver dead down on Ketchum. "Stand still, Rube!" he repeated.

Ives came up from the floor and braced himself on spread legs. He scrubbed sweat and dirt and blood from his face with a slow pull of his palm. He lifted his chin and found Pierce. The smile was gone and the assurance was gone, so that for a moment he was dull and voiceless and not in command of himself.

The blackjack dealer said, "How about this stack?"

"Cash in," Pierce said. "We've had fun enough." He never let his eyes leave George Ives, and now watched remembrance come to the man. The dash and daring, Pierce observed, were a thin cover stretched over Ives' character; for what he saw now—coming out through the breaks of that cover—was a ruined pride and ■ cruel, conscience-

By Larry Reynolds






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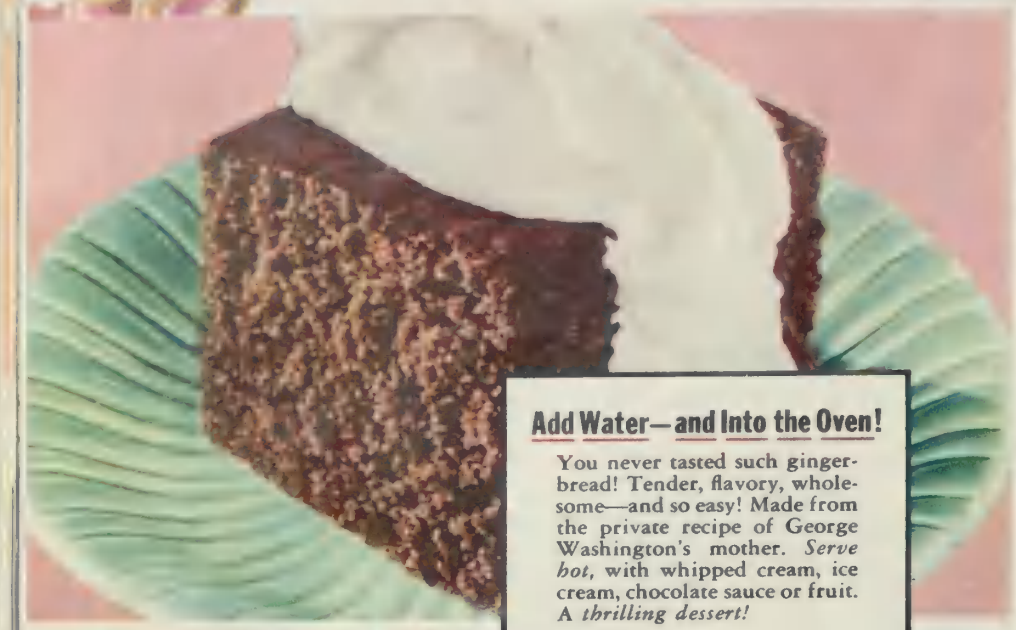
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Rich, wholesome . . . and economical! Look for the famous yellow box.





less greed to repair it. Yet Ives was a dissembling man; now he searched for his smile and found one ragged streak of it, and said, "I thought I might do you in, friend. You're better than I figured. But you're slow. Next time—"

"What next time?" asked Pierce.

"Always ■ next time," said George Ives, and made a sharp turn on his heel and left the saloon. Ketchum followed like an obedient dog.

Ollie Rounds murmured, "Here's your velvet," and slid the blackjack stake into Pierce's pocket. He caught Pierce by the arm and his tone got rougher, "Come on—come on," and he moved with Pierce to the saloon's door. Out in the street Pierce stopped and felt the weight of his pocket. "What's there?"

"I ran it through the deal four times straight. More than five hundred dollars. Let's get out of this. I don't like it."

THEY moved over the street, hearing the hum and boil of talk rise again in the Gem. Ketchum and Ives had vanished and Ollie Rounds seemed in a greater and greater haste. At the stable wherein Pierce had made his lodging, Rounds retreated into the runway's darkness and called Pierce after him. "Where's your gun?"

"Haven't got one."

"Man—man," grumbled Ollie Rounds, "what's the matter with you? Take mine. I'll get another."

"Ollie," said Pierce, "thanks."

But Ollie Rounds was already on his way to the rear entrance of the stable and his voice came back with its overriding urgency: "Think fast. They'll be back." With that final warning he disappeared.

Pierce lifted the gun given to him; he sighted it against the stable's single lantern to check its loads. The hostler, smelling trouble, had drawn away from him and the hostler called from the blackness of a stall: "I don't want ■ fight in here. Move on, friend. Move on."

Pierce advanced to the edge of the archway, thus commanding a view of the street. Men trafficked steadily in and out of the Gem and the other saloons and dance halls sitting side by side; and freighters rolled out of town, and more men came in from the hills to leave their dust on Lewiston's bars. His teeth ached from the beating he had taken around the face and his scarred knuckles steadily throbbed. Another upriver boat had landed and the passengers marched up from the landing and barkers ran out of the saloons and began to call, and a solitary figure paused in front of the Luna House briefly and afterward walked forward. He was for a little while in the shadows but even then the manner of his trudging gait and the swing of his bulky shoulders arrested Pierce's interest; a moment later he crossed a beam of store light and turned over to the Gem and at that instant Pierce identified him. This was Mister Sitgreaves; plodding doggedly upon his errand of retribution.

Pierce had been holding the gun in his hand. Now he tucked it inside his belt and as soon as Sitgreaves entered the saloon Pierce left the stable and walked to the Luna House. He got Diana's room number from the clerk, climbed the stairs and knocked at her door.

The first thing he noticed, when she opened the door, was the quick look of fear that came to her face; and the first thing she said was, "What's wrong, Jeff? What happened?"

"Nothing," he said, and wondered at the impulse that had brought him here. "I thought I'd say goodby. I'm leaving for Alder Gulch."

She wore a long woolen [illegible] she had evidently purchased [illegible] arrival, and her hair had [illegible] high on her head for the [illegible] faced him, holding the lap [illegible] robe together, and for a bri[illegible] she showed him a lost and [illegible] pression. "I thought you [illegible] stay."

"No," he said. Then he [illegible] met you in the middle of [illegible] Now I'm saying goodby in [illegible] of the night." When he [illegible] bitter alum of his spirit va[illegible] left him cheerful. He had, [illegible] quickly, two complete sides [illegible] on which the world had lai[illegible] of distrust and hardness, an[illegible] remained buoyant and fre[illegible] her say with some vehemenc[illegible] you bother to come here at [illegible]?"

"Maybe," he said, "ju[illegible] thanks." Then he gave [illegible] glance. "Or maybe not. I [illegible] know."

She lowered her eyes. [illegible] blackly glistened under th[illegible] her skin was fair and smoo[illegible] colored; she had a woman[illegible] wide and clean-edged lips [illegible] her head and then he saw [illegible] the same alert spirit whic[illegible] with her in Madame Bessie'[illegible] half-hidden sense of enjo[illegible] there. "There's nothing h[illegible] Jeff. Take me with you."

"Why?"

She made expressive tu[illegible] two hands. "Everybody's [illegible] Alder Gulch. I don't want [illegible] in another back eddy as I [illegible] land."

"It is a hard trip."

"I won't complain." She [illegible] and saw his smile go. The [illegible] went through him was c[illegible] turning her heart heavy. "[illegible] softly added, "what you [illegible] I shall be alone with you [illegible] making myself cheaper." [illegible] and she shrugged her sho[illegible] must make the best of it.

"All right," he said. "M[illegible] lobby in half an hour. I'll [illegible] together."

"You'll need my purse [illegible]

"I had a little luck at b[illegible] said. He turned down the [illegible] crossed the street and du[illegible] livery barn. Forty-five m[illegible] ward he brought a hastily [illegible] fit—a horse for each of [illegible] third for a pack animal- [illegible] alley near the Luna House [illegible] the hotel's porch waiting [illegible] once to him. He gave her [illegible] sidesaddle of her horse [illegible] ately turned northwest in [illegible] of Walla Walla. He said, [illegible] a rough trip. I want to pu[illegible]

"I don't mind."

"Here we go for Alder [illegible]

THEY camped that nig[illegible] station on the old Fort [illegible] road and next day reache[illegible] of the Palouse and tur[illegible] along a route heavily ma[illegible] Two days later they wer[illegible] kane and here swung [illegible] around the Coeur d'Al[illegible] driving day's ride brou[illegible] the Coeur d'Alene Missio[illegible] had been in open, rollin[illegible] far they had found shelt[illegible] houses or lone horse car[illegible] taverns sprung up on the [illegible] the mission lay the rough[illegible] heights of the Bitterroo[illegible] the trail plunged and lift[illegible] from canyon to canyon. [illegible] creeks swollen by spr[illegible] slipped through deep m[illegible] days from Lewiston they[illegible] summit of the Bitterro[illegible] beside the St. Regis Rive[illegible] east into a mountain va[illegible]

s. They camped here in a
ain, covered by dark pines
dismally on them. Diana
pper over a fire which Pierce
to a roaring blaze; they made
ds on the sodden ground,
n the tarps Pierce had thought
Lewiston.
t rain wind whirled over the
s and cried and crashed
he trees. The fire soon died.
moved through its rocky glen
ttering roar. Pierce watched
y shape of Diana beneath her
dering if she slept. Then he
say, "You haven't told me
eft Lewiston in such a hurry."
Sitgreaves come into town.
te captain's brother."
s a yard away from him and
d beneath the tarp so that he
ace as a pale image in the
us night. "You're not afraid.
you run?"

still and carefully brought up
reasons which had been so
im in Lewiston. On sight of
he had known he could do
things—he could run or he
the man; and he had at once
would run.
two men were drivers. That's
hey ran the ship. But that's
l ships are operated. Accord-
ir lights they were good of-
ey figured they had to be
else lose control of the crew.
system at sea. The captain
ttle me or watch his whole
erside, for the rest of the men
me as I was, prisoners shang-
ard. He missed me with his
hit him. It might have been
way around just as easily. I
nd he didn't. I don't blame
r. I feel sorry for what hap-
him. There isn't any mercy
ld."
wled and slashed through the
the river beat up its cannon-
; and the world's raw force
rrible hallelujah through the

ate Sitgreaves was the same.
s brother die. He liked his brother and so he told himself he'd come after me. You see what's in the man's mind? He thinks right and justice are on his side. He's not a crook. If he were I would have shot him out of his saddle in Lewiston."

"What a strange mixture of things I see and hear in you," she murmured.

They followed the St. Regis, through little valleys and between great, dark gorges. They traveled rapidly by a steady stream of traffic moving toward the new gold strike, past wagon trains and solitary riders, past lumbering lines of supply outfits, past graves fresh-cut in the yellow-clay soil; down long mountain grades thick with mud and through little valleys turning green and between the lanes of pine and early spring flowers, red and yellow and white. The smell of everything around them was thin and wild, and everything was new and empty and vast.

At the mouth of the Deer Lodge they swung south, here coming upon three women who traveled with a freight outfit. One of the women was Lil Shannon. She gave them a wave of her hand as they ran on. Ten days from Lewiston they labored over a rough spur of the Rockies and saw the country undulate before them in long, heavy and barren stringers. "Over there," said Pierce, "is Alder Gulch." That night they stopped in a miner's settlement and a miner's squaw wife took Diana into a house while Pierce pitched camp beside a creek.

They were not far from journey's end now, and the sense of ending was with them again, bringing its uncertainty and its strangeness. During the evening Diana came out and joined Pierce over the campfire, to match his silence with her own. When he did speak up it was to ask a question he had asked her before:

"What will you do?"

She shrugged it aside, not thinking of it. All along the route they had dropped little pieces of their individual stories so that now they knew each other better. It was of this that Diana spoke.

"How did you ever come to leave home, Jeff? You never told me."

"Six of us in the family. Four boys



"Drop around some Saturday night and see why we don't get to church more often"


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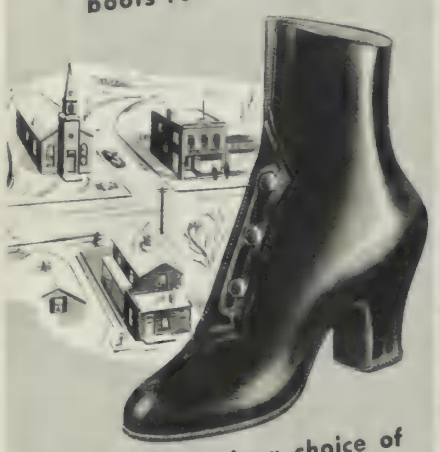


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and two girls. My father died and my mother moved to Boston to get work. There never was enough work. One day she called my oldest brother into the house and handed him a dollar. That was about all the money we had. She just said, 'You'll have to go out and make your way. I can't keep you.' He was fifteen at the time. I remember she kissed him and pushed him out and closed the door. We never saw him again. Work was scarce and all of us were starving most of the time. My mother had nothing else she could do. When my next oldest brother was fourteen she sent him away. It went like that until there were my two sisters and myself left.

"One day when I was twelve I came home from school and found her waiting for me at the door. She had tied my clothes in a bundle. She had a loaf of bread and some apples in a sack. There wasn't any dollar. She just said, 'It is your turn.' She had kissed my other brothers when they left. She didn't kiss me. I was the youngest boy. She didn't even take my hand. She just said, 'Goodby.' I went down the road about two hundred yards. When I looked back I saw her in the doorway. That was the hardest moment in my life, nothing like it before or since. I wanted to cry, but she wasn't crying—she had been through so much she couldn't cry any more—and so I couldn't cry. I waved at her. She didn't wave back. She just closed the door and I went down the road."

He bent forward to poke up the fire and she saw the flame of the fire in his eyes, the bitterness on his face, the bare and depthless hurt leaking through him. "I got a job as breaker boy in a mine, and one thing and another, drifting from place to place. Just before the war broke out I came back from St. Louis to find her. I had written a few times but the letters never got to her. She had been moving around from one shack to another. Well, I went back. She was dead. My sisters were married. Never heard from my brothers." He dropped a piece of brush into the fire and added, "It took me ten years to understand why she didn't kiss me when she pushed me out of the house. She couldn't stand to do it. It would have made things that much harder. I have since never been able to feel the troubles of other people very much. When I think of her everything else looks pretty small."

She had said nothing. Turning, he saw that she had tears in her eyes, that she had her fingers tightly together and tried to keep from making a sound. He put a hand on her shoulder. "Shouldn't have mentioned it. It is my life, not yours."

SHE stood up. She pressed the tears from her eyes with the end of a finger. He rose, again speaking: "Never mind. I have gotten along, and so will you. Just remember that the hand of man is raised against the hand of man wherever you go. It will save you a lot of misery."

"I wish you didn't think that," she said. "Everything else about you is good. But you will always be like that until some day you'll see that people are kinder than you think. How lonely you are."

He smiled in a fashion that was for him rather gentle and apologetic, as though he realized what he was and could not help it and wished it otherwise. And his smile was sorry for her tears. "Never let a man make you cry, Diana."

"I can't be like that. I must trust people. I can never lock myself away from them. What is the use of living if you have nothing or nobody to live for?"

She remained before him, watching his face in the close and deeply personal way she had; and the warm light of her eyes grew and her face changed in a manner he could not describe, but suddenly she was a shape and a substance before him and a fragrance and a melody all around him, so that the loneliness that always lived in him grew insupportable. The wall he held up against the world went down; the standards he held concerning women dropped away. She was before him and there was nothing between them—no barrier of his own making and none that he felt from her. He moved ahead and put his long arms around her and, watching her lips lift, he saw that she was smiling; and so he kissed her.

THERE was never any completion to a kiss, never the full giving of those things in him and never the whole receiving of that mystery which lay in a woman. He pulled back, angered at himself and on the point of apologizing. But the apology faded when he saw her smile die. She was fully open to him and silently saying it. In her a great tide moved and washed away her reserve, so that she faced him and read confidently what was in him and waited without embarrassment for him to read what was in her. She touched him with her hand and said, "Jeff," and she was waiting; and that hidden sense of excitement moved into view, as though this moment was a high point of her life for which she had so long prayed.

He dropped his head, he shook his head. He stepped clear and at once the fineness of the moment went away and his earliest doubt of her came back. For a little while she had carried him beyond anything he had experienced; now that was gone and his stubborn and familiar standards moved forward. By these he judged her.

"We have been together too long," he said. "The fault was mine."

She was stone-still and then the change of her expression shocked him. She looked as though he had hit her across the face. She was cold and stunned, the great, fine blaze of light dying from her eyes and leaving her dull. She caught her breath and turned away, half-running back to the miner's cabin.

He kicked out the fire and walked over its coals until the heat scorched his boots. He was in the sharp-winded darkness, let down and bitt
offered too much to a m
known only ten days; lool
she had made no reservati

They were on the trail a
saying nothing. They c
night on the Beaverhead a
reached the Stinkingwater
of Alder Gulch. This was
Turning up the Gulch they
stations, filed through a r
chasm choked by teams an
men afoot, and came upon
The road straggled upgra
Gulch, along whose edges
holes of prospectors one u
Camps clung to the edge
strung together like beads.
to Nevada City, followed t
a hill and came upon Virg
streets and cross-streets
marked out by tents and
houses; they made their
center of town and here hal

Pierce lifted his hat. "I
said.

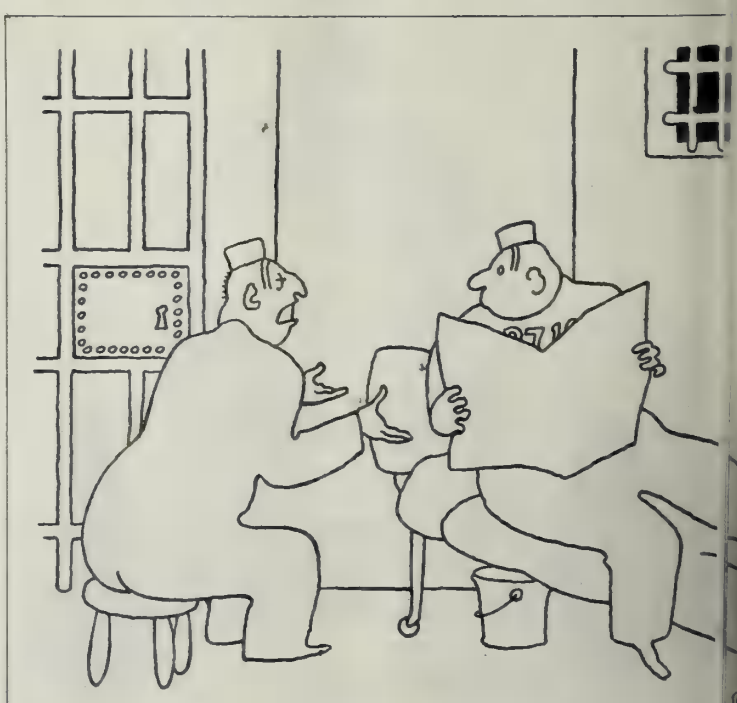
"Thank you, Jeff."

"If there is anything yo
do—"

They were two strangers
across an unbridged cany
as she thanked him her exp
eyes were cool and showe
serve that seemed unchang
she said. "There is nothin

HE BOWED, replaced
moved away through t
der Creek sparkled under a
four thousand prospectors
it with their sluices and p
toms and gutted the hillsi
an old river's channel ha
gold treasure. Somewher
off, making a nasal compla
ing no notice whatever.
ginia City in Montana,
Near by the Ruby Moun
Tobacco Roots lifted bu
to the sky, and civilization
a thousand miles away, a
kinds and qualities poure
stream from the corners
Here Diana Castle and J
found themselves. He tu
and saw a saloon's sign on
Tanner's." Music from a
house adjoining came
shouts of customers and
culated laughter of the da

*(To be continued ne*



**"The whole thing finally settled down to a caustic d witticisms between my lawyer and the judge—so her**

# How high is up?

People sometimes come to us and say something like this: *"I make $40 a week. How much life insurance should I own?"*

We wish we could answer that question. But, frankly, it is a little like asking: "How high is up?" or "How long is a piece of string?" The only answer we know is: "It depends."

The amount of life insurance a man should own depends on a great many things. Each man's case is a strictly individual problem. For example: Is he married? How many children has he? How old are his children? Has he other dependents? Does he own a home? Is it mortgaged? What is his occupation? What are his other assets?

If a man is not married, he may not require so much protection as a man making the same income who is married and has four children. A man who owns a home may want to provide additional insurance to enable his widow to pay off a mortgage. These and a great many other considerations make it impossible to lay down any one rule or set forth statistics governing how much life insurance any particular man should own.

An average figure should never be taken as a guide in determining the insurance needs of any given individual. For instance, one man may find that a certain per cent of his income will buy the kind and amount of life insurance that he should own, under his circumstances. His neighbor, on the other hand, may find that this same per cent of income provides more than adequate protection.

That is why the question: "How much life insurance should I own?" can be answered intelligently only after a trained, experienced life insurance agent has made a conscientious study of each individual problem.

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*This is Number 44 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.*

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**
*(A MUTUAL COMPANY)*

*Frederick H. Ecker*, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.






# Including dog-bite . . .



Once there was a man who was knee-deep in insurance policies.

He had life insurance, fire insurance, burglary, hail, theft, flood, hurricane, and accident insurance. He even had a dog-bite policy.

You'd think a man so well protected would have little to worry about. Yet every night when this man went to bed, he would toss and turn for hours. Because . . .

*He forgot to insure sleep!*

This man was like a great many other people: he was affected by the caffein in coffee. It kept him awake. Still, he loved coffee so much he just *couldn't* give it up!

Now, if this insurance-padded gentleman had been *really* wise, he would have taken out sleep insurance—with Sanka Coffee. For Sanka Coffee is 97% caffein-free and just *can't* keep anybody awake!

And not only that: Sanka Coffee is the richest, mellowest, best-tasting sleep insurance a coffee lover ever murmured "Ummmm" over! For so skillfully is 97% of the caffein removed from Sanka Coffee that not one savor of flavor is lost in the process.

Remember—Sanka Coffee is a blend of fine Central and South American coffees. It is *all* coffee . . . *real* coffee . . . mighty *tasty* coffee.

Try Sanka Coffee . . . three times a day! You'll drink it and sleep!

Sanka Coffee

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE!

DRINK IT AND SLEEP!





## Beyond the Game

Continued from page 12

what to do, Mister Davis, an' we'll see you don't get smashed up."

"Behind that line," Buck said, "nobody lays a finger on you."

Clifford began to laugh, but a growing excitement beat in his chest. It wasn't like playing for one's college but it would be football at its peak. He'd have an opportunity to prove the plays diagramed in his notebook, his theories of generalship. And, perhaps, to prove himself.

"I'll do it," he said.

Stan's pale eyes glowed.

"Now we go to town lak hell."

SUNDAY morning Clifford decided to make a trip into Pittsburgh and collect his gear. He would also drop in on Miss Julie Wentworth, tell her the big news and find out just how much space Flash Reynolds was occupying in that young lady's affections.

The station platform was deserted except for a girl. His mind, still occupied with pleasurable fancies, discerned absently something familiar about her tall, slender figure. She stood in a shaft of early sunlight that illumined corn-colored hair and clear, pale Slavic eyes, slanting obliquely under straight, dark eyebrows. In her hand, she held a small valise like a doctor's bag.

Clifford stared at her, puzzling over a memory that wouldn't become definite.

She smiled suddenly and came toward him, her hand extended. "I'm Manya Polansky," she said, her voice deep and warm.

"Of course."

Her handclasp was firm and direct. The touch of her long fingers was like a welcome that had been denied him.

"Stan told me you're going to play with the Moles. It will be wonderful."

"I may be an awful flop," Clifford said.

She looked at him, her glance level and serious. Her eyes were silver-gray. She wore no hat. Her corn-gold hair was bound about her head in a coronet of braids.

"I do not think so," she said.

A local train clattered into the station. She smiled again, and went to get aboard. Clifford walked beside her. From the steps, she leaned down and said, enigmatically, "Soon you will be one of us."

Clifford watched the train depart.

Dim recollections of Manya Polansky at college returned to him. She had been a class ahead. He recalled now noticing her solitary figure crossing the campus. She had the reputation of being a grind. She had not mixed or made friends.

His own train arrived and he started toward the smoker, stopped, held by some irrational compulsion. The conductor stared at him, arm raised and waiting. "Well," he said, "are you or aren't you?"

"I'm not," Clifford said. "Sorry."

Perplexed by his inexplicable actions, he walked slowly back to the office, unlocked the door, went in and sat down. He opened his notebook and began to work out a new play. As he arranged the squares and circles, excitement gathered in him. This one wouldn't remain stillborn on white paper. It would be tested by big, strong young men in the heat of conflict. The whole thing was crazy, but suddenly the days ahead had meaning.

THE Moles' practice field was hard as flint. Stubborn clumps of grass growing out of the coal-strained earth only emphasized its bareness. But Clifford didn't notice. He drew lines and said to the players surro "You've got to time that Split seconds. Maciek!"

Pete Maciek's great body ward like a wave about to b

"Yeah?"

"You took four steps inst on that 27 play. That cr dowski as he's blocking out ing tackle."

"What the hell," Macie ain't got time to count. Any twelve yards."

Clifford lifted his head. Out in the open at last, an to face it. At first, due to sky's enthusiasm, the team willing co-operation. But few practices, Clifford ha change of attitude, a subtl opposition. It was the sam he thought: he was an "boss."

His glance found Maciek' growing dusk. What he startled him. Hatred, raw sprang out of the bold, r eyes.

Clifford drew a deep brea frantically what attitude t fore he could speak, Star voice cut in sharply: "Wh goes, Pete."

"Yeah?"

"You heard me."

"We'll try that play once ford said. "And call it quit

Maciek stalked to his po ford crouched behind the hands, he noticed, were sl ball came directly to him. as Maciek crossed fast an ball into his belly. Macie steps, hesitated, took anot in. The opposing tackle s dowski into the ball carr tried to squirm through the tripped and went down. C away. "That's all," he sai Maciek laugh and say, " steps that time, and see w

CLIFFORD hesitated, t his shoulders and went deep voice said, out of th ness, "Cliff."

He saw Manya standing edge. She had come to all but usually left before the

"I should have said Mr. I not? But always, at thought of you as Cliff."

"Mr. Davis would be th

"Things are going badly Manya asked.

"It won't work," Cliffor "I'd better step out befo trouble. The team will tions soon."

"That mustn't happen."

"I'll politely withdraw," "Everybody will forget."

"That will be a mistak

"Maybe I'll chuck the ness," Clifford said bitter rave, but he ought to se out at this job. Anyway, me to stay on."

"No," Manya said. " It would be bad—for yo things about this you do n Pete Maciek has always of the Moles. He is enra thinks you will take glory."

"But, great heavens," "why should anyone . . .

Manya turned from hin silly, isn't it?"

"Crazy."

"I sh l talk to Stan. Do nothing yet. od r ht."

Earl ext morning, Clifford was al- st c ssed when there was a knock his or.

"Cor in," he said

itan olansky entered, dressed for shit n the mine.

Hi," lifford said. "What's on your id?"

Plen . Manya's been givin' me the ig o r. Between her and that Pete ciek nd some more, I get a head- e."

How o you think I feel?"

Loo Cliff," Stan said. "I never ect hin' like this."

Wel can drop out and no feelings

tan ook his head. "Not wit' Manya ain' ings, you can't. She's got a all rkit out, see."

Let's ear it."

Nope I can't tell." Stan gazed at hanc in embarrassment. "Me, I'm ain the Moles, see?"

lure,

Well say who starts and who don't. t is ne and Buck Wilson. I'm a st t Maciek callin' plays Satur- nigl against them Scranton Bea- . I want you on the bench, y."

iffor finished knotting his tie. In mir he could see Stan's face, est a l slightly flushed.

don think so," he said.

lany wants it like that."

he t m doesn't," Clifford said.

hem imwits."

ou'l only make things worse, ."

ll ch cit."

m le ing here the end of October," rd d.

hee the words echo and re-echo e qu t. Outside, the sun burned n o the raw black mound of a er. en hurried to the pit mouths. ou'll late," he said to Stan. "I'll up. urday."

OD GHTS cast blue-white radi- ce c r the playing field. In the stan ten thousand cigarette tips led, the first half ended. Clif- got from the bench and trotted the st of the subs toward the ng om. The scoreboard read rs 7 Moles 0. In the crowded, hot he und a bench in the corner ough its obscurity. Pete Maciek d hi reat body against a locker agge off a ripped jersey. His dark was ullen and baffled. Three the oles had missed touchdown es. ck Wilson stood apart, talk- Sta Polansky. The players mut- and umbled. The Beavers were f the eaker league teams. If the lo to them, their future was .

inu before the time for return- o th field, Buck Wilson said, ange for the second half. tkowz in place of Magarski. k w play fullback instead of D is will take Maciek's place all t plays."

e's h d jerked up. "Who says?"

lo," lson snapped. "Get on out nd t e that gang apart."

ford aiting for the kickoff, tried lif into his numb hands. He care absolutely petrified; he'd be le to move from where he betw n the huge forms of Maciek Bo a, the number-two back.

ng y upfield, he saw the burly s of e Scranton Beavers spread the rty-yard line. The whistle d. e ball arched forward and to J arms.

n ye d. "Drop back, Cliff," and ahe of Bogda. The play swept rd. thered momentum, split apart and ended on the twenty-yard line.

The Moles huddled about Clifford.

"Quick kick," he said. "Ends down fast."

It was an overwhelming surprise. The ball rolled with a frantic Beaver safety man following and the Mole ends after him like cats. It was touched down on the three-yard line. Tumult began in the stands. Stan slapped Clifford joyously on the back as they lined up. The Beavers tried two plays, collected four yards and kicked. Maciek caught the ball on the forty-yard line of their opponents and moved up three.

"Eighteen," Clifford said. "Pass. They're rattled."

BOGDA heaved the ball thirty yards. Stan was completely uncovered. He went over the goal line standing up. The night was riven by howls of glee. Stan came back and kicked the extra point.

The Beavers elected to receive. They were far from beaten. Half their team were ex-college stars.

They received the kick and opened up with everything they had. After scoring, the Moles had momentarily let down. With the pressure on, they couldn't get going again. Pass, tackle slant, pass, line buck, pass, the Beavers worked down to the Moles' thirty-yard line. Here they shook a man loose. He came roaring down the side line, a big high-running back with a broken nose.

Clifford cut over, his heart sinking. Could he stop that two hundred pounds of bone and muscle? Then, with relief, he saw Maciek coming up fast from the safety position. He could worry the ball carrier and make it surer for Pete. The three runners converged. Clifford saw Maciek's face turn and a grin of malice and rage contort his features, as he deliberately missed the tackle.

Cold fury replaced the uncertainty in Clifford's mind. The Beaver back had swung out as Maciek failed. He was only a stride away. Clifford dove under the stiff arm and tackled. They went down and as they sprawled a knee drove viciously into Clifford's stomach. Pain, like a knife, sliced his body. The sky fell on him. When he came to, Buck Wilson and Stan were bending over him.

"You come out." Wilson said.

"I'm okay." Clifford said. "Let me get my wind."

"No chanct," Stan said. "Out you go."

"I'm going to stay," Clifford said stubbornly. He got up, drew a deep breath and walked about. He felt shaken but nothing was wrong. The Moles were watching him. He saw their faces anxious and concerned. Kurnakowiez said, "Nice work, Meester Davis."

"Where the hell do you get that 'Mister', you big ape?" Clifford said.

They all grinned.

"Where's Maciek?" Clifford asked.

"I benched him." Stan said grimly.

"Bring him back, we need him."

"But the dirty louse . . ."

"Do we want this game, or don't we?"

"Sure, but—"

"Get him back."

Maciek returned, his face inscrutable. The whistle blew. Golemski slapped Clifford as he went by.

"Boy, we don't let nothin' like that happen again."

On the next play the broken-nosed back was carried from the game.

Clifford stood behind that array of huge figures, satisfaction singing in his heart. "Gasiorowski, Kurnakowiez, Golemski and Timoleon," he paraphrased "guard the field that I play on."

The Beaver attack had been upset by the happening. They made only three yards in two downs. A pass failed, and they lined up to attempt a field


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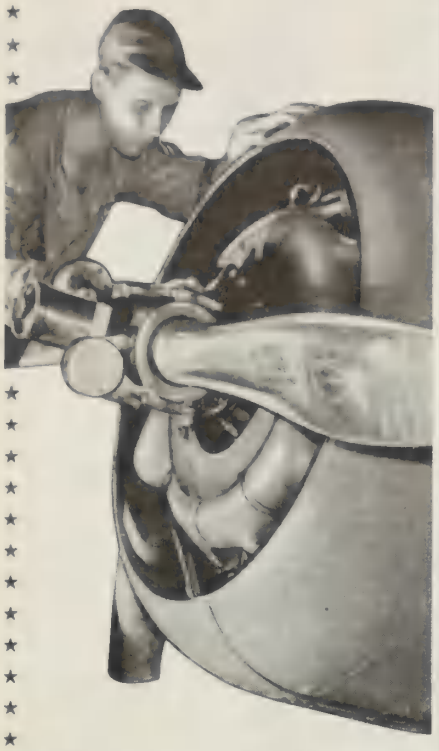
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goal. Stan came in like a tornado and blocked the kick. It was the Moles' ball on their own fifteen.

In the huddle, Clifford said, "Twenty-seven. Maciek inside tackle." Pete started to speak, turned away, muttering. Clifford shoved the ball into Pete's arms. He took three steps, four, cut in, and was stopped cold. Clifford said, "Same play." Pete's eyes burned dark with rage. He cut on the third step and made eleven yards. Clifford said, "We're going to shake you loose on the next one."

It was a beautiful play. Clifford could see its neat arrangement on the white paper of his notebook. Now, he'd find out . . . The Beavers were completely fooled. By the time their secondary recovered, Maciek was past midfield with Stan and Bogda ahead of him. He scored without a hand touching him. Clifford said, "You kick it, Pete, it's your baby." The ball sailed firm and true. The stands howled Maciek's name. He looked at Clifford and grinned.

After that it was easy. They won, going away, by three touchdowns.

THE telephone call from his father came as a shocking surprise. The bell rang just as he was preparing to leave the office the next evening. The operator said, "Your father calling, Mr. Davis."

He took up the receiver and said, "Hello, Dad."

His father's voice was abrupt and cold: "What's this nonsense about playing football on a coal miners' team?"

"It's a long story," Clifford said; "I'll tell you all about it when I come home the next time."

"I don't want to know all about it. I want it stopped."

"Stopped? But—I don't see . . ."

"You don't have to. Do you realize who you are? The position you hold?"

"I can't understand how . . ."

"Then let me say, I forbid it."

"Is that," Clifford asked carefully, "an official order?"

"Now look here, Cliff—"

"If it is, I'll stop. I'll also resign."

"I should think you'd be aware—"

"Otherwise, I'm going to keep on playing. I should know whether I'm losing caste, or whatever you call it."

"You're new at this business. It's not a game."

"I know it," Clifford said.

"Julie is furious."

"What about?"

"What . . . I see this is futile. I've warned you."

"Thank you, sir. Good night."

Clifford went out and down the street to a diner for a hasty meal. Two grimy-faced miners were at the counter drinking coffee and munching doughnuts. As he sat down they turned broad, grinning glances upon him.

"Hi yu, Meest' Davus, gonna makit a feetball team of dem Moles, eh?"

"It is a football team," Clifford said.

"De kids don't talk nuthin' else since las' night. We win dat champeenship now, I betcha."

"Oh, I don't know about that."

The cook said, "Joosit eatit some hot cakes, Meest' Davus. Makit beeg mans lak dos odder, mabbe."

"What de hells," a miner said. "Meest Davus tinks wit' de brains. He don't need de beeg muscles."

When Clifford finished his meal, he returned to the hotel where he roomed, and stretched out on the bed. He was still pretty sore. His left side was a great black and red welt.

So Julie was furious, as well as his father. His mother, too, or at least hurt, in her mild way.

The trouble was that they, like himself, had been brought up in the cloister of money. That was ruinous, he had suddenly begun to realize. It atrophied all the common human emotions. Life went on beyond soundproofed walls. None of the tumult reached your consciousness. After a time, you could move amid it and never be touched. It was as though your nerves lost their ability to convey the sensory impressions of the world, of the strife, the sweat, the blood; the sacrifice, humility, compassion and tenderness.

He grinned into the darkness. They never would know what a good feeling it gave you to have a Hunky cook in a diner concerned about your well-being.

Clifford went up the steep road, his stride long and confident. With the season almost over, the Moles had lost only one game and led the league. Miners touched their caps and grinned as he passed. Guttural voices called, "Goot evenin'," out of the dusk. Clifford said, "Hello, Jabbrowski! . . . Hi, Franz." A dozen kids dogged his footsteps.

"Mister Davus, whatit yu do if it's fort down an' six to go?"

"Kick."

"See? That's whatit I say to Mike. Kick, see?"

"On'y you passed against them Packers, Mister Davus."

"We crossed 'em up. Not sound football, though."

He knocked on the door of the Polansky house.

"Hi," said Stan. "Come in, Cliff."

The room was a drab square of plastered wall with an iron stove glowing dully in one corner and a painted shrine above a jewel-like piece of Polish embroidery. The hot air had a spicy odor of herbs and cooking.

Manya came in from the kitchen, her translucent skin ruddy from the heat. She wore a white peasant blouse, the collar and full sleeves patterned with bright wool. Her hair was coiled on the top of her head.

"Manyushka," Stan said fondly. "Little Polish girl tonight."

Buck Wilson arrived, his hard face rosy with cold. "Hi, kids," he said. "Bite in the air tonight."

The four sat down at the
Clifford had come to love
nings when they planned
for the next week's game.
conference was over, Stan
his guitar. Manya carried
little round cakes. They
laughed. This simple ple
clean wind blowing the tr
Cliff's mind. It swept Juli
ther far away from the tiny
ing of foreign cooking and t

Reluctantly, he said
Manya came to the door w
low lay the dead mountain
gloomy piles of the coal br
bitter, clear dark brought t
clatter of labor to their ea

Manya said, "None of
only the stars."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that

"I have grown up here. I
gone to college, I wouldn't
Now I move among these
my eyes are open."

"Things are much bett
were."

"Better, but still wron
born, live, die, and kno
what life has to offer."
hand upon his shoulder,
warm gesture. "Your fat
understanding in his way.
many reforms. But you
closer to these people. A
game. Out of such simp
arise great and enduring g

"Manya," Clifford bega

"Good night," she sa
enigmatic in the darkness.
Cliff."

CLIFFORD'S pulse bega
he stared at the two-c
the sports page:

REYNOLDS TO LEAD ALL-STA
GAME WITH MC

It was as though fate
him an opportunity to






*Not only*

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# GIVE HIM LUCK

ky Christmas . . . if you give him good
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weighing of his new life against the old. Four years of failure balancing four months of achievement. Somehow Reynolds had become a symbol. Clifford had no feeling about him, now, except as an idea that blocked a clear view of the way ahead. Reynolds was the game, and the game was the solvent. In the fierce hour of its playing lay the key to his future.

The afternoon before the game, the Moles were taken to a country club where they were to remain overnight. They held a final signal practice on the golf links.

"Eastern's coach is drilling the All-Stars," Clifford told the players. "Reynolds will play Eastern's game. Our game is based on the same style. Similar strategy will checkmate each side. We've got to watch every minute for the unexpected."

When the practice was over, Clifford went toward the clubhouse. He saw Stan waving to him.

"You're wanted on the phone."

Clifford entered the booth and took up the receiver.

Julie's voice said, "Hello, hello, Cliff. How's about running out for a little party?"

Clifford hesitated. He could vision the familiar scene—the quiet, lovely rooms, the well-dressed people, the servants, cocktails, the light talk. Julie in the center of it all, animated, easy to look at.

"It's been years," she went on. "You've become almost a legend, Cliff. And just as unreal."

"No," he answered. "Not unreal. . . . I guess not, Julie. I'll have to stay here with the gang. Sorry."

There had been two periods of complete deadlock.

Clifford gave Reynolds grudging admiration. He had diagnosed the Moles' every attack and stopped it cold. And only superb line play had kept the All-Stars from scoring.

"Come on, you mugs," Buck Wilson said, by way of a pep talk. "Let's get started."

The collegiate team opened the second half by kicking to the five-yard line. Two plays failed and Clifford called for a kick. The All-Stars came out of their huddle and Reynolds walked up to the line.

"Anybody understand English?" he asked.

"Whatit you mean, Engleesh?" growled Jo Bogda.

"Oh, you do? Tell your boy wonder we're going to town."

"Tough guy, ain't he?" Stan said, laughing.

But it began to look as though Reynolds' words were not boasting. Out of a razzle-dazzle of laterals and spinners, the ball was advanced to the Moles' eighteen-yard line. Here they held. Reynolds dropped back. His narrow, dark eyes glittered under the thick edge of helmet. He kicked a perfect field goal and the scoreboard registered: All-Stars 3, Moles 0.

THE game bogged down again between the forty-yard lines. The last period opened and the teams struggled through twelve sullen minutes. The play was close and hard; like two boxers working inside, the blows hidden from the spectators.

The All-Stars began to freeze the ball. With a minute to play, the Moles finally got it on their own thirty-four-yard line.

Maciek got six yards over left tackle; Bogda made it first down. Pete lowered his head and pounded toward the same spot, his empty arms folded over his stomach. Clifford was circling the opposite end. It was the first time he had ever carried the ball. Stan blocked out the halfback.

Clifford saw the side line open and remain unguarded to the goal. The white lines flashed under his feet. He was past the All-Stars' forty, the thirty-five . . . Reynolds appeared from nowhere, lunged at him, struck his legs, slid off. . . . Like a tight-rope walker, Clifford teetered on the chalk mark at the field's edge, lost balance, and stepped out of bounds.

"Tough," Stan said.

Reynolds stood with his hands on his hips, laughing.

In the huddle, Clifford called "Eighty-two." His mind had been busy over it from the moment he got to his feet. He figured that Reynolds would expect him to run it, then seeing how obvious it was, would decide the Moles would really pass.

The ball was passed. Pete began to fade. Clifford saw the All-Stars' defense move to the right and come in fast. Reynolds had outguessed him. They were counting on the play being a run. Pete was going back, desperation on his face.

Clifford ran to the left, his arms lifted and swinging. If only Pete could see him—realize . . . The ball came over the line of scrimmage like a bullet, but it was leading him too far. Clifford threw himself forward. The ball seemed to balance on his out-thrust fingers. He squeezed the smooth leather, held it, and ran over the goal line. The gun cracked the game's ending.

CLIFFORD saw his father standing tall and assured by the bus that was to take the team home. Instinctively he drew tight his weary muscles.

"Well, Cliff . . ."

"Hello, Dad."

"Now that this nonsense is ended, I'm going to have you brought back to the main office."

"Have I failed, down there?"

"Failed? No, you've done well, very well."

"Then I'd rather stay."

Mr. Davis moved his broad shoulders impatiently.

"You've got to come back sometime," he said. "You might come home tonight. We could talk it over."

"Thank you. I think I'd better go back."

"If you really want to live among those hunkies and Polacks . . ."

"I like them," Clifford said. He smiled. "We get along toge to do some things, make a fe

"I won't stand for any c

"Don't worry. I'm sure prove, back me up."

"We'll see," his father sa

Clifford got into the bu Pete Maciek and said, "I n you'd heave it."

Pete grinned. "I didn't the hell to do. All season lerin': 'Run them plays planned.' Three steps, see

"Sometimes," Clifford sai to decide for yourself."

"Yeah. But, boy, I ne brain decidin'."

CLIFFORD dropped we seat. The letdown hac session of him.

Stan got in and Cliffor the place beside him. Stan said: "That seat's reserve

"Who for?"

"Passenger comin' in n

Clifford looked up and "Why," he stammered, "h

"How do you feel?"

"Swell. A little tired."

"You were fine," Manya

The bus moved out. five-hour ride ahead. Alre the team were asleep.

"Look at them," Manya still smiling." Her clear, passed warmly over Cl "Sleep," she said, as thou child.

"I'm too jittery."

But in a moment his eye He dozed fitfully. The b smooth rush across the side. Occasionally as through a town, Clifford the brief flash of lights a glimpse of Manya's cal he was dimly aware of he blanket up under his chi

A moment's wonder floated across his mind would she read the news name, Davis, among t and Kurnakowiezs? The strange and intimidating more. Manya Polansky foreign music; he was rel mold of his heritage and reached out his hand, an welcome touch of Manya

"Sleep," she said.



**"Do you mind? I can't get my top up!"**

# "SHELLS SCREAMED OUR DOOM ON THE STRICKEN ZAMZAM!"



*A true experience of* C. A. McCARTHY *of the British-American Ambulance Corps, a passenger on the Egyptian liner Zamzam, attacked and sunk in the South Atlantic.*

**1** "**IN THE DARKNESS** before dawn, shells from a German raider turned the peaceful *Zamzam* into a ship of horror. Under murderous salvos, our captain rushed to the Morse blinker to signal our identity, but a shell had smashed the instrument.



**2** "**FRANTIC PASSENGERS** took to the lifeboats as the raider hurled shell after shell into the wounded ship. No one knew where death would strike—or when. No one dared to hope beyond that awful moment.



**3** "**THEN, GRABBING A FLASHLIGHT,** the captain signaled that we were a neutral ship. The firing ceased immediately. The raider drew up and took us all aboard. Thanks to that flashlight and its dependable "Eveready" *fresh* DATED batteries, terrible carnage was avoided.

(Signed) C. A. McCarthy




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**1 OPEN**

Step up to any counter where they serve Heinz Home-style Soups and name your favorite kind! A twist of the can-opener and your soup —just as Heinz chefs made it in their spotless kitchens—is poured into an electric cup.

**2 HE**



**Baltimore, Md.**—Every day thousands of Marylanders enjoy the savory old-fashioned goodness of Heinz Home-style Soups, served at the Read Drug Company's 45 fountains and luncheonettes throughout the state.



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Among the 23 ready-to-serve Heinz Home-style Soups you'll find lusty Cream of Tomato—and Chicken Noodle, brimming wi Heinz- egg noodles and toothsome bits chicken don't forget the three Vegetable ups—ve ian-style; one with meat broth; ar heavie rich with tender beef morsels. ike all Home-style Soups, they're cooke prize r the small-batch way—in Hei immac kitchens—and seasoned with a d hand. T ing, old-time flavors are *bre d in so* fectly there's absolutely nothing r you m

So whether you're dining "out" c in", you' *Heinz*—the soups that always e *bowe*

# RVE!

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tes at this delicious, nutritious
amg-hot—fragrant—ready to
ingas been added, for Heinz
simply perfect, fresh-tasting
ste hen poured from the tin.

# 3 SERVE

Dip your spoon into the grandest soup you ever tasted! The homespun flavors Heinz captures by home-cooking methods in immaculate kitchens are brought to you with all their original goodness!

# EINZ

*me-style*

# OUPS






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# The Pied Piper

Continued from page 16

Di n. "I am desolated that I should ap ar so dirty," he said. "Presently pe ps I could wash?"

S e smiled at him, and he found com- for a her smile. "It is not easy to keep cle in times like these," she said. "T me from the beginning, monsieur —h v did you come to be in France at all

I lay back in the chair. It would be bet to tell her the whole thing; in- dee he was aching to tell somebody. to k over his position. "You must unc stand, mademoiselle," he began, "th I was in great trouble early in the yea My only son was killed. He was in t Royal Air Force, you know. He was illed on a bombing raid."

S said, "I know, monsieur. I have the epest sympathy for you."

H hesitated, not quite sure if he had unc stood her correctly. Some idiom had obably misled him. He went on, "It is intolerable to stay in England. I w ed a change of scene, to see new face

H PLUNGED into his story. He told r about the Cavanaghs at Cidoton. He d her of Sheila's illness, of their dele at Dijon. He told her about the chas ermaid, about *la petite* Rose. He told r how they had become stranded at J ny, and touched lightly upon the hors of the Montargis road because Pier was with them in the room. He told er about the Royal Air Force men and about the little Dutch boy they ad found in Pithiviers. Then he ket ed briefly how they had reached Cha es.

It ok about a quarter of an hour to ell, the slow, measured, easy tones f a old man. In the end she turned o h in wonder.

"S really, monsieur, none of these ittle es have anything to do with you st a

"I suppose not," he said, "if you like to look at it that way."

She got to her feet. "You will wish to wash," she said. "Come, I will show you. And then I will see that the little ones also wash."

She led him to an untidy bathroom; manifestly they kept no servant in the flat. He looked around for a man's gear, hoping for a razor, but could find none. He contented himself with a wash, resolved at the first opportunity to see if he could get a shave.

THE girl took the children to a bedroom, and washed them one by one quite thoroughly. Then it was time for lunch. By padding out the midday meal with rice, Madame Rougeron had produced a *risotto;* they sat down to it around the table in the salon and had the first civilized meal that Howard had eaten since Dijon.

And after lunch, sitting around the littered table over coffee, while the children played together in a corner of the salon, he discussed his future with them.

"I wanted to get back to England, of course," he said. "I still want to. But at the moment it seems difficult."

Madame Rougeron said, "There are no boats to England now, m'sieur. The Germans have stopped everything."

He nodded. "I was afraid so," he said quietly. "But I must get the children to England. When I do, I'll send them over to America until the war is over. They will be quite safe there." He explained, "My daughter, who lives in the United States, has a big house on Long Island. She would make a home for them till the war ends, and then we could try to find their parents."

The girl said, "That would be Madame Costello?"

He turned to her, faintly surprised. "Yes, that is her married name. She has a little boy herself, about their age. She would be very good to them."

"I am sure of that, m'sieur."

For the moment the difficulty of getting them to England escaped him. He said, "It's going to be practically impossible to find the little Dutchman's parents, I'm afraid. We don't even know his name."

Beneath his arm, Sheila said, "I know his name."

He stared down at her. "You do?" And then he said, "What do you think he's called?"

She said, "Willem. Not William, just Willem."

Howard said, "Has he got another name?"

"I don't think so. Just Willem."

Ronnie looked up from the floor. "You are a story," he said without heat. "He has got another name, Mr. Howard. He's called Eybe." He explained. "Just like I'm called Ronnie Cavanagh, so he's called Willem Eybe."

"Oh . . ." said Sheila.

Madame said, "But if he can't speak any French or English, how did you find that out?"

The children stared at her, uncomprehending, a little impatient of adult density. "He *told* us," they explained.

Howard said, "Did he tell you anything more about himself?" There was a silence. "Did he say who his daddy or his mummy was, or where he came from?"

The children stared at him, awkward and embarrassed. The old man said, "Suppose you ask him where his daddy is?"

Sheila said, "But we can't understand what he *says*." The others stayed silent.

Howard said, "Never mind, then." He turned to the two women. "They'll probably know all about him in a day or two," he said. "It takes a little time."

The girl nodded. "Perhaps we can find somebody who speaks Dutch."

Her mother said, "That might be dangerous. It is not a thing to be decided lightly, that. One must think of the Germans."

SHE turned to Howard. "So, monsieur," she said, "it is clear that you are in a difficulty. What is it that you want to do?"

He smiled slowly. "I want to get to England with these children, madame," he said. "Only that."

He thought for a minute. "Also," he said gently, "I do not wish to get my friends into trouble." He rose from his chair. "It has been most kind of you to give us lunch," he said. "I am indeed sorry to have missed seeing Monsieur le Colonel. I hope very much that when we meet again you will be reunited."

The girl sprang up. "You must not go," she said. "It is not possible at all, that." She swung around on her mother. "We must devise something, Mother."

The older woman shrugged her shoulders. "It is impossible. The Germans are everywhere."

The girl said, "If father were here, he would devise something."

There was a brief silence.

Howard said, "You must not put yourselves to inconvenience on our account. I assure you, we can get along very well."

The girl said, "But, monsieur—your clothes alone—they are not in the French fashion. One would say at once that you are an Englishman, to look at you."

He glanced down ruefully; it was very true. He had been proud of his taste in tweeds, but now they were quite




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undeniably unsuitable for the occasion. "I suppose so," he said. "It would be better if I got some French clothes, for a start."

She said, "My father would be glad to lend you an old suit, if he were here." She turned to her mother. "The brown suit, Mother."

Madame shook her head. "The gray is better. It is less conspicuous." She turned to the old man. "Sit down again," she said quietly. "Nicole is right. We must devise something. Perhaps it will be better if you stay here for the night."

He sat down again. "I will stay," he said. "And I shall be grateful for the clothes."

A few minutes later, in the corner of the settee in the salon, he fell asleep, and slept uneasily until nearly six o'clock. Madame had made soup for the children's supper, and she had prepared a bed in her own room for the two little girls. The three little boys were to sleep in a bed which she had made up on the floor of the corridor; Howard had been given a bedroom to himself. He thanked her for the trouble she had taken.

"One must first get the little ones to bed," she said. "Then we will talk, and devise something."

IN AN hour they were all fed, washed, and in bed, settling for the night. Howard sat down with the two women to a supper of a thick meat broth and bread and cheese, with a little red wine mixed with water. He helped them to clear the table, and accepted a curious, thin, dry, black cigar from a box left by his absent host.

Presently he said, "I have been thinking quietly this afternoon, madame," he said. "I do not think I shall go back to Switzerland. I think it would be better to try and get into Spain."

The woman said, "It is a very long way to go." They discussed the matter for a little time. The difficulties were obvious; when he had made the journey there was no sort of guarantee that he could ever get across the frontier.

The girl said, "I also have been thinking, but in quite the opposite direction." She turned to her mother. "Jean Henri Guinevec," she said, and she ran the two Christian names together to pronounce them Jenri.

Madame said placidly, "Jean Henri may have gone already, *ma petite*."

Howard said, "Who is he?"

The girl said, "He is a fisherman, of le Conquet. In Finisterre. He has a very good boat. He is a great friend of my father, monsieur."

They told him about this man. For thirty years it had been the colonel's habit to go to Brittany each summer. In that he had been unusual for a Frenchman. The sparse, rocky country, the stone cottages, and the wild coast attracted him, and the strong sea winds of the Atlantic refreshed him. Morgat, le Conquet, Brest, Douarnenez, Audierne, Concarneau—these were his haunts, the places that he loved to visit in the summer. He used to dress the part. For going in the fishing boats he had the local costume, faded rust and rose-colored sailcloth overalls and a large, floppy black Breton casque.

"He used to wear the sabots, too, when we were married first," his wife said placidly. "But then when he got corns upon his feet he had to give them up."

His wife and daughter had gone with him, every year. They had stayed in some little pension and had gone for little, bored walks while the colonel went out in the boats with the fishermen, or sat yarning with them in the café.

"It was not very gay," the girl said. "One year we went back t
the next year we went back t
tany."

She had come to know his fis
friends through the years. "Jenr
help us to help Monsieur H
she said confidently. "He has
big boat that could cross easily
land."

"It's a long way to go," How
a little ruefully. It was; Brest
hundred miles or so from C
"Perhaps I could go by train." H
be going away from Paris.

They discussed it in all aspe
viously it was impossible to
how Guinevec was placed; t
thing to do would be to go th
find out. "But if Jenri should ha
away," the mother said, "there
the others. One or other of th
help you, when they know that
friendly with my husband." Sh
with simple faith.

The girl confirmed this. "One
of them will help."

The old man said presently, '
is most kind of you to suggest
you would give me a few addres
—I would go tomorrow, with
dren." He hesitated. "It will
to go soon," he said. "Later,
mans may become more vigil

"That we can do," said Ma

Presently, as it was getting
got up and went out of the roo
a few minutes the girl follo
from the salon Howard could
mutter of their voices in the
talking in low tones.

After a time Nicole came
have been talking with my
she said. "We both think that
be better that I should come
to Brittany, Monsieur Howar

There was a momentary sil
old man was taken by surpri
is a very kind offer," he sai
generous of you, mademoisel
do not think I should accept i

He smiled at her. "You mu
stand," he said, "I may get in
with the Germans. I should
think that I had involved y
difficulties."

She said, "I thought you
that, monsieur. But I assure y
discussed the matter with M
it is better that I should go
It is quite decided."

He said, "I cannot deny
would be an enormous help to
emoiselle. But one does
a point like that all in one
One weighs it carefully, and
upon it."

IT WAS growing dusk. In the
of the salon it seemed to hi
eyes were very bright, and th
blinking a little. "Do not
Monsieur Howard," she said
want so very much to help y

He was touched. "I was
ing of your safety, mademo
said gently. "You have do
great deal for me already. W
you do any more?"

She said, "Perhaps you dic
monsieur. Your son and I
we were good friends." Th
awkward pause.

"So it is quite decided,'
turning away. "We are qu
mind, my mother and I.
sieur, I will show you your

She took him down the c
showed him the room. Her
been before her, and had la
the bed a long, linen nigh
slumberwear of Monsieur
On the dressing table she l
cut-throat razor, and a str
much-squeezed tube of sha
and a bottle of scent called
*Alpes*.

The girl looked around.
there is everything you will




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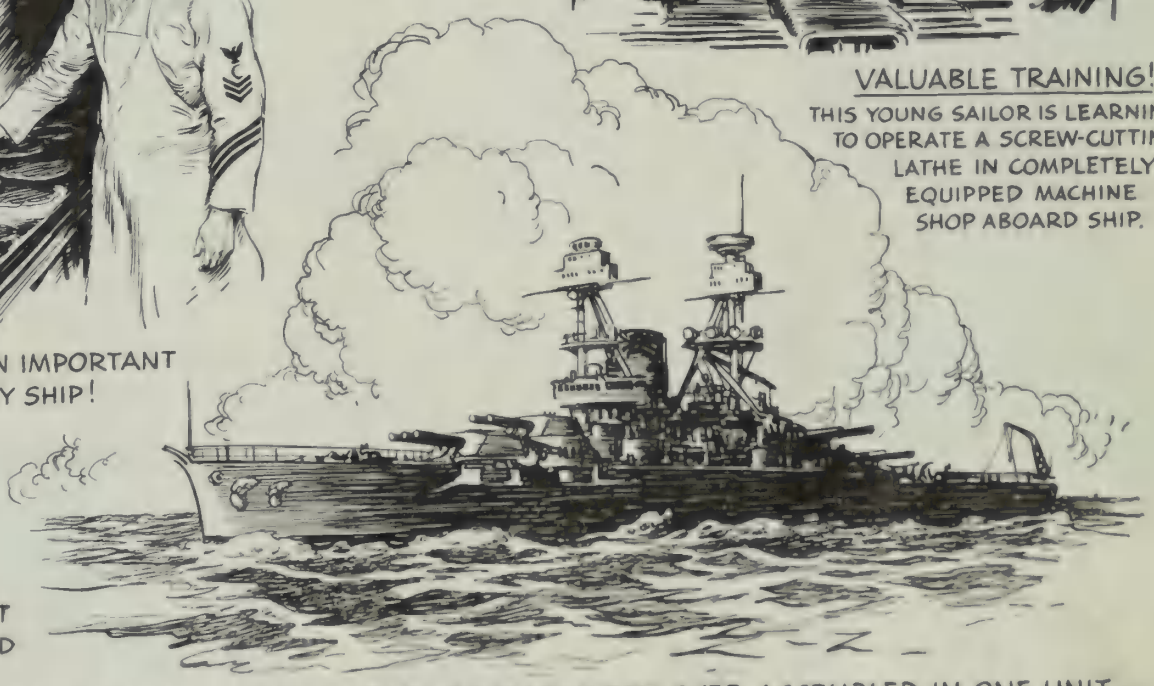


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said. "If there is anything we have forgotten, I am close by. You will call?"

He said, "Mademoiselle, I shall be most comfortable."

She went out and closed the door behind her; he remained for a time staring thoughtfully after her. She was, he thought, a very peculiar young woman. He could not understand her at all. At Cidoton, as he remembered her, she had been an athletic young creature, very shy and reserved, as most middle-class French girls are. He remembered her chiefly for the incongruity of her close-curled, carefully tended hair, her daintily trimmed eyebrows and her carefully manicured hands, in contrast with the terrific speed with which she took the steepest slopes when sliding on a pair of skis. John, who himself was a fine skier, had said that he had his work cut out to keep ahead of her upon a run.

That was, literally, about all the old man could remember of her. He turned from the door, and began slowly to undress. . . .

HE SLEPT all through the night, an unusual feat for a man of his age. He was still sleeping when Nicole came in with coffee and rolls on a tray at about a quarter past eight. He woke easily and sat up in bed, and thanked her.

She was fully dressed. Beyond her, in the corridor, the children stood, dressed and washed, peeping in at the door.

The old man said a little anxiously, "I do hope that they have not been a trouble to you, mademoiselle."

She said, "Children will never trouble me, monsieur."

He thought again, a very odd young woman with a very odd way of expressing herself.

She told him that her mother was already out marketing in the town, and making certain inquiries. She would be back in half an hour or so; then they would make their plans.

The girl brought him the gray suit of her father's, rather worn and shabby, with a pair of old brown canvas shoes, a horrible violet shirt, a celluloid collar rather yellow with age, and an unpleasant tie. "These clothes are not very chic," she said apologetically. "But it will be better for you to wear them, Monsieur Howard, because then you will appear like one of the little bourgeoisie. I assure you, we will keep your own clothes for you very carefully."

Three quarters of an hour later he was up and dressed and standing in the salon with Nicole when Madame Rougeron came in. She put down her basket on the table in the salon. "There is a train for Rennes at noon," she said unemotionally. "There is a German soldier at the ticket window who asks why you must travel, but they do not look at papers. They are very courteous and correct." She paused. "But there is another thing."

SHE took from the pocket of her gown a folded handbill. "A German soldier left this paper with the concierge this morning. There was one for each apartment."

They spread it out upon the table. It was in French, and it read:

CITIZENS OF THE REPUBLIC!

The treacherous English, who have forced this unnecessary war upon us, have been driven in disorderly flight from our country. Now is the time to rise, and root out these plutocratic warmongers wherever they may be hiding, before they have time to plot fresh trouble for France.

These scoundrels who are roaming the country and living in secret in our homes like disgusting parasites will commit acts of sabotage and espionage and make trouble for all of us with the Germans, who are only anxious to build up a peaceful regime in our country. If these cowardly fugitives should commit such acts, the Germans will keep our fathers, our husbands, and our sons in long captivity. Help to bring back your men by driving out these pests!

It is your duty if you know of an Englishman in hiding to tell the gendarmerie, or tell the nearest German soldier. This is a simple thing that anyone can do, which will bring peace and freedom to our beloved land.

Severe penalties await those who shield these rats. *Vive la France.*

Howard read it through quietly twice. Then he said, "It seems that I am one of the rats, madame. After this, I think it would be better that I should go alone, with the children."

She said that it was not to be thought of And then she said Nicole would never agree.

The girl said, "That is very true. It would be impossible for you to go alone, as things are now. I do not think you would get very far before the Germans found that you were not a Frenchman, even in those clothes." She flipped the paper with disgust. "This is a German thing," she said. "You must not think that French people talk like this, Monsieur Howard."

"It is very nearly the truth," he said ruefully.

"It is an enormous lie," she said.

She went out of the room. The old man, grasping the opportunity, turned to her mother. "Your daughter has changed greatly since we were at Cidoton, madame," he said.

The woman looked at him. "She has suffered a great deal, monsieur."

He said, "I am most sorry to hear that. If you could tell me something about it—perhaps I could avoid hurting her in conversation."

She stared at him. "You do not know, then?"

"How should I know anything about her trouble, madame?" he said gently. "It is something that has happened since we met at Cidoton."

She hesitated for a minute. Then she said, "She was in love with a young man. We did not arrange the affair, and she tells me nothing."

"All young people are like that," he said quietly. "My son was the same. The young man is a prisoner in G hands, perhaps?"

Madame said, "No, monsieur dead."

Nicole came bustling into th a little fiber case in her hand. we will carry in your peramb she said. "Now, monsieur, I ar to go."

There was no time for any m versation with Madame Rouge Howard felt he had the gist o deed, it was just what he had e It was hard on the girl, terribl perhaps this journey, dangerous it might be, would not be alto bad thing for her. It might dist mind, serve as an anodyne.

There was a great bustle of under way. They all went dow Madame Rougeron had many of food which they put in the p lator. Then they left the apartm started down the street, Howa ing the loaded pram and Nico herding the children. She had a rather shabby black Homburg the old man, and this with his and brown canvas shoes made very French. They went slowly sake of the children; the girl beside him with a shawl over h ders.

PRESENTLY she said, "Giv pram, monsieur. That is mo for a woman to push, in the c we represent."

He surrendered it to her; t play up to their disguise. "V come to the station," she s nothing at all. I will do all th Do you think you could beh much older man? As one w hardly talk at all?"

He said, "I would do my b want me to behave as a very indeed?"

She nodded. "We have co Arras," she said. "You are n you understand? Our house was destroyed by the British. a brother, my other uncle, wh Landerneau."

"Landerneau," he said. " that, mademoiselle?"

She said, "It is a little cou twenty kilometers this side monsieur. If we can get ther then walk to the coast. And it forty kilometers from the sea they may allow us to go th




**"I had a dream last night about little velvet rabbits romping w h a pink candy horse. Can you find any significance in today's er es?"**



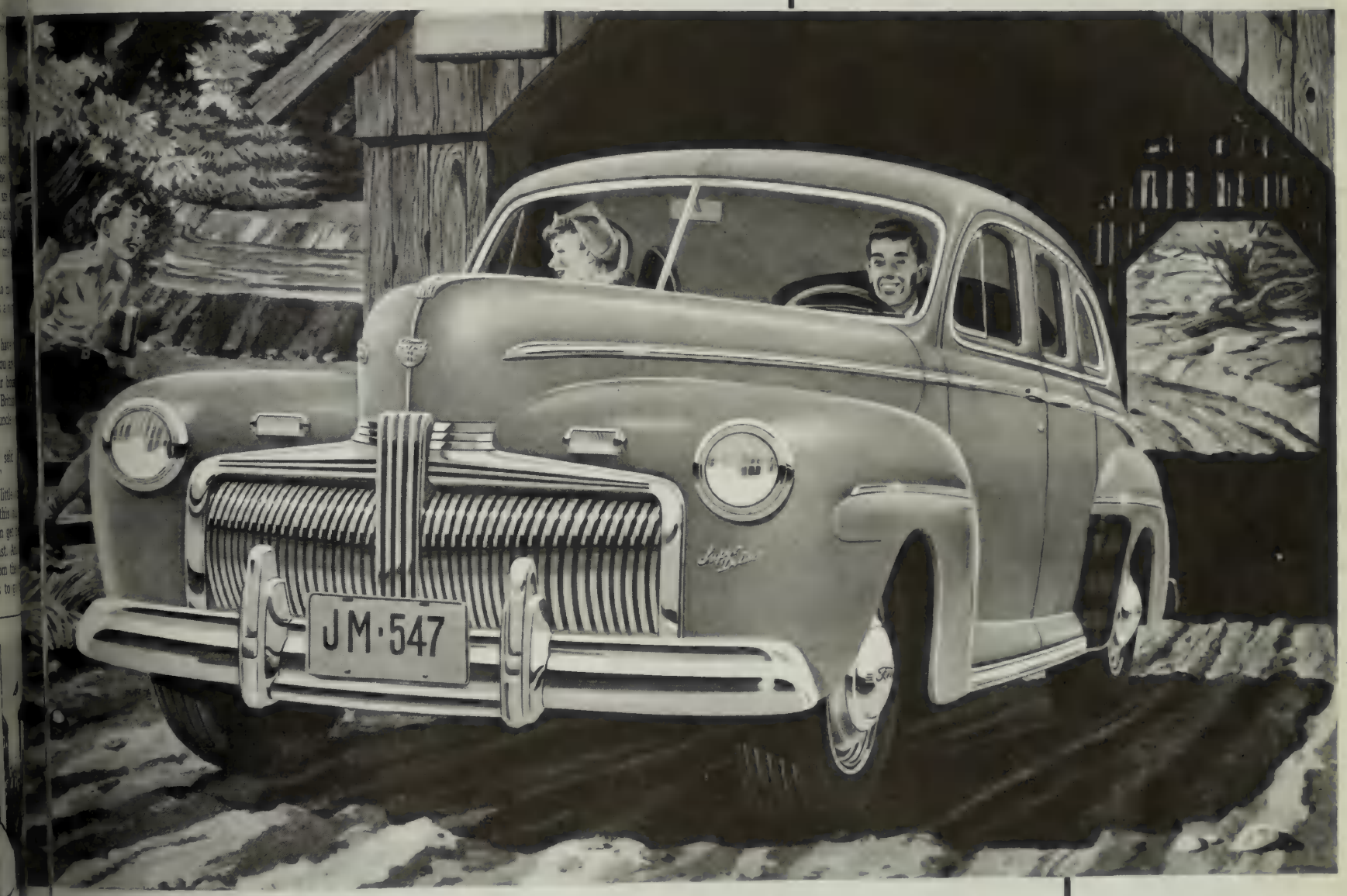
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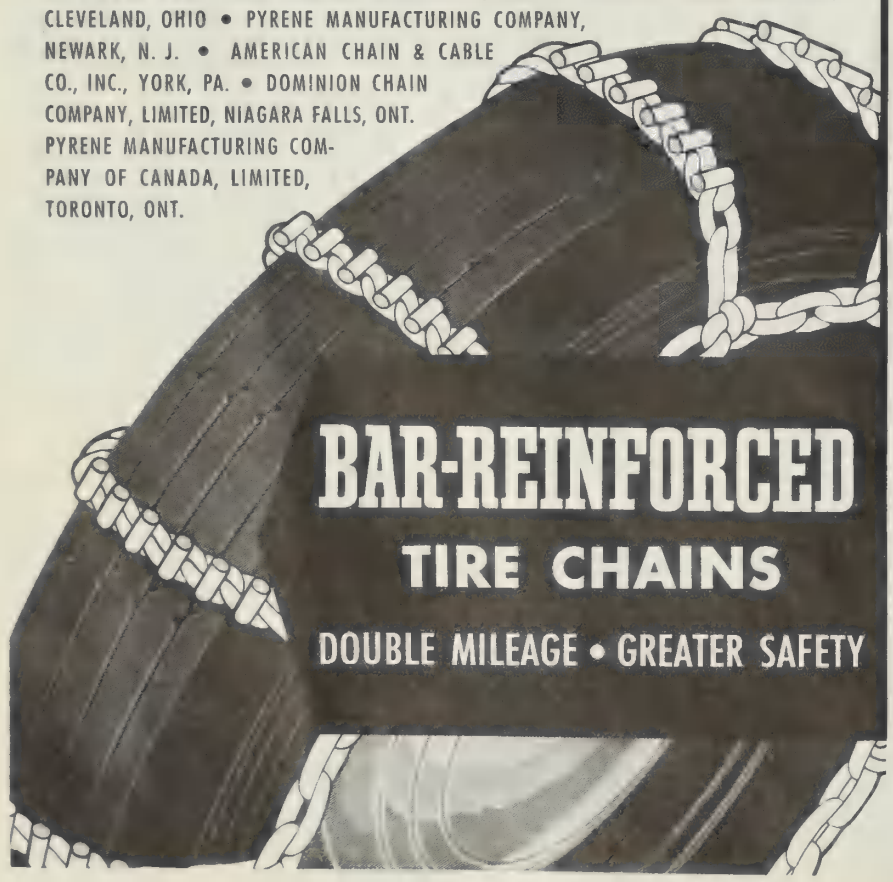
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it would be impossible for us to travel directly to the coast."

They approached the station. "Stay with the children," she said quietly. "If anyone asks you anything, be very stupid."

The approach to the station was crowded with German transport lorries; German officers and soldiers thronged around. Nicole pushed the pram through into the booking hall, followed by Howard and the children. The old man, mindful of his part, walked with a shambling tread; his mouth hung open a little, and his head shook rhythmically.

Nicole shot a glance at him. "It is good, that," she said. "Be careful you do not forget your role."

She left the pram with him and pressed forward to the booking office. A German *Feldwebel,* smart and efficient in his gray-green uniform, stopped her and asked a question. Howard, peering through the throng with sagging head and half-closed eyes, saw her launch out into a long, rambling explanation.

She motioned toward him and the children. The *Feldwebel* glanced over them, shabby and inoffensive, their only luggage in an ancient pram. Then he cut short the current of her talk and motioned her to the booking office. Another woman claimed his attention.

Nicole came back to Howard and the children with the tickets. "Only as far as Rennes," she said, in coarse peasant tones. "That is as far as this train goes."

The old man said, "Eh?" and wagged his sagging head.

She shouted in his ear, "Only to Rennes."

He mumbled thickly, "We do not want to go to Rennes."

She made a gesture of irritation, and pushed him ahead of her to the barrier. A German soldier stood by the ticket puncher; the old man checked and turned back to the girl in senile bewilderment. She said something cross, and pushed him through.

Then she apologized to the ticket puncher. "He is my uncle," she said. "He is a good old man, but he is more trouble to me than all these children."

The man said, "Rennes. On the right," and passed them through. The German stared at them indifferently; one set of refugees was very like another. So they passed through onto the platform, and climbed into a very old compartment with hard wooden seats.

Ronnie said, "Is this the train we're going to sleep in, M'sieur Howard?" He spoke in French, however.

Howard said, "Not tonight. We shan't be in this train for very long."

But he was wrong.

From Chartres to Rennes is about two hundred and sixty kilometers; it took them six hours. In the hot summer afternoon the train stopped at every station, and many times between.

AT THE long last, when the fierce heat of the day was dying down, they pulled into Rennes. There the train stopped and everyone got out. There was a German officer by the ticket collector. Howard put on his most senile air, and Nicole went straight up to the collector to consult him about trains to Landerneau.

Through half-closed eyes Howard watched her, the children clustered round him, dirty and fretful from their journey. He waited in an agony of apprehension; at any moment the officer might ask for papers. Then it would all be over. But finally he gave her a little pasteboard slip, shrugged his shoulders, and dismissed her.

She came back to Howard.

"Tomorrow," she said, "at eight in the morning, a train leaves for Brest. We can go on that as far as Landerneau."

She told him that the German officer had given them permission to She produced the ticket he h to her. "We must sleep tonig refugee hostel," she said. "T admits us. It will be better to monsieur, like all the others."

He agreed. "Where is it?" he

"In the Cinema du Monde," "I have never slept in a cinem

He said, "Mademoiselle, I a sorry that my difficulties sho you do so now."

She smiled. "Perhaps as it German management it will We French are not so good like that."

They gave up their cards a trance, pushed their pram ir looked around. The seats ha removed, and around the w mattresses stacked, filled with There were not many peop place; with the growing restric movements as the Germans control the tide of refugees wa it had been. An old Frenchv sued them a mattress and each and showed them a cor they could make a little ca from the others. "The little sleep quiet there," she said.

There was an issue of free table at the end of the hall, by a German cook who show beaming smile of professiona mor.

AN HOUR later, the chil laid down to rest. Howa dare to leave them, and sa back against the wall, tired to not yet ready for sleep. Nicol and came back presently wit of French cigarettes. "I bough you," she said. "I did not English ones; it would not be

He was not a great sn touched by her kindness, h gratefully.

For a time they talked in of their journey, about her p next day. Then, fearing to be he changed the subject, and a her father.

She had little more to tel he already knew. Her fathe commandant of a fort in th Line not very far from Met heard nothing of him since M

The old man said, "I am sorry, mademoiselle." He p then he said, "I know what anxiety means . . . very well. everything, for a long time

She said quietly, "Yes. Da you wait, and wait. And the comes, or it may be the tel you are afraid to open it to says." She was silent for "And then at last you do o

He nodded. He felt very they had shared the same He had waited and waited ju when John had been missing days he had waited; then t had come.

Quite suddenly, he felt th like to talk to her about Jo not been able to talk abou anybody, not since it happe feared sympathy, and had trusion. But this girl Nicole John. They had been skii ions—friends, she had said

He blew out a long clou "I lost my son, you know," difficulty, staring straight a "He was killed flying—he w ron leader, in our Royal Ai was shot down by three Me on his way back from a b Over Helgoland."

There was a pause.

She turned toward hin that," she said gently. "Th me from the squadron."

*(To be continued nex*

## Appointment in Martinique

Continued from page 15

ad signed them and black slaves
ept em trim.
He aid, "I have set your marriage
ate r the eighth day of August. In
t. I rre, of course. Edouard d'Au-
igne as informed me that he cannot
ave Martinique in this season; his
usir s holds him there. He has writ-
m m to ask that you go to Martinique.
he arriage will be effected in the
the al at St. Pierre."

THE rl nodded but did not speak. Into
her ind rushed a picture of Edou-
d d ubigne—very little younger than
r her—black-bearded, paunchy.
e f a quick wave of hysteria mount
thin er. and by conscious effort she
upor ed it. Once, ten years before,
dou l d'Aubigne had visited her fa-
er c matters of business and she had
en l into the smoking room at the
nne our—which was then her bed-
ne— d she had curtsied before the
ntle an, who had chucked her under
e ch and remarked upon the pretti-
ss o he child. The child! And he had
eme immeasurably ancient then—
d s ned hardly less ancient now.
"In Pierre—" she said.
"Ye her father said. His voice
und arid and stereotyped in the
ol, a room; strangely without the
od life in it. She felt that he would
eak actly in this way to a clerk
roug whom he was directing a ship-
ent two hundred tons of coffee to
arti ue. And truly—was not her
apos marriage to Edouard d'Au-
me thing of clever bargaining? A
itte commerce? In Tortuga, Henri
iers ealt in coffee, tobacco, cinna-
n, mahogany; in Martinique, Edou-
d'A bigne traded the cloth of France
d t metalware of the German
tes. oth were rich; each had a firm
p on e exchange of his community.
ould ot a linking of their houses be
mut l advantage? And what better
k th marriage?
Ama ine Thiers touched her tem-
s li ly with her fingers. She con-
lled e trembling of her hands.
"Fat r," she said, "will you permit
to ve a fortnight to think about
h—"
He errupted curtly: "I am not
are t there is anything for you to
ink out. I have conducted a de-
ed rrespondence with Edouard d'Aubigne; nothing pertinent to the union has been overlooked. I may tell you that I have been able to arrange the dowry in a manner entirely satisfactory to me."

He narrowed his eyes. "I suppose the suddenness of this has startled you a little," he went on, somewhat more gently. "It needn't. Edouard d'Aubigne is a good man, a good businessman, intelligent. As his wife you will have a secure and proper place in the society of Martinique."

"I don't know him," the girl said. Her voice was scarcely above a whisper now, and she looked steadily at her father from the depths of the chair. "I've seen him only once—"

"Are you saying that you doubt my judgment?"

"No, Father," the girl said evenly. "It's rather that—"

"There's no need to discuss it further." Henri Thiers crossed the room with heavy steps and sat stiffly in the chair behind his desk. "The Duc d'Anvout of Le Havre sails in six days for St. Pierre in Martinique. I have already applied to Captain Gautier for your passage. Your maid will accompany you, of course."

Then he waved his hand, a sign of dismissal. The girl rose from the chair. In the pale light of the room, her father—had he looked—could have seen nothing of the distress, the cold unhappiness that lay in her eyes.

CAPTAIN TOBIE GAUTIER stood on deck, close to the rope ladder, his brown hands on the rail, and watched the shallop come away from Cayona wharf.

The sky was a lustrous satin blue that obviously would have been very soft if one could have brushed it with one's fingers.

But the water of the harbor leaped up under the pressure of a fresh east wind, and the shallop danced. They'd have trouble coming aboard, Mademoiselle Thiers and her maid. The ship's ladder swayed dizzily. Captain Gautier saw that Henri Thiers was also in the shallop. He soberly stroked his chin and trusted there would be no unseemly delay. He'd like to put the wind to good purpose.

"Ruegger," he said to his mate, "drop a second ladder. You will assist



"Take champagne—I think we should do all we can to help France"

BEN ROTH


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the lady and her maid in boarding."

Then he turned away and stared westward toward the Windward Passage and the distant, invisible Cuban shore. He observed the configuration of high clouds above the horizon, and made certain mental calculations touching upon the wind, the tide, currents. He dismissed Mademoiselle Thiers—who was simply another passenger—from his mind.

He was a tall young man of competence and coolness, at home on the sea, uneasy on the land. His shoulders were broad and his waist rather remarkably slim. His face, lean, firm and well-shaped, was burned to the color of good Tortugan mahogany; the tropical sun had graven small wrinkles at the corners of his eyes.

He looked as though he made a careful practice of avoiding surprise.

They said, in the islands, that Tobie Gautier knew every blue-water reef between Havana and the Orinoco. They also said he was an incomprehensible young man, for the precise reason that he was predictable. He had shown himself to be steady, rational, temperate, serious, even grave. He stayed on his ship and out of the taverns. He held to his announced sailing schedule with what amounted to a miraculous surmounting of the vagaries of wind. He had a reputation for cold, unbending aloofness.

In a time when tavern-brawling was the universal relaxation of seamen, Tobie Gautier was thought to be a queer stick. There was even a rumor—unsubstantiated, naturally—that he wrote music in the privacy of his cabin. Many West Indians felt this to be provoking gossip originated by persons who envied Tobie Gautier his command of the Duc d'Anvout at twenty-five.

The shallop from Cayona wharf scraped alongside. Tobie Gautier heard his mate bawling orders to the Negro boatmen. Then Mademoiselle Thiers was handed to the deck. Her father followed her.

"My daughter, Captain Gautier," Henri Thiers said.

Tobie Gautier bowed slightly. And he saw the cold gray malaise in the girl's eyes. It did not occur to him to wonder at it; he observed, and that was all. It was none of his affair. But he was aware that Amandine Thiers was a singularly pretty girl. Aware, and unmoved.

"I hope our cabin accommodations will please you," he said. "We will be under way in ten minutes. If you will make your farewells—"

HENRI THIERS touched his arm. "I give my daughter into your safekeeping, Captain Gautier. Perhaps you have heard that she is to be married in Martinique on August eighth—"

But not happily, Tobie Gautier told himself; plainly not happily. This, too, was none of his affair. "I had not heard," he said.

"I mention it," said Henri Thiers quickly, "only to impress upon you the importance of placing my daughter in St. Pierre before the eighth of August. Unfortunately, due to certain business matters, I cannot accompany her."

"We shall be in St. Pierre not later than the fifth."

Then Henri Thiers kissed his daughter complacently on both cheeks, and she said, "Goodby, Father," and he crossed the deck rapidly and went down the ladder. It was in Tobie Gautier's mind that the girl was relieved to see him go. Some of the strain seemed to slip from her face. She turned away, impassive, without a word.

Captain Gautier, after a moment's hesitation, struck his hands together. He lifted his voice. The crew went in the rigging. The capstan revolved slowly. The ship came alive.

They went westward in Channel, with the wind hard sails, and through the night tac broad zigzag course across the W Passage, to make the most breezes. In the morning, Cub thin line like a finger laid upon zon in the west.

The sun burned in a sky without any cloud. Amandin ordered a chair placed on deck in the shadow of the mainsai she sat. She read a leather-cove of plays. Plays of Scarron. She them unutterably dull. After she let the book fall in her gazed at the sea, a wide blue crossed by white seams; and t Gautier, strolling forward a deck, she seemed to be fight some profoundly moving emot

He paused beside her chair.

"You slept well?" he asked. did not distress you?"

She looked up, startled. " said. "Yes. I slept well."

THOSE were really the first w had spoken to each other. C before, at the time of their me presence of Henri Thiers had a barrier between them. Mor awareness of him had occu their minds to the exclusion o else. Now, in the brilliant sun the calming whisper of the s ears, Amandine Thiers real denly that the bronzed, tall m her chair was, in at least se spects, unusual.

He was young to comman ship as this; and his eyes w and looked as though they mi casion be stubborn, but his m gentle.

She thought she detecte something of that singular s the sea is said to exert on cert natures. And she was lonely h her unhappiness seemed s bond between them.

He spoke to her of the c were following, of the prevai of summer in Caribbean w drew him out—she asked abo and Maracaibo, about Pana she had never seen. He seem to talk with her; he stood ligh against the motion of the sh plied thoughtfully to her que received the impression th Gautier, for all his youth, wa to making any statement trivial, without carefully w words. A staid, serious—eve young man.

She said, "This is, you kn voyage away from Tortuga."

"You've never been in Normandy, to Paris?"

She smiled. "I'm a true col I confess to you that I was b tuga?"

"You'll find that Martini like Tortuga—"

"I could wish it would be think I should like a change less sun."

"I know," he said somberl find myself hating the sun. scarring, brutal force of it. want to go back to a place place of soft rains and gent Normandy. A man can ma fishing there; and not be bu I was born in Normandy—"

He paused, as if embarras ing confided a deeply pers And then he nodded, a kin inclination of his head, and Amandine Thiers sat qui chair; after a little while sh that she had been picturing a place of soft rains and g and it occurred to her that a space, entirely forgotten But only for a space.

hat was the first of a series of small i macies between them. In the after- n n of that day Captain Gautier in- v d her to drink coffee with him in his c n—her maid accompanied her as a m ter of course, to provide chaperon- a they both recognized as proper—and e y next morning he called her on deck t ee the high green wall of Cape San M uel standing out of the sea in the e . That would be their last sight of H i; now the Caribbean stretched s hward to the Spanish Main, and M tinique lay more than nine hundred m s to the southeast.

'he next land we're to see will be M tinique," Tobie Gautier said, watch- in he girl beside him at the rail.

er shining, soft black hair blew fr y in the morning wind. Her body w straight and firm; her hands touched th ail lightly. Only her eyes and the sl st imperceptible quick trembling of he ips told him what she was thinking.

said abruptly, "You aren't happy."

e avoided his eyes. "No," she said. 's not my right to speak to you of th' he said quietly. "I don't want to in le your privacy. Believe me. But I'm listressed to see—"

understand." She turned then and loo d at him. "I'm grateful. But the 's nothing to be said."

ey were silent for a moment.

's your father's friend Aubigne?" To Gautier asked.

es."

ie Gautier's strong, brown hands clo d upon the rail. Then they stood wit ut speaking, watching the forested he of Cape San Miguel retreat into the a.

ER that she perceived that he roided her.

en, passing from his cabin to the aft eck, he encountered her, he spoke cal y, with almost an excess of for- ma ; he gave the appearance of spe ing to her without any actual awi ness of her physical presence—a mut operation of the mind.

I followed day. The wind stayed per tently in the east and the Duc d'A out progressed slowly, laboring, ligh g for every mile, on a series of on and infinitely complicated tacks. Am dine Thiers, in her chair on deck, gaz at the monotonous indigo sea and shu ut of her mind any thought of the uti , any memory of the past. Finally he hieved, by deliberate and difficult effort, a kind of suspension of all thinking. She knew that this was only a deferment; she knew that she was only half alive. And she was desperately unhappy.

ON THE morning of the day of storm she breakfasted early and alone—her maid was not, had not been, well—and went on deck and sat in her chair. She was conscious of a nervous uneasiness. Her hands were restless. The day was anything but promising: almost no breeze, a leaden and oppressive sky. The sea, pulsing feverishly under the long Caribbean swell, was lead-colored, too. She thought: The sea is oily; there will be rain.

She did not see Tobie Gautier until he was beside her chair. He said, "Good morning." She looked up slowly. His face was constrained and stiff. He nodded his head in a little polite gesture. And he went on, mounting the ladder to the afterdeck. If he had not spoken she would have thought he had not seen her.

She gave herself, then, to watching the slanting sails—observing without curiosity that puffs of wind blew across the ship and died, and came again, fitfully. In time, when the sun was higher, burning callously behind the gray gauze of cloud, the wind swung abruptly into the southeast. Then it came steadily. In a minute it was strong; in five minutes, violent.

The crew leaped to the rigging and took in sail. Amandine Thiers left her chair; she stood at the rail, clutching it, her hair blowing wildly. The ship yawed and fell off, then got the wind astern of her, with a countering sea lifting her at a crazy angle. And Amandine Thiers saw Tobie Gautier running along the deck toward her—running lightly, easily, with catlike balance against the shifting level of the planking. He stood before her and laid his hand upon her arm. "You must go below," he said.

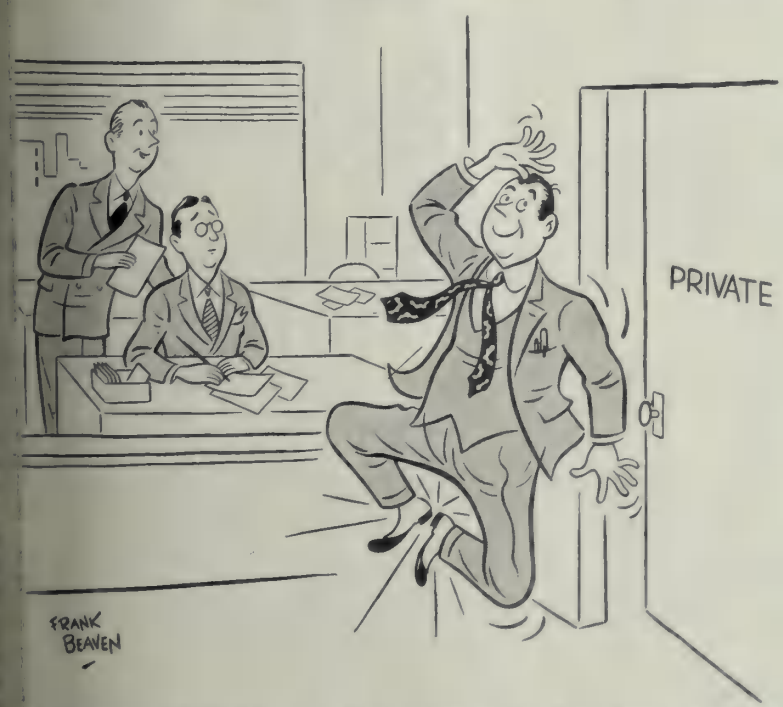
His dry voice frightened her.

"Will it be bad?" she asked.

The wind tore at her words, but he heard her and he nodded.

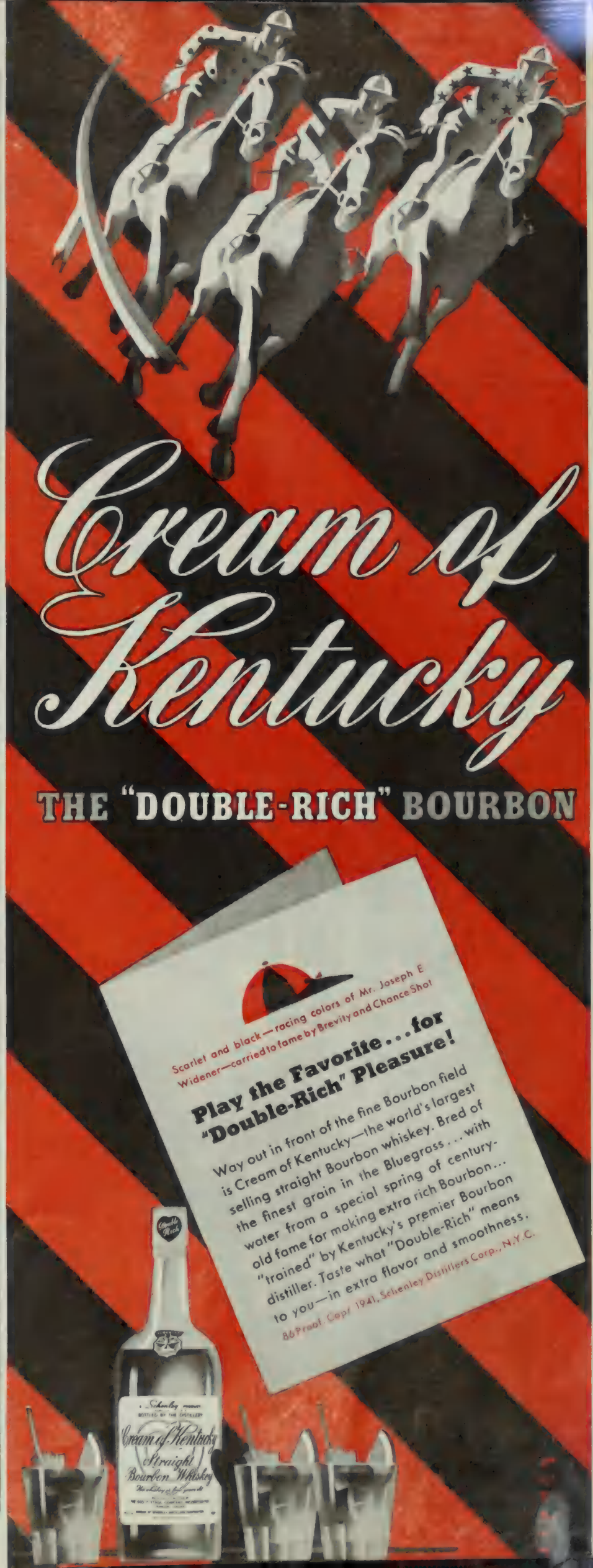
"Yes," he said. "Bad. This is the season—"

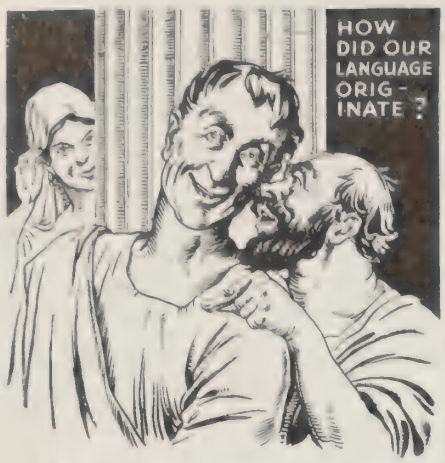
He held her arm and guided her across the deck to the companionway. In the shelter of the deckhouse the wind swirled and eddied; but it was quieter there. The noises of the pounding ship seemed distant, deadened. "Not very




**Nynkoop just asked the boss for a raise—wonder how he made out?"**

FRANK BEAVEN




# Anecdote

## an unpublished tale

AMONG the ancient Greeks, a story known only privately was called *anekdotos*, literally meaning "not published." The word was formed by combining *a, an*, "not," and *ekdotos*, "given out." From this source comes our English *anecdote* which originally retained the Greek meaning "unpublished narrative." But many intimate tales are now frequently given out for publication and the word *anecdote* has lost its original meaning.

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**RESINOL**




bad," Tobie Gautier was saying. "Not too bad. You mustn't worry. We'll ride it out well enough. But you must stay below—"

The ship's bow lifted, then dropped dizzily away. A sea combed over the stern; they saw the rush of water on the leaning starboard deck. Tobie Gautier's fingers held the girl's arm tightly.

"I'll help you below," he said.

She did not move. Her eyes were on his face. "I'm afraid for you," she said. "The sea's washing over—"

He looked as though he had not heard her. His eyes, searching her face, told her nothing. Then, for the first time, he smiled. And the miracle happened with the speed of light; they felt the surge and power of it in the blood of their bodies, and their hands came together and they were, for a brief space, breathless and alone, an entity, insensible of time, of place. The ship leaped beneath them and they felt nothing of it. His arms closed about her and she lifted her face to him.

He felt his senses dimming with the happiness that possessed him—a wild thing burning with the violence of pure light. She knew the strength of his arms—

Then the urgency of the moment flooded back over them and he carried her blindly down the narrow well of the companionway to the door of her cabin. He left her without speaking a word.

Once, an hour later, she heard his voice shouting a savage command on deck. Seas thundered aboard; and time was forgotten in the gray murk of lashing rain. It was late afternoon before the storm abated. At six o'clock a hush descended suddenly upon the sea, as though a blanket had been lowered over it; and there was no more wind.

Amandine Thiers sat in her cabin and tried not to feel the quick beating of her heart. She tried not to think. When Tobie Gautier tapped upon her door she hesitated, catching her breath, before she spoke to him.

IN THE morning the sea was sweetly blue and the sky cloudless; a brisk wind, with a rare touch of coolness in it, fled out of the north. The ship strained forward eagerly, it seemed, almost consciously, as if purposefulness and a knowledge of its destination lay within its beams and cordage. And Amandine Thiers went early out of her cabin and to the deck, where she walked in the long shadows of the sails.

She was inexplicably happy—happy, what is more, in the face of the uncertainty that loomed before her. She was like a young rider feeling the excitement of the first perilous steeplechase; like a wire walker exhilarated by the magic of balance. She stepped lightly on the deck, and her eyes were wide, and she was waiting.

He came after a few minutes.

They stood at the rail. He said, speaking low, "I was mad. I had no right—you understand."

"I was mad, too," she said.

"I went to your cabin, after the storm had passed. I knocked. You didn't hear me."

"I heard you. I spoke to you. But you had gone."

He nodded. "I didn't wait. I suppose I was afraid to say what I surely would have said."

Her heart twisted suddenly. "Why afraid?" she said softly.

He swung round to face her, almost savagely. "Do you want me to say it?" he asked, and his voice was hard and taut. "Do you want me to say I love you, Amandine Thiers? Would it please you to hear me say that, forgetting the impossibility—"

She put a hand on his arm. "I forget nothing."

"Listen to me," Tobie Gautier said harshly. "Edouard d'Aubigne of Martinique owns the cargo in this ship. He has a dozen vessels of his own—and houses. And land. And slaves. He's powerful—full of money. In Martinique it is Edouard d'Aubigne, in Tortuga it is Henri Thiers—"

"Yes," she whispered, meeting his eyes. "They're powerful, Edouard d'Aubigne and my father. But old. And you are young."

He stared and did not answer.

"And I am young," she said.

"But what have I to give you?"

"You've already told me. You've said you love me—and you shall give me that."

"It's not enough," Tobie Gautier said. His eyes held a torturing uncertainty.

"You fool," the girl breathed. Her hands clutched the rail with rigid violence.

It was then that he caught her up in his arms again; though the mate at the wheel had a clear view of them. He pressed her to him with a crushing strength, and he kissed her.

He put her down. He said, "You're not a maiden of much modesty," and he was smiling.

"Because you're a man who must be pushed," she answered him, accusingly. Her eyes were frankly on his face. "I am, you'll come to realize, my father's daughter." She stood straight and firm before him. "There's this to be said for the family Thiers—when we know what we want we go after it."

Abruptly he turned away. He left her there on the deck, and climbed the ladder to stand beside the mate at the wheel. Her eyes followed him, astonished.

THE land came out of the sea in the evening, an hour before dark. Amandine Thiers was in the bow when the lookout cried the shore.

The warm air washed over her. It seemed to her that she could smell the odors of the land—trees, and the pungency of earth. She said, under her breath: "Now is the fourth day of August; and there is Martinique. And nothing is decided. For I clearly the uncertainty in his

She heard the footfalls o and knew his step. She did nc head. And then he was besid

"The land—" he said.

He laughed, and touched der. "For the first time," he ship that was Tobie Gautier' will arrive late in Martinique

SHE did not understand. trolled her voice carefull only the fourth day of Augu

"Yes," he said lightly. "Bu Martinique you're staring at

She was aware that she wa "What are you saying?" she

"Guadeloupe," he said ev land you see is Guadeloup nique is to the south, a goo But we'll not see Martinique For us, this is the end of th and the beginning."

His hand found hers. "Y the course," she murmured.

"My mate will take the sh nique," he said. "And I'll mand. And in Guadeloupe another ship to carry us to spoke of—"

"What place?"

"You've forgotten? The p rains and gentle light—"

She smiled. "I hadn't f wanted to hear you say it. Normandy."

"You're not afraid? Y changed, from thinking of i

She shook her head. The turbed her hair. "The daugh Thiers will learn to cook fis said.

"For a fisherman husband that it's good."

She clung to him. "How to say," she whispered, her side his cheek, "that I hav pointment in Martinique. Martinique! Tell me—at w the priests awake in Guadel

"You're shameless," he c

"Of course," she said, an




**"Where can I find the mate to this?"**

ROUND THE CLOCK HAULING IN THE MOUNTAINS!

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# Our New Army

Continued from page 19




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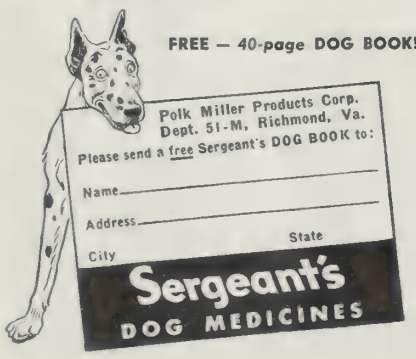
**SURE I'M TOUGH**— but I can't win over worms by myself! I had 'em bad, last month. "They're nothing," says the Boss. "Oh yeah?" I groans, and he finally gets wise that they're dangerous.



**"THIS'LL SLAY 'EM,"** he says, bringing out some Sergeant's SURE SHOT CAPSULES. He's right! "You should've learned to read," he grins. "I got the dope from the Sergeant's DOG BOOK!"



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allied subjects, but he must be thinking plenty. . . . The reason being that the good general recently climbed into the same boat with General Eckfeldt, figuratively speaking. In a potential blitz party comprising some forty men, five armored scout cars, a weapons carrier and a jeep, General Truesdell whipped down a road until he came to a Rocky River bridge near Albemarle. At this precise spot and moment a patrol of 176th Infantry (29th Division) lads opened up with a mess of theoretical fire power that pulverized the mechanized column. General Truesdell bounded from his car, sprinted into the woods and skated over slippery pine needles with extraordinary speed, but the patrol got him. Sgt. P. K. Daniel covered the corps commander with a machine gun and a field judge bawled, "You're out—until midnight." General Eckfeldt should be very happy.

29TH DIV.

A FEW weeks of field maneuvers give a guy's gustatorial discrimination a terrible beating. Look what happened to the members of an antitank company in this same (176th) infantry regiment. Ordered late one night to move into a new position with all possible dispatch, the outfit got out of the bivouac in no time flat. For the sake of speed, the kitchen gang tossed a scrub bucket, some dishrags and a gasoline lantern into a coffee urn—and forgot about them. At their new location the cooks filled the urn with water and coffee and put it—dishrags, lantern, scrub bucket and all—on the fire. The resultant brew should have caused riot and rebellion, but there wasn't even a single complaint.

CAMP DAVIS, Hollyridge. Mimeographed orders and instructions for using equipment are customarily stuffy, but every now and then the military mind goes native—and human. According to the mimeographed directions handed out to men in the 96th Coast Artillery for the handling of the wire cable winch on Army trucks, the setup "is as temperamental as Greta Garbo, and treating it carelessly is like asking Lana Turner to scrub the kitchen floor." The boys are treating the apparatus with due respect.

## MICHIGAN

5TH DIV.

FORT CUSTER, Battle Creek. The Army is versatile enough. Having for months maintained recruiting offices in civilian centers and kept recruiting posters pasted on factory walls, it has now opened civilian employment offices in Army population centers to help smooth the adjustment from military to civil life. Within the next three weeks this fort will be returning more than 1,000 men to reserve status, and Industrial Placement Manager Henry Van Dyke, in the Battle Creek office of the Michigan Employment Service, is trying to find jobs for these soldiers. Mr. Van Dyke is finding a number of men who entered the Army with no industrial training but who have acquired sufficient mechanical knowledge working around Army trucks and such to make them better adapted for defense-industry jobs.

HIS mother was killed when the dive-bombing vanguard of Hitler's invasion forces pounded Poland's Lwów to bits, and his father, believed to be somewhere in occupied Poland, hasn't been heard from since last March—which is why Stanley Czarnopy, Co. A, Reception Center, is glad his third attempt to get into Uncle Sam's Army worked out. Faltering English kept Pvt. Czarnopy out the first two times; after intensive study he tried again under Selective Service and made the grade. What's more, he wants to enlist for three years if his halting English isn't too much of a handicap. There's a soldier for you.

## ILLINOIS

CAMP GRANT, Rockford. While Camp Commander Brig. Gen. John M. Willis was making a routine inspection of the Camp Quartermaster laundry he stopped to ask a question of one of the colored employees. Her answer was, "Yassuh, Cap'n." The general smiled. "Do you know my proper rank?" said he. "I spects," said she, "you is a sergeant maybe."

## GEORGIA

CAMP STEWART, Hinesville. This week's lesson on how to get along in the Army comes from an unidentified private who's not very handy with his dukes but whose brain functions with an enviable amount of steam. "The captain," announced the topkick of his company one morning, "wants somebody to build him a bookcase. Anybody here a carpenter?" Nobody was. Whereat our quick-thinking private, who didn't know the difference between a gimlet and a gimmick, loudly announced that he could bat out an exquisite piece of furniture for the captain. Why, certainly. The sergeant gave him the nod and our friend was detached from duty so he could build the bookcase. Couple of weeks later a buddy dropped around to see how the imitation carpenter was doing. He was doing fine. "It took a week," he reported as he hammered aimlessly away at a ramshackle, cockeyed piece of woodwork, "to get the tools a and another week to get the ri of lumber. The paint ought to any day now." His pal nodde what," asked he, "are you g about that flimsy excuse for case?" "That's easy," our h him. "Soon's I get tired of around with the job I'll cart t thing down to Savannah and g penter to fix it up. Only cost n bucks—and I've practically ha lough."

## WASHINGTON

GRAY FIELD, Tacoma. Forces may have stayed u working out a camouflage sys it doesn't work in Alaska. Up airplanes undergo another pai keep them from being camoufl idea being that ships forced do North country must be kept visi the air. Gray Field's 2d Photo S developed its own color schem its recent four months in the s country and was dubbed N Flying Circus by startled The checkerboard design of li and international orange, expla manding Officer Major G. G. N resulted from a combination o and necessity. Because they get Chinese red they used slapped in alternate strips on t ing green priming coat.

Working with the 29th Engi squadron exposed some 50,0 tives during the summer surv mountains and wide open spac had found parts of inland Ala giant patches of unrelieved gre ing from the air like dense growth; in other sections glac 100-square-mile areas of dazzli Flying in formation, pilots d that reflections from the snow almost impossible to see othe the flight only a few hundred f which, as one pilot expressed somewhat disconcerting." color scheme fixed all that. Inc



**"It must be a sweater. If it were socks there would be two of th"**




er hasn't forgotten the way to a son's heart. She remembers all his whims, vorite dishes and—"extra special"—his gusto for *"Custom Ground"* Coffee—fresh, fragrant, satisfying coffee.

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—he gave me a genuine

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it raised "the noise level" of the squadron, which is Major Northrup's way of describing morale-building. His noise-level assistant is Lieut. John Philip Stewart, who, being of Scottish descent, is endowed with a set of bagpipes and a kiltie outfit. The lieutenant made a nightly habit of pacing up and down the runway at Anchorage's Elmendorf Field playing The Caissons Go Rolling Along. It was the first bagpipe music most of the Alaskans had ever heard but none of the natives could be reached for an interview.

Many of the squadron members joined the Alaskan Society of Short Snorters before they came back to the States. Founded by Alaskan commercial pilots, the club's membership rule requires all men to carry with them a folded dollar bill bearing the society's name and the signature of a member with whom he has guzzled. Any member caught in a pub and unable to produce the bill has to buy a buck's worth of liquor for any other member present. The boys found this did wonders toward raising the noise level in bars.

## CALIFORNIA

CAMP SAN LUIS OBISPO. Camouflage is doing wonders here but there's nothing warlike about it. A few soldiers figured a geranium here and a snapdragon there would make the company and battery streets look like something. Citizens of near-by Morro Bay got wind of the plan and began donating plants and shrubs. More came from garden clubs in San Luis Obispo and other towns. But it took Pfc. George Muto, Co. K., 159th Inf., to put things over in a big way. When he told fellow members of the Japanese Nursery Association of Southern California what was going on they loaded 20 camp trucks with about $25,000 worth of rose bushes, flowering cherry trees and stuff—for free. The horticultural barrage buried camp landscapers, who are now digging their way out and evolving a master plan for the whole place, which ought to romp off with all prizes, come spring.

CAMP SEELEY, Imperial Valley. Pvt. Hilaire DeMilner, of Service Unit 1961, lets 11th Cavalry members fire the guns while he shoots with a camera. He specializes in wild life and goes to considerable trouble pictures. One day some of h found him sprawled on t slightly drenched with tor They were concerned but Pvt was only annoyed. "You yowled, "probably spoiled th I ever almost got! I am lying ered with blood, playing dea those three buzzards flying there!"

FORT ORD. Headi second winter the 7t —a year ago only a 7TH DIV. its first World War worrying any more about g a rut. New tanks and guns ha up interest, and transfer of regiment as a Presidio of cisco replacement for the v Infantry, sent there from H makes 7th members feel t has arrived. Any regiment the San Francisco spot, wh bigwigs are saluted and p has to be good. A sudden civilian attention also has ma at Fort Ord feel less out of The fort made ready to en 000 on its first general visitc hoped 15,000 would show than 40,000 finally arri equipped with cheers, curi rettes—and quite a few numbers.

## GENERAL

A DETROIT gal named has started something w ters, Inc. She figured that were really griping about the women of America o banded together to write missives, so she got some De (Jane Mowers, Betty Macl gia Burton, Betty Pucke Faulkner) to help her get s mass-production idea doesn letters are stereotyped. R must be sprightly, informa tertaining, the girls agreei any subject at all, using and encyclopedia if necessa is spreading and gals in a are working for Letters, quarters are at 2975 Chicag Detroit, Mich.

IT'S the answer to a soldi and ours.



**"It should be rather attractive, unfurnished, wouldn't you ?"**

## Cock 'n Bull

Continued from page 14

t day you combine one pint of ee or four ounces of sugar, the two eggs and one glass of eat this combination into a put it into a cool place to te next day, the party day, you he following items: One pint , which you have made from plus one pint of milk; twelve , twelve macaroons, bitter- voring if you like bitter al- oring, two ounces of sweet blanched and shredded, one , grated, some raspberry jam, it of sherry and six table- of brandy. You then lay the for your trifle by placing the and macaroons in the bot- leep glass bowl and pouring he sherry mixed with brandy, hem to become thoroughly prinkle on the grated lemon monds, and spread a layer of am. Pour on your custard, y now cooled. Finally heap ade yesterday, over the top, uraging it to stand as high as arnish with bright strips of ly or crystallized fruits, to ancy. And don't have too or dinner.

are an important part of the ll's home cooking, and they with all the zest devoted es of their origin. Every adies who live in Pasadena o discover when shepherd's on the menu, so that they their weekly luncheon date . This is how Mrs. Tiffin me and Scotch descent, is head of the Cock 'n Bull's ks her shepherd's pie.

ef left over from a roast. with chopped parsley, salt Mix with a little cream and onion, and put in a baking in salted water enough po- ake a two-inch covering for d run them through a potato hem lightly with plenty of g careful not to crush the t of them. Put them on top t, dot with plenty of butter with paprika. Bake 35 to n a 375-degree oven.

### Iva Those Vegetables, Too

tal's are cooked quickly in a m: f water, and should there r wer left it is cherished for anc ravies. "A very good left- ege le recipe," says Mrs. Tiffin, chi cooked with corn. This is us d one of our most popular ble shes."

me it by slicing your cooked n s sh very thin, and mixing it rn hich has been cut from the Or creamed corn, eight ounces an a half pounds of squash.) mi d green pepper and onion er, d one tablespoonful of flour lf pint of cream or milk, to the lks of two eggs have been C over boiling water until Po over the vegetables, mix nd t into a baking casserole. wit buttered bread crumbs and r 3( inutes in a hot oven.

ickl for the genuine and the nal his restaurant, but ever f a ofit, Mr. Morgan has been tro led by one thing—the ex- t cc and great scarcity of fine, ed ger beer. By tradition beer; an essential ingredient of t C the best-selling drink of se. ut the cost sheet, indiffer- radi n and concerned only with turning a few pennies, has insisted on the substitution of lemon soda. Now, however, Mr. Morgan is able to remedy this shameful condition. Working for months with chemists, he has had concocted what he modestly assures you is the finest ginger beer ever produced. He had also acquired a carload of what he knows are the best-looking bottles you have ever seen, and he defies you to distinguish them from earthenware. They are actually glass, conforming to sanitary codes for refilling, but their earthenware look pleases him mightily and he is happy to fill them with his ginger beer and stamp them with the Cock 'n Bull label. Now, when your Pimm's comes over the bar, it will be in every detail the authentic Pimm's Cup, pleasing Mr. Morgan—and you—very much indeed.

#### Try It for Yourself

You put a Pimm's together in this fashion: First, take a pewter tankard, preferably old. Put into it a jigger of Pimm's (an alcoholic ingredient bottled in England, and still coming through), add ginger beer, a slice of lemon, a stick of cucumber rind, a lot of ice and a sprig of borage. This small, purple-flowered herb, the final touch to every genuine Pimm's Cup, was first furnished to the Cock 'n Bull by Myrna Loy, out of her own garden. Now Mr. Morgan has become self-sufficient on borage, too, after considerable struggle on his home grounds, and has ten plants producing for daily use.

Jack Morgan has had another trouble, also created by his passion for the genuine. When he furnished the Cock 'n Bull, he put his best British foot forward. He hung his finest English prints on the wall, installed an ancient Welsh dresser that had once traveled around the Horn, history-laden pewter platters, costly old pewter tankards, etc., etc., and ten times over he could have sold all of them out of the place. Their cash offers refused, and their collector instincts getting the better of them, some of his guests finally fell to downright snitching. "We have now," he says, "anchored all the best things with wire and only an occasional knife or fork or pewter tankard walks away without permission."

Preferring, however, not to frustrate his guests, and seeing a way out that would be good for business, Mr. Morgan has recently fixed it so that you can come by fine small things honestly in the Cock 'n Bull. A new department has been added where you may purchase antiques of pewter, copper, porcelain, fine prints and paintings; any of the things you are apt to crave after soaking up a few Pimm's and plenty of English atmosphere in the other room. And, free service to patrons, there's a small library to go with art, wine and food, where you may bolster your reputation as a wit and a connoisseur. The name of this offspring of the Cock 'n Bull is, naturally enough, The Feathered Calf.

Deep in all the ramifications of his business that started as a hobby, Mr. Morgan has not relinquished touch with the South Seas. His novel on Samoa is in the works. So are his papers for naval aviation. An aviator in the last war, he doesn't expect to be handed a plane this time, but he's ready for whatever job they'll give him. We don't know about the novel, but it looks as though the Cock 'n Bull could fend very well for itself if the boss should be away—and take good care of its Feathered Calf




# For Clear-Eyed MORNING FRESHNESS



## Just Do This At Bedtime Tonight

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Today, throughout the world, there is a *new idea* of what to do to meet special strain. A revolutionary, *scientific idea* of how to build up increased vitality to stand physical and nervous stress. You've undoubtedly read about it in recent newspapers and magazines—scientists, governments of warring nations, and our own authorities all endorse it—the idea that people need special food in addition to the normal diet *to be at their best*—particularly those under special strain.

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# Hunter's Choice

Continued from page 18

inting trip, and he was drunker e rare wine which such comrade-ords than he was with the hun-oof bourbon. This was the thing dreamed about for years and ne many miles to savor. He was shy and serious-mannered, with the cockiness of the average kid. is experience was heightening his nature which had heretofore utral drab.

understood all that and toler-n good-humoredly because they e was trying hard to hit their tride and stay with it. Likely ke a real deer hunter some day. asn't likely that Jeff Croy would im back next year. Too young en.

as still laughing at the last joke at nervous, jerky giggle, when oy's mild statement whacked the conversation like the warn-of a beaver's tail when you o near the still waters of his oung Joe Harrow kept laugh-a moment longer, until he dis-that the others had fallen silent. He gulped and turned d then red; he looked as em-d as though he'd been caught hand in somebody else's pack-

early storms sometimes last ," Jeff Croy went on. "Supper's I won't eat until I get back!"

ind came whooping over the nd got under the roof shakes le the rafters rattle. The big lamp hanging to the ridgepole nd vibrated metallically. Jeff nt over to a peg and got his v—not the greasy old canvas coat which he wore when the son was closed, because it ked o much like the hide of a buck he kets, and he didn't aim to have ne jpy hunter taking a pot shot at

le s wed tight the cork which stop-ed small bottle of matches, and he pec a short-handled hunter's ax hi ight-hand coat pocket. Then got pint flask, rinsed it well and d with drinking water. He took arb lamp, fed by a rubber tube ch d from a small generating k, tned the water valve and then ted e thing. When it was burning ull ength, he slipped the strap of ver s cap, so that the lamp pointed ad, strong yet soft and white light w ld cut through falling snow. ally e buttoned the mackinaw un-his in, and you knew that he was ly t ake the trail.

ut at curious silence held. That e m in the dark outside was still e. owing sand at the windows, it w a sound which did not belong ne m. All such sound did not be-in is room, where the silence was eth that could be whittled with arp nife. Filian had rubbed it in ty l d. Jeff Croy just stood there, ting s head a little so that the car-e lar seemed to be a white-hot eye hin around the room. The wind e th ugh the chinks and winnowed smes of cooked meat and coffee, the were hungry men who had n own the hills since daylight, with a d snack at noon. This was a m st likable spot and the com-y w easy.

his Filian was an unpleasant ger vet he knew his way around; got to a lot of trouble to make cle This wasn't tough country. an ght get far enough from camp so that when darkness came it would be needless hardship to come in; a strong man with matches and a gun could live in this country a week. Jim Markham reached for his glass with finality. Bill Dean stirred and rubbed his chin. Morrie Clymer raised his head and looked at Pete Brill as if a new thought had just come to him.

Young Joe Harrow's chair scraped the rough floor as he got up. "Jeff," he said hopefully, "I'd like to go along." The wind sucked and died along the eaves, and the carbide lamp on Jeff Croy's cap steadied brilliantly. "I'll try not to get underfoot," Harrow went on. "You show me what to do and I'll do it."

Jeff Croy nodded. "Don't bring a thing," he advised. "We'll need to go light." They went out a few minutes later, and young Joe Harrow's face was shining like that lamp on Jeff Croy's cap. When they slammed the door shut, silence clapped down like the stroke of an ax.

After a moment Jim Markham said irritably, "Well, Dean, for Pete's sake pass the bottle! That's *my* liquor, if I'm not mistaken. I brought six quarts!"



**"The moment her divorce became final he sat down and edited her out of his home movies"**

BARBARA SHERMUND

Conversation picked up and there was quite a lot said. As they talked, Jeff Croy and young Joe Harrow were outside in the blizzard, the sleety wind stroking their cheeks as though with sharkskin gloves, and Jeff told his companion, "You walk ahead so that the light will spill around you. Up to the head of the draw, where Dean killed the buck this morning. You see anything of Filian after that?"

HARROW shook his head. His guess was that nobody had seen Filian since then. Croy went on: "Got to find where Dean and Clymer hauled that buck over the logs. Filian left 'em there, and likely went straight north." Jeff wasn't the loquacious sort, but he seemed to want to talk now: "A man never will pick the hardest way for himself. Filian would know that the brush thins out at the head of the draw, and that he could travel along open ridges. I allow he went that way."

Harrow couldn't have told how Jeff Croy was going to find where Dean's buck had been skidded down the slope, because that was going to need a sixth sense and a hound-dog nose. There was a layer of powder snow which blanked all sign and landmarks, and more coming down; it dropped a curtain in front of him which was like floodwater pouring over a cliff.

HARROW knew he was lost after the first hundred yards, but he wasn't worried about it at all. He couldn't see beyond that wavering fringe of light which Jeff's lamp threw ahead, and sometimes he couldn't see at all because the shadow of his legs got in the way, but the light would shift and he would follow it again; and all the while he could hear Jeff's pacs crunching along behind and Jeff's voice coming calm and cheerful.

The wind made Harrow stagger at times and pounded the breath out of his chest; it slapped brittle snow in his face until he winced. He got sort of tired after a time and the heavy going made him sweat, but Jeff didn't seem to think about stopping for a two-minute blow; that light kept creeping on ahead, through snow-beaten brush, over rocks and logs, and Harrow got fascinated with the idea of trying to walk it down, but could never quite catch up. Then he got the whimsical notion that he was a prisoner whom Jeff had captured and was marching along to some unknown doom. After a long while he became aware that the light had stopped and he had stopped, and Jeff was saying, "Should be along here somewhere."

Then Jeff had taken off the cap and was holding the light close to earth. The ice particles struck the hot metal shield of the lamp and made fizzing sounds. Jeff pawed the snow from a log and studied it, but there was no sign that a buck had been dragged here; there was no telltale patch of hair to show that Dean and Clymer had worked the deer downhill in the direction of camp. Jeff held the flame of the lamp close to the wood everywhere, and pretty soon Joe Harrow could smell deer hair burning.

Jeff straightened up and put the cap back on his head. "Bear straight on," he advised. "Soon as we get to the top of the ridge we'll yell. Carry downwind as well as a gunshot. If he's upwind in this breeze he couldn't hear a gun anyway."

Higher they went until they topped the first hogback, and the storm found them and tried to wipe them off the earth. Jeff Croy came up close to Harrow's shoulder and yelled, "Brush is thicker off to the left. We'll turn right." The carbide lamp flickered and threatened to go out, but Joe Harrow was surer of himself now. He turned right along the ridge and kept his legs spraddled out a bit as he walked so that the light fell between them and ahead. He felt that he was getting the hang of things, and he had enormous confidence in Jeff Croy. But he still didn't understand how a lost man could be found out here at night in a storm, when he might have gone ten miles in any direction.

They went on a little way and Jeff Croy cupped his hands to his mouth as the wind died for a moment and yelled loud enough to be heard a mile. Joe Harrow tried it, too, but they didn't get any reply. The blizzard wailed in mockery and they went on again, still downwind.

"He'd turn here," said Jeff suddenly, "because it's open country."

THEY paused and yelled again, and just before they started off Joe Harrow heard what sounded like the muted snapping of a twig. There was a lapse of three, four seconds, and then another twig snapped.

Jeff cupped his hands and yelled again, and pretty soon two more twigs snapped. Joe Harrow's spine tingled. "There's some blowdowns and a stand of spruce yonder," remarked Jeff. "Seems like he'd head for that." Joe Harrow was impressed that Filian knew his way around in hunting country; he knew the signal a man should give when he was lost, and he'd head for a spruce thicket and windfalls in a storm. A man never picked the hardest way, any more than a gray buck did. Yet Filian hadn't drifted with the storm after all. Young Harrow wondered why Jeff Croy could have known that.

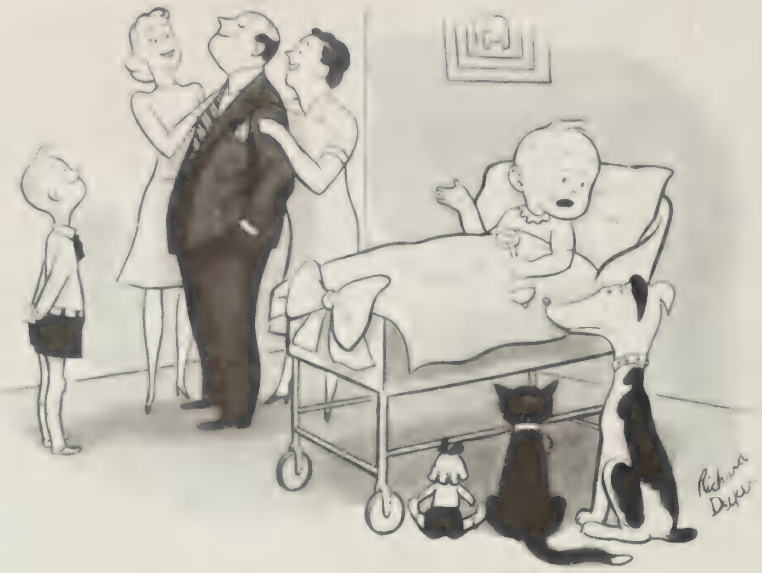
They went on for a few hundred yards almost unerringly, and when Jeff Croy paused again he let the light fall on a snow-covered hump beside an uprooted tree which had gone down in some storm of other years. There was a whopper of a dead buck beside the log, too—Harrow could make out the gleaming horns despite the snow—and he could see a man's arm and a blue-black rifle. The snow hump stirred and he heard Filian's voice, which sounded unnatural because it was so tired.

Jeff Croy came up and bent over, exploring him. "Through my right hip," Filian explained. "The horn went clear through. He was going to spear me again when I killed him . . . You bring a drink, Croy?"

Jeff took out the pint flask and unscrewed the top and handed it over. Filian put it to his lips and looked surprised and grateful. He took a deep swallow and handed it back. "Water!" he exclaimed. "This snow has parched my mouth as though I'd been eating sand!"

"That's a hell-roarer of a buck you got there, Filian," Jeff remarked. "Biggest I've seen for years!"

Filian looked up with a grin of pride, then wagged his head. "I've been a hell of a fool," he admitted. "I took one shot at that buck and figured it was



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enough. But he had other ideas, and he hooked me clear over this log and started after me to finish the job. I should have known better." The thought seemed to cling, for he added after a moment. "I've been a hell of a fool!"

He stirred and pain stabbed him so hard that his face screwed up as though he was going to cry. After a moment he went on stubbornly, "But I've never had time to think things out clearly until tonight. Croy, I hope I'm not so much a fool hereafter!" Young Joe Harrow stood there in silence, listening, not having any words to put into the conversation, which seemed naturally to belong to these two seasoned men.

"You stand up and slip your arms around our necks," Croy said to Filian. "I brung Joe Harrow along because I figured I'm too old to do this alone anyway. That buck will keep where he is until daylight. No wolves or cougars abroad tonight. Leave your gun, too!"

Joe Harrow felt Filian's arm tighten around his own neck and it made Harrow feel strong when Filian's weight sagged down onto his shoulders. He knew better than to say anything, Harrow did, but he needed his breath anyway and, moreover, this was a time to listen. A lot of things had happened tonight that were worth remembering.

He knew that if he ever shot a blacktail buck as big as the one Filian had killed he would never take the chance Filian had taken until he was sure that the game was dead, because a wounded buck can be as dangerous as a wounded grizzly; and he thought that if he ever had to find a lost deer hunter in a storm he'd go about it just as Jeff Croy had. There wasn't much that had happened tonight that Joe Harrow would forget; and he was mighty grateful that Jeff Croy had let him come along. So they went on, the three of them, following the path of light that Jeff's carbide lamp threw ahead.

THE going was plenty tough. Sometimes Joe Harrow felt Filian sag on his shoulder, and when that happened they'd stop and let the injured man down gently and rub a little snow on his face and give him a swig of water; and then he'd awaken and look at them strangely, but he didn't say a word because he was no longer the bluff and blustering Filian that he had been. Something had been uprooted from his nature, as though he realized that if he had been sitting there at dawn by the log and the dead buck he would surely have been an icicle, for after all this was a pretty tough country when a freak blizzard came down from the north. Joe Harrow was practically carrying him when they came stumbling down the last draw, because Jeff Croy was an old man and had just about pulle tonight.

But Joe Harrow, although were bulging with the effor making and he could taste b biting his lips, kept on goin

The cabin was dark but Jef the door open; and then th light played around the bu they had been lying down an ing to sleep, and it blinded th they acted like noonday ow they saw Filian drooping on shoulder, they yelled in started to get up. But Jeff ways a mild-spoken man, sto without raising his voice.

He said hoarsely, "Stay r you are! The first man that likely to find a thirty-thirty gizzard. There's three of u have a drink, and then we'r eat a mess of grub, and the r ing to stay in their bunks and keep quiet."

And that's what happene they knew that Jeff Croy w who meant what he said. there and pretended to sleep while Jeff roused up the fi water hot for Filian's leg. that the cabin got smoky deer liver and bacon and all the three men at the ta to notice, there wasn't anyb the place. Joe Harrow got enough to drown a cat, and hit bottom he felt like wall side of the cabin.

Jed Filian laughed at him over and rubbed his ears ir way, because Filian was again; Jeff Croy has the kna up a flesh wound just about a doctor can do it. Joe Har and white with embarra though somebody were pinn on him, but he grinned bac for these two understood Jeff Croy didn't pay any at kept right on with his cookin standing there and listenin although you could tell th what was going on. By three of them turned in night was shot to pieces, about all there was to it.

Young Joe Harrow didn't that trip, which was last hopes to make a real dee himself this year, for Jed F along to show him the rope knows his way around, hav game all over the world, i record blacktail of the Tu and Joe Harrow are goin Croy asked them. There Croy said, for Filian and four newcomers because M the others won't be there.




**"He says he don't wanna go home—he's in no condition to defend himself"**



*"Fred isn't sure, but he thinks they're all hearts."*

We point cheerfully to the unhappy-looking man at the end of the table. He is the host who thought the old cards were still plenty good enough for the boys. They've straightened him out on that, however, with repeated assurances that he'll have no trouble finding their favorite U. S. Playing Card brand at any of the stores. ♥ Bridge, poker, pinochle, rummy, hearts—they're all more fun with fresh, clean cards. Whatever price you pay, your top value is one of the popular brands made by The United States Playing Card Company.

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# BOSS OF THE OPERA

**By Howard Taubman**



POLLY SMITH

**Edward Johnson is in his seventh year as general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, which is today enjoying the widest popularity of its long history**

**an who manages the olitan Opera has to be t handling everything gh finance to artistic ament. If in addition nething of an interna- wyer as well as a star he's likely to make Meet Edward Johnson**

N Edward Johnson was ap- nted general manager of the tropolitan, in the spring of end took him aside. "Listen, said, "you have to step out. ent apartment, live in style. be a big shot and live in e that!"

nd referred to the three-room hnson, as a leading tenor, had e for years—a walk-up on adison Avenue. A junior ex- ery junior—might get by in a famous tenor it was too or the general manager of olitan? What would the box- l the public think? A duplex venue, a butler and a good *de rigueur*.

Edward Johnson is in his ar as Great White Father of And where does his nibs live? -up flat. He has no butler, cial secretary; only a part- who comes in to tidy up. rs ago they also admonished son to get a limousine. He number, and hired a chauf- the chauffeur drove him son Avenue a short distance ra house; nightly he drove The rest of the day the ust sat, and Johnson wor- what the fellow thought of er who never used his car. hnson shed both limousine ur and felt free again. Now om office to home, which is ed to do before putting on

**hat the Doctor Ordered**

flat and nervousness over a re keys to Johnson's charac- a question of money—some e gave $25,000 to his native st in musical education. He ial; he is at home in tails e. He knows his way around e gras, terrapin, crêpes Su- Château d'Yquem. But by iction and works he is a nd being at the head of the nly reinforced his ideas.

is just what the doctor or- e opera. Today any citizen on this opera racket by his radio, and he is begin- e opinions about Flagstad, s and Tibbett.

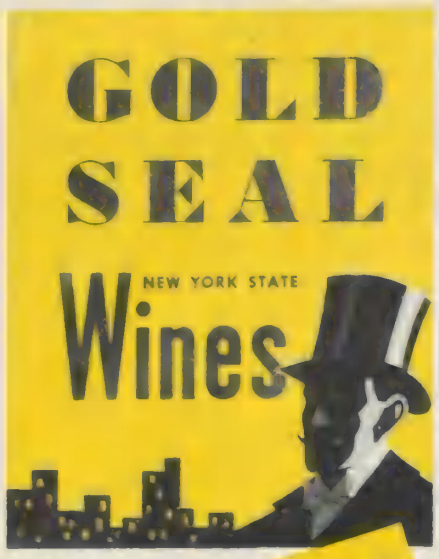
dot have to take Eddie John- that there is a vast, new, interest in opera. In the which raised more than llars for the Metropolitan, old-fashioned largess in ,000, $5,000 and $1,000. But alf was in donations of $5, ome in coins, even pennies. als brought close to 200,000 h checks, money orders and came from the forty-eight aii, Alaska, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Canada and merican republics.

nson proposes to remem- onstration. He would have ssed if that many people of appreciation. But when they backed it up with dough, that made the Metropolitan a national institution, with a duty to the country as a whole.

Johnson has discovered that the Metropolitan is an international affair. It gives the great operas of the world in four languages—English, French, German and Italian. There is hard feeling against Germany and Italy. Maybe we are not indignant at the languages themselves. Certainly we have nothing against geniuses like Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, Verdi, Rossini and Puccini. Yet Eddie Johnson has headaches about this problem of languages and the war.

Aïda is one of the prize operas of all time. The Metropolitan gives it often and sometimes uses it for the hoop-la of opening night. This year Johnson is cautious about Aïda. Why? Well, there is a scene where an officer leads his men off to the wars for king and country. It happens that king and country are Egyptian. But the boys and girls are singing in Italian, and they hail their hero, "Ritorna, vincitor!" which means "Return, a conqueror!" Johnson knows that Italian-Americans attend Aïda. Somebody might yell, "Down with Mussolini!" Somebody might respond, "Evviva Mussolini!" The first thing you'd

*(Continued on page 83)*




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# All-America Makers

Continued from page 20

phone every night, with this message—"Hello, Benny. Don't forget. On and over."

Bill Roper, who trained Princeton's forces for so many years, was no believer in any set system. Roper had no hesitation in taking plays from rival teams that seemed to suit his material. He was a great believer in fundamentals, especially in blocking and tackling, and a greater believer in the old "will to win." Jock Sutherland, high up on the list of All-America makers and undoubtedly one of the best that football ever knew, gave most of his work to two important factors—a fast-charging, aggressive line and a fast-moving backfield that was always perfectly drilled in its timing and all needed assignments.

The late Howard Jones of Southern California favored power above everything else. He usually had his full share of big, fast men who were taught to block, tackle and drive hard, the type that could use power more effectively than anything else. Yet his passing attack was always ready when raw power wasn't capable of breaking through.

Bob Neyland, with his brilliant record at Tennessee, must be placed high on the list. As one leading Southern coach told me—"We always find that Tennessee teams seem to know more football than any others we meet, no matter from what section."

Bernie Bierman of Minnesota, quiet, almost shy, looks more like a bank president than a football leader. Yet at Tulane and in the lair of the Golden Gopher he has proved his place.

### Credit Where Credit is Due

Next week Collier's will present its 52d All-America football team, a roll of honor on the gridiron that goes back to the dawn of the game. For the first thirty-five years these selections were made by Walter Camp, still known as the "Father of Football." Since 1924, after Mr. Camp's death, they have been made by Collier's All-America Board, carrying out the Camp-Collier All-America tradition.

But before announcing the new selections, we want to give credit to the coaches who have given these All-America players their chance to know the headlines and to reap their reward. It seems to me that the fairest basis for such selection should start with 1906, for several reasons: (a) That was the year the forward pass and other changes brought in the open game, and (b) it was about this time football began to find a national appeal and the Ivy colleges no longer dominated the game. Here is the record of the leaders:

COACHES PRODUCING MOST ALL-AMERICA PLAYERS

(Those with five or more listed)

**PERCY HAUGHTON (17)**

At Harvard: Fish, *t*, 1908-09; Nourse, *c*, 1908: Minot, *hb*, 1909; McKay, *t*, 1910; Wendell, *hb*, 1910-11; Fisher, *g*, 1910-11; Felton, *e*, 1912; Pennock, *g*, 1912-13-14; Brickley, *hb*, 1912-13; Mahan, *fb*, 1913-14-15; Hardwick, *e*, 1914; Trumbull, *t*, 1914; Bradlee, *hb*, 1914; Gilman, *t*, 1915; King, *hb*, 1915; Dadmun, *g*, 1916.

At Columbia: Koppisch, *hb*, 1924.

**GIL DOBIE (5)**

At Navy: Perry, *g*, 1918; Roberts, *hb*, 1918.

At Cornell: Kaw, *hb*, 1921-22; Sundstrom, *t*, 1923; Pfann, *qb*, 1923.

**HARRY KIPKE (5)**

At Michigan: Morrison, *c*, 1931; Newman, *qb*, 1932; Bernard, *c*, 1933; Wistert, *t*, 1933; Heikkinen, *g*, 1938.

**BILL ROPER (14)**

At Princeton: Cooney, *t*, 1906; Wister, *e*, 1906; McCormick, *fb*, 1907; Harlan, *hb*, 1907; Tibbott, *hb*, 1908; Pendleton, *hb*, 1910; White, *e*, 1911; Hart, *t*, 1911; Duff, *g*, 1911; Murray, *qb*, 1918; Keck, *t*, 1920; Lourie, *qb*, 1920; Treat, *t*, 1922; McMillan, *c*, 1925.

**FIELDING YOST (11)**

At Michigan: Schultz, *c*, 1907; Benbrook, *g*, 1909-10; Wells, *e*, 1910; Craig, *hb*, 1913; Maulbetsch, *hb*, 1914; Steketee, *fb*, 1918; Vick, *c*, 1921; Kipke, *hb*, 1922; Blott, *c*, 1923; Oosterbaan, *e*, 1925-26-27; Friedman, *qb*, 1926.

**JOCK SUTHERLAND (11)**

At Pittsburgh: Chase, *t*, 1925; Welch, *hb*, 1927; Getto, *t*, 1928; Donchess, *e*, 1929; Montgomery, *g*, 1929; Quatse, *t*, 1931; Heller, *fb*, 1932; Skladany, *e*, 1933; Shotwell, *c*, 1934; Daniell, *t*, 1936; Goldberg, *hb*, 1937, *fb*, 1938.

**HOWARD JONES (11)**

At Syracuse: Horr, *t*, 1908.

At Iowa: Devine, *qb*, 1921; Locke, *qb*, 1922.

At Southern California: Kaer, *hb*, 1926; Drury, *qb*, 1927; Pinckert, *hb*, 1930; Shaver, *fb*, 1931; Smith, *t*, 1932; Rosenberg, *g*, 1933; Warburton, *qb*, 1933; Smith, *g* 1939.

**POP WARNER (8)**

At Cornell: Thompson, *g*, 1906.

At Pittsburgh: Peck, *c*, 1915-16; Hilty, *t*, 1918; Davies, *hb*, 1918; Stein, *c*, 1920.

At Stanford: Nevers, *fb*, 1925; Post, *g*, 1928; Corbus, *g*, 1932-33.

**BERNIE BIERMAN (7)**

At Tulane: Dalrymple, *e*, 1930-31.

At Minnesota: Larson, *e*, 1933-34; Bevan, *g*, 1934; Lund, *fb*, 1934; Smith, *t*, 1935; Widseth, *t*, 1936; Franck, *hb*, 1940.

**TAD JONES (7)**

At Yale: Moseley, *e*, 1916; Black, *g*, 1916; Callahan, *g*, 1920; Aldrich, *hb*, 1921; Mallory, *fb*, 1923; Milstead, *t*, 1923; Charlesworth, *c*, 1927.

**KNUTE ROCKNE (6)**

At Notre Dame: Gipp, *fb*, 1920; Stuhldreher, *qb*, 1924; Boeringer, *c*, 1926; Smith, *g*, 1927; Cannon, *g*, 1929; Carideo, *qb*, 1929-30.

**BOB ZUPPKE (6)**

At Illinois: Chapman, *g*, 1914; Macomber, *hb*, 1915; Carney, *e*, 1920; Grange, *hb*, 1923-24, *qb*, 1925; Shively, *g*, 1926; Crane, *g*, 1927.

**BOB NEYLAND (6)**

At Tennessee: Dodd, *hb*, 1930; Hickman, *g*, 1931; Feathers, *hb*, 1933; Wyatt, *e*, 1938; Molinski, *g*, 1939; Suffridge, *g*, 1940.

**JIMMY PHELAN (6)**

At Purdue: Sleight, *t*, 1929.

At Washington: Schwegler, *t*, 1931; Nisbet, *e*, 1932; Starcevich, *g*, 1936; Markov, *t*, 1937; Mucha, *c*, 1940.

**CARL SNAVELY (5)**

At North Carolina: Barclay, *g*, 1934.

At Cornell: Holland, *e*, 1937; McKeever, *t*, 1938; Roth, *g*, 1938; Drahos, *t*, 1939.

**ALONZO STAGG (5)**

At Chicago: Eckersall, *qb*, 1906; Steffen, *qb*, 1908; Des Jardien, *c*, 1913; McGuire, *t*, 1921; Thomas, *fb*, 1922.


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# The Fuehrer of Sugar Creek

Continued from page 17

ney So she had come to tell the
ern
ien let go with a tirade against
nm ism, the Atlanta Constitution,
A nta Journal, the Rosenwald
nd, e Rockefeller Foundation and
era thers we failed to catch. Gene
s g . Anybody who knows Gene
t g d can tell you that he can talk
in fast that you clean forget to
nc And he can talk you out so
th you forget what you came for.
rw Gene grabbed the woman's
y, h d it close in his arms.
Lad ' said he, "as governor of
uti Georgia, I'm promisin' you
e b ' witnesses that yo' lovely
y h ain't a-goin' to sit in the same
ols be dragged down to the same
l w the Negrah. Not while there's
in ne Talmadge. No, ma'am. In
mi rtune, instead of givin' you
yo by money fo' food and shelter
cl ing, the Rosenwalds and the
kef ers are givin' money to our
her o break down class distinc-
s ar invite the Negrah to sit down
t e with you. The Communists
the wspapers are workin' hand in
e v n them to teach our young
s th there ain't no difference be-
n b k and white."

### S ed From Yankee Spies

e l the rest of it. The woman
bac er baby, the baby not seem-
to c one way or another. Show-
no e tion whatever, she stood her
md r a few moments, her face
her an before if anything, heed-
of e jostling of the politicians
tro d into the governor's private
e at ene's heels. In a small but
y w . Gene's entry into the capi-
hat orning had been a triumph.
st ause he had fired ten pro-
rs d teachers from the Univer-
sys n, thereby saving the state
(wh knows?) the nation from the
p, nkee spies were digging into
past With money as tainted as
nwt and Rockefeller dollars,
we bribing his fellow Georgians
pop e county of Telfair and par-
arly s county seat, McRae, hope-
of d ging up proof of some old
aig lies about the days of his
h. l this they weren't getting far
use e had destroyed county rec-
—no that the dead records would
he d them. Gene says that if
d c e to him instead of stand-
uts wishing those records were
aliv he'd tell them the facts.
at ause he had cleaned the
es school and college libraries of
a w ten by men who hated the
Tim Religion and loved the Ne-
(t two being indisputably
nym s) he was being published a
, a xer and a Nazi. Proof to the
ary on the tip of his tongue. He
grad te of the University of Geor-
he est chartered state university
neri , the school he loves so much
the h braved all this Yankee defa-
on, l this carpetbagger perse-
n a all the sneers of Georgians
ith f that holy name. Baring his
, dying the Yankee Mammon,
as s ed his beloved alma mater
cap re by the Negrah and is pre-
to ke his place in history with
Geo ia titans as Purnal Truitt,
first hopped cotton with a hoe,
Tom Watson and such governors
Wils Lumpkin, Alexander H.
ens, eneral John B. Gordon and
mm al Hoke Smith. And as for
a xer, there is the testimony

of Colonel James A. Colescott, Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan of Georgia. Colonel Colescott says that the Klan is a right tolerant institution these days and doesn't hold with Gene's method of getting shut of those professors.

We could go on like that for pages. But perhaps you'd be more interested in precisely what happened, and why.

Mr. Talmadge is in the throes of a political comeback. He had served four years as governor just prior to the Rivers administration ending last January. Preferring to hold political office rather than till the sacred soil of Georgia and practice law, he offered himself to his people for the United States Senate. They declined with an enthusiasm which might have discouraged a man of thinner skin than Gene's. But when it came time to choose somebody to succeed Ed Rivers and Gene declared himself eager for this honor, they voted him back into the job on his promise that he'd stop thievery, reduce taxes, increase pensions of all kinds, pay schoolteachers and otherwise restore Georgia to her rightful place in the world.

No sooner had Gene been elected governor last fall than he began to cast about for an issue which would not only elect him to the Senate in 1942, replacing the Honorable Dick Russell, but make him undisputed boss of the state. Politicians elsewhere had but one issue —Defense Against Hitlerism. Both Senators George and Russell were hot for defense and thoroughly opposed to Hitler. Gene could shout louder than either of these gentlemen, but figured that by the fall of 1942 the United States might very likely be in a shooting war and that his voice, powerful as it is, might very well be lost in the din. If only he had something to holler about—something besides defense and Hitler, something even nearer and dearer to rural Georgians.

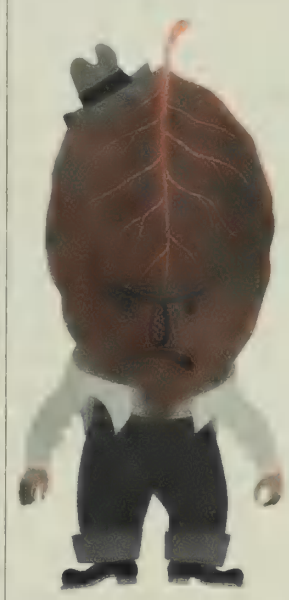
### Talmadge Gets an Idea

It was while he was thus cudgeling his fertile brain that someone (a number of Georgians claim the honor) told him that Dr. Walter D. Cocking, dean of the College of Education, University of Georgia, and Dr. Marvin S. Pittman, president of the Georgia State Teachers College, had drawn up a plan to mingle whites and blacks on equal footing in the classrooms of their respective schools. Of course they had done nothing of the sort—not that it matters now. Also, it would have been impossible for them to institute such a revolutionary innovation in Georgia's educational system without rewriting Georgia's state constitution. And only the people of Georgia could do that at a general election.

What had happened was this: Drs. Cocking and Pittman, along with their faculties and with the knowledge of the Georgia Board of Regents, wrote a paper outlining their hopes for the progress of education in Georgia. It was a dullish, academic brochure not warranted to hold the interest of anyone except the pedagogue for more than a few paragraphs. Moreover, it was written nearly three years ago.

One of the few mildly interesting suggestions was that a lecture hall be erected on a spot some thirty minutes away from the University of Georgia where graduate students of Georgia's colleges who were about to devote their lives to teaching Georgia's young—black and white—might get together and discuss their problems and listen


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to imported and domestic voices of experience. Naturally, there would be Negroes as well as whites in these gatherings. The Georgia law specifies that black teachers shall teach black pupils and white shall teach white. There was nothing whatever in the plan that advocated the intermingling of the two races in undergraduate halls. Furthermore, the idea won more than considerable applause from teachers of both races, it being their theory that they might conceivably understand each other better if they occasionally made personal exchanges of their educational ideas.

When and if this proposal should become practice, it was the hope of Drs. Cocking and Pittman and their associates that the Rosenwald Fund or the Rockefeller General Education Board, or both, should foot the bill. This would be entirely in accord with the wishes of the Board of Regents, always grateful for any contributions made to the cost of education in Georgia. There are about 16,000 public- or common-school teachers in the state system and approximately 1,500 in the university system. Thus far, the Rosenwald Fund and General Education Board have contributed half a million dollars to education in Georgia, to say nothing of helping to pay the salaries of some of the more expensive professors and administrators in the university. Careful research into the records reveals no previous protest by Gene against this "desperate attempt to declare the Negro to be what he is not and what he can never become—the legal peer and equal of the race which the Divine hand ordained as superior since the dawn of Creation." (We take the quotes hot from the pen of Gene himself in his newspaper, The Statesman—The People, Editor; Gene Talmadge, Associate Editor.)

### Gene Takes Off

Nothing came of the graduate-school plan, its proponents deciding that they had more immediate problems to solve and the Rosenwald Fund's guardians being desirous of looking over something more than a mere theory. And you'd never have heard of it at all if Gene hadn't thirsted for an issue for 1942 and if someone hadn't remembered. A hint is all that Gene needs. Down on Sugar Creek they'll tell you that you can never tell which way Gene's a-goin' to take off a-hollerin'.

Anyway, Gene had a-hold of somethin'. He called to his office a few trusted friends within the faculty. However, if their reports were ever reduced to writing there is no evidence of it. A lady, Mrs. Sylla W. Hamilton, formerly a teacher in the School of Education, came forward with an affidavit that she had attended a meeting of that faculty in the spring of 1939 when Dr. Cocking said that he "wished to build a training school within thirty minutes drive of Athens, Georgia (seat of the university), where the graduates of the school could do their practice teaching —practice teaching being required of all graduates of the School of Education. This school, he said, was to be for both blacks and whites. He turned to me and said, 'What do you think of this plan, Mrs. Hamilton?' I replied: 'That you should propose to do this thing in the state of Georgia is both astounding and amazing.' "

Gene, saying that this was all the evidence any white man could ask for, forthwith demanded that Cocking and Pittman resign. When it was suggested to Gene that he ought to have a little more direct evidence, that others of the faculty had been present but had failed to hear what Mrs. Hamilton had and that some folks might wonder why Mrs. Hamilton had kept silent so long when the state of Georgia was in such a dire peril, Gene got pretty indignant.

"If one person says one thing and somebody else says another you gotta decide who yo' going to believe and stick to it," said he. "And that's what I'm a-doin'. Mrs. Hamilton's got the straight of it."

He demanded again that Cocking and Pittman resign. They refused, demanding a hearing by the Board of Regents. Gene said that they weren't entitled to a hearing, that neither he nor the regents had the time to listen to everybody they wanted to get rid of. Nevertheless, he said he'd be big, call a meeting of the regents and let their decision be a warning to all nigger-loving professors who were undermining Southern civilization with carpetbagger funds. Whereupon the regents voted eight to seven to retain both Cocking and Pittman. While we are not prepared to believe it, we're told that the decision of the regents left Gene speechless for almost ten minutes. Recovering, he said weakly that he was prepared to be knocked over with a feather, that if anybody had told him that there were eight Georgians so blind and deaf to the consequences of keeping men like Pittman and Cocking around he'd have called



**Express Elevator—Up**

that man a liar. For a moment it sure looked like Gene's new furriner-nigger issue had done bust up in his face. And many a lesser politician would have dropped the issue then and there, galloping off in another direction making so much noise that the electorate would soon forget Messrs. Cocking and Pittman. But not Gene Talmadge.

When campaigning, nobody could have been more indignant about That Man Roosevelt's tactics—particularly the Supreme Court Packing Plan. Gene had shuddered so vigorously about the Supreme Court reorganization that "the flo' of the platform done come loose and Aunt Sue Willie Carmichael of Ty Ty done sent him a bottle of ague syrup." But Gene wasn't to be hog-tied by any foolish consistency. He forced three members of the misguided regents to resign—three of the eight dissenters. In their places he appointed three gentlemen on whom Georgia and Gene could depend. And he did some vigorous missionary work amongst the others. Then he ordered another trial.

Fearful that something more substantial than Mrs. Hamilton's affidavit might be required, even by a packed Board of Regents, one of Gene's legmen tried to bribe an Athens photographer to superimpose the head of Cocking on the shoulders of a white man shaking hands with young Negroes who had just been drafted into the United States Army. With such evidence of Cocking's disloyalty to the white race, no board could hesitate. But the photographer wasn't enthusiastic. Anyway, it couldn't be done convincingly. Where fender of White Supremacy colored houseboy and cha worked for Cocking and, tal a tourist camp, telling hir place was the headquarters Klux Klan, commanded h Cocking's desk for letters teachers—letters which dean of the School of Edu pretty sure to have. The bo Then his captors showed him was mighty apt to go off signed something he didn't r released. The boy says tha know what the paper said. matter. Neither the paper r tographs (if any were made duced at the trial, which s conclusive evidence that t very valuable to Gene's side

### "Hit the Chair and H ler"

We shan't go into the sec length. And that's too bad, many volumes of less astor have been written about kin —the Reichstag fire trial, and the Russian purge. Ger ent and in complete comm. his new appointees to the

Jim Peters, conducted the Now and then when Mr. Gene intends to promote should he decide to run f States Senate next year, sh bogging down, Gene wo cigar and cry: "Hit the cha Jim."

Both Cocking and Pittm than somewhat bewildere ceedings, but soon caught o produced two of the sub which had been found o sity library's shelves—Br by Edwin R. Embree of t Fund, and Calling Ameri sium in which the relati and Negroes were incident —the two teachers had th quire how they could be mony of their desire to supremacy. They were books, which incidentally cate racial equality, were ing in the University S defendants denied this, ac didn't know the books w brary—and what of it?

"Is that so?" roared Ge

"Yes, sir," cried Mr. P soon the Negro will be wa the same seats with us, e tables with us and ride train cars with us."

"They ain't a-gonna do

So the reorganized Boa found Cocking and Pittma vocating racial equality and voted ten to five Whereat one of the bet





gents, the Honorable Lawrence Wood Robert, Jr., of Atlanta, better known as Chip, Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury in the early days of the New Deal, arose to thank Gene for his patriotism. From his pocket Mr. Robert drew a typed set of resolutions lauding Mr. Talmadge's valuable assistance to his alma mater and to the state of Georgia which he read carefully while Gene accepted congratulations, his eyes sheepishly cast down and an "aaaaw pshawww" expression on his face.

That done, Gene took a day off to write in his newspaper, The Statesman, the true account of what had happened. Further, he fired eight more members of the University System faculties. Among them were J. Curtis Dixon, vice-chancellor of the university, a former director of the Rosenwald Fund's Rural Education Program; Professor P. D. Bush of North Georgia College, also mayor of Dahlonega; C. M. Destler, head of the Social Science Department of Georgia Teachers College; Mrs. Mamie Veasey, dean of women at Georgia Teachers, and R. E. Davis of the Animal Husbandry Department, State College of Agriculture.

Had Gene wanted really to awaken Georgia and if it weren't that he insisted that the trial of Cocking and Pittman be free of prejudice, he might have risen to fret before the regents (of which he is one, ex-officio) and tell them of several other horrors that his scouts had reported. He said, however, that he didn't want to confuse the issue. There was Mr. J. R. McCain, president of Agnes Scott College for Women at Decatur, Georgia, for example. Agnes Scott is an independent school, not under the University of Georgia System. Otherwise Mr. McCain would have been fired so fast that he'd have forgotten his name, yes, sir.

Gene said that this McCain, a furriner of the worst sort, and a proved nigger-lover, done carried some of his lovely young lady pupils beyond the borders of beautiful Georgia and right onto the campus of Tuskegee Institute, a Negro school in Alabama. And there this enemy of White Supremacy, without the knowledge and consent of the fine mothers and brave fathers of these pure white Georgia belles, than which there is no finer example of saintly American womanhood, mingled with niggers on the campus, discussed questions of education and stayed overnight in one of those black dormitories. And this was not the only time that white young ladies of Georgia had visited Negro schools, getting their pretty heads filled with doubts about White Supremacy. However, this Agnes Scott-Tuskegee incident was enough to warrant the passage of some crackdown laws and Gene was thinkin' the same over.

### Why Look at the Facts?

Of course, Gene had let his emotions get him down. Mr. McCain, like Messrs. Cocking and Pittman, is a mild man, a nationally known educator, a sane person with no plans for equalizing the two races. In the interests of broad education and at the request of a group of his students, he made a one-day pilgrimage with them to Tuskegee, where they ate and slept quite apart from the Negro dining rooms and dormitories. They went with the full consent of the young ladies' parents, and enjoyed themselves immensely. They shook hands with Dr. George Washington Carver, the great Negro scientist, and listened to the Tuskegee choir, this alone making the trip more than worth while.

But Gene wasn't pausing to discuss facts. Look yere, what these Rosenwalds and Rockefellers, these Cockings and Pittmans, these carpetbagger highbrows, nigger-lovers and anti-Christian furriners are doing to the libraries in our college where the mothers and fathers of Georgia young ladies and their brothers expect them to be educated into fine flowers of America. Look yere at these books found on those shelves: An American history by Albert Bushnell Hart, in which this man Hart, probably a Rosenwalder, says: "The Southern whites have an unfounded and unformulated fear that somehow White Supremacy is in danger." And this book, We Call It Human Nature, a so-called book for children, by Paul Grabbe. In this book there is a "full-page picture of a little Negro boy and a little white boy sitting together at a corner drugstore sipping soda through straws . . . gets them ready for racial intermixing." (We're quoting Gene in his The Statesman.) A shameless book, From Many Lands, by Louis Adamic, who says therein that "He knows a number of Negroes who are not inferior to any white man." And still another volume, Southern Regions of the United States, by Howard Odlum, "carries the idea that Southern people are bound down by the erroneous assumption that the white race is necessarily superior."

### It's Tough on the University

Which goes to show you the insidious methods of these invading enemies of the white race. When we left Georgia twenty-three such subversive devil books had been cast out of Georgia's school libraries. And Gene wasn't through yet with similar lyin' books and nigger-lovin' professors. The Southern University Conference, a nonaccrediting association of forty-odd senior liberal arts colleges in the South, had dropped the University of Georgia from membership, saying that Gene had made it a political racket. The Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools was about to meet and outlaw the university, thereby depriving it of its ability to accredit its graduates. Thus legally no graduate of the University of Georgia could teach or practice a profession in Georgia, the state constitution requiring all such to be accredited graduates of schools in good standing with the SACSS. And students of the university might not transfer to other American colleges that might demand credits.

Gene said, unconvincingly, that he wasn't worried about such nonsense. Georgia would accredit her own schools. It was all a Rosenwald-Rockefeller plot anyway—a plot to discredit him, to prevent him from fighting singlehanded against the encroachments of the Negrah and his Yankee exploiters. Gene had taken his stand in Dixie Land and nobody was a-gonna budge him.

"I'm for a college education for every boy and girl in beautiful Georgia," roared Gene. "And I'm a-gonna see that they get it. How? Nev' mind how. I'm a-gonna do it."

"Negroes too?"

"The Negrah will be taken care of."

For the time being, Gene dropped the discussion. He had to write a flock of editorials and interpretive articles for The Statesman.

Gene dipped his pen in ink. His hard features softened. With a few preliminary flourishes he began to write "something right interestin' to the fine, upstandin' people of Georgia." He wrote:

"Sunday I drove over to Union Baptist Church in Wilcox County to an all-day singing and dinner on the ground. And—would you believe it?—they actually succeeded in getting me to lead two hymns: In the Land Where We Never Grow Old and The Old Rugged Cross. I did so, helped by the beautiful voices of the fine Christian brothers and sisters. . . ."




# The Two Bad Men

## By Louis Paul

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE



**If you were on the jury, what would you do with the men who killed poor Harold? Detective Sullivan would like to know**

DETECTIVE SERGEANT WILLIAM SULLIVAN twisted an official report form in his ancient portable, stabbing awkwardly with his first two fingers at the elusive typewriter keys. "To Inspector Elliot," he wrote. In sixteen years of filing reports Sergeant Sullivan had mastered neither the keyboard nor any fluency of style in writing upon it. His depositions were terse to the point of affectation. In this instance he wrote: "Apprehended the Cordell brothers in Nevada, June 6th, obtained certificate of extradition, booked in at the 12th precinct station. Evidence and oral report to the district attorney's office. Returned to duty for assignment."

The Cordell brothers, as a matter of fact, had given Sergeant Sullivan a certain amount of trouble. They were a peculiar pair of individuals. Sullivan had made little attempt, even in his oral report to the D. A.'s office, to dwell upon these peculiarities. Sullivan was a detective and a successful one. For sixteen years he had been a member of New York's police force. Sitting now at his old portable with the Cordell report in the machine, he speculated on all the crimes that happen in a great metropolis.

Sullivan had been assigned to work on sex slayings, tong wars, dope cases, gang killings. He had tracked down crazed cultists, homicidal maniacs, moronic racketeers, insurance murder rings. In sixteen years of intimate contact with the mentality of violent criminals Sergeant Sullivan saw them lose their individuality and begin falling into categories. You could cast a practiced eye over the body of a corpse in a city apartment and observe the inner workings of the murderer's mind.

Not so with the Cordell brothers. A New York jury might find it difficult to understand the Cordell brothers. It, too, like Sullivan, would be conversant with racketeer reprisals, political gangsterism, crimes of passion—the dozen and one felonies to which the metropolitan city is heir. The only thing categorical about the Cordell case was its jurisdiction. The offense had been committed in the city and

York.

Sullivan recalled th
stepped off the train at B
There had been a littl
controversy with the
about the train stoppin
all. The station consiste
ing "Benbow—Elev. 4,8
was simply a street one
porting a few wooden
high false fronts. Wh
rived there, an Indian w
shirt and leather breech
a washing machine in th
general store. No othe
was visible. All a
stretched the open, parc
less and gently rolling t
of distant mountains.

The police sergeant f

tile and, what was al
perience for him, str
How the devil did a m
prehending a pair of b
country? In this hou
liant, treeless terrain
comfortably and pick
ing stranger at fifteen
Sullivan was a city co
to following fugitives
dark haunts and lo
pleasure in the pursuit.
thing altogether differe

SULLIVAN felt the
pocket made by th
he carried, and the
volver in its holster.
as impotent weapons
erate in this desolate
beat down out of a hot
over to the Indian.

"Pardon me. Is the
in this town?"

"Why?" said the Ind

"My name is Sulliva
geant William Sullivan
Police Department.
touch with the authori

"I'm the authorities
Indian. "Henry Whit
have much crime in
sheriff over at the co
quesne would be your
after a fugitive from
is, Sanderson's down
witness in a trial. I'll
to assist you in any
sheriff's absence."

Sullivan reached o
proffered hand. The
ably well-educated s
thing of a surprise t
very much, Mr. White

"Just call me Henry
without smiling. "W
these washing machi
mind getting one for
price is kind of steep
draw. Suppose we s
place. We can talk be

Sullivan found him
problem to the India

*(Continued on page 81)*

**"I wouldn't have a chance," he thought. "They want me to know I haven't got a chance even with an automatic rifle in my hands"**




**der these five** excite such comment! Choose as your mood dictates, your choice will win eager . All are 17 jewels, 14K gold. 1473: Bewitching individuality, faithfully accurate, $35.00 Opulent luxury. Twelve full cut diamonds, eight genuine rubies; 14K rose gold case matched bracelet, $450.00 · · · 1426: Tiny and dainty. Curved crystal for interesting emphasis, $32.50 : Not one but six diamonds, to dramatize the wearer, $110.00 · · · 1513: See how the cylinder lds sparkle to a refreshingly different design, a rugged watch for all its daintiness. $47.50.



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*†REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. *Buy Defense Bonds*



# The Scorched Red Earth

Continued from page 13

wash hanging out on lines. Down narrow, roughly cobbled streets, cars, motorcycles, trucks and little Russian wagons pulled by small, struggling horses fought for passage. The German commander's headquarters were in a gutted bank building. Outside was a truckload of Soviet soldiers just captured in the near-by forest. I talked to some of them.

Surprisingly, only one of them could speak Russian. They came from different parts of the country and only three could understand one another. The only Russian most of them understood was the commands of their officers. They were very downcast and said they never expected to see their homes again.

"If I got home and the Soviets were still there," said one, "I'd be shot for surrendering."

Down the street a junior college had been gutted by a fire set by the retreating Russians. Hundreds of half-burned books, bales of leaflets littered the courtyard. In the center of the yard stood a headless statue of Stalin—a plaster shell, painted over.

In the Ukraine, Kiev, with its peacetime population of about a million, was an example of the thoroughness with which the Soviets destroyed what they could not defend. Outside the city entire sections of woods had been cut to make tank barriers; rails had been encased in cement to block roads. Wires were strung waist-high through the trees—with a mine attached every few feet.

### Russia's Desperate Defense

South of Kiev in the open fields the Soviets had constructed an intricate system of trenches, barbed-wire entanglements, tank traps and artillery emplacements camouflaged in shacks. These had all been bombed and blasted into ruins. In the city itself were formidable street barricades made of logs, sandbags, cobblestones and dirt. The outskirts showed the desperate measures to which the defenders had resorted. All railway and road bridges had been blown up, factories dynamited or burned. Streetcars stood abandoned where they were left when the power plant was destroyed along with other public facilities. Except where the Germans had managed to make repairs, Kiev was without lights, gas, water or heat. Blocks of the business section still smoked as the result of fires started by hidden mines which exploded four days after the city was surrendered.

When they left, the Soviets took all the city's fire-fighting apparatus as well as the firemen and all expert workmen who might be able to repair the power plant and waterworks. The Germans say it will take four years to rebuild Kiev after the necessary workmen and materials can be assembled.

In the hotel where I stayed, the Russians had even taken the bedclothes. Formerly called The Red Kiev Hotel, the Germans had ironically renamed it "Hotel Liberty"—but that couldn't make the elevator run or put blankets on the hard mattresses.

The citizens who remained in the town seemed friendly enough, going about their own business if they had any or to work if they could find it. Food conditions were bad, the Russians having systematically destroyed all food stores before leaving. Potatoes were generally procurable but such things as meat, coffee, tea, butter and sugar were unheard of. The Germans were issuing rations to people in long bread lines. People waited in other lines to buy newspapers. When the first paper in the Ukrainian language appeared, crowds stood on street corners around one purchaser while he read it aloud. Before this paper appeared, the only reading matter consisted of notices posted in German, Russian and Ukrainian, warning of death penalties for plundering, sabotage and acts against German soldiers.

In Kiev hearses were being used for carrying everything except corpses. They were full of booted, beshawled women with legs hanging over the sides, bumping down cobbled streets. The price of a ride was about one cent but it represented about one dollar to the Ukrainians. There were two typically American things: shoeshine boys and scooters. In the country was another familiar sight: all along the roads women were attempting to thumb rides in our car.

In Kiev and throughout the southern Ukraine the Jews wore no distinctive arm bands or markings as elsewhere. No notices had been posted concerning Jewish labor corps or registrations.

What happened in captured Russian cities long after the Red army left proved the Russians to be the world's best saboteurs. So cleverly were time and incendiary bombs and mines hidden that expert German mine removers couldn't find all of them. In Kiev alone more than 10,000 mines were discovered and removed, but this still did not prevent a large section of the city from being blasted to bits by hidden infernal machines. The commonest type had plungers like hand grenades. They were hidden in stoves, clothes closets, under chair cushions, in beds—any place where a string or wire could be attached to the plunger. When the stove or closet door was opened, the mine exploded. It was the same if you sat on a chair, attempted to sleep in a bed or even raise a window. Other bombs were hooked up with telephones, electric light lines or water pipes. In the first two types the bombs were set off simply by taking the phone off the hook or turning on the light. Sometimes turning on a light on the fourth floor would set off a mine under the basement floor. Those mines hooked up with water pipes were set off by some pressure principle when the tap was opened.

In Odessa, the entire building occupied by the Rumanian General Staff was blown sky-high as a result of someone turning on a water tap. Both in Kiev and Odessa hundreds of bombs went off automatically four days after the Soviets evacuated the town. Most of them were "two-timers," meaning they first blew out the walls and then set fire to the wreckage.

There were even teleignition bombs. The fuses of these were radio-receiving sets set t wave length. These bomt ploded by the Russians mil days later by broadcastin signal to which the set wa mine of this type with thre tons of dynamite inside wa removed from the big new seum in Kiev, but anoth discovered, blew the place t greatest and most comple job I saw was in the huge Ni yards, where 25,000 men us ployed. Only the two-th hull of a 35,000-ton battles plate-cutting plant and two plants remain. And in tha of steel there might still Everything else—machine yards, work and tool shops, the hulls of an 8,000-ton cr submarines were ruined b

Whatever the Soviet reg to construct in twenty yea destroyed in just so many

### New Masters for

Retreating before Hi roller, the Soviets left bel the peasant population, al sands of men from farm been hastily conscripted service. Often from one fourth of civil population the Germans got there. T Russia is suffering from a age and there is confusion life. In the north, settlers transferred from other pa to territories taken fr showed flashes of dull rese new upheaval which again them. They accepted th ters, the Finns, with a sh the peasants have seen all fering and accept withou plaint what Providence b

In cities the people go air of caution frosted over friendliness. Many Ukrain out jobs because the facto in which they work we but none seem to be worry

The Germans say their is in getting the country mal and that they are lea lation alone as far a provided they behave th

As in the United State ers in the great Middle represent American opini it in the occupied territor dividuals in Soviet Russi ber the time when the s however small their hol meager their existence, them. As the saying goe



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**"We won't have to test our new secret plane, sir—official dispatches from six other countries say it's no good!"**

JEFF KEATE

a city fellow's job and he forms a union, but take away a farmer's land and you will have shotgun trouble." The Germans realized this to a great extent and published certain rules for the Ukraine, although the war still was in progress. Small plots of land which the Soviets had allotted to peasants to plant as they pleased now become their personal property, free from taxation. On the conditions of a good harvest and successful sowing, these individual grants can be doubled. At the same time the Germans told the peasants they will be given a chance to own livestock without the heavy taxes imposed by Russia.

Full freedom of religion also is being restored. I saw many churches being reopened, especially in Kiev. The historic old St. Andrew's Church overlooking the Dneiper River was overflowing with worshipers when it was reopened after twenty years. Other churches were being reopened as quickly as the interiors could be cleared of propaganda posters, cinema screens and even bales of hay.

The most disheartening thing in an occupied country is the prisoners. Whether you see them in prison camps, marching down roads or being trucked around, they tear at your emotions. They all look the same—dirty and unshaven, none with complete uniform, their clothing tattered and torn. I remember particularly one column of about 10,000 marching south from Kiev. Dejectedly, they shuffled down the road under the eyes of a few German guards. When they stopped to eat, they bargained and fought over such choice morsels as green cabbage leaves and slices of raw pumpkin and carrot they had snatched from roadside gardens. A crust of bread thrown among them started a fight; a cigarette caused a riot. I was told they were part of the most desperate Communist fighters that had been captured at Kiev. They looked it. Once assigned to organized camps, they were given sufficient food, chiefly potatoes and some bread, and usually put to work.

Prisoners everywhere are being used to clean up debris in destroyed cities and hundreds of such gangs are visible. When I walked through a devastated sector, they were lunching on boiled potatoes and bread and munching pieces of sugar. Everywhere they can be seen working on roads and in places like German army filling stations where they pump gas and apparently enjoy a certain amount of liberty.

Thousands of former Russian soldiers now are in the service of the German fighting forces. They have been formed into what is called Ukrainian Militia. Most, but not all, still wear Russian uniforms and carry Russian guns. They are used for policing certain sectors in cities, guarding buildings and moving supplies. Other militiamen are actually used in the German army itself. In one long column, I saw them in Russian uniforms driving many of the supply wagons. These men are considered both traitors and lucky by their comrades, but luckiest of all are thousands of other Ukrainian soldiers who have been released.

Everywhere along the roads they can be seen walking back home, a tedious and precarious journey. The Germans are releasing hundreds daily if proof of their identity can be found and authorities are convinced they will return to their homes and go to work. As time goes on, prisoners undoubtedly will be used in many ways, but nowhere did I see any working in the fields.

Russia, except for big new blocks of army barracks, party headquarters and administrative buildings, looks rundown. Undoubtedly, production of every kind was increased through better organization, regardless of the means used. But the fruits of all that went into the mammoth war machine of the Red army. Now that this machine has been almost destroyed, the country will have to start from far worse than scratch.

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# Something Old

## By Caroline Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM EDMUND OPPENHEIM



**A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE**

NAN MALLORY, sitting at her desk in the living room, heard the gentle bump *bump* of saddle oxfords on the stairs and puckered her brows to show her daughter that she was deeply engrossed in the task of addressing Christmas cards. Polly had been doing a very convincing job, since her quarrel with Jimmie, of being frantically busy and gay, and it would hardly be sporting to puncture the surface with a mother's anxious glance. In the face of such fine nonchalance it was best to be properly stupid and forget that there had been a time, just a few weeks ago, when the shoulder of her nightie had been wet with a little girl's tears.

"Hey, Miss Long-Legs!" Tom, sitting in his big chair by the fireplace, grabbed his daughter by the hand and pulled her down on his knee. "Looks like you'd be paying a little more attention to me these days—or haven't you found out yet who Santa Claus is?"

Polly laughed in that new way she had that made Nan think of a rabbit hopping across a field. It was cute but a little too carefully worked out.

"Dear Mr. Claus," said Polly. "I am a little girl eighteen years old and I want a radio for my room and a black velvet house coat like Greer Garson's and a convertible coupé with numerous gadgets. Also candy and nuts." She leaned across his lap and rested an elbow on the chair arm. "Do I get the radio?"

Tom ran a finger through her necklace made of hickory-nut faces with yarn hair. "What's this for? To frighten little children?"

"Do I get the radio?" she repeated.

"Oh," said Tom. "Radio. But how do I know you've been a good girl? All I see of you these days is a skirt tail disappearing around a corner." He took his pipe out of his mouth and settled Polly back against his shoulder. "By the way, what's become of young Jimmie Blair?"

Nan shook her head at her husband, but he was looking into the fire. She wished desperately she'd told him Jimmie had said he'd never come around again until Polly sent for him. She might even have told him about the sweater which Polly had started to knit for Jimmie out of wool to match her favorite skirt. It was to be a very significant present, for it said in the language of the younger generation that Polly was Jimmie's girl; and this morning she'd found it, unfinished, in the rag bag. . . .

"He still lives next door," said Polly. "Why?"

"I've been kind of missing him the last few weeks," her father said. "He's been rather constantly underfoot since the days when you used to scrape the cake pans together, with bibs tucked under your chins."

"Polly has a date with Spencer McNeil tonight." Nan spoke so quickly that her words ran together.

"Who's he?"

"A new boy," said Polly eagerly, "and ve-ry glamor-puss. In fact, he's the prize package on my Christmas tree this year. Wait till you see him, Dad!"

Then the doorbell rang, and a moment later the undeniable McNeil glamor was in their midst. He was rather too obviously handsome but Nan reflected

**"Hello, Dog-face," Polly said. "Hi, Ho[rrible]," Jimmie. Her glance rested on Jim[mie] and her eyes were bright and shining**

reasonably that he couldn't help it, a well-bred poise was certainly not the to which parents could object. They a for a few minutes being a trifle too, too one another. Even Polly picked up Neil's sophisticated manner and Nan th a bit oddly with her long, sloppy sweat swinging hair and bare brown legs.

Later, when she and Tom were alone, her elbow on the table and cupped he palm and made neat little ovals across list. Presently she said: "Tom, do y the Christmas when Polly was three?"

Tom leaned his head back and dro in his lap. "Why *that* one?"

"We got her a new doll," said Nan, ' up all the old ones and set them arou tree. She was wild with joy for a few then all of a sudden she straightened u pink bathrobe and said: 'Now I'll go fir

Tom nodded. "And then I found y your apron behind the kitchen door b was a rag doll that hadn't come thro very well and you hadn't thought she ing up."

"But I *did* fix her up," said Nan, plained that Santa was a little behind that year—so everything was all right went over and sat down on a stool a "Funny," she said, "how new thing grand new things—can't take the pla ones. Not with Polly, anyway."

Tom looked at her with deep affec den understanding. "You mean—ev very glamor-puss?"

"Even something very glamor-pus

POLLY'S crowd was increasingly ga days went on. Nan had time to get mas surprises ready because Polly w home, and sometimes she found hersel with a small, anticipatory smile on h went skating and dancing with Spence her poised, sophisticated manner ofte full five minutes after Spencer had bro but Nan always breathed a little sigh her daughter relaxed again into her most unintelligible subdeb talk. It wa course, the way Polly and the other y were always buzzing in and out co meaning under a camouflage of extrava but Nan found it somewhat more b Polly's new personality and the laug hopping across a field.

And then, on Christmas Eve, Ji without bothering to knock, just as N the lights on the Christmas tree.

"Let me help," he said, stepping wi fidence across the room.

"Please do!" said Nan. "I'm get up in these things."

They worked diligently for a few each other all the while just how it s When she heard the familiar bump stairs, Nan closed her eyes and sat d der and began silently to recite the m ble to herself. She had got as far a when Polly spoke.

"Hello, Dog-face," she said.

"Hi, Horrible," said Jimmie.

Polly's saddle shoes bumped the down the stairs and across the floor. beside Jimmie, under the tree.

Nan opened her eyes and look daughter's glance rested a moment o panse of Jimmie's chest, then came her mother, and her eyes were bright the thanks she couldn't speak. The t denly into a blaze of many colors, a she had never seen anything so love

Polly looked at Jimmie again. " some sweater you're wearing," she s

Jimmie kissed her firmly on the foul?" he agreed. "I wouldn't wear it matches my best girl's skirt."

Polly smiled cryptically. "You'd of it," she said. "I broke my heart of knitting—until Mom took a hand finish it."

Jimmie, full of himself, didn't kn talking about. But Nan did.

# Darned if I can decide!—



…try would love one …these! Guess every- …ly wants a *Toastmaster* …omatic toaster, pop- …g up perfect toast …ery time—with no …tching, turning, or …rning. *I'll* pop up a …enny to decide 'tween …-slice and 2-slice."

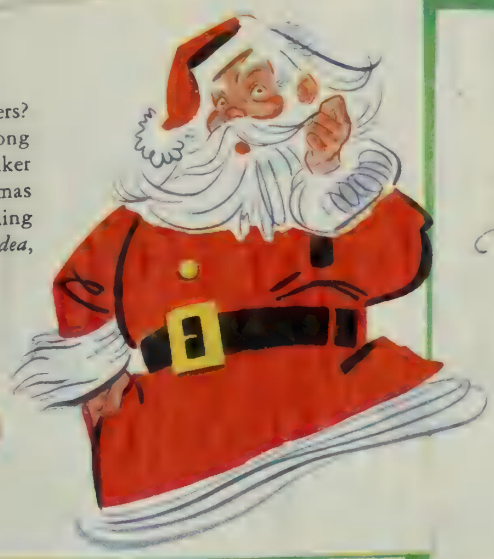


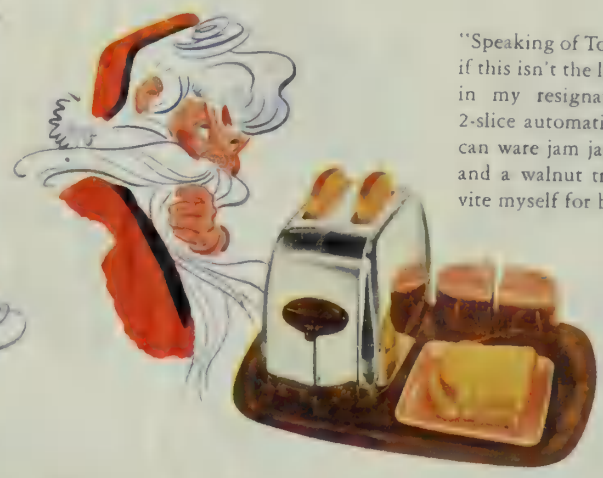
"Wonder if I can afford this *Toastmaster* Hospitality* Set? Wouldn't it make Mary's heart skip a beat? It's got *everything* on that fine big walnut tray—automatic toaster, toast-trimmer, four lap trays, and Duncan crystal dishes!"



…mm! Doesn't *this* complicate matters? … when I hope I'm getting all set, along …es a *Toastmaster** automatic waffle baker …s sure to want. Bright as a Christmas …, isn't it, with that red light signaling …n to pour, when to 'take'! It's an *idea*, …e enough!"







"Speaking of Toast 'n Jam Sets . . . if this isn't the last word, I'll hand in my resignation. Yes, sirree! 2-slice automatic toaster, Franciscan ware jam jars and toast plate, and a walnut tray. Think I'll invite myself for breakfast!"



"This one's plenty smart, and inexpensive too. *Junior* Toast 'n Jam Set, it's called, because it has that nifty non-automatic Junior toaster. Nifty trimmings too—with that toast plate, jam jar, and handy walnut tray."



"This one's just my size. The *Special* Toast 'n Jam* Set's the name—and that 1-slice automatic toaster works just as slick as the 2-slice. And look at the pretty fixings! Quite a setup, strikes me. I'm *wavering!*"

# …ll I know is—*it's going to be by* TOASTMASTER

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IN BROWN BOTTLES, CANS, AND ON DRAUGHT

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAM OU

# The Two Bad Men

Continued from page 74

the was apparently no other course he uld take.

"his is Bill Handy," said the Indian, int lucing him to the lanky store- cer r. "He runs the general store and ai a few cattle on the side."

"owdy," said Bill Handy.

"n we use the back room?"

"re thing, Henry. Welcome."

They seated themselves on kegs of ani in the storeroom. "Do you hap- per know two brothers named Cor- bel asked Sergeant Sullivan.

"ey're mining men, I believe. They loc get down here often. I've seen he once or twice buying supplies. "he've got a place twenty miles or so up canyon. I understand they come ron Colorado. What did they do to wir a New York detective way out

"ey killed a man named Johnson a otel room."

"inson?" The Indian rubbed his lac hair. "Killed him, you say?"

"ooked like a simple enough case s t with," Sullivan explained. "His ep and all identification marks were ere ly removed, but his fingerprints ho l he'd been in the Army during the t war. Once we knew who he was e ned up a safe-deposit box, from Whi we got the rest of the picture. He'd been a mining man in partner- nig ith the Cordell brothers in Colo- ado nd Nevada, that much we learned you is private papers.

"n we did some checking on the ean partners and got positive identi- cat is from the hotel people and the According to our information, orr rated by the railroad, they left th train the morning after the murder and urned to Benbow. Johnson's cor- esp dence showed the men's mining rop ies were somewhere in the vi- nit of Benbow. It looked like a mp matter to come out and pick the ten . But now I'm not so sure."

"N" said the Indian deputy. "This pr ty open country. Even if San- ure were back, which won't be for fur five weeks, I don't suppose he'd re risk having his head blown off yin o enforce a New York warrant."

"I n understand that," Sullivan ad- itte

"I ou can bring the fugitives into uq ne they'll no doubt be glad to ve u all the legal assistance there you quire."

DO YOU know how to get to this Cor- ell place?"

"A ath of sorts goes up the canyon." he lian rubbed his thick hair specu- tiv . "There's something queer ab this business, though. Why ould t these brothers have murdered eir artner right here in Nevada?"

"T t's something we haven't found it y."

"A objection to my making a les

"O the contrary."

"T y may have foreseen the difficul- es ity policeman would have in ef- cti their capture and returning them a stant jurisdiction. If you called th ocal authorities they'd get wind it on enough to take to the high lls.

"Y may be right," said Sergeant ulli n. "Anyway, there's no point in esti time. These hills right here re h enough for me. I'll go up and ave talk with them this afternoon. I app I can get a room in town?"

"W don't have a hotel but I've got an e a cot in my shack—it's half a ile the same direction. I'll take you up the canyon if you like, but—"

"But you'd rather have me serve my own warrant," Sullivan smiled grimly.

"It isn't that. I don't have the authority to work beyond Benbow without instructions from the sheriff. You get these fellows down to Benbow and I'll be happy to help you take them to Duquesne."

"Well, that's something, Mr—"

"Henry. *Mister* is a kind of insult in this country. We might as well take your bag down to the shack. In the meantime I can tell you something about the lay of the canyon. It'll take you a couple or three hours by horse."

"I see," said Sergeant Sullivan, mopping the sweat from his brow with an already damp handkerchief.

THE New York detective, feeling strange and nervous on the back of Whitehead's wiry little pinto pony, sought his way up the canyon behind the Indian, who preceded him on foot. It really got hot in Nevada, he decided. The sun seemed suddenly to have developed claws.

"You carry a gun, I suppose," said the Indian.

"Yes."

"It would be a very sound idea if you left it with me. People out here are much less likely to fire at a man who is unarmed. It's bred in us. Goes back to the frontier days."

"How am I supposed to arrest a couple of murderers and bring them back to town without a gun?"

"I don't know," said the Indian. "Maybe you can't. Myself, I just wouldn't go up there with firearms on me, that's all."

Sullivan's irritation was increasing. The sun was digging into his flesh, the jerky motion of the wiry pinto was loosening up all his bones, and now he was supposed to apprehend a couple of bad men without a gun. He trusted the Indian's instinct in the matter, however, removing his service pistol from its holster under his arm and tossing it down somewhat reluctantly.

"This is where I say goodby," said Whitehead. "The Cordell shack and the diggings lie about a mile ahead. I'll be waiting for you. If I hear any shooting going on I'll come running because shooting at somebody is against the law even in Nevada. Good luck."

"Thanks," said Sullivan. "I'll probably need it."

He urged the pony up the rough road. When he reached the Cordell cabin and dismounted, a very small man who looked like a shopkeeper greeted him.

"Lookin' for somebody?"

"Yes. I'm looking for you," said Sergeant Sullivan.

"Howdy. Come in out o' the sun." Inside the cabin the man said, "This is my brother Winfield. Win, a feller's here to see us."

The second brother was taller but no less insignificant-looking. They had apparently just finished eating. "Like to have you a plate o' bean soup, stranger? It ain't altogether cooled off yet," said the second brother. "Dish up the man a plate o' soup, George."

"No, thanks," said Sergeant Sullivan, swiftly taking in with his trained eye the details of his surroundings. Neither of the two men was armed. A modern high-powered automatic rifle in a beautiful leather case was suspended on nails in the wall. An ornamented cartridge belt with two holstered revolvers hung over the back of the chair on which Winfield sat.

"Interested in mining?" asked George.

"No," said Sergeant Sullivan. He wasn't going to try to think. They probably had pat answers for every verbal subterfuge he might attempt. "No. I'm a police officer from the East." He watched their expressions but they merely sat there, waiting for him to go on. "I've come out here to try to serve a warrant. Sheriff Sanderson is down in San Francisco, I understand."

"Who are you tryin' to serve this warrant on?" asked Winfield. "I don't think I caught your name," he added, leaning the crook of his elbow over the two-gun cartridge belt.

"Sullivan. Detective Sergeant William Sullivan, New York Police Department. According to our investigations we believe you men are implicated in the killing of Harold Johnson in the New Gotham Hotel on May tenth. Anyway, we want you to come back to New York for questioning."

George, the smaller of the two men, got up and took down the automatic rifle. "Ain't New York a kind of a far place to ask people to go back to for questioning?"

SULLIVAN thought the remark was not quite so ingenuous as it sounded. "No, I don't think so. Murder's a serious business. It doesn't depend on how far away it was committed."

George, who was much too complacent to suit Sergeant Sullivan, changed the subject: "Do you happen to have a gun on you?"

"I don't." Sullivan opened his jacket and revealed his empty armpit holster.

"Try this. We bought it in New York." He handed Sullivan the rifle. "Balanced wonderful, ain't it? Go ahead, try it. It's all loaded. It pumps itself. Try it on that tomater can."

Sullivan shouldered the rifle and pointed it through the doorway. Aiming slowly, he suddenly fired with great rapidity, making the tin can dance and bounce crazily as slug after slug tore through the soft metal. Simultaneously his brain was working. "I wouldn't have a chance," he thought. "They want me to know I haven't got a chance even with an automatic rifle in my hands."

"That's a mighty nice piece of shoot-




"Does this 'insufficient funds' refer to me or the bank?"

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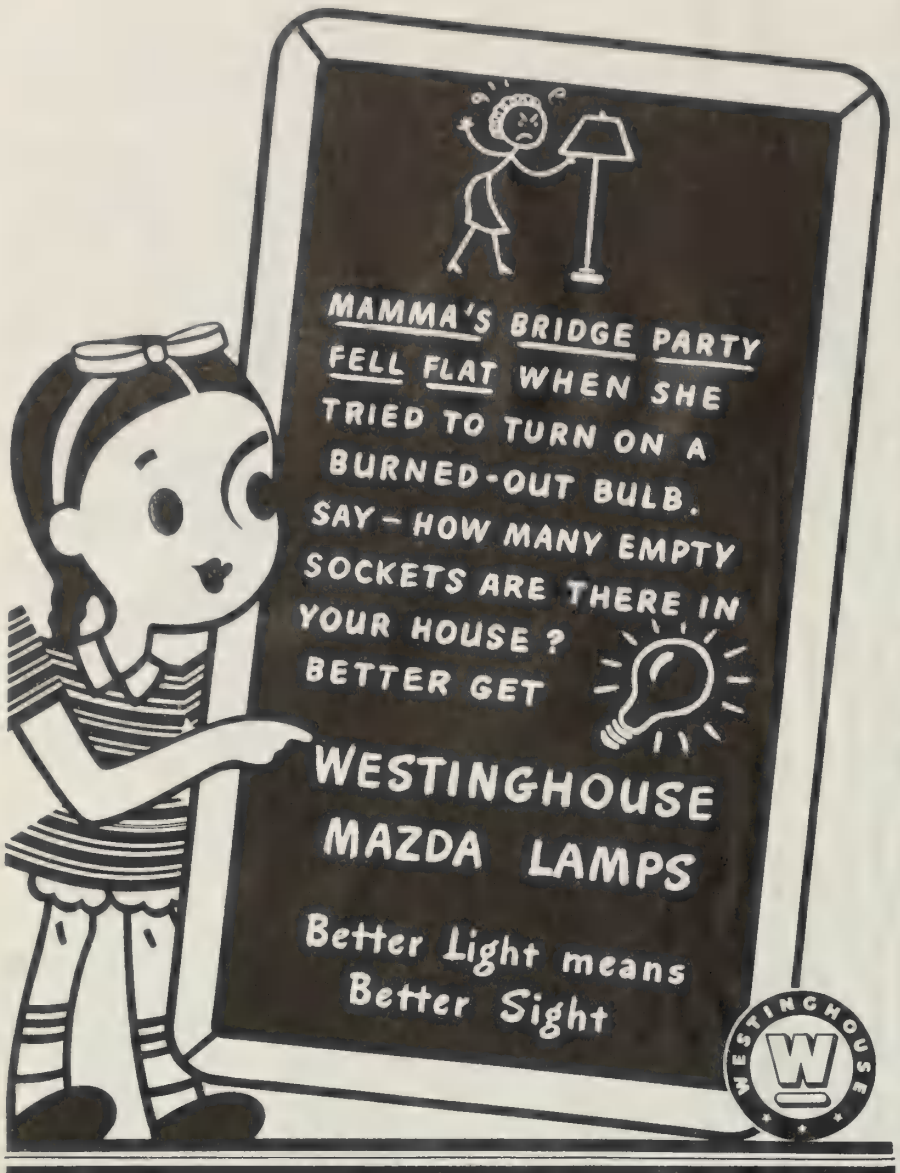
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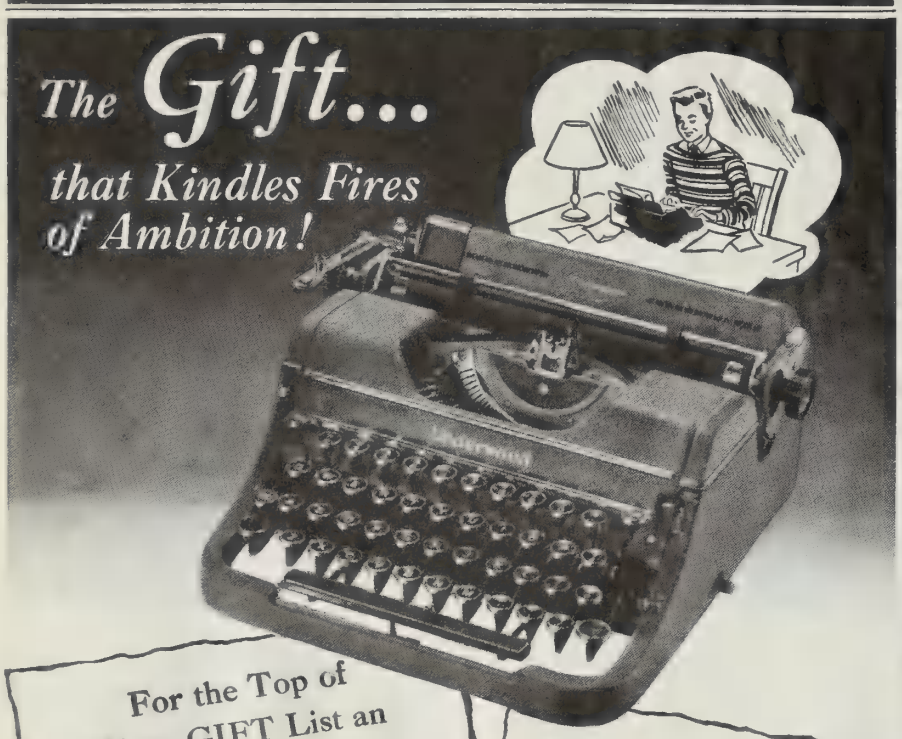
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in', Sergeant," said Winfield, the taller brother.

Then Sergeant Sullivan laughed. "Something's just occurred to me." He handed George back the rifle. "You must know Henry Whitehead, the Indian deputy at Benbow?"

George's eyelids narrowed. "Sure. Why?"

"Well, he showed me the way up here. Said he hadn't any business interfering on his own accord, but if he heard shooting it would be in his province and he'd come running. I guess he thinks you fellows have done it now."

"That's all right," said Winfield imperturbably. "Since we ain't, the joke's on him."

"No. But about Harold Johnson. I'm afraid we still have that business to deal with."

"Johnson. Now there you got a kind of a peculiar problem, Sergeant," said Winfield. "Here, take the good chair and set comfortable," he interrupted himself, offering Sullivan the chair with the gun holsters hanging over it. "There ain't no witnesses around so I guess it'll be all right to tell our side of it."

Sullivan swabbed the perspiration from his damp brow. "I'm an officer of the law. Any statement you make may be—"

"We ain't makin' no statement, Sergeant. You come up and say we're wanted for killin' our pardner, so we'll tell you how it happened. Over Colorado way a few years back we come into pardnerships with Harold. We all been grubstakin' it for years, takin' out enough stuff here and there barely to keep goin'. A feller don't make contracts in a business like this. There ain't no law out here to enforce such things. The way it is, if you take a feller into pardnerships and he inherits a old rowboat from somebody, why he wants to go ahead and saw it in half and divide it with you. Well, we took this Harold into pardnerships and staked him and all, and then he did wrong to us."

"What did he do wrong?" asked Sullivan.

"He come on to pay dirt and he wanted to keep it for himself. He tried to hide this pay-dirt streak and sneak out on us, figurin' that when we left these parts he'd come back and work the diggin's. I don't want to go into details, but when we found out what he done and where he went we follo[wed] there and killed him."

"To New York. You follo[wed] there and killed him," Sergeant [Sulliv]an repeated as though taking d[own] statement in mental shorthand.

"We jest naturally had to k[ill] said Winfield. "And now this [is] the peculiar part of it comes in. [When] we opened up that shaft with [the] dirt streak in it we found it run [out] a few feet and then give plum[b out]. guess we didn't take no more th[an a] hundred dollars of stuff out [of] shaft, did we, George?"

"Mebby three hundred dolla[rs]," said George.

"After that we felt right s[orry] Harold," added Winfield. "G[uess] gettin' himself killed on the st[rength] a faulty pay streak."

"That's about how the wh[ole] happens," George stated wit[h] reasonableness. "We didn't thi[nk] be sendin' warrants out after [us] if they say we got to go all the [way] to New York to explain it ov[er] why I guess we got to. Lon[g as] don't figger to force us to, that [is] and me, we don't like to be fo[rced]."

Just then Henry Whitehead [came] his hands resting nervously on [his] tridge belt above his weapons. [His] black eyes brightened when he [saw] geant Sullivan in the doorway. [He] a rifle being fired."

"It was me," said Sullivan. "[You] know George and Winfield [well] think."

NOW, staring at the official [report] Inspector Elliot, he reread [the] tences he had laboriously ty[ped] "Apprehended the Cordell br[oth]ers Nevada, June 6th, obtained [no]tifica of extradition, booked in at the [Fif]th pr cinct station. Evidence and o[ther] to the district attorney's of[fice]. R turned to duty for assignment."

Then he remembered Winfie[ld's] tion as they made ready to de[part] canyon path to Benbow. "I d[on't] them jury folks in New Yo[rk] much trouble understandin' h[ow] naturally had to go ahead and [kill] Harold, will they, Sergeant?"

He could hardly include the [question] in his report of the capture [of] Nevada bad men. He wished [they] chosen to kill poor Harold [Hen]pla else, that was all.

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

All pilots will heartily applaud the latest decision of the Civil Aeronautics Board in suspending for 60 days the private license of a Chicago airman "for falsifying in his log book his solo flying time records."

THE day will never come when our military aircraft manufacturers will be able to go along making more of the same thing without frequent interruptions for changes in the design. The changes will be due chiefly to reports constantly coming back from abroad on what the British and Germans have developed. Of course, no one wants to hold the second-best poker hand; neither do we want a handful of super-airplanes and no quantity. But it irks our manufacturers, all set to get going on daily rates of production heretofore undreamed of, to stop the production lines to make a change because both the R.A.F. and the A.A.F. (Army Air Forces) discover some last-minute necessary improvements.

One prominent aircraft manufacturer, frequently delayed by last-minute changes made necessary by [reports] from abroad, finally lost pa[tience] observed unhappily to the Ar[my] that a German plane were shot [down] found to have a bucket of [Berkra] back in the tail, we would im[mediate]ly order a change to conform. *C'est guerre!*

THE squadron leader of [the] Night Bomber Command [had] pleted his plans for a night ra[id] many and on the operations [board] made this notation: "E.T.R. [10 A.M.] (Estimated Time of Ret[urn].) squadron ran into head wi[nds] on [the] way back; it was out of bom[bs] and [or] of ammunition due to fighti[ng] off Ge man night fighters. It didn't [have] its home airdrome until 2:4[0] Awa ing it were some German fi[ghters] jumped on this helpless grou[p] but su ceeded in knocking down [only] bomber. Coincidence? The B[ritish] not, because they detected [the] overhead exactly at 2 A.M.—t[wo] minute before the estimated time o[f] return posted on the board.

# Boss of the Opera

Continued from page 69

e Metropolitan would have a
ts hands.
ight some years ago, when the
Dino Grandi, was paying us a
went to the Metropolitan. In-
anti-Fascists cascaded slips of
om the top gallery, making the
m look like a snowstorm. The
ays said, "Down with Musso-
Down with Grandi!" "Long
y!" It took a police detail to
armony.
, Johnson planned to revive a
era, The Bartered Bride, to be
erman.
sympathizers warned that they
nsider it a mortal offense if
a were sung in the enemy's
The opera was called off; last
as done in English. Then there
er's Die Meistersinger, which
an apostrophe to the German
art. Johnson is leery about
a, and is going to hold off with
hile.

### International Headaches

tropolitan is also international
its singers are concerned. It
Metropolitan boast that un-
of are gathered most of the
ing actors. Nice in peace, but
eadache in wartime. Germans
ns cannot be brought over be-
the blockade. One singer
om Germany in October, 1939,
ll interned somewhere. John-
een hiring Scandinavians, and
vo Swedes have come here by
route of Russia, Siberia, the
the Pacific. The leading con-
Italian opera, Ettore Panizza,
tine, happened to be in Italy
when Mussolini decided to
took the intercession of our
partment and the Italian gov-
o get him back here.
also bother Johnson to help
t in international messes.
of desperate musicians ma-
Europe know that the Met-
can pull diplomatic strings.
e to Johnson begging him to
fake contracts so that their
n get through to America. It
make things easier for John-
is refusal is based on sound
It breaks his heart that he
anything.
delights in giving people a
as not forgotten his own slow
minence as a singer, with the
iends. Eddie was no bloom-
gy. He was twenty-eight be-
ade a hit in operetta. He was
y before he sang in opera. He
orty before he made his debut
at the Metropolitan. He was
when he became general man-

was born in Guelph, Ontario,
years ago. If you met him, you
convinced that anybody who
he was sixty was libeling him.
hair is gray, but it is all there.
is streamlined—always has
his fifties he could play and
o more believably than some
d tenor of thirty. Up to the
he left the stage to become
of the opera, he was its prize
lead. In 1927 John McCor-
himself a pretty fine tenor, called
'the best all-round operatic
world" and praised his "per-

grandparents were pioneers.
r, James, was Welsh and a
chant of modest means. His
as Irish. Eddie is genial, but
when he gets riled he says, "They'd better not forget that I'm part Irish and that I love a fight." "They" are mostly temperamental prima donnas or tenors.

Eddie grew up as most kids of his day and town. He attended school, did chores around the house, went swimming and skating and tobogganing, played ball, belonged to the cadet corps of the Thirtieth Wellington Rifles. He also liked music, and since his father was a member of the town band Eddie was encouraged to study. He had piano lessons, and learned to play the flute, because his father figured that the town band could use reinforcements.

As for singing, there was the church choir. Eddie was a cute boy soprano. His first recorded appearance as a soloist occurred at Sunday school when he was five. When his voice changed, he discovered he was a tenor. He could sing high C easily. His father thought he ought to study law. Eddie thought that he wanted to be a missionary. He says that he has attained this ambition—he is a missionary of music. The other element of the missionary idea was the urge to travel. Eddie has done that too. He has sung in Europe, North America, South America, Asia, Africa and Australia.

At twenty, Eddie went to New York to try to become a singer. He had a nest egg of $100. In New York he teamed up with three Canadian boys in a tiny apartment. He spent some of his money on singing lessons. With his high C and engaging appearance, he landed a church job. Other jobs followed, with the best in the Brick Presbyterian Church. At first he barely made both ends meet. When he had something extra he put it away. He wanted to go abroad to study opera. But being practical-minded, he needed enough for a two-way ticket.

### It Wasn't the Money

Even the best church jobs pay little and Eddie figured it would be years before he could go to Europe and then it might be too late. But his high C and figure saved the day. A new operetta, The Waltz Dream, by Oscar Straus, was being cast, and they were hunting for a romantic lead who could sing. Somebody who knew someone else who knew the producer mentioned Eddie. He was given an audition and landed the job.

Edward Johnson's name was featured. His salary was $600 a week. He played on Broadway for a season, and the producers begged him to go on the road. The Shuberts, who had a hand in the production, considered Eddie the find of the year. They offered him a long-term contract, starting at $800 a week. Eddie was twenty-eight. In several years, he was assured, he would be the biggest star on Broadway.

To the entreaties and golden promises, the tough-minded young hombre said, "No!" Smart show people said that the man was touched. So he was, he admits. Especially since, after a season's run at $600 a week, he had saved enough for that two-way ticket to Europe.

When Eddie arrived in Paris, he was taken in tow by a chap from his home town. At this friend's studio he met an independent-minded young lady named Beatrix da Veiga d'Arneiro, a Portuguese viscountess. Eddie sang for his friend and the young lady. The friend was ecstatic. The young lady said dryly that Eddie might go far, if he




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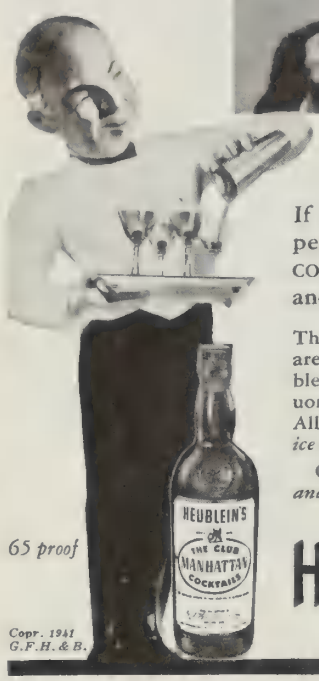

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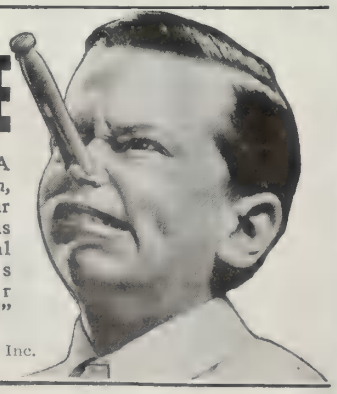


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worked. She was his severest critic at the start; she became his wife. But not for a year, because Eddie didn't have the money and he didn't mean to sponge on any titled lady, even if they happened to love each other.

After returning to America to raise another jack pot through concerts, Eddie came back to Paris in the spring of 1909. In New York he got to see Enrico Caruso, and sang for him. The sunny Neapolitan told him he had the makings and wished him well. The two became friends, and when Caruso died in 1921 his widow presented Johnson with his costumes. Of course, Caruso was no sylph, but a tailor fixed that. It was a great moment when Eddie donned the master's mantle.

So Eddie came back to Paris, with two ideas in his head. First he took Bebe, as he called the severest critic, to England, where he made her Mrs. Johnson. Then they moved to Florence, where he began to study for the opera with Caruso's old teacher, Maestro Vincenzo Lombardi. For almost three years Eddie slaved. His daughter, Fiorenzina, now a Canadian Colonel's Lady, was born. Eddie had appendicitis. A straitened budget was a constant worry. But Eddie and his wife managed to save enough to go regularly to the opera, where they would sit in the topmost gallery. They watched and listened as the passionate Italians hissed tenors out of the theater and they shivered.

At last, in the spring of 1912, Eddie sang his first opera. He assumed the *nom de guerre* of Edoardo di Giovanni, because he was assured an Italian name would carry him farther. Edoardo di Giovanni he remained until he joined the Chicago Opera in 1919. His wife continued to be known as Signora Johnson. Strangers who did not know that they were married winked slyly after meeting Signor di Giovanni and Signora Johnson.

### The End of the Claque

Eddie clicked in Italy. His debut was tough, because the tenor whose place he took had arranged for a claque to operate against him. But Eddie, a fighter, sang with such fierce resolution that he won the house. He never forgot the claque, however. His first act, when he ascended to the rule of the Metropolitan, was to banish it.

Eddie sang under all the maestros from Toscanini down, and became one of Italy's high-priced stars. During World War I, he lived in Italy, which was then one of the Allies, and it was possible, if one was willing to chance submarines, to cross the seas. Eddie did that unhesitatingly. He also went about singing The Star-Spangled Banner and God Save the King at scads of benefits.

Tragedy struck him in May, 1919, when his wife died. He never remarried. As she lay dying, Eddie sang a performance. Two weeks later he sang in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in Turin, under Toscanini. Eddie says the maestro, who can be tougher than the orneriest top sergeant, was as sensitive and understanding as a devoted friend.

In the fall of 1919 Eddie signed with Chicago. In 1922 he joined the Metropolitan. He became the pride of Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan. Gatti assigned him to glowing, youthful parts, like Romeo, Pelléas, Peter Ibbetson. Eddie did yeoman service for new American operas. After his performance in The King's Henchman, libretto by Edna St. Vincent Millay and music by Deems Taylor, the composer wrote these words: "Dear God, thank you for thinking up Eddie Johnson when you were making tenors."

Gatti became deeply attach to Ec die, because he was a tenor w brain The old man began to groom Ildie fo the succession, almost ins ctivel After the show Eddie would invite into the inner sanctum, an he an Gatti would chat far into nigh Some of the envious singers egan speak of "teacher's pet." O rs wh wanted a friend at court uld a Eddie to say a kind word t the man.

Gatti-Casazza was not the ily p son to discern a potential m ager Eddie Johnson. Louis Eck in. ran the summer opera at I rginia Chicago, invited him to b ome manager. Eddie declined. H elt th you couldn't be a singer an nanag at the same time. He ha watch Mary Garden try it in Chica.

### No Time for Temperar nt

When Gatti-Casazza resign in ly he favored Eddie as his succ or. T board, with minority backing or Joh son, named Herbert Withersp n man ger, and Eddie was placed char of a spring season for you singe Witherspoon died suddenly n M 1935. Eddie succeeded him. at su mer in Italy, Gatti said that E ie wo make good.

Others freely predicted t it Ed was too nice a chap to be gen l ma ger, which demanded a har shre supple mind. Eddie has fo d th all. He has been a nice gu up t certain point. But the tem amer boys and girls can't put any ing o on him.

There was the prima donn who preparing Carmen. The lady acied was indispensable. The dres ehea was scheduled for the day be Chr mas, so the staff could have hristr Day off. The prima donna scove she was sick, and the rehea l had be held on Christmas Day. iddie mad. He had another singe et re in a hurry and he alternate her the indispensable lady. T sub ceived better notices. The p na do was furious, and Eddie ch sled vately.

Johnson has been a citi n of United States since 1922, a his a tude has been strictly Ar ican much longer. The only sign his dence in Italy is a rolled ." M than fifty per cent of his gers American. Even today he w sit d privately and coach a youn meri He has engaged American cene signers. He has freshened is sh with a shot of Broadway sn . He emphasized action and loc He fused to sign one soprano u l she gone on a diet and lopp off pounds. He refuses to have audie giggling at a leading lady ho l like an upholstered dumm while is supposed to be withering way a dread ailment. He has en yo artists, singers, conductors d ot a chance and he has stu to t despite criticism.

Eddie loves the opera. aving missionary's impulse, he wa s to c municate that affection to c rs. S the world is at war, he wa to m the Metropolitan a place of od ch He is bringing back to th reperl some of the lovely comic eras. no sin, he says, to laugh at e Me politan. He recalls one ni when was singing in the outdoo seasor Ravinia. He was wearing th eavy costume of Lohengrin, and temp ture was over ninety. Edd felt a he were swimming inside costu Feeling miserable, he opene his mo to sing and suddenly he be to ch and then to chuckle as th condu waved frantically. Lohengr had s lowed a butterfly.

# Our Only Hope

Continued from page 24

b cher no longer has meat to sell. ve chop is spoken for weeks in ad- n and belongs to you only if your tc r has so decreed.

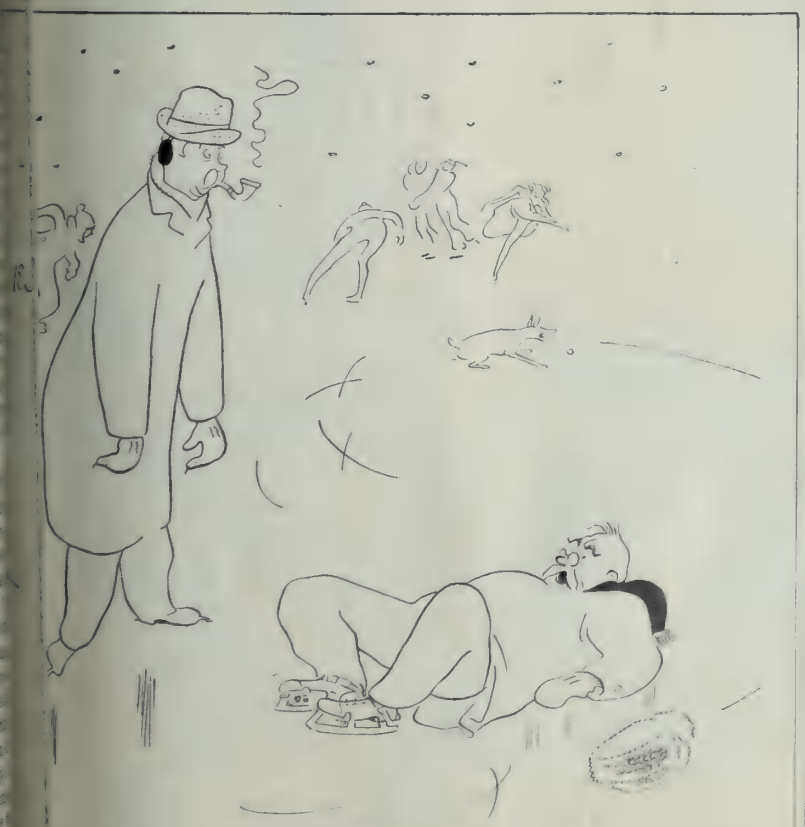
T French, soon facing starvation, no who they have to thank for it. ne ave learned too late not to show ei ocks in their windows, for as the m ice commission delegates pass ro n the villages and see food dis- ay they know where to come next. It ne thing to be entitled to rations, is other to find them. At the end th nonth, in certain regions, the po- to eese and meat tickets have not en ed. Many all over the country ve t eaten potatoes for six months d e had only forty grams of meat si weeks, though entitled to two nd and fifty grams a week. Natu- ly e cities are harder hit than the vi nd villages.

Gra -seed oil takes the place of lin- d, d lichen oil substitutes for olive . C is used for shampoos, and soap be made from bones from the ug rhouse. Grape sugar is the st jectionable of the substitutes. nit soya flour is available and both str and peanut flour are commonly ed biscuits, also casein. The na- al ffee, of which one is allowed a nd month, is made up of 24 per t c ee and 76 per cent of grilled rn d figs. One is allowed to buy gra of pure coffee instead of 150 m the mixture. Dental paste and er tifrices have disappeared. Peo- ar making dental powder out of un ggshells, mixed with chalk. Old sp rs are soaked in water, rolled li e balls, dried in the sun and d itead of coal. Nutshells and ad tato peels are covered with n a used to light fires.

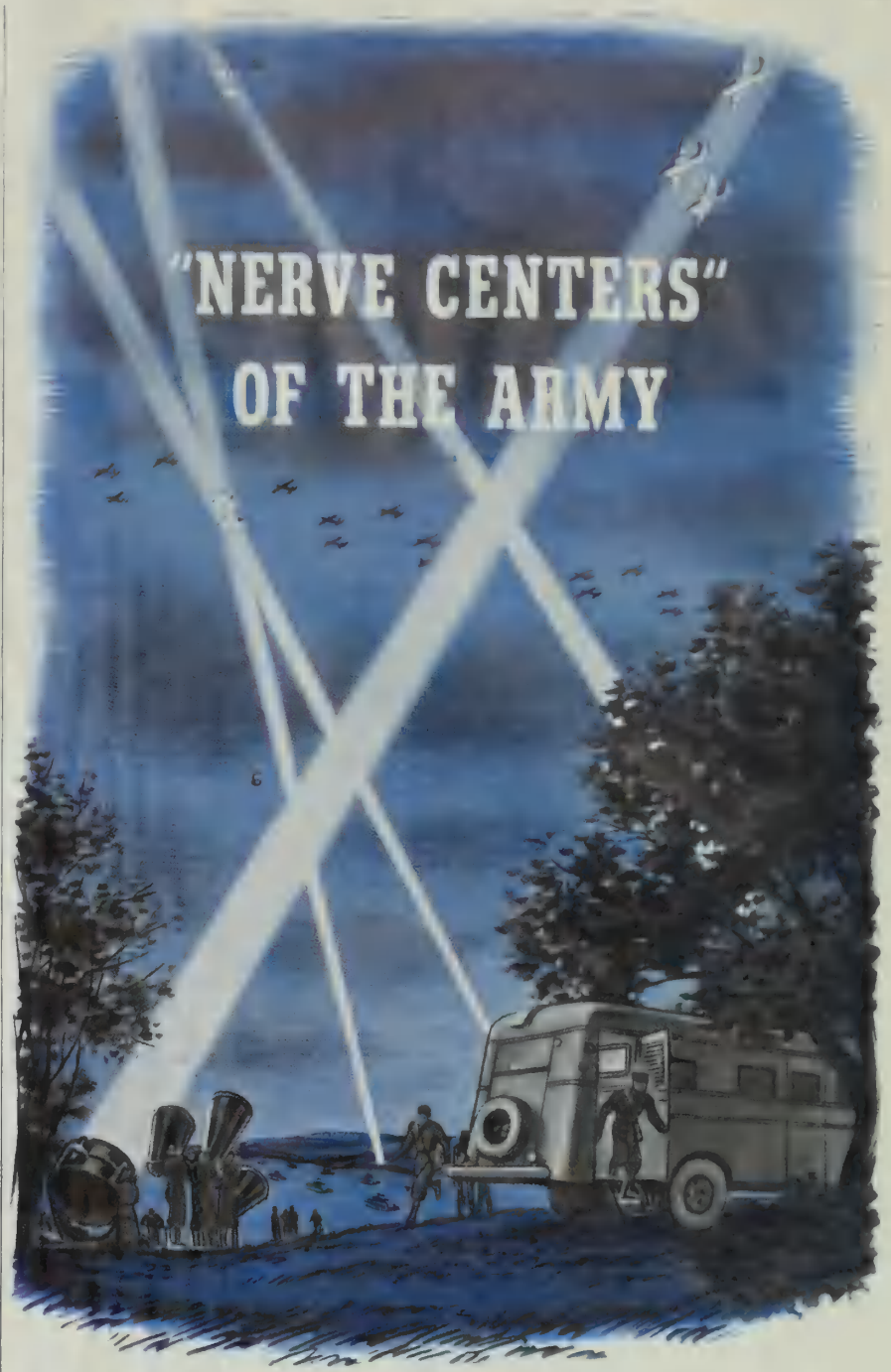
W and cities in Occupied France re tinually being fined millions ra for resistance of one kind or th They tell the story of some ic ly annoying Germans who e ked up in the icebox at the slaughterhouses in Paris, and left there overnight. The city of Paris was fined several millions and deprived of meat for many weeks as punishment. I cannot vouch for the truth of the story.

In a certain town, where the German soldiers drink very heavily, any student who inadvertently pushes a drunken soldier into the canal becomes a local hero and wears a special badge. In a bookstore window recently there were large photographs of Hitler and Goering. These caused a great deal of discussion and that pleased the Germans. They did not notice the small copy of Victor Hugo's Les Miserables between the two pictures. I was in one of the hotels requisitioned by the Armistice commission and rode up in the elevator, arms laden with bouquets tied with *Vive l'Amerique* ribbons. The elevator boy deliberately left the German officers in the elevator and carried the flowers down to my room. The officers said nothing. Maybe they wondered why it was not: *Vive l'Allemagne*."

The French consider America their only hope. An old woman expelled from Lorraine put her head on my shoulder and sobbed: "Our only hope is that the Americans will come and save us. They will, won't they, Mademoiselle?" I often found tiny bits of paper rolled up and slipped into the keyhole of my car with one message or another always ending: "*Vive l'Amerique.*" In restaurants, people hearing English spoken brought children up to tell me to thank the people of America for what they had done. The Youth of France wrote and told me: "My wishes join those of the immense majority of my countrymen, who hope for an English-American victory." Even in youth camps, young fellows begged me to help them get somewhere, anywhere so they could go on fighting for their country. Evidently there was nothing I could do. I had gone to France to see, to listen, to learn what the real France felt, how it reacted. Often, when asked for an opinion, I expressed none.



"I used to jump barrels, make figure eights, write my name and, incidentally, stand up" GARRETT PRICE


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# THE KAISER WAS A PIKER

MR. HITLER certainly is not making any easier the job of those of us who are trying to keep alive the hope that this war may end in a peace without hatred or revenge written into the peace treaties.

The Kaiser's men executed Edith Cavell; a great psychological blunder, but it had a shadow of legality nevertheless. Hitler's men grab from two to 100 Frenchmen at random and shoot them down when some member of the army of occupation in northern France is assassinated by a French saboteur or anti-collaborationist.

There is a cold, machinelike brutality about these reprisals that needs no propagandist's help in arousing rage and horror in other countries. Things like that may be done in Oriental countries or by savage tribes in Africa or India, but so far as we know they have not been done in western Europe since the feudal barons began to eat with forks.

The frightening feature of the bloody business is that it is building up hatred for the German people, who don't deserve it, all over the world. For dumb, idiotic cruelty, Hitler is making the Kaiser look like a piker. And the tragedy of it is that, if Hitler loses the war, the peace treaties are all too likely to make the Versailles treaty-makers look like pikers as regards hatred and revenge written on parchment. Which in turn will almost inevitably breed another war that will make this war look like a piker, and the 1914-18 affair like a mere dress rehearsal.

# ANY OLD PAPER TODAY?

THIS is about conserving paper for defense . . . but please read on, because paper conservation isn't expected to turn out like the aluminum thing. You can probably make a little money out of paper conservation, in addition to helping the defense program.

Here's the situation: Defense and lease-lend are making heavy demands on producers of paper, cartons, cardboard, etc. No serious shortage is in prospect; but the increasing demand has put a premium on the salvaging of used paper for reuse. Ordinarily, Americans destroy 72% of all the paper that comes their way, only 28% of it being reclaimed as is used iron, steel, aluminum or felt. It is now proposed to raise the reclaimed 28% to 38% at least.

Waste-paper conservation headquarters have been set up in 34 cities at this writing, with special telephone switchboards in each city to handle calls from people who have 100 pounds or more of old paper on hand. Anything in the paper line is acceptable—newspapers, magazines, books, used stationery. Dealers in old paper come around, collect your collection, and pay for it. Prices range between 25¢ and 40¢ per 100 pounds, with slick-paper magazines such as Collier's bringing the best prices.

You can keep the money; or, if you wish, the Salvation Army, Boy Scouts or kindred organizations will collect the paper, sell it, and use the money for their own charitable purposes.

If the plan isn't yet operating in your city or town, write for full information to Waste Paper Conservation Campaign, 17 E. 49th Street, New York, N. Y., or to its Midwest address—645 Boatman's Bank Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

# FEATHERS AND FLY-FISHING

WE'RE delighted to report that the National Audubon Society's battle against wild-bird plumage in both women's and men's hats, started about a year ago, is well on the way to complete victory. A lot of the ladies, contrary to cynical expectations, turned out to be public-spirited on this subject rather than narrowly fashion-minded.

We are glad to have endorsed the campaign as vigorously as we knew how when it began. We are now happy to endorse another recommendation of the Audubon Society; namely, that state and federal legislation be enacted promptly to end the selling in this country of fish flies incorporating feathers from rare and valuable birds.

Some of the birds now being driven toward extinction by this practice are the Orillard pheasant, red ibis, Bali duck, bird of paradise, Tragopan pheasant, and snowy egret.

The Audubon Society wants laws flatly prohibiting wild-bird plumage sales after allowing a reasonable time for present holders of such feathers to get their stocks sold and make plans for the future. It also wants the federal tariff law amended so as to prohibit importation of wild-bird feathers from other countries.

New York's new law on the subject, regarded as a model statute, also *authorizes* commercial dealings in feathers from ten kinds of plentiful domesticated fowl. That, with the help of our ingenious dye industries, ought to be sufficient to meet the desires of the most exacting fly fishermen.

The great majority of the ladies l
themselves willing to spare a lot of
useful wild birds, it seems to us that
of the United States can gracefully do
we have every confidence in their pul
common sense.

# MORE WRITERS THAN READERS

GEORGE CREEL, in his recent C
The Truth Shall Make You Fre
only a little when he exclaimed:
press agents, as a matter of fact, alr
ber the nation's readers." The gov
agents certainly do outnumber reade
read their stuff—and we say that as
whose desks great avalanches of
charge daily. At least 99% of it that
flat, uninformative pap.

For more than eight years now, tl
tion has been setting up these press
in Washington. Since the defense p
it has intensified this paper-work
First Lowell Mellett was put in char
of Government Reports; a while late
Donovan was installed as some kind
co-ordinator: the latest as we go t
Archibald McLeish, who may be a
good Librarian of Congress but wh
accused of being a newspaperman, h
at the head of the Office of Facts
OFF. For our part, we like the short

These bureaus are supposed to b
people of what their government is
passing good will for us into other
may be doing the international part
tifully, though we hear murmurs to th
people who ought to know. But as f
end of it, they are mainly wasting

What's the matter with simply le
papers, news services and news-
such as this one go on getting the W
in their own way and passing it on
Why this gigantic and largely super
of peddlers of news that isn't, "fac
propaganda that hurts as much as i

The boys will never let go of th
until they are pried loose; true. B
that in a time like this a democra
only legitimate function with rega
see to it that news which might
enemy of ours is kept out of print.
news-gathering job is rightfully fo
the government should stay out of

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## By Grantland Ri

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DECEMBER 13, 1941



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COVER
Kodachrome by CHARLES KERLEE


# ANY WEEK

IF THERE is a little more South in this column than you'd prefer, it's merely because we've been wandering through that part of our bemused land lately. It was thus that we met Mr. Bill Mason in Flora, Mississippi. Mr. Mason works for the General Tire and Rubber Company, which is about to operate a munitions plant in Flora. Naturally a great many Mississippians desire work in the new plant and one of them applied to Mr. Mason by the following letter: "I hereby am asking for the job as mortician in chief, undertaker and embalmer of the remains of colored folks who is going to be blowed up to bits in the new powder plant of which us citizens of Flora, Mississippi, are accordingly proud. I understands you will not be making no powder for some little time with no explosions in the meantime. So I hereby asks to take a job sweeping out or maybe taking care of the horses and mules until the fatalities above noted shall take effect."



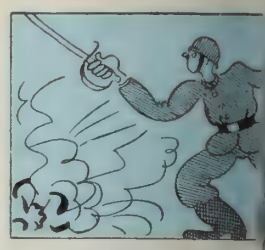
WE'D prefer, of course, to give you more inspiriting news. But we've got to take it as it comes. However, things could be worse in the family of Mr. Edgar G. Bahreinger of Walla Walla, Washington. At least they've found out what's the matter with Mr. Bahreinger's Aunt Lilly. Aunt Lilly Bahreinger has been in miserable health for three weeks and although the doctors probed, diagnosed and experimented, no appreciable progress was made. Aunt Lilly was of little help, refusing to talk. Finally, however, she broke down, and with no little triumph in her voice told the groping doctors what she'd done. "Aunt Lilly," reports Mr. Bahreinger, "has at last told us that she took every medicine and remedy advocated by radio announcers for a week. There were thirty-nine health preservers and restorers plugged by the bedside-mannered voices and Aunt Lilly, who had been feeling pretty good, took them anyway. She lasted a week before taking to her bed. She is coming along nicely, however, the doctors having decided that all she needs is a good rest."

THE accusation has been made, most unjustly, of course, that some of the names appearing in this space are manufactured. We've denied it until our dignity is imperiled. This dignity thing is a new adventure, too. We've been told that the column lacks that, and that we fiddle instead of whacking the drum. However, it is the charge that we invent our names that forces us to draw ourself up gravely and relay to you a few which we recently noted on an official list in Atlanta, Georgia. We copied just a few and pass them on: Simplee Martha Washington, Lou Twisher Twilly Dewberry, Tommy Lou Huckaby Bunn, Obedience Peet, Queenie Elizabeth Collier Futrelle, Don Cratic, Absalom Rambo Issom, Lula English England, Sidney James Charlie May, Alto Smothers Chick, Babe Weatherbee Nolting, Middlebrooks Walsingham, Wash Dozie, Shorter Banks, Polly House Lowe Good, Womack Good, Mary Good Gordie. We noticed, too, the name of Willie Blue Weevil, Jr., and spoke rather sharply to the custodian of the list. She admitted that an error had been made in printing Mr. Weevil's name. It should have been Willie Blum Weevil, Jr.

HAVING thus answered our critics and assuring them that we've published our last word on the subject, we proceed with the information that Mrs. Hattie Ampleman Hardcastle has died at the honorable age of eighty-eight and a great deal of sincere mourning has ensued in and near by Birmingham, Alabama. Well up on the list of her mourners is Mr. Benjamin Walker Underhill, who knew her well as the wife of the late Rev. Holloway Hardcastle of Tulip. Before becoming Mrs. Hardcastle she was the wife of Foster Ampleman who, on his deathbed whispered: "Hattie woman, I'm a-goin' and I want that you should marry the Reverend Hardcastle." She said: "Why, that's mighty generous and thoughtful of you, Foster. I will." And the departing Mr. Ampleman said: "Don't mention it, Hattie woman. The Reverend Hardcastle beat me in a cow trade once."

A BATTLE is being waged almost singlehanded by Mr. Opie L. Shelton, executive secretary of the Orangeburg, South Carolina, Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Shelton strongly objects to the condensation of the word Christmas into Xmas. He objects to the look of the word with the too prevalent idea that it's a hasty modern abbreviation and that anyway it lacks dignity. It's not a hasty modern abbreviation and it shouldn't lack dignity. We've looked it up. You can do it yourself, going no [illegible] than Webster's [illegible]ionary. On his La[illegible]nstantine carried [illegible] Chi, first letter of Christ's name. The early Christians wrote the magic word of their little day—Xmas—on forbidden walls. Nevertheless, we're watching Mr. Shelton's crusade with the hope that if he does nothing else he will prompt many people to think a little less casually about the word Christmas—particularly this year.

MR. HARRY ARKAW[illegible] Angeles, California, is th[illegible] with us his intentions of s[illegible] in the national House of [illegible] tives next fall. Mr. Arkav[illegible] mention to which party [illegible] legiance. We gather th[illegible] matter because his brie[illegible] understood platform ca[illegible] banner. "I pledge," writ[illegible] wane, "that in the even[illegible] is forced into war, I shall [illegible] islation aimed at makir[illegible] easy on the United S[illegible] Forces as possible. That[illegible]



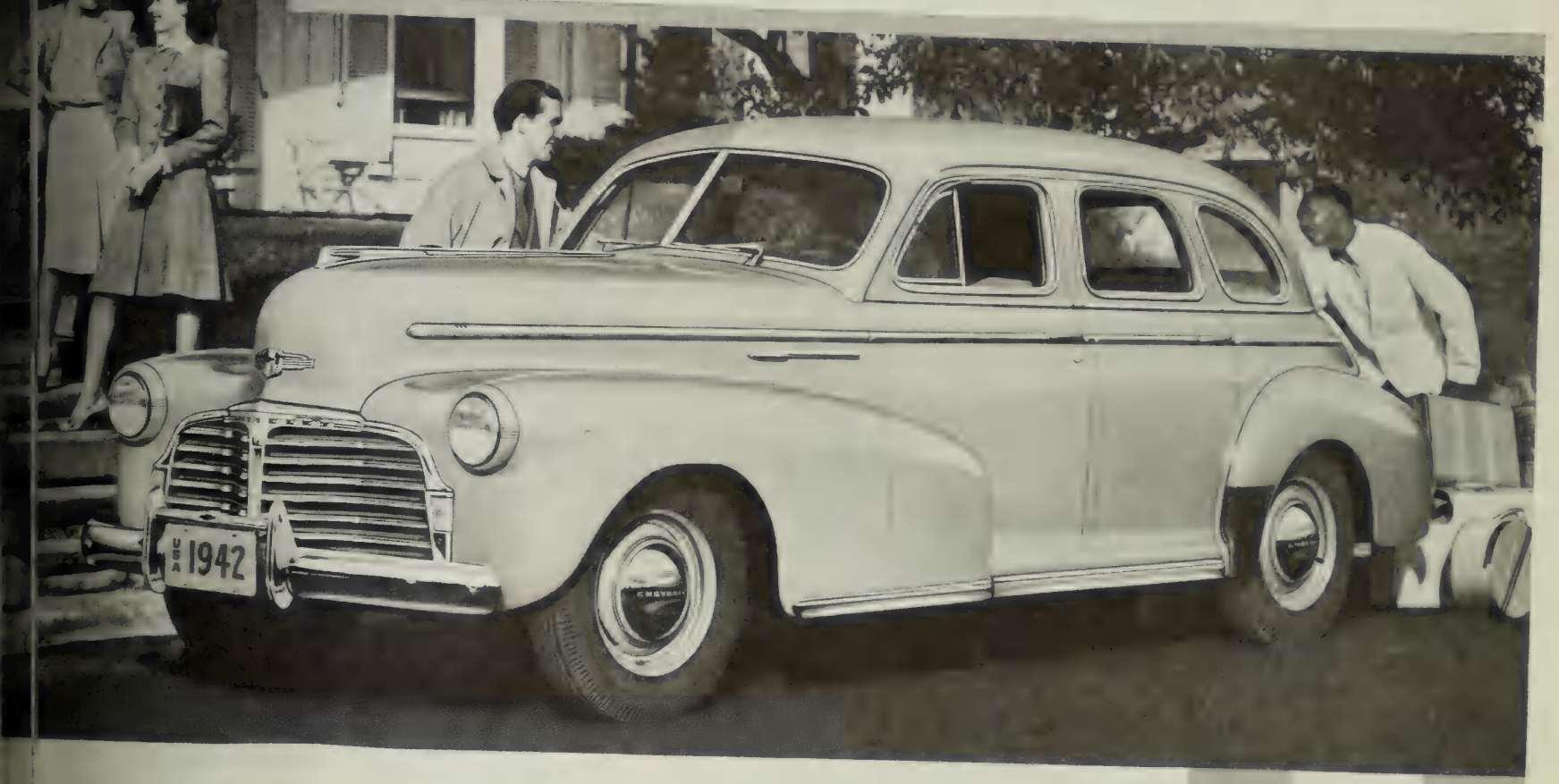
MR. ARKAWANE ma[illegible] the germ of his idea fro[illegible] solini, the discreet Ca[illegible] pect this after reading [illegible] friend of ours who is [illegible] Army Intelligence and [illegible] has talked to quite a [illegible] prisoners. One of the la[illegible] told our friend that Hi[illegible] mopped up the mainl[illegible] long since had not th[illegible] sions been under the a[illegible] of "carrying the Itali[illegible] under fire." The Nazi[illegible] that Italian officers ha[illegible] their instructions were [illegible] all the honor and glory [illegible] due the Italian arms [illegible] not to forget that, af[illegible] Germany's war and th[illegible] had won, Italy woul[illegible] lant defenders."

AND this one's for th[illegible] of us who prefer as [illegible] ercise as possible. It[illegible] your waistline witho[illegible] your chair. Mr. Ri[illegible] Dallas, Texas, is our [illegible] disagrees with our edi[illegible] ber first wherein w[illegible] possessors to "suck [illegible] Mr. Brown: "The w[illegible] the paunch is not t[illegible] but let the inhale ta[illegible] Sit erect, then blow [illegible] nose, keeping the mo[illegible] with just a little jerk [illegible] if you like. Notice t[illegible] muscles, if there are [illegible] the front of your pa[illegible] backbone. After you [illegible] oxygen from your l[illegible] just seep or drift bac[illegible] says he paid a stran[illegible] this secret. He passe[illegible]

MAYBE we're a lit[illegible]


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Enjoy the lift and the thrift of owning this newest edition of America's leading motor car—the car that brings you all the essentials of fine motoring, *plus* all the economies of Chevrolet's low purchase price and low cost of operation and upkeep.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

★

**BUY THE ECONOMICAL CHEVROLET**
A Personal Advantage . . . A National Asset

**IT PAYS TO BUY THE LEADER AND GET THE LEADING BUY**




So pretty, such good company, yet most of the time she was overlooked when party invitations were going out. It might have been different if she paid just a little bit more attention to the "Double O."

**Look Out For "Double O"**

Competition is just as keen in the social world as it is in business, and a girl who is not careful about "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath) is certainly trying to go places the hard way.

Fortunately there is a precaution against this double offense . . . a wonderfully delightful precaution which many popular people insist on daily.

**What To Do About It**

For the teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's a dentifrice made especially to help bring out the natural sparkle, the clean, flashing brilliance of your smile.

**New Tooth Paste . . . New Formula**

The new Listerine Tooth Paste is a delightful new formula that attacks cloudy loose deposits, goes to work on dull, dingy teeth. Many say they can actually see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time.

And for the breath—Listerine, of course. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis (Offensive breath).

**Delightful Daily Double**

If you want to help your personality, don't neglect the "Double O." Start in today with the delightful Listerine "daily double": the new Listerine Tooth Paste for a clean, attractive smile, and Listerine Antiseptic for a more appealing breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and




*the double precaution against* double O

Offensive breath
Offensive-looking teeth




# Wing Talk

**Major Alva L. Har... his round-the-wo... seventeen years ... ing his first start. ... the Army World F... that crashed in Ala...**

IN THE spring of 1924 a stouthearted and highly skilled Army mechanic, Sgt. Alva L. Harvey, climbed into the lead plane of the Army World Flight and took off from Seattle for a trip around the world. Major Frederick L. Martin, now Major General Martin, commanding the Hawaiian Air Force, was at the controls, and a few days later the plane was reported missing. The remainder of the flight continued on to Japan and, as you know, two planes eventually circumnavigated the globe. When Major Martin and Sergeant Harvey fought their way out to civilization ten days later, the world learned that their plane had crashed in a fog near Chignik, Alaska.

Sgt. Harvey accepted the Army's offer to go to Kelly Field and learn to fly, and was promoted to second lieutenant.

Not long ago the War Department revealed that an Army four-engined Consolidated landplane bomber had made a complete circuit of the globe, not as a stunt, but to carry to Europe an important American mission. The return journey was made across Asia and the Pacific at its widest part. Back in Washington, where he started from, the pilot stepped onto Bolling Field and wiped away forever 17 years of bitter disappointment. You see, that pilot was Major Alva L. Harvey.

THE young Britisher over the Dutch coast was flying a new Hurricane that mounted four 20-mm. cannon in the wings, and the two Messerschmitts, knowing of his superior fire power, could afford to make only one pass at him and run. Their aim was not very good.

But the wing commander was quick on the trigger and he gave first one Nazi and then the other a "squirt" from his cannon. One began to burn. The Nazi pilot bailed out and the wing commander flew over to take a look at him as he sat helplessly in his parachute harness with his arms upraised in surrender.

Mounted in the Hurricane in line with the guns is a camera that enables the pilot to snap pictures by pressing the gun-firing button on the control stick. Best proof that the wing commander had brought down another Nazi plane would be a photograph of the enemy descending to earth. So he flipped the switch to turn on the camera the trigger. His cannons roa... as the young British pilot "The poor devil never kne... him." You too would be c... you heard the wing comma... that he was not proud of his...

DOWN in Colombia a fe... there was an air meet w... national and competitive f... the presence of prominent ... neighboring Latin-America... A young lieutenant flying a... plane determined to give th... ence a real thrill by diving... crowd and clearing thei... inches. Something went ... never came out of the dive... fifty-one spectators died. ... Virginia, student pilot had ... tragedy he might not have ... altitude of ten feet over th... crowd recently. His license ... voked.

YOU would naturally t... Army pilot would be so ... capacity that he need not ... other activity. But in Lie... Holland the Army not onl... tary airman of twenty ye... but a legal light of such a... his last station in the fi... manding officer had to is... prohibiting him from servi... counsel for officers and ... running afoul of the volu... regulations. He was so gc... ing them that nary a one ... victed by a court-martial.

Today Col. Holland sit... hot seat in Washington an... ment on the millions of d... aircraft contracts. If it s... when this is all over tha... ment was outsmarted by ... in an amount as small as ... Holland knows he'll swi... lamp-post out in front of ... partment building. Henc... superfine-tooth comb to ... you can be pretty sure tha... of your government are a... tected.

And Col. Holland has ... waiting list a mile long, ... generals to privates, wh... him to be their defense ... they ever get in trouble.




*Su is. I guess Santa Claus must be slippin'.*

*W d'ya say we tip him off to switch to B. Goodrich?*

*Su let's! He needs extra miles mor'n anybo because he has to cover the whole wo in one night!*

*W wotta trip! No wonder he wore out tho reindeer!*

★ ★

VERT INS *made with* DURAMIN

SILV TOWN. Duramin onger ar, and top qual- ce co make it stronger

SILV TOWN. Duramin- es t best combination pe, s y, comfort, and ning.

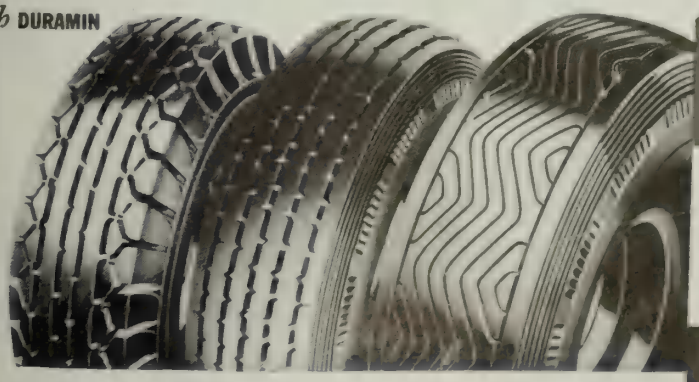
VER VERTOWN. No tod y quicker, or keep fro ids. 20% more th ori l Life-Saver tire. mad

GO AHEAD and tell him, kids! There are plenty of reasons why any smart Santa Claus ought to give his car some new Silvertowns for Christmas. And here's the big Number One reason:

Nobody, not even Santa Claus, knows what the rubber situation may be in a few months. The best way to guess is that tires people buy today will have to last much longer than most folks think. So they ought to be good, tough, hard-wearing Silvertowns.

Every single Silvertown is made with Duramin, the "tire vitamin" that adds miles of wear—keeps the tire safe longer. Always the top tire, Silvertowns are made better than ever now, when Uncle Sam is using thousands of them for defense, and you get the benefit.

Prices are still in line. And you don't have to pay cash, either. All B. F. Goodrich Silvertown Stores, and many Goodrich Dealers, offer the Budget Plan.






B. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY

IPOL- *e first synthetic rub- used automobile tires to American public.*

CARBON BLACK TREAD, *a B. F. Goodrich development that more than doubled tire mileage.*

DURAMIN, *the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.*

WHATEVER YOU "DOUSE" WITH... DON'T!



Whether you douse your hair with water or anything else, the result's the same. A flattened-out, unnatural look. To have hair at its handsome, natural best, just comb in a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.



IS *DRY SCALP* ROBBING YOUR HAIR OF SMARTNESS?

SOMETIMES dull, dry hair warns that Dry Scalp has started. Often its beginnings are so gradual they aren't detected. Then itchiness, loose dandruff, and excessive falling hair frequently result . . . yet checking Dry Scalp is easy . . . and better-looking hair your immediate reward. Here's all you do:

**(1) EACH MORNING,** shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb and run it through your hair. Make sure you use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—its special properties give real protection against Dry Scalp.

**(2) EACH WEEK,** before you shampoo, massage your scalp vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Start using it today.




40¢ and 70¢

**'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no drying ingredients.**

**By actually supplementing the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp supple . . . the hair lustrous, well-groomed and natural-looking. Try it!**

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.




# KEEP UP WITH THE WO

## By Freling Foster

*Illinois'* 1941 hunting licenses are accompanied by a "score card" on which the sportsman must record the kind and number of all state-protected animals that he kills during the season. Those failing to file this information by January 15, 1942, are liable to a fine of $100.—*By Leo J. Diehl, Salina, Kansas.*

*The* highest price ever paid for a rare coin was the $11,575 given for an American 1822 Half Eagle at a numismatic auction in Fort Worth, Texas, on June 3, 1941. The only other authenticated specimen is owned by the Smithsonian Institution.—*By O. R. Peters, Princeton, West Virginia.*

*The* manufacture of self-antiseptic clothing and linens made from specially treated fabrics which kill germs has had a phenomenal growth in the past year. About five billion pieces of such personal articles as underwear, hatbands, nightgowns, sheets, pillow cases and mattresses have already been made to protect users against infection.

*Of* the three and one half billion dozen chicken eggs produced in the United States in 1940, approximately eighty per cent were consumed as eggs, eleven per cent used as an ingredient in food products, four per cent hatched for flock replacement and meat production and five per cent wasted through mishandling.

*Volcanoes* have been known to throw out, in a number of successive eruptions, material that was virtually cold. For example, Mount Lassen in California had several such eruptions in 1914, when it ejected matter that did not melt the snow upon which it fell.

*During* the first World War, waste paper became so valuable that one dealer in New York paid $10,000 a year for the discarded paper from a single building.—*By Mrs. Godfrey Olsson, Woodbridge, Connecticut.*

*Of* the seventy-seven ... played in the United ... eight leaders, ranked ... cording to the numbe... who know how to pla... rummy, solitaire, con... poker, auction bridg... hearts and five hundre... *land Caudle, Elm Sp... Dakota.*

*Although* the Treas... ment began to retire t... sized paper currency ... 1929, there were $18... 43,896,647 pieces, still ... on August 31, 1941, ... that these bills had n... dled by a bank during ... years.—*By Laurence ... ington, D. C.*

*There* are several ca... of persons whose hai... lost through a severe ... again in a different c... new growths, black us... light hair and bright ... brown hair.

*Fourteen* thousand ... who were recently ... their lands in twenty ... make room for Arm... neuver grounds, ar... bombing fields and ... activities, are bei... rapidly by the Farm... ministration on land ... purpose. The large... far, of almost 42,000 ... souri, cost $1,078,15...

*Because* the frequ... the equipment of o... liners tend to increa... which must not ... pounds gross when f... federal government ... one to be weighed ... that demands the l... men for eight hours.

Five dollars will be paid ... or unusual fact accepte... Contributions must be ac... factory proof. Address ... World, Collier's, 250 Par... City. This column is copy... The National Weekly. No ... be reproduced without ex... the publi...

LETT is republished because so many wrote us last
in preciation of its warm Christmas sentiment.

# To Peggy—for marrying me in the first place . . .

*for* bringing up our children—while I mostly sat back and gave advice.

*for* the 2,008 pairs of socks you've darned.

*for* finding my umbrella and my rubbers Heaven knows how often!

*for* tying innumerable dress ties.

*for* being the family chauffeur, years on end.

*for* never getting sore at my always getting sore at your bridge playing.

*for* planning a thousand meals a year—and having them taken for granted.

*for* a constant tenderness I rarely notice but am sure I couldn't live without.

*for* wanting a *good* watch ever so long . . . and letting your slow-moving husband think he'd hit on it all by himself.

*for* just being you . . . *Darling, here's your Hamilton with all my love!*

*Jim*

√ This Christmas — give a Hamilton — America's most beautiful watch. All Hamiltons are cased in precious metal (except special Military watches). 17 or more jewels. $41.25 to $5,500. Prices subject to change without notice. Write for folder. Hamilton Watch Company, 1127 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Penna.



# HAMILTON

*The Watch of Railroad Accuracy*



**RUTLEDGE.** 19 jewels. Hard platinum. 18K applied gold numerals. Gold buckle, grey strap. $192.50

**WILSHIRE.** 19 jewels. 14K coral gold-filled. With black Roman numeral dial . . . . . $57.75

**LEXINGTON.** 17 jewels. Sturdy case of stainless steel. Black dial, white numerals $46.75

**FELICIA.** 17 jewels. 10K white or natural gold-filled. With gold-filled bracelet $36.75

**BERNICE** 17 jewels. 14K natural or white gold. 18K applied gold numerals. Domed crystal $...

**THE LADY** 17 jewels. 14K coral gold. Set with 12 full-cut diamonds, 10 square-cut garnets $130

**MONICA** 17 jewels. 14K natural gold Roman numerals and square markers, black dial $60.50

**OLIVIA** 17 jewels. 10K white gold-filled. Roman numeral marker dial with silver finish ..... $44

ALL PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL DEFENSE TAX

HILTON EXPERIENCE BUILDING WATCHES FOR RAILROAD MEN INSURES GREATEST POSSIBLE ACCURACY IN EVERY OTHER SIZE AND GRADE THAT HAMILTON MAKES

# Everybody wants to use it at CHRISTMAS time!

THERE'S a Long Distance telephone bridge from your t n to the rest of America. It was planned and built to carry e traffic of a busy business day — and low toll rates v e worked out on that basis.

But *once a year,* on Christmas Eve and Christmas l y, many more people than the telephone bridge can poss ly accommodate try to use it at the same time.

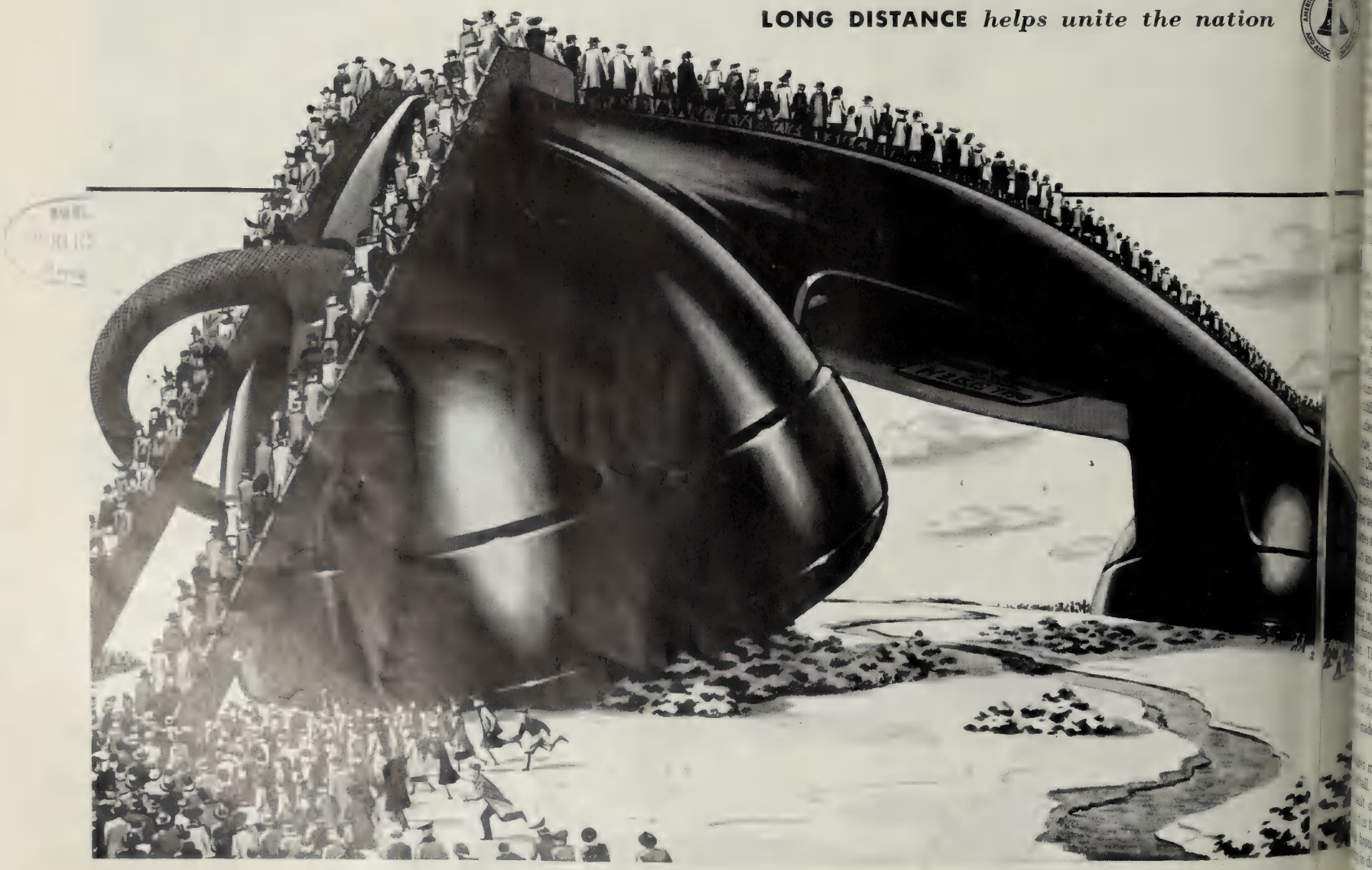
Naturally, there are tie-ups and delays. Some f ks never get on the bridge at all. For that, we're sincerely s y.

And it wouldn't be sensible to build great amoun of expensive facilities that would be used only one or two ys in the 365.

What we shall do is to use every circuit we have an ut on every operator that can be useful — and do the st we can.

Telephone people will be working all through the oli- day to make it a happy Christmas. Will you, for your rt, please be patient if there are delays in reaching you ar- away friends and relatives? We'll appreciate it.

**LONG DISTANCE** *helps unite the nation*



COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR DECEMBER 13, 1941

# THE ALL AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

## By Grantland Rice

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THE tom-toms of football fame sound bewildering and ever-changing notes. Their main theme song terminates many of the prepicked champions of September was "Here today and gone tomorrow."

Once again the gridiron champion of 1941 proved to some forty million fans and camp followers how sudden the mental and emotional attitudes of twenty-year-old players can change from week to week.

It is for this reason that so many shifts in national rankings feature the season when so many unbeaten apples tumbled from the pinnacle deep. I mean such overwhelming squads as Texas, Fordham, Stanford and Alabama, which on occasions were sunk without trace by opponents not supposed to be in the class.

Part of mental and emotional origin, at least the reason, the explanation, the alibi offered by coaches for the stunned victims of the upset is that they tell you, "can read a defensive mind on the day of battle."

The present season opened in October as the tom-toms referred to it, noisily for such teams as Texas, Stanford, Fordham, Notre Dame, Alabama, Tulane, Boston College, Santa Clara, Mississippi and a number of others. By the middle of November the only unbeaten teams left were Texas, Duke, Texas A. & M., Stanford and Notre Dame.

There was considerable growling when the new unlimited substitution rule first games were played, but the coaches and officials no longer was lost and the change brought the satisfaction of the majority. This rule took the pressure off slightly injured players, who were given the chance to recover and come in again. There was the usual wailing and teeth-gnashing over the rule that decided more than the contests on decisions that were correctly made or were on the line.

Official mistakes must not be a part of football. It isn't always the fault of those in charge of the game as it is the complications of things brought on by players moving in different directions and tangles where a





**Above, Vincent J. Banonis, center, University of Detroit. Home, Detroit. Banonis was team captain and was a standout rating from all opposing coaches. He is especially fast and alert for a 215-pounder, and is in his third year of starring football**

**Left, Malcolm Kutner, end, University of Texas. Age, 21. Home, Dallas, Texas. A smart diagnostician and a fine receiver of passes, a good defensive end, fast and aggressive, and the unanimous choice of Southwest coaches for All-America selection**

**ON THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE: Frank Albert, quarterback, Stanford University. Home, Glendale, California. Age, 21. A second-year All-America selection, he was Stanford's standout player throughout a season that was even harder than last year's**

penalty could be called on practically every play. The main work ahead of those now handling the destinies of football is to make every possible effort to increase efficiency in this field. It will always be the weak spot of the game, due to the nature of the game itself, but there can be improvement.

There was far less talk about the T formation, featured by Stanford and the Chicago Bears, at the end of this season. A year ago you would have thought it more invincible than the Grecian Phalanx, the British Square and the panzer attack combined. The T formation, to put it briefly, depends more upon quick starting and quick hitting, than on harder blocking. It is nothing new and it still depends upon the type of material at hand.

1941 was a season that brought the attack or the offense back to a new height. Texas ran up 74 points against Rice and S.M.U., two old rivals. Wisconsin's Badgers rushed and passed their way to 68 points against Northwestern, Syracuse and Ohio State, and yet lost all three games. Boston College and Michigan State ran up 77 markers against a Temple team that had won its first five games. It was a sad day for the defense when the offense was allowed to start rolling and get the jump.

There were more than just a normal number of high spots this season. Among the first were the wreaths of wild laurel blossoms that belong to Minnesota and Notre Dame.

In a season loaded with in-and-out play Bernie Bierman's Minnesota Gophers moved along to their seventeenth consecutive victory.

Minnesota again had to be ready for a high-class Washington team on September 27th, and it had to keep on being ready for such blistering attacks as Michigan, Northwestern and Wisconsin had to offer. Fritz Crisler at Michigan with a big, fast line and such stars as Westfall and Kuzma in the backfield, had one of the best teams in Wolverine



**THE LIN**

**JOHN ROKISK**
END—DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

**ERNEST BLA**
TACKLE—TULANE UNIVERSIT

**ENDICOTT PE**
GUARD—HARVARD UNIVERS

**VINCENT J. E**
CENTER—UNIVERSITY OF DE

**BERNARD CR**
GUARD—UNIVERSITY OF NO

**ROBERT REI**
TACKLE—UNIVERSITY OF C

**MALCOLM K**
END—UNIVERSITY OF TEXA

**FRANK ALB**
QUARTERBACK—STANFORD

**BRUCE SMIT**
HALFBACK—UNIVERSITY O

**WILLIAM M**
HALFBACK—UNIVERSITY O

**ROBERT B.**
FULLBACK—UNIVERSITY O

**Below, William McGarvey Dudley, halfback, University of Virginia. Age, 19. Team captain. Home, Bluefield, Virginia. Dudley is a three-year star despite his youth, and an extremely able defensive back as well as a fine kicker, passer and runner. He was more valuable to his team than any other player**



**Above, Robert Barton Westfall, fullback, University of Michigan. Home, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Team captain. Age, 21. Best exponent of the spinner play in college football this year. A consistent ground gainer all season, and one of the few 60-minute players in competition**

**Below, Ernest Blandin, tackle, Tulane University. Home, Keighley, Kansas. A 250-pounder with the solid support of the South's coaches**



history—"the best team th to Baker Field," Lou Little said—and yet Michigan c against those fast-moving todons.

To win seventeen conse under modern conditions schedule Minnesota play football's miracles, no mat a few of the calls happene

There can be no debate sota's leadership. But M not entirely alone in her mi Frank Leahy, a newcon Bend, gave Notre Dame beaten team since Knute sweep in 1930. This was R est team, with a backfield Carideo, Savoldi, Schwar lins and O'Connor. Ye passed by as Notre Dam play fine football through ules, but unbeaten seas happen.

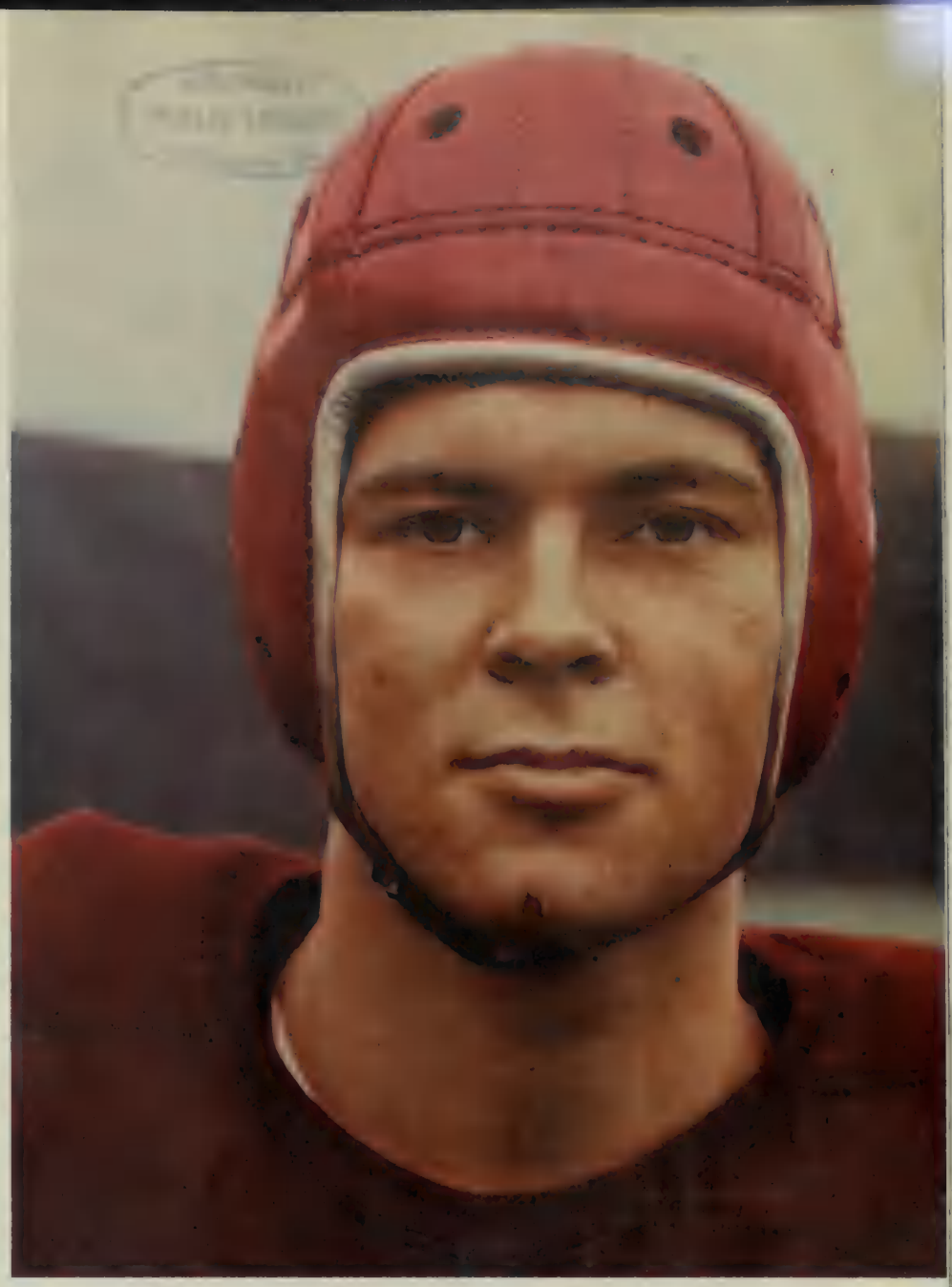
Leahy, lacking power had to fall back on spee and backfield speed—spirit. The big break tha having ready a young sop by the name of Angelo B headed, stouthearted ki for a right arm.

Notre Dame had to pic with the Army under wea that shackled either a pa ning attack, but on dry coach gave South Bend records in Notre Dame's b

After the manner of Horsemen, Bertelli, Juz made up in speed and lacked in driving bulk. was the phenomenal sop of the Midwest. There ing in football to equal i



**ce Smith, halfback, Uni-
y o Minnesota. Team cap-
Hol , Faribault, Minnesota.
of t greatest backs in the
and ark plug of the nation's
am spite midseason injur-
al ke him out of two games**



**Right, above, Endicott Peabody 2d, guard, Harvard University. Age, 21. Home, Syracuse, New York. Peabody stood well above the long, close-matched list of 1941 guards. He was, in the opinion of many officials, the best guard in 20 years**

e L ne came along with Passer
li. diana countered with Bill
brar Wisconsin had Fullback
lard. Michigan offered Tom
a, 2 pounds of raw dynamite—
, pas r and kicker. Northwestern
ed wh Otto Graham, one of the
back of many years. Add Bud
n of Minnesota and Madarik of
t U. this list and you get seven
more tars within a radius of 200

are ven sophomores who would
com with wide-open arms into
o ou t today.

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ams Michigan, Missouri, Har-
nd Tas A. & M. They opened
nnor te but they came along in
ng st . Michigan had lost Har-
nd Bashevsky. Texas A. & M.
st eig or nine of her 1940 start-
st. Missouri and Harvard were
n qu tities, but through most of
son ey belonged with the best
in fo ball.

Bla of Army, working with a
hat h been a cellar dweller for
time, lso deserves the plaudits
long a fine job. And it might be
med at "Swede" Larson gave
ne o er ablest all-round teams.
rlier adow of the draft failed to
he st ms that football thought it would. New York University, losing 12 men to the service, took the hardest blow, but only a few teams suffered any damaging losses.

Homer Norton of Texas A. & M., with only two regulars back, supposed to be a wrecked outfit, carried his Aggies to the Southwest pinnacle in one of football's leading sectors. This happens to be one of the most amazing chapters in all football history.

Red Sanders at Vanderbilt in his second year as coach took a squad that had not won a major game in two years and had it roaring down the stretch, good enough to beat a powerful Alabama outfit that in turn had been strong enough to beat such teams as Tulane and Tennessee. Another remarkable job.

Don Faurot gave Missouri the championship of the Big Six with the best team Missouri ever sent to the field, one of the strongest teams in the country.

*(Continued on page 77)*



**Robert Reinhard, tackle, University of California. Age, 21. Home, Montrose, Cal. A second-year All-America, and California's best passer; a tackle who could receive passes with the best of the 1941 crop**




SOVFOTO

**Solomon Lozovsky, Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs and sole source of news from Russia, greets Harry Hopkins in Moscow. Background, Brig. Gen. McNarney and Mayor Yeaton of the U. S. embassy in Russia**

## By Quentin Reynolds

RADIOED FROM KUIBYSHEV

**Solomon Abramovich Lozovsky, spokesman for the Kremlin, is the main reason you are not hearing much from Russia about her war except that she will fight it out to the bitter end**

THERE are 170,000,000 people in Russia and they speak at least sixty languages and dialects, but today they all speak through one voice—a voice that belongs to a dapper, black-bearded man who once sold matches and lemons on the streets of a small village far from Moscow. Then, a ragged eight-year-old urchin, he was Solomon Abramovich Dridzo. Today, a polished, suave sixty-three, he is vice-commissar for foreign affairs, the spokesman for the Soviet Information Bureau, and is known as Solomon Abramovich Lozovsky. Many years ago he picked his new name from the city of Lozovaya.

The name Lozovsky was hardly known outside of labor circles until the Germans marched into Russia. Then, as spokesman for the Kremlin and as the only official that correspondents have any dealings with, he catapulted into fame and, today, outside of Stalin, Molotov, Voroshilov and Timoshenko, he is probably the best-known Russian in the world. He occupies much the same position in Moscow as Doctor Paul Josef Goebbels occupies in Berlin. There is one difference between them: Goebbels deals in lies. Lozovsky tells the truth. He doesn't tell nearly as much of the truth as we correspondents would wish, but so far none of us have caught the vice-commissar in a lie. He is far too clever and too evasive to resort to the clumsy fabrication of lies in answering questions that policy dictates should be left unanswered. But, unfortunately, correspondents are not inte
policy. We are interested in

Twice a week Lozovsky h
conferences. We attend religi
dozens of questions, and then
the uncomfortable feeling
more the man who sits at th
the table has completely ou
and told us only what he hac
his mind to tell us before the
ference opened. He does it
charm and humor that it is r
cult to become annoyed.

The career of any promin
official is sure to be interestin
they have achieved distinctio
way. Lozovsky graduated
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butcher's boy. Later, as a
became a blacksmith's helper
of this hard, adolescent life c
in the slender hands or the we
nails of Lozovsky, nor is ther
peasant accent in his cultur
In addition to Russian, he s
fect French and German.
English reluctantly but m
than he realizes, and his Span
Obviously the young blacksm
saw far beyond his forge a
languages other than that s
clash of hammer against an

### Charter Member of the

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and it was in the barracks th
learned the elements of sc
cratic literature, that form c
mocracy that Lenin later st
his own personality and t
into a high revolutionary do
which 170,000,000 people liv
wasn't long before Lozo
revolutionary zeal burning
his young heart, joined the S
cratic party, the party who
were known as Bolsheviks.
to Lozovaya where he gave
the new social philosophy
It was here that he found
Unions were being forme
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prise with joy; it was a cha
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practice. But in 1903 the C
were a bit intolerant of th
the impudence to demand
ing conditions and reasonab

During the next decade h
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break, he was recaptured
Irkutsk, but even the wa
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slippery comrade. He b
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ary journalism with union
was in Paris that he met L
nearly everyone else w
young, vigorous revolution
fell completely under his
had the gift of making men
He backed up all of his
expounding the Marxist
an intense practicality an
putting those theories to w
sky and Lenin were frie
death of the great revolut
Lozovsky endured his Pa
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then he has given a qua
tury's devoted service to h

Before the war, his pe
the Profintern, an intern
union organization. But
his dreams of a world-wi
in exchange for a heavy
case out of which at pre
he sometimes pulls secret
ments with the studied c
conjurer pulling a rabbit

*(Continued on pa*

# ) FIRE THE WIFE

**eyer Levin**

**She could be a first-rate secretary. Or a wonderful wife. But when she tried to be both at once, you can imagine what happened. Oh, you think you can?**

N Pete and Bennet Pierce : over the Wellington, Cohen Fay agency they had some ringing it back to life. The thers were masters of the al approach. A matter of ance, they agreed, was office So they made some rules: irls must be attractive. tives must engage in no ex- ir activities with the girls. narried man, attached grave to the first rule, because in an office gave the place an ism, and kept the males at est. On their toes. In fact, created a forward and pros- osphere.

Bennet, unmarried, brought hological point that pretty girls sometimes distracted men from their work, but finally agreed that the desire to show cleverness, to excel, which the girls induced, more than compensated for the distraction.

Their second rule was, of course, the generally accepted thing in business offices, in spite of the great American myth about executives and their private secretaries. Any experienced executive would put up all his defenses at the idea of getting involved with a girl in the office. Gives her too much power. Makes her lose respect and efficiency. Also, such an entanglement weakens the boss, in the eyes of the entire force.

Neither Pete nor Bennet found it difficult to keep from getting involved. Pete was quite satisfied at home; and he was also in luck at the office because he drew Miss Mulligan, an efficient and cheerful girl of thirty, still fully within the standards of pulchritude they had set up, and, on the other score, distinctly not interested. She was one of those office workers whose personal lives are a sacrosanct mystery. There was a vague story about a steady arrangement with an interior decorator.

BUT brother Bennet had secretary trouble. He was a difficult man to fit. Probably should have had an academic career instead of going into advertising, though his studious approach was meeting with success.

A secretary for Bennet had to be more than a filing system; she had to be a mind reader. He'd gaze at the ceiling, snap his fingers, trying to remember to whom he wanted to write; the girl would have to know. Also, he had a habit of scribbling notes on the underside of match covers, in a personally invented combination of shorthand and hieroglyphics, which he never could decipher. It was up to his secretary to figure out his notes. Furthermore, a girl for Bennet had to be willing to lead a flexible life in the matter of working hours, because his mind functioned best late in the afternoon; he'd start to dictate campaign projects just before six.

Obviously, the best type of girl for him, in compliance with Rule 2, would have been the secretary that carries a mute love for her boss.

*(Continued on page 47)*

**Time and again, when Bennet needed his secretary, he'd find her on the telephone**

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY





WIDE WORLD

**An American tank arrives at Cairo. General Wavell relies specifically on American war materials to enable him to hold the Middle East, India, Burma and Malaya. Below, one of Wavell's native infantry regiments. These men are the tough, bearded Sikhs that form 17 per cent of Britain's Indian army**

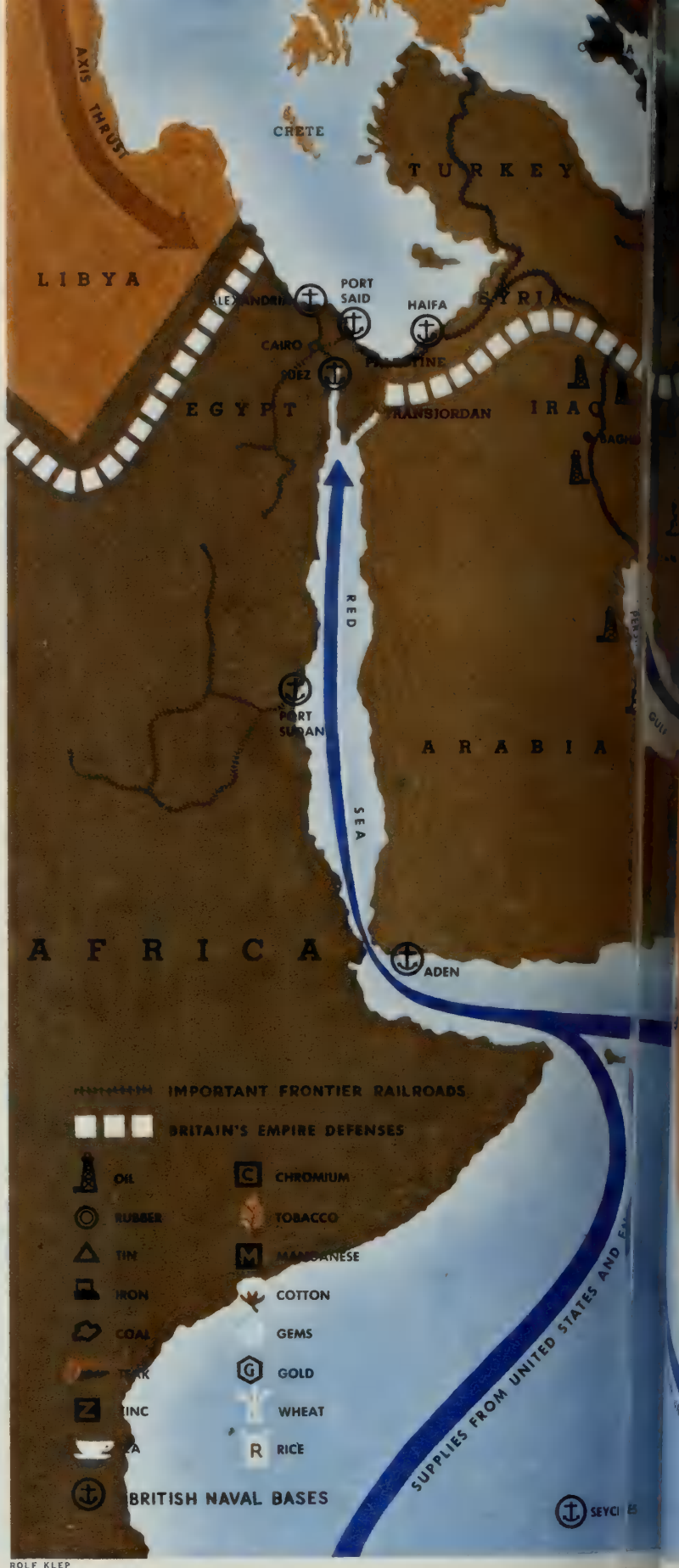


BRITISH COMBINE

# The War's Biggest Job

## By Frank Gervasi

**The fabulous lands that supply the world with rubber, tin, teak, jewels—the raw materials of Western civilization—are next on the Nazi list. Wavell's job is to defend them**




ROLF KLEP

THE Wavells have undertaken several jobs of heroic dimensions in their time. One helped to conquer England. Another had a hand in the fashioning of Texas. But it is the contemporary Wavell, an unassuming gentleman with one eye and the benign expression of a blooded spaniel, who has drawn the biggest job fate or man ever assigned any soldier. He has been entrusted with the defense of India, which is to say the defense of the British empire—and more. For India isn't merely the bastion of the empire that Clive built. It's the core of Asia, the Eastern storehouse of the raw stuff of Western wealth.

It's the new battlefield of the war and it reaches from the Mediterranean eastward to the Pacific and from the Urals of Russia southward to Ceylon and the Indies of the East. On this battlefield the destiny of the world may be decided and its defender is General Sir Archibald Percival Wavell. His Tommies call him Archie. His wife calls him Sir Archie.

Back when the Wavells were called De Vauville, after their home town of that name near Cherbourg, in France, there was one called William who marched with a namesake whom history knows as The Conqueror. You can find the name still in the Domesday Book, which is the record of the land surveys of England that The Conqueror ordered in 1085. William De Vauville appears there as a settler and landholder in Devon and Dorset.

Seven hundred and forty years later, in 1825, one Major General Arthur Goodall Wavell received from a grateful Mexican government a grant of several hundred thousand acres lying between the Red River and the Sulphur River. This Wavell had helped Mexico win its independence from Spain and the reward he received was a large piece of what later became Texas. For ten years the region was known as the Wavell Colony and the colonists that Wavell brought into the country were among those who fought for the independence of the state. A Colonel Milam, Major General Wavell's agent, was killed leading a charge of Texans in the battle of San Antonio.

On July 4, 1941, fate and Winston Churchill thrust upon the Texas Wavell's grandson, Archie, an assignment that may raise the name of Wavell to stand with those of Nelson, Clive and Wellington. On that day Archie was ordered to India.

At the time it looked as though Churchill had broken Wavell. Cairo was full of punch-drunk and shell-shocked and Stuka-stupid Aussies and Anzacs who'd survived the hell in Greece and Crete. None blamed Wavell, directly. They just raved about the abysmal orneriness of brass hats. They were loudly candid about wanting to know why only two and a half divisions had been sent to help the Greeks instead of at least ten. Premie Greece had asked for ni vivors of the Balkan can to know why the hundred the British sent with the force were so war-wear down, many of them, befo at the Germans. They lack of guns and the ab sence of any assistance f Air Force. It was the bl Britain's war since Dunk

It was easy to imagine to the soreheads in Cai pressure that was bein Churchill behind the sc solidarity. Australian land politicians were de nations, too. They want War Council formed wi minions represented to strategy and avoid fur adventures overseas. A Zealanders hadn't yet lea the defense of their ho

GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD PERCIVAL WAVELL




**Wavell's job in Asia is by far the biggest one ever handed to a British fighting man. Mapped above are the territories he must hold. They are Britain's most lucrative possessions and on Wavell's success hangs the fate of over a billion people**

miles away from Melckland.

ter the Crete debacle, we -up was coming. The war ner badly in the western nd the campaign in Syria g along. For days the dn't allow reporters to fact that the Vichyite esisting what was to have march of liberation. And correspondents and of- from the fighting in the knotted around the news by of Shepheard's Hotel the Reuter's teleprinter yellow paper the news as transferred to India. had just returned from series of futile attacks alo-German defenses at Someone, up there, had vo battalions of a certain untry regiment had gotadly. A cerebrally muscle-bound officer had ordered first one and then a second battalion of poorly armed men in Bren gun carriers into action against the enemy's seventy-fives and superior tanks. He'd got his orders mixed, that certain officer. He was to have waited for a signal from the British tanks attacking Fort Capuzzo, when they'd broken the stronghold's defenses.

### Not Directly Responsible

The signal never came. The tanks themselves were turned back by the fort's fire. But the officer commanding the two battalions of tin-plated hay wagons they call Bren gun carriers sent his men in anyhow. It was worse than Balaklava.

Reporters close to events in the Middle East knew that Wavell couldn't be held directly responsible for the series of disasters that befell the British on the Libyan desert and in the Balkans, or for the bungling in Syria. They knew, for instance, that Sir Archie had yielded to advice from London when he about-faced his army after taking Benghazi last winter to send more than half of it to Greece. He wanted to go on to Tripoli.

Italian officers with whom I talked in prison camps told me Wavell could have taken Tripoli, too. There was nothing between Benghazi and Tripoli during the rout of Graziani's Invincibles.

But London had made certain promises to Athens. To have welshed on the Greeks would have raised a storm in the House of Commons at least as violent as the one that followed the defeats in Greece and Crete. And Britain had American "public opinion" to consider. The British High Command and the British government were anxious to preserve the respect of Americans. About 27,000 Australians, New Zealanders and Englishmen—I was not able to obtain reliable figures on how many Greeks—died, or were wounded or captured, as a result.

Reporters knew how poorly armed Wavell's army in the desert really was. They knew that the vaunted British I-tanks weren't worth their sale price as junk. They knew Wavell was undermanned. At one time the British held Egypt with less than 15,000 men and only 87 airplanes. Luckily for the British, the enemy never discovered this.

But Cairo reeled with gossip and

*(Continued on page 52)*

# BE FAIR TO FRANCE

By JOHN ERSKINE

**A nation that went down figh serves respect and sympathy rat sneers. Dr. Erskine, noted sch author, appeals for calm and hon ing about France and the Frenc**

AT THE newsreel not long ago, whe supplies were shown arriving in En of the audience cheered uproariou minutes later, when a picture of France the same members of the audience hissed

I don't know whether the applauders were Americans or visiting allies, but I'm there were many in the audience who di the insult to France, nor disclose the sligh jump on her because she is down. thought occurred to us that if she had enj tion of the aid which our government h England she wouldn't be down. On the if we had helped England no more thar France, England herself might now be in If France, prisoner that she is, hadn't pre cupied the attention of her captors, En have been invaded.

And if France and England hadn't way, Hitler could have done what he plea since we were the least prepared of all.

It's time something like this were sai to France. It's time we stopped spea French defeat as "treachery." Treache To England? Parliament had been assu British air force was adequate, but it wa United States? Our Congress had appro several years large sums for defense, b fense was needed we had none. If trea word for governmental incompetence ar ment, let's admit it can be found in ou too. Only a very shortsighted kind of c a neighbor just because he's in trouble a —at least, not yet. The worship of succe far. If we turn on France for no other that she was beaten, we are paying too h to the well-organized thuggery that br her knees.

Democracy in France has been an poor, who through the centuries have s repressive or predatory governments. I tries also the common man has been c hopes, but in France he has always refus the struggle. From the French soil h endless line of orators, poets, scholars, a and would-be liberators, who inspire elsewhere and advance the human cause French farm or from some (*Continued*

**Tangible expression of the instincti love of freedom is the Statue of l New York harbor, presented to the pe United States by the people of Fran memorate 100 years of American ind**

**To get this remarkable picture Ph William Hoff climbed 150 feet into which is closed to the public, and l into the wind to focus his camera. him is one of the guards on duty at**





"Sit easy," he said. "Put your hands in your lap. Look down at 'em"

I'M PERFECTLY sure that there are plenty of people who hate to see that evening sun go down, but for me personally the time of day when my troubles seem just almost too much to bear has always come early in the morning, going to work on the 7th Avenue Express. So maybe that was one reason I didn't pay any attention to the man looking at me. My mind was on my troubles. Another reason, of course, was that I was used to having men look at me, because I'm pretty. But mostly I was thinking: Poor me, poor baby, poor little Sue.

Not that there was anything new about my troubles. One thing there'll always be is people in New York, and girls to feel about people the way I felt about Lou. And there'll always be men like Lou, too, with responsibilities back home, and worried about times like these, and not wanting to get married till they are making a million dollars a week, or anyway fifty, and not being willing to have kids till the kids' future is absolutely ironclad guaranteed to the age of ninety-six, and so on. Now no girl believes more than I do in responsibilities, or thinks harder about the times, figuring out where she stands with them, but on the other hand—

I mean, just looking at him did things. That face, all bones and freckles, and hair so close to red it might as well be red, and that walk like he was about to bust somebody in the nose. Wonderful. Vitamins to burn. But a girl can wait just so long, and Lou and I had known each other two years, and almost every time we were together lately we'd had a fight. There'd been an awful one the night before.

SO I guess that was what I was thinking about that morning, whishing and rumbling along on the subway and standing on the platform packed in with a lot of people reading their morning papers. And you know how it is when somebody is looking at you. You finally look at him.

I looked at the man. He was thirty-five or so, and he had on an old tweed suit, and a blue shirt, like a farmer's, very faded, and a black tie he must have tied with his feet, and no hat. He was sort of big and rough-looking, with dark eyes and dark hair, getting thin on top.

The express was coming into 72d Street then, and sometimes I wonder, what if I'd got off and taken the next train? That horrible accident wouldn't have happened to my face—only, of course, it wasn't an accident, but very intentional, and it didn't happen to my *face*, exactly—and there wouldn't have been those pictures in the papers, and, oh, a lot of things.

But I didn't get off, and the train went on, and I looked again and he was still looking and I said, "See anything green, son?"

"Sorry," he said. He moved his hand in the air. "I was admiring the structure of your jaw." Then he smiled and said, "I'm not crazy. Just like to look at people's faces, that's all. Yours is one of the strangest I ever ran into."

"Thanks," I said.

"It's the shape of the jaw, mostly, that makes you smile the way you do. Quite beautiful."

"Oh," I said.

"Nothing personal," he said. "I just happen to be a sculptor."

*(Continued on page 68)*

eagull's-eye view of the Todd-Bath shipbuilding basin at South Portland, Maine, assembly line for ships

Seven 10,000-ton freighters are being built si[illegible]

Cooling steel shapes on bending floor. Shapes are first heated in furnace, then bent under clamps



Traveling crane lowers 25-ton section of hull to form ship's side. Crane capacity is 50 tons



Travograph, oxyacetylene cu[illegible]r, for identical floor plates in a s[illegible]le o[illegible]



# Built in a Bathtub

## By Frank D. Morris

**For centuries men have been building ships singly on shipways until this year, when Pete Newell worked out his mass-production building basin. The assembly line has gone to sea at last, to help win the war**



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

**...ips ... the right are nearly completed and ready to be floated out into harbor**

**...rbo...m section of ship is assembled upside down to facilitate welding, then is joined ...ll s...ion in upper part of picture. Note permanent steel keel blocks on basin floor**



YOU don't have to build your ship on an incline, bow high in the air. Your builders don't have to use special "declivity compensation" gauges throughout to allow for that uplift. You needn't spend weeks worrying whether your ship is going to slide down the ways on launching day or refuse to budge and you can forget all about the tons of grease or hordes of bananas, slide accessories. All of these problems vanish if you build your ship in a bathtub.

That's exactly what Pete Newell is doing up in South Portland, Maine; building not one ship but seven simultaneously in his Todd-Bath ship basins. It's one of the most revolutionary steps forward in shipbuilding since steel hulls replaced wooden bottoms. The first chapter of this success story ends with two newborn 10,000-ton freighters floating out on the waters of Portland harbor. Twenty-eight sister ships, born the same way, will follow pronto—on rush order from Britain.

Here's Pete's setup: A concrete sunken bathtub, 750 feet long, about half as wide, has been built on the water front. The bottom of the tub is 16 feet below high tide. One of its long sides is shut off from the harbor by a series of solid-steel gates. Those gates are important—more about them later.

The bathtub (called a building basin) is divided into three compartments. One end section is big enough to handle three of those freighters, and each of the other two sections hold two. All set—let's watch Pete build a ship.

### Lay 'Em Down and Shove 'Em Out

On permanent steel keel blocks the steel backbone of the ship is laid parallel to the basin bottom, as level as a stretch of rail the section hands lay on the main line. Steel ribs are now attached to that backbone and the double bottom takes shape. Gradually ship fitters, welders and riveters, using ordinary builders' gauges, carpenters' levels, etc., add plates, decks and frames until the hull is watertight. Then the scaffolding is removed, the basin is flooded by pumps up to the level of the outside harbor. Traveling cranes lift a pair of the steel gates, a couple of tugs take charge and Pete's ship is not launched, but gently floated out to open water.

Close the steel gates, pump the basin dry and the keel blocks are ready for another built on-the-level freighter.

Now see how the same type of ship is built on ordinary shipways. First the keel is laid on an incline and, from then on, that slope must be reckoned with in every measurement and fitting. Those freakish declivity-compensation gadgets mentioned above are expensive and, in these days of priorities, scarce but they're a must here.

Fitters, riggers and calkers are scrambling all over your ship now, and the raised bow makes every worker feel like a mountain goat. Apparently one leg is shorter than the other.

But soon it's time to get busy with the cradle. This is the toboggan that carries a new ship down the ways for its first splash. The cradle must carry a 10,000-ton vessel smoothly and safely, so it had better be balanced accurately. Or no splash—or much too much splash. Let's explain that.

It takes weeks to design and build that cradle. Yet, occasionally on launching day, when the bottle of triple-sec is given the old heave-o, nothing happens. The ship is a *(Continued on page 29)*



Some of Orn's followers swung up their weapons, and iron clashed hard

# BERSERK

**By Harold Lamb**

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

**Violent courtship of a maid we never heard of by a man who wrote an immortal page in American history**

THAT day Brana heard oars in the firth. She dropped her rake and ran barelegged across the clover fields to her lookout. Here was the place, high up, where she liked to lie and dream and watch the gulls circling over the mist that often hid the bleak coast of Norway.

In this high seat of her own the girl Brana could not easily be found by the people of the homestead. Hiding out here, she could look down at the women of the homestead working among the cattle pens or picking wool, she could listen to the sound of the axes where the men chopped interminably at the timbers in the forest.

For the forest Brana had no love. It was dark, and bears snuffled through it, and in the dimness of the northern nights werewolves might be heard howling there.

She was a Viking's girl, with the colors of gold and fire in her long hair, and the blue of deep water in her eyes. Moreover, she was now fifteen winters of age, and many girls of the coast had gone to their bride bowers after fourteen winters. But she thought that the youths who came in to Orn's Firth had thin beards and a small way of doing things. They brought hewn timbers down from the forest to the water of the inlet, or they fetched in fish from Lofoten.

It pleased her better when warfarers came in from the long ways of the sea, to shelter themselves at the homestead and drink beer with her uncle Orn. These warfarers often gave her bits of bright silk for her garments, and carved ivory, and they had tales to tell, while she poured their beer, of raiding and burning. Although her uncle Orn would shake his head in his stubborn way, saying that she would not be so pleased when she knew more of war or the men who fared forth to it. Wait and learn, he said to her, blinking wisely. Orn, being old, did not know that Brana was waiting for the day when a tall man might come into their gray inlet, to refit his long ship, and would look upon her and demand her for his bride to carry off to his homestead, wherever that might be. . . .

That morning she saw a dragon ship coming out of the mist, into Orn's Firth.

No ordinary Viking long ship this. Painted war shields lined its rails. The dragon's head above its prow gleamed with silver. A good ship, she thought, and it must have on it a man of mark. The blood throbbed in her body when she ran to tell Orn.

"Ho, redhead," he laughed at her, "you have been dreaming again."

"It is you who sleep, Orn," she cried, "here in the hay when you have a great guest to greet."

She ran by the cattle pens to the women's sleeping room of the homestead. She put on the blue cape that matched her eyes, in such a way that the mends did not show. Clasping it with the silver clasp, she wished that she had at least one gold ring for her slender arms. And she persuaded Ingiald the maid to comb her hair smooth, without braiding it. After this, in her excitement, Brana forgot to put on her shoes and ran barelegged down to the landing place.

There she saw that the strangers had come for trading.

The homestead men were carrying down piles of wool, and casks of honey, and bearskins for trading. Brana had eyes only for the man from the dragon ship. Tall he was, with a bold swing to his shoulders, and laughing eyes. Edging closer, she heard his name spoken, Hrolf the Gautlander, the Earl's man, who had made the voyage over from Gothland. His weapon men looked hard as broken ice, coming down the landing plank in their gray iron shirts and wolfskins. Yet their landfall had been friendly enough, with the peace flag flying over them.

NOW Hrolf stood on the shore examining the trade goods Orn set before him. "Have you no wine?" he asked, looking for more than he saw.

"We make only beer," said Orn placidly, as his homesteaders set down more goods—wood carvings and piles of dried Lofoten fish.

"My followers are thirsty [illegible] wine Hrolf smiled. Then he looked [illegible] Bran and looked at her again. Whe[illegible]e lov[illegible]ered her head modestly, she [illegible]overe[illegible] that she had not put on her sl[illegible]s—sh[illegible] a woman of fifteen winters [illegible]od b[illegible] fore a mighty seafarer like a [illegible]elegg[illegible] child. Her face felt hot with s[illegible]ne.

"We make only beer," [illegible]d O[illegible] proudly. "And it is good enou[illegible]."

Brana thought otherwise. [illegible]er a[illegible] bearskins, honey and wool, th[illegible] thin[illegible] of the homestead did not se[illegible] to b[illegible] good enough to lay before sea[illegible]ers.

The smile went out of H[illegible]'s fa[illegible] He stared at Orn.

"If you do not like it, Ga[illegible] ande[illegible] Orn rubbed his beard. "I ca[illegible] ot he[illegible] that. You can drink with me[illegible] not[illegible] seems best to you."

"Do you think yourself," [illegible]oli d[illegible] manded quickly, "as good a [illegible]a as m[illegible] homesteader?"

"Certainly," said Orn, who[illegible]as stu[illegible] born about such matters.

Hrolf grew pale in the fac[illegible] and t[illegible] gold rune ring moved on his [illegible]. "Th[illegible] is bad to hear," he said.

His arm pulled the sword[illegible]om f[illegible] sheath at his hip, and he step[illegible]l towa[illegible] Orn. His arm thrust hard, an[illegible]e swo[illegible] point came through the shi[illegible]at On[illegible] back. Orn laid hold of the sw[illegible] in fro[illegible] of him, and dropped down t[illegible]s kne[illegible] A man howled like a wolf.

The homesteader near[illegible] Bra[illegible] dropped the wool he was carr[illegible]g. "*Berserks-gang!*" he cried.

Berserk rage. Brana saw [illegible]olf's f[illegible] lowers leap high in their wolf[illegible]ns. Th[illegible] caught at their weapons an[illegible] truck[illegible] the startled men in front of t[illegible]m. Th[illegible] howled and they struck. E[illegible]ha co[illegible] not stop looking, nor could sl[illegible]nove [illegible] legs.

Running forward, the gra[illegible]hen fr[illegible] the ship grasped at the h[illegible]steade[illegible]

*(Continued on page )*

# ivided by Two

## ctavus Roy Cohen

BILL GORDON walked across the d so that he could get a better view of tourist camp. The sign said:

THREE PINES MOTEL
AIR CONDITIONED CABINS
MEALS — MUSIC

ins were new and white and immacue was a main building, which Old Bill Lodge where Ma Gordon did the fancooking on Route 66. The "music" on the sign was a juke box.

ery late afternoon when the car ar- Bill poked his head inside the kitchen aid, "Hey, Ma, look what we got."

ey had was a bridal couple. You iss it. They had tried to rub out the s on the side of the car, but you could Just Married." . . .

ng man got out. He was medium size built, and with a blond, healthy look ill liked. The girl was nice, too: Big and wavy black hair and the lightest, in he'd ever seen. The young man Old Bill and asked, "Have you got ies?" and Old Bill said, "We sho C'mon into the office."

sat himself down behind the desk l the young man where to register. man signed, MR. AND MRS. STEERTS, and wrote down the name of ey'd evidently got married in. Then ght past Old Bill and said in a tight, e, "We'd like two cabins."

always prided himself on being able retty near anything that came up. e he got caught with his guard down he knew he'd said anything, he reword *"Two?"* in a voice which was with surprise.

berts said, "That's right. *Two* cabOld Bill said, "Gosh . . ." and then Well, of course, son, if that's what . ." and the boy said that was just t he wanted.

Bill went outside to show the young arage to drive into he wanted to get and tell her what was happening. ied his bride's things into one cabin into the other. Old Bill heard him ou have dinner with me?" and her oice saying, "I think I'd rather not,

went inside and told Ma about it, "Land o' Goshen, Bill . . . that ain't

ost dark now. The bridegroom came bled off along the highway.

en o'clock the tourists started drifte Lodge for food. After a while, the in and took a seat at the counter. a sandwich and a cup of coffee and ouched the sandwich.

put a nickel in the juke box, and started to dance.

er, Jimmy Dawson came in. Jimmy ld Bill. He was a nice boy: big and nd full of fun.

ings started, it really wasn't Jimmy ult. Jimmy wasn't shy, but he either. He was even blushing a litidled over to where the lonely little ting and said, "Excuse me, ma'am, nderin' if you maybe might like to

up, sort of startled and said, "No, and Jimmy said, "I didn't mean no ," and then the bride looked out screen door and saw her husband nd she said suddenly, "Well, why fore you could say Jack Robinson ncing.

uld have stopped it if he could, but too late. Steve Roberts came in front door, and you could see that he was mad all through. He walked across the floor and stepped in the way of Jimmy and the girl. He said, "All right, Buddy. That's enough."

Jimmy stopped dancing. He grinned and said. "What's eating on you, feller?" and Steve answered, "You're not dancing with her any more."

Those who knew Jimmy Dawson could tell you that he was never one to enjoy being pushed around. He said. "Get away from me, Mister. I don't like you."

He held out his arms to the girl. She stepped into them. And that was when Steve boiled over. He clenched his fists and let Jimmy Dawson have it.

Jimmy ain't in the habit of taking anything from anybody. He shoved the girl aside, brought his right up from somewhere near China and it exploded against the bridegroom's jaw.

Steve Roberts went down and stayed down. Old Bill grabbed Jimmy and hustled him outside.

Things were happening. The bride was kneeling beside her husband. She was crying and saying silly, foolish, sweet, bridey things. Old Bill pitched in, saying he was awful sorry and for her not to worry because Steve wasn't hurt bad. and she said, "Help me! Help me, please. . . ."

So Old Bill picked Steve up and carried him into his cabin and the girl came in, too. They laid him on the bed, and Old Bill said he'd go get some ice, and when he came back Steve was sitting up and shaking his head and his bride was holding his hands and they were looking at each other sort of like *that*, and Old Bill said, "I reckon he's all right now, Miss," and the girl said she figured he was, and then Old Bill went back to the Lodge to apologize to the other guests for the brawl. . . .

YOU get up awful early when you run a tourist camp. Before the day was real bright, Old Bill was puttering around, when the door of Steve Roberts' cottage opened.

Steve came out of that cottage. So did his bride.

The sun was coming up over the folded hills, and it shone, all rich pink and gold, on the young faces of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts. They said good morning to Old Bill and seemed a little embarrassed and very happy as they stowed their nice, new bridal luggage in the back of the car. Steve backed out onto Highway 66. Then he headed west; headed into the mountains for the honeymoon they'd dreamed about.

Old Bill sighed and walked out toward the gas pumps. Jimmy Dawson was there, waiting for him.

Old Bill told Jimmy off. Good and strong. He said it was all Jimmy's fault. . . .

"But it wasn't," defended Jimmy. "It wasn't my fault at all."

"No? I suppose you couldn't have figured out that there was some tie-up there."

"I didn't have to figure it," said Jimmy. "I knew already she was his wife. You see, that feller Steve—he met me down the road and told me all about it. He said he was desperate. So he asked me as a favor wouldn't I please get in a fight with him and beat him up."

Old Bill had trouble digesting that. Then his lips creased into a smile. After that he laughed and said, "You might have told me that last night, Jimmy. I turned down a chance to rent the cabin they forgot to use."

Old Bill walked away. He was thinking of a new sign he might put up in front of his place, only he decided against it because he figured it wouldn't make sense except to himself and Jimmy Dawson.

The sign he'd thought about would have said:

SERVICE WITH A PUNCH



**She saw her husband and she said suddenly, "Well, why not?" and before you could say Jack Robinson they were dancing**

IORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

# Alder Gulch

## By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY
WARREN G. BAUMGARTNER

*The Story Thus Far:*

SHANGHAIED in San Francisco, and taken on board a ship to Portland, Oregon, Jeff Pierce is attacked by the captain of the vessel with a pistol. In self-defense, he strikes the fellow with a belaying pin; after which he swims to shore. The captain, knocked unconscious, dies.

While wandering through the streets of Portland, Pierce is approached by a girl, who tells him that she must get out of the town, undetected; and that she wants him to pose as her husband and take her away—anywhere!

Liking the girl (whose name, she says, is Diana Castle), Pierce succeeds in boarding a vessel with her. It is 1863; a rich "strike" has recently been made at Alder Gulch, where the pioneer town of Virginia City is rapidly rising. Pierce and his "wife" make their way toward Alder Gulch.

In The Dalles, Pierce becomes involved in a fight with a man known as "Rube" Ketchum. While Ketchum's closest friend, George Ives, looks on, Pierce gives the man a terrific beating. . . . As they proceed toward their destination, Pierce and Diana see quite a bit of Will Temperton, a professional gambler, and his young daughter, Lily Beth; and Diana mothers the girl. Others whom they encounter are: Lil Shannon, a flashily garbed, free-and-easy woman of the frontier; Ollie Rounds, an uncommunicative redhead who will not discuss his past; and Ben Scoggins, who hopes to make a fortune as a trader in Alder Gulch.

In Lewiston, Pierce enters a gambling establishment, where he again meets George Ives. Ives, in a belligerent mood, taunts Pierce into a fist fight; and Pierce gives him a drubbing. A short time later, Pierce sees on the street a man whom he recognizes as Sitgreaves—the dead captain's brother. Certain that Sitgreaves is pursuing him, and not wanting to kill another man, Pierce slips out of the town; again, he is accompanied by the girl.

Riding horses that Pierce has acquired, the two young people reach Virginia City in fourteen days. There, surrounded by feverish activity (the place is swarming with prospectors, gambiers and adventurers of all types), Diana feels sure that she can now make her way alone. They part company, and Pierce, turning a corner of the town, sees a saloon's sign on a wall: "Jack Tanner's." Adjoining the saloon is a hurdy-gurdy house. From the house come the strains of music—and the brief, calculated laughter of the dance-hall girls.

### III

BARNEY MORRIS came into the Pantheon during the shank of the evening and placed himself at the bar. Barney, once a merchant in Ohio, was a chunky man whose ruby face was framed in fatherly mutton-chop whiskers. Barney was one of the redoubtables of the Gulch, early arrived on the scene and the possessor of a claim straddling Alder Creek half a mile above discovery.

The Pantheon stood on Wallace Street, newly thrown together from alder logs and brush and mud. A bar skirted the edge of a dance floor on which miners broke the day's work by whirling their favorite girls at a dollar a throw. On a raised platform at the far end of the room the fiddles and guitars pitched into a quadrille with the announcer singsonging the figures through his nose.

Barney weighed out his dollar's dust on the bar scales and got his ticket. The music came to a dead halt, the announcer cried, "Promenade!" and the ladies led their gentlemen promptly toward the refreshments which, at fifty cents a glass, ended every dance set. The miners took their whisky straight, while the ladies, to whom this was a routine part of the night's business, drank ginger beer and moved back to the floor to await the next partner and the next set. Barney at once sought out Lil Shannon, gave her his ticket and squared himself away like a wrestler.

"You've been away," said Barney. "I've missed you."

"I took a trip to Portland," said Lil. "How's things?"

"Fair," said Barney.

"You've got a fortune out of that claim, Barney. Don't tell me"

But Barney was closemouthed about his affairs, and although Lil Shannon was an old friend he only grinned. Lil said, "Written to your wife lately?"

"Sure. She sent me a tintype of Bill the other day. Tall as I am now."

"Barney," said Lil, now completely serious, "you've made your stake stay here too long or the toug knock you over the head some

"Going home," said Barney couple months."

The announcer yelled, "Gen claim your partners!" The music into a waltz tune, and Barney, death about this business, sei Shannon and whirled her around. ing his boots at every second swi room grew warm as all these burned men, stained with the clay of the diggings, shaggy-hai short-tempered, wheeled and and wheeled. The ladies were customed to twenty dances a n deftly maneuvered beyond th feet of their partners. Lil laughed at Barney's dead-set ex and the steady motion of his li counted the waltz rhythm. She red gown and her cheeks were her brown eyes sparkled; and, around and around, she saw je standing as an onlooker near t

"Barney," she said. "See the with the poker face? His name and he's new. I came up the

*(Continued on page 57*

**"Bump into him and help l cate a claim," suggested he waits another week won't be any unstaked grou**



# *Let's* keep America's trucks *Rolling*




## TERNATIONALS have *What it takes!*

TRUCKS, no less than military trucks, face a job ese days—one of the toughest of all the emer- ucks are hauling millions of tons *extra.* They wor harder—and live longer. There's less rest be- uils most trucks, fewer empty returns, more double *d fe r new trucks for replacement!*

erna onal Harvester that means *greater emphasis on tha ver before.* That's a job International tackles busi n—a job for which it is completely equipped. CE— tory-trained, nation-wide, well-stocked, well- the is a foundation rock under International Truck o! S vice is one of the prime reasons why operators ut y ucks have put more Internationals on the road, for years, than any other truck. These men *know* what it takes!

For the new year International is ready to match the new standards of truck endurance with still higher standards of performance and maintenance. It is Harvester's pledge that its 250 Company-owned branches, placed strategically beside the highways of America, and the thousands of International Truck dealers in between, shall render *the utmost* in service to national transportation and National Defense.

If *your* trucks have to take it as never before, International Service has what it takes to keep them rolling.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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**250**
**COMPANY-OWNED BRANCHES AND THOUSANDS OF DEALERS ARE *AT YOUR SERVICE!***

INTERNATIONAL

N TERNATIONAL TRUCKS

# The Pied Piper

## By Nevil Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

*The Story Thus Far:*

WHEN his only son, a member of the Royal Air Force, is killed, John Sidney Howard, a retired English barrister, leaves England and goes to France. There, in the placid village of Cidoton, he tries to find peace, forgetfulness.

A few weeks later—while the Germans are driving into France—he begins the difficult trip back to England (difficult, because most of the trains have been commandeered by the army, and the roads—frequently bombed—are congested with soldiers and refugees). When he starts, he is accompanied by two English children: Ronald and Sheila Cavanagh, whose parents, unable to leave France, wish them to be in their homeland. Later—in the course of an arduous journey toward the Channel, he picks up three other young people: Rose, a little French girl whose father is in London; Pierre, a lad whom he finds, terrified, speechless, beside a bomb-shattered road; and Willem Eybe, a seven-year-old Dutch boy who, somehow stranded in France, is suspected by the simple folk around him of being a German—and a spy!

Howard is an old man; he is nearly seventy. When, at last, he and his small charges reach Chartres, he is exhausted. Realizing that he is in peril (the Germans have occupied Chartres), he goes to the flat of the Rougerons—Colonel Rougeron, of the French army, his wife and his daughter—whom he had met while vacationing with his son, John, at Cidoton, before the war.

Nicole, the daughter, and Madame Rougeron give him a warm welcome. They tell him that the colonel is at the front; they make some plans for him—accompanied by Nicole and the children, he is to go to the home of Jean Henri Guinevec, a fisherman who lives in Finisterre and who may assist the little party in slipping aboard an England-bound boat.

The next day they leave Chartres—the old man, Nicole and the little ones. Howard (wearing some old clothes that the girl gives him) pretends to be a stupid old man—Nicole's aged uncle. They reach Rennes, find their way to a refugee hotel. There—after the children have been put to bed—Howard tells Nicole, "I lost my son. He was killed flying—he was a squadron leader with the Royal Air Force. He was shot down—over Helgoland."

"I know," the girl says gently. "They wrote me from the squadron."

### VII

THE cinema was half full of people, moving about and laying down their mattresses for the night. The air was full of the fumes of the cooking stove at the far end, and the smoke of French cigarettes; in the dim light it seemed thick and heavy.

Howard glanced toward the girl. "You knew my son as well as that, mademoiselle?" he said. "I did not know."

In turn, she felt the urge to talk. "We used to write," she said. She went on quickly, "Ever since Cidoton we used to write, almost each week. And we met once, in Paris—just before the war. In June, that was."

She paused, and then said quietly, "Almost a year ago today."

The old man said, "My dear, I never knew anything about this at all."

"No," she said. "Nor did I tell my parents."

There was a silence while he tried to collect his thoughts and readjust his outlook. "You said they wrote to you," he said at last. "But how did they know your address?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "He would have made arrangements," she said. "He was very kind, monsieur, very, very kind. And we were great friends. . . ."

He said quietly, "You must have thought me very different, mademoiselle. Very rude. But I assure you, I knew nothing about this. Nothing at all."

There was a little pause.

"May I ask one question?" he said presently.

"But yes, Monsieur Howard."

He stared ahead of him awkwardly. "Your mother told me that you had had trouble," he said. "That there had been a young man—who was dead. No doubt, that was somebody else?"

"There was nobody else," she said quietly. "Nobody but John."

She shook herself and sat up. "See," she said, "one must put down a mattress or there will be no room left by the wall." She got to her feet, and stirred him, and began to pull down one of the sacks of straw from the pile. He joined her, reluctant and confused, and for a quarter of an hour they worked, making their beds.

"There," she said at last, standing back to survey their work. "It is the best that can be done." She eyed him diffidently. "Will it be possible for you to sleep so, Monsieur Howard?"

He said, "My dear, of course it will."

She laughed shortly. "Then, let us try."

Over the mattress he stood looking at her, blanket in hand. "May I ask one more question?"

She faced him, "Yes, monsieur."

"You have been very good to me," he said quietly. "I think I understand now. That was because of John?"

There was a long silence. She stood looking out across the room, motionless. "No," she said at last. "That was because of the children."

He said nothing, not quite understanding what she meant.

"One loses faith," she said quietly. "One thinks that everything is false, and bad."

HE GLANCED at her, puzzled. "I did not think there could be any one so kind and brave as John," she said. "But I was wrong, monsieur. There was another one. There was his father."

She turned away. "So," she said, "we must sleep." She spoke practically, almost coldly; it seemed to the old man that she had set up a barrier between them. He did not resent that stood the reason for her cu did not want to be questione She did not want to talk.

He lay down on the matt the rough, straw-filled pillow the blanket around him. The down upon her own bed on th of the children.

Howard lay awake, his m mult. He felt that he had there had been something b girl and John, yet that kno not reached the surface of hi looking back, there had bee all the time that he had bee in the flat.

HOW close had their frier then? They had writte each other; on top of that it they had met in Paris just war. No breath of that had previously. But thinking ba remember now that there space of two week ends in J had seen nothing of the b assumed that duties with t had prevented him from co see him, or even from ringi that the time? It must hav

His mind turned to Nic thought her a very odd y previously; he did not thi quite the same way now began to realize a little of h with regard to John, and t seemed that she had told little about John; she hac grief in silence, dumb and Then he had turned up, qu at the door one day. To he he had added an acute em

He turned over again. He alone, let her talk if she w silent if she chose. If he c haps she would open up on. It had been of her own had told him about John.

He lay awake for several ing these matters over Presently, after a long ti He did not wake until six

*(Continued on page 30)*

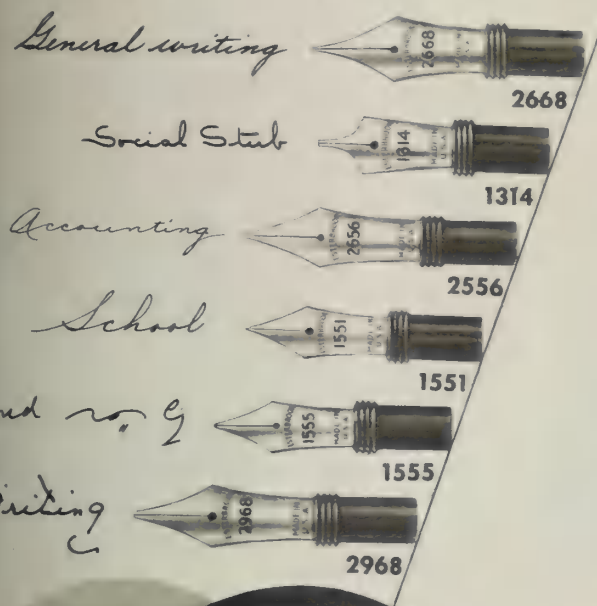
**Presently they made their way toward the railway station. The town was full of Germans parading down the streets**



# All hands agree on ESTERBROOK PENS for Christmas!




## We've got Your Number!




ESTERBROOK, the *old* name with the *new* idea in fountain pens... 31 point numbers, 31 point styles, to fit every "hand," match every writing style, fill every writing need. Fountain pens in black or colors at a dollar and up complete! Solid Duracrome Renew-Points may be replaced in the pen by the user for twenty-five cents. (Osmiridium-tipped points sell for fifty and seventy-five cents.) Repeater pencils to match the pens, singly or in sets. We've got your number... the right point to give or receive. It looks like an Esterbrook Christmas! The Esterbrook Pen Company, Camden, New Jersey.

*Gift-points may be exchanged at your stationer's without charge after the holidays.*




Military Clip Meets Army and Navy regulations.



WORLD'S LEADING PEN MAKERS.. ..SINCE 1858

**Esterbrook**

**RENEW-POINT FOUNDATION PEN**




Drip-less Desk Set in a ... of colors, $2.50. The ink ... he base. Double set (two ...ens), $5. Fill it once- ...nths.

Esterbrook fountain pen and repeater pencil in handsome matched sets in black or colors, $2 and up. Military clip meets Army and Navy regulations.

**R THE RIGHT POINT TO GIVE, SEE THE POINT-CHART AT YOUR STATIONER'S** *(Gift-points may be exchanged without charge after Christmas.)*

# Something NEW* has been added!

**Yes, Santa!** *Something new has been added to your calling list! And there's another kind of something new for holiday giving this year! New smoking happiness... New Old Golds!**





## *It's Latakia

(pronounced La-ta-kee'-a) a rare, very flavorful Eastern Mediterranean tobacco. Now added like a "seasoning" to the New Old Gold blend, it creates an entirely NEW, delightful cigarette flavor! And Old Gold's store of Latakia in America assures this finer taste for years to come.

## *For Christmas 1941

This year, get *new* gratitude from any smoker with either of these *NEW* Old Gold Xmas Gift packages!... Give hours of *New* smoking happiness with the distinctive, richly embossed NEW OLD GOLD TREASURE BOOK—holding 2 New Old Gold flat tins of 50—100 cigarettes in all!... Or give the gay, NEW OLD GOLD YULETIDE CARTON—10 packs of 20—200 New Old Golds! No extra charge for either! All tobacco counters!




P. Lorillard Company, blenders of fine tobaccos since George Washington's day!

**Add NEW OLD GOLD to your Christmas giving**

# Built in a Bathtub

Continued from page 21

-! Then several expensive spent building a new cradle r try.

hip may take to the water too gain this is not a frequent , but Maine shipbuilders still hen you mention the launch- trawler at Bath. After hitting the trawler snapped her d went on the loose, almost direct hit on the understruc- ant bridge.

a single ship in a basin is w. The Navy has turned out and cruisers that way, and ,000,000 building basin was mpleted at the Philadelphia . In effect a basin is the same ck.

r before has mass production ed to basin building. And in needs plenty of bottoms , speed in building is vital. ish order was more than a Pete Newell, president of ath Iron Shipbuilding Com- so gave him an opportunity a theory he happened on in the first World War.

### Help From Nature

dd years ago Pete Newell him William S. for long) romontory overlooking Port- . The postwar shipbuilding n, but Pete, who had started ater back in 1898, was still r the perfect shipyard. That d it. As his eyes swept the t they widened when the and cape came into focus. housing several small ship- d off into the harbor.

hunch, but a worth-while dings were taken and they nature had formed a large cket of rock at this spot in The pocket was lined with f clay. That proved it was r a building basin. Just offerdam, or earthen dike, site to isolate it from the ge out the clay, pump out ide and there was a sunken tle or no expensive blasting eded. No, simply concrete depression at the South e, install the steel gates -there was a dry-dock- n and nature had supplied r and materials.

p-basin hunch slumbered along until 1938—twenty long years—when it awakened and went on an express-train schedule:

July, 1938—Soviet Naval Commission visits U. S. to order a wow of a battleship built here. Specifications: 80,000 tons, 18-inch guns and apparently to be skippered by Superman himself. Shipbuilders, recalling that our pride, the North Carolina then building, was to be only half that size, shook their heads.

July, 1938—Pete Newell accepts Soviet order; hastens to get $500 option on South Portland cape. Renews option twice at $500 per renewal of his own cash while Moscow dickers.

August, 1939—Russia signs pact with Germany alleging mutual peace. Soviet Naval Commission phones Newell long-distance, same day, to close battleship deal. Newell, having read the headlines, says no thanks, I'm building no ships for Hitler or his pals.

August, 1939, to October, 1940—Just option renewals.

November, 1940—British Purchasing Commission arrives to place orders for sixty cargo ships, delivery in 1942. Commission shops around for six weeks on both coasts, then takes ship for England. Chairman C. L. V. Thompson tells Newell, competing bidder, he'll let him know.

December, 1940—Ship commission sailed on is torpedoed. Chairman Thompson, Newell's contract in his pocket, drifts in a lifeboat for eight hours before being rescued. Contract dry enough for London headquarters to approve and sign.

December 20, 1940—London phones Newell to go ahead.

December 21, 1940—Steam shovels, graders go ahead clearing forty acres of South Portland Cape.

May, 1941—First keel laid.

June, July, 1941—Six remaining keels laid. Basins operating on three daily eight-hour shifts.

November, 1941—First two ships floated out to fitting pier for final tailoring. Basin pumped dry and new keels laid for eight ships.

January, 1942—(Scheduled) First of sixty new ugly ducklings steams out of Portland harbor, eastbound with ten thousand tons of supplies for Britain.

That briefly is the history of a modern shipbuilding miracle performed in less than a year. It's the story of a practical visionary who discovered that you don't necessarily have to build ships the hard way, on stilts, and proved it.



**"Hi, Long Underwear!"** RICHARD TAYLOR


## "The Tougher They Come . . ."



**J. RICHARD ROCKJAW** is a man of determined purpose. "When you get into a difficulty, take the short way out," says he. And he praises to his weaker half the merits of "a good strong purge."




**BUT THE WEAKER HALF** has ideas too. "You and your caveman cures! 'Give old constipation a right to the jaw,' says you. Did it ever occur to you to get at the *cause* and *correct* it?"

**"FOR INSTANCE,** my dear?"

"For instance, this crisp, toasty, delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. It has just what it takes to get at the cause of constipation due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet."




**"SAY! WHAT DO YOU KNOW?** Darn it, it *does* taste good! If ALL-BRAN can make you Join the Regulars,' make way for a place in the front rank!"

"Not so fast, my bold one," says she. "It takes a little time. You should eat ALL-BRAN every day, and drink plenty of water."

## Join the "Regulars" with

## *Kellogg's All-Bran*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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**Bridge Cut-outs**

Dainty sandwiches they'll *aah* over. Dromedary cuts beautifully, slices nice and thin.



**Steamed Pudding**

Hot dessert *quick*, and so good! Just heat and top with foamy sauce or whipped cream.



**Breakfast Toast**

Toasted or plain, Dromedary Date-Nut Bread makes a memorable, *and nourishing*, breakfast.

Use this Luscious, Fruity Roll *for tempting holiday treats!*

DROMEDARY DATE-NUT BREAD



**Hollywood Parfait**

Smart parfait *at home!* Just crumble Dromedary Date-Nut Bread, fold into sweetened whipped cream . . . chill!







Children . . . like grown-ups . . . adore Dromedary Date-Nut Bread sandwiches. And you couldn't provide anything more wholesome! Loaded with walnuts and Dromedary pasteurized Dates. *(Try new Dromedary* ORANGE-NUT *Bread too.* Delicious!)

FOR THE WORLD'S FINEST GINGERBREAD, USE DROMEDARY GINGERBREAD MIX





# The Pied Piper

Continued from page 26

place was all astir; there was no chance of any further sleep. He got up and straightened out his clothes as well as he could; he felt dirty and unshaven.

The girl got the children up and, with Howard, helped them to dress. She, too, was feeling dirty and unkempt; her curly hair was draggled, and she had a headache. She would have given a great deal for a bath. But there was no bath in the place, nor even anywhere to wash.

Ronnie said, "I don't like this place. May we sleep in a farm tomorrow?"

Rose said, "He means tonight, m'sieur. He talks a great deal of nonsense, that one."

Howard said, "I'm not quite sure where we shall sleep tonight. We'll see when the time comes."

Sheila, wriggling her shoulders in her bodice, said, "I do *itch*."

There was nothing to be done about that. To distract her mind Howard led her off with the other children to the end of the hall where the German cook was dispensing mugs of coffee. With each mug went a large, unattractive hunk of bread. Howard left the children at a trestle table and went to draw their bread and coffee.

Nicole joined them as he brought it to the table and they all had breakfast together. The bread was hard and tasteless and the coffee bitter stuff with little milk.

PRESENTLY they left the Cinema du Monde and, pushing the pram before them, made their way toward the railway station. The town was full of Germans parading down the streets.

At the station they passed the barrier without difficulty, surrendering their billeting pass to the German officer. They put the pram into the baggage wagon on the train for Brest and climbed up into a third-class carriage.

It was only when the train was well upon the way that Howard discovered that *la petite* Rose was nursing a very dirty black and white kitten.

Nicole was at first inclined to be sharp with her. "We do not want a li she said to Rose. "No, truly v want that cat or any other must put him out at the next

The corners of the little gir drooped, and she clutched t tighter. Howard said, "I wo that. He might get lost."

Ronnie said, "*She* might get Howard. Rose says it's a lady do you know it's a lady cat, h

Nicole expostulated, "But, Howard, the little cat belongs body else. It is not our cat, t

He said placidly, "It's our

She opened her mouth to s thing impetuous, thought be and said nothing. Howard sa a very little thing, mademo won't add to our difficulties, l give them a good deal of ple

Indeed, what he said was correct. The children were round intent upon the kitten, washing its face upon Rose's lem turned to Nicole, beaming something unintelligible to h he turned back, watching again, entranced.

Nicole said in a resigned ton wish. In England, does one pi and take them away like tha

He smiled, "No, mademo said. "In England only the k son who sleeps on straw ma cinemas does that sort of t very lowest type of all."

She laughed. "Thieves bonds," she said. "Yes, tha

She turned to Rose. "W name?" she asked.

The little girl said, "Jo-jo.

The children clustered rou the kitten by its new name make it answer. The kitte moved, washing its face with

All day the train ground s the hot sun. On all the statio German soldiers were much i At towns such as St. Brieuc th the station appeared to be a couple of German soldi



**"I get a kick out of the way my husband stands up for his rights before doing things my way!"**

# GIVE THE GIFT WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"!



1.

Meet up with Benny Bluebird,
He's as busy as can be;
Just a picture of contentment
As he trims the Christmas Tree!



2.

Meet up with Bessie Bluebird,
His ever-loving spouse.
She's hanging wreaths of holly
All around her little house!



3.

What makes them both so chipper?
It isn't hard to guess.
Their marriage is a blend of all
That makes for happiness!

Let's skip from birds to bottles—
With CALVERT it's the same!
A "Happy Blend" of qualities
Has won this whiskey fame!

4. Yes, CALVERT is a mating of everything that's swell—
No wonder it's the perfect gift to ring the Christmas bell!
Why, man, you'll bring more happiness than all the Bluebirds living,
By sending CALVERT to your friends—it's tops in Christmas giving!




Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**

THE GIFT WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

DED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City




"everything that's nice in a tie"



$1.00

YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT TO HIM!

Luxurious fabric by STEHLI . . soft spicy colors in mixtures he likes to wear. Easy to knot, never slips, resists wrinkles, outwears most ties. Stripes, plaids, plain shades. At smart shops everywhere.

SUPERBA CRAVATS

Rochester, New York

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.


wayside halts they did not seem to worry about passengers leaving the station.

Nicole drew Howard's attention to this feature. "It is good, that," she said. "At Landerneau it may be possible to go through without questioning."

He said, "Where are we going to tonight, mademoiselle? I am entirely in your hands."

She said, "There is a farm, about five miles from Landerneau, to the south. Madame Guinevec, wife of Jean Henri—that was her home before she married. I have been there with my father, at the time of the horse fair, the fete, at Landerneau."

"I see," he said. "What is the name of the people at the farm?"

"Arvers," she said. "Aristide Arvers is the father of Marie. They are in good circumstances, you understand. Aristide is a careful man, my father used to say. He breeds horses a little, too, for our army. Marie was Queen of Beauty at the Landerneau fete one year. It was then that Jean Henri first met her."

He said, "She must have been a very pretty girl."

"She was lovely," Nicole said. "That was ten years ago. She is still beautiful."

It was four o'clock when the train pulled into the little station of Landerneau. They tumbled out of the carriage with relief, Nicole lifting each child down onto the platform except Ronnie, who insisted on getting down himself. They fetched the pram from the baggage car and put the remainder of their lunch in it, with the kitten.

There was no guard at the gate, and they passed through into the town.

LANDERNEAU is a little town of six or seven thousand people, a sleepy little place upon a tidal river running to the Rade de Brest. It is built of gray stone, set in a rolling country dotted round with little woods; it reminded Howard of the Yorkshire wolds.

The town was sparsely held by Germans. Their lorries were parked in the square beneath the plane trees by the river, but there were few of them to be seen.

Unchallenged, Howard and Nicole walked through the town and out into the country beyond, upon the road that led toward the south. They went slowly for the sake of the children; the old man was accustomed now to the slow pace that they could manage. The road was very empty and they straggled all over it at will. It led up onto the open wold.

Rose and Willem were allowed to take their shoes off and go barefoot, rather to the disapproval of Nicole. "I do not think that that is in the part," she said. "The class which we represent would not do that."

The old man said, "There's nobody to see."

She agreed that it did not matter much, and they went sauntering on, Willem pushing the pram with Pierre.

They walked in silence for a time. Pierre and Willem tired of pushing the pram and gave place to Rose, with Sheila trotting at her side. The kitten lay curled up in the pram, sound asleep.

Presently Nicole pointed ahead of them: "That is the house—amongst those trees."

The house that she pointed to lay about a mile ahead of them. It seemed to be a fairly large and prosperous farm, grouped around a modest country house standing among trees as shelter from the wind. About it rolled the open pasture of the wold, as far as could be seen.

In half an hour they were close up to it. A long row of stabling showed the interests of the owner; there were horses running in the paddocks near the farm. The farm buildings were better kept and laid out than the farms that Howard had had dealings with upon his journey; this was a cut above the usual run of things.

They went up to a house that stood beside the entrance, in the manner of a lodge; here Nicole inquired for M. Arvers. They were directed to the stables; leaving the children with the pram at the gate, they went forward together.

They met their man halfway.

Aristide Arvers was a small man of fifty-five or so, thin, with sharp features and a shrewd look. Howard decided at the first glance that this man was no fool. And the second thought that came into his mind was realization that this man could well be the father of Miss Landerneau. The delicate features, sharpening by advancing age, might well be fascinating in a young girl.

He wore a shapeless black suit with a soiled scarf wrapped around his neck in lieu of collar; a black hat was on his head.

Nicole said, "Monsieur Arvers, do you remember me? You were so kind as to invite me here one day, with my father, Colonel Rougeron. You showed my father around your stables. After that you entertained us in your house. That was three years ago—do you remember?"

He nodded. "I remember that very well, mademoiselle. M. le Colonel was very interested in my horses for the army, being himself an artillery officer, if I remember right." He hesitated. "I hope you have good news of M. le Colonel?"

She said, "We have had no news for three months, when he was at Metz."

"I am desolated, mademoiselle."

She nodded, having nothing much to say to that. She said, "If my father had been at home he would, no doubt, have come to see you himself. As he is not, I have come instead."

His brows wrinkled slightly, but he bowed a little. "That is an added pleasure," he said perfunctorily.

"May we, perhaps, go to your office?"

"But certainly."

HE TURNED, and led them to the house. There was a littered, dusty office, full of sad-looking account books and files, with bits of broken harness thrown aside in corners. He closed the door behind them, and gave them rickety chairs; there being no other seats he leaned backward against the edge of the desk.

"First," said the girl, "I wish to introduce you to Monsieur Howard. He is an Englishman."

The horse breeder raised his eyebrows a little, but bowed ceremoniously.

Nicole said, "I will come directly to the point, Monsieur Arvers. Monsieur Howard is a very old friend of my family. He is traveling with several children, and he is trying to return to England in spite of the Ge
mother and I have talked al
the absence of my father, an
to us that Jean Henri coul
haps, with one of his boats.
was impossible, Jean Henri
some friend who would hel
money enough to pay for an

THE man said nothing for last, "The Germans are trifled with," he said.

Howard said, "We appr
monsieur. We do not wish
should run into trouble upo
That is why Mademoiselle
talk to you before going t
in-law."

The other turned to him.
French better than most E

"I have had longer than
lishmen to learn it."

The Frenchman smiled
very anxious to return to E

The old man said, "For
so very anxious. I should be
to live in France for a time
children in my care, you
English children that I ha
that I would escort to E
hesitated. "And, as a ma
there are three others now



"Yuh like peanuts?"

"What are these other c
many of you are there alt
where have you come fr

It took nearly twenty mi
date the story. At last t
said, "These other child
one called Pierre and the
man. What is going to be
when they reach Englanc

Howard said, "I have
married, in America. She
cumstances. She would
for those two in her hous
land till the war is over ar
their relations. They w
happy there."

The man stared at hi
America? That I can wel
will send them over the A
daughter? Will she be g
children that she has ne
known, foreign children?

The old man said, "M
one child of her own, and
another. She is very fo
dren. They will be safe

Arvers got up suddenly
"It is impossible," he
Henri should put his h
would be in great dan
mans would shoot hi
doubt. You have no ri
such a thing." He pause
said, "I have my daught

There was a long, slow
the old man turned to
the end of that," he saic
Arvers. "I understand



# "If I were you," warned Elsie, "I wouldn't be sticking my neck out!"

THE TURKEY stared reproachfully at Elsie, the Cow, and then retorted:

"Overlook your crude choice of words and simply because it is the season when I really get to be appreciated, there's a rising tide in my favor—I can see it in the corners of their mouths," agreed Elsie. "Of course it's a kind of enthusiasm I'm quite familiar with, you know, in connection with my milk."

"Your milk!" scoffed the Turkey. "Surely folks don't get excited about anything very special about *that!*"




"Certainly do, my chesty friend," asserted Elsie. "Not just now—but all the year round. They know in the Army that Borden experts and scientists are making Borden's Milk, as well as the flock of grand products that are made from that milk, is always good for you."

"Indeed, my good woman," gobbled the Turkey sarcastically, "I realize you're more or less useful. But, does anyone actually rate any of your contributions as a matter of importance?"

"You bet your gizzard they do!" Elsie replied enthusiastically, not noticing how the Turkey winced. "Why, *Borden's Ice Cream*—smooth, pure, luscious, because it's made from such grand milk and cream—is hailed with glee by folks from 9 months to 90 years old."




"Probably just a passing fad," pooh-poohed the Turkey. "Nothing permanent, like *my* standing in the community."

"*You* should live so long," remarked Elsie. "There's never any slack season in the popularity of *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk*, either. It's the secret of




elegant cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes. And it's so digestible and rich in vitamin D that doctors approve it for babies."

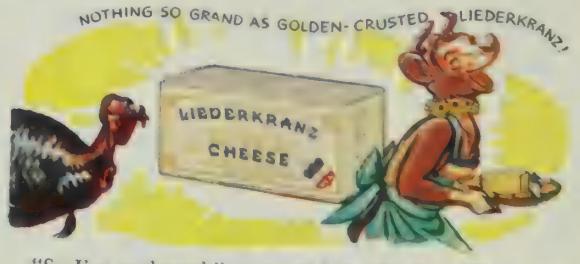
"Kid stuff, eh?" sneered the Turkey, getting a little redder in the face.

"Yes," beamed Elsie, "most Borden products do go great with kids—and grownups, too. *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* helps to make cookies, candies, and marvelous cake frostings that tempt every size of mouth."




"Let me remind you," puffed the Turkey proudly, "that *I'm* an honored American institution!"

"So is Borden's," Elsie pointed out, "and so is one of the most popular of the distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*—creamy, golden-crusted, rich-flavored *Liederkranz*. I'm really quite proud of it . . ."




"So I've gathered," sputtered the Turkey. "You seem to take credit for just about everything that's good."

"Don't be so stuffy—you'll be that way soon enough," smiled Elsie. "There are *some* delightful foods that don't happen to be made from my milk."

The Turkey ruffled its feathers smugly: "You're finally going to admit that I really am the holidays' big shot?"

"Oh, you're all right—you're fine, in your place," assured Elsie. "But you've got to admit that topping you even at your star appearance is something that's the result of Borden care and skill. It's the extra luscious, spicy pie that's made with *Borden's None Such Mince Meat*—whose juicy fragrance says 'holidays' like nothing else!"




"You Bordens certainly think a lot of yourselves!" the Turkey gobbled furiously.

"Keep your wattles on, my friend," Elsie soothed. "It's all the people who rely on Borden's that think a lot of us. They're the ones who are first to tell you . . . *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good.'* "

* * *

*Full-color Elsie Pictures from the ads*—illustrations only, no advertising. Set of six, suitable for framing, 7½ x 7½ inches. Write Elsie, Dept. D, Post Office Box 54, New York, N. Y., enclosing 10 cents.

In Canada, address Borden, Spadina Crescent, Toronto, Ont.




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# *Do your Christmas shopping he*

CHOOSE TWO GIFTS IN ONE

1 Hickok Met-L-GLAS Key Chain...metal links under Live-GLAS*...with genuine Four-Leaf Clovers, $2.50.

2 Hickok Cuff Links with genuine Four-Leaf Clovers under simulated crystal, $1.50.

3 Novel Cuff links—simulated stones, $3.50.

4 Bar-H Wallet...two-toned calfskin, authentic Western design, $2.50. Others at $5.

5 New Hickok initials on Kristol panels. The set, $3.50. Key Chain, $2. Tie Chain with Alligator Grip, $1.50.

6 Famous lucky pocket piece—Hickok KoiNife... knife and file blades...$3.50 and up.

7 Hickok Bar-H belt, authentic tooled saddle leather...Stratoline initial buckle...in Western leather-finish box, $3.

8 Hickok initialed buckle on steerhide belt in Liberty Bell box, $2.

9 Live-GLAS Belt, etched and gold stripes...Kristol initial buckle... clear glass ash tray, $2.50.

10 Cowhide belt, sterling silver initial buckle, in ornamental glass-covered cigarette box, $3.50.

11 Handsome New Stratoline Initial Set, $5. Key Chain, $2.50...Tie Chain, $1.50... Collar Bar, $1. With Hickok patented Alligator Grip.

12 Hickok Dress Set... gold dot centers on white or smoked mother-of-pearl. Links and studs, $5 ...with vest buttons, $8. Others, $2.50 to $50.

13 Hickok Tie Chain with his two initials in new Stratoline design, $1.

14 Hickok Nail Klipper, $1.50. Others, $1, $2.50.

15 Hickok patented Dagger Tie Bar...with nail-file in sheath, $1 and $1.50.

HICKO

*Made of "Vinylite" brand resins. TM—C. & C.C.C.

Call Western Union for name

n your place, thinking of my
r, I should say the same."
renchman turned to the girl. "I
ery much that I cannot help you
ay you want," he said.
shrugged her shoulders. "So
e worse," she said. "Think no
it."
oked uncomfortable. "These
" he said. "Where are they

old him that they were waiting
id, and he walked with them to
It was getting toward eve-
e children were playing at the
pond, muddy and rather frac-
ere were tear streaks around
ace.
said awkwardly, "Would it
to stay here for the night? I
nk we have beds for so many,
thing could perhaps be man-

said warmly, "You are very
sieur."

alled the children and intro-
hem one by one to the horse
hen they went toward the
e man called his wife as they
d the door; she came from
n, a stolid peasant woman.
to her, told her that the party
ay with them for the night,
her formally to them. Nicole
d the children after her into
n. Arvers turned to Howard.
ll take a little glass of Per-
ps?" he said.
lass of Pernod seemed to the
be a very good idea. They
he salon because the kitchen
children. The salon was a
rmal room, with gilt-legged
pholstered in red plush.
brought the Pernod, with
d water, and the two men
wn together. They talked
s and about country matters.
been to England once, to
as a jockey when he was a
man. They chatted pleas-
h for a quarter of an hour.
Arvers said, "Your daugh-
ur Howard. She will surely
ny foreign children an en-
Are you so certain that
welcome in her home?"
man said, "They will be wel-
ght."

"But how can you possibly know that? Your daughter may find it very inconvenient to have them."

He shook his head. "I don't think so. But if that should be so, then she would make arrangements for them for me. She would engage some kind woman to make a home for them, because that is my wish, that they should have a good home in America—away from all this." He motioned with his hand. "And there is no difficulty over money, you understand."

The Frenchman sat silent for a little time, staring into his glass.

"This is a bad time for children, this filthy war," he said at last. "And now that France is defeated, it is going to be worse. You English now will starve us, as we starved Germany in 1918."

Howard was silent.

"I shall not blame your country if you do that. But it will be bad for children here."

"I am afraid it may be," said the old man. "That is why I want to get these children out of it. One must do what one can."

Arvers shrugged his shoulders. "There are no children in this house, thank God. Or—only one." He paused. "That was a hard case, if you like."

Howard looked at him inquiringly. The Frenchman poured him out another Pernod. "A friend in Paris asked me if I had work for a Pole," he said. "In December, that was—just at Christmas time. A Polish Jew who knew horses, who had escaped into Rumania and so by sea to Marseilles. Well, you will understand, the mobilization had taken five of my eight men, and it was very difficult."

Howard nodded. "You took him on?"

"Assuredly. Simon Estreicher was his name, and he arrived one day with his son, a boy of ten. There had been a wife, but I will not distress you with that story. She had not escaped the Boche, you understand."

The old man nodded.

"Well, this man Estreicher worked here till last week, and he worked well. He was quiet and gave no trouble, and the son worked in the stables too. Then last week the Germans came here, and took him away."

"Took him away?"

"Took him away to Germany, to their forced labor. He was a Pole, you see,



he usher must have found a seat. He didn't come back!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR


## Mary Louise was pretty but . . .



**WAKING** and needing a laxative, Mary Louise thought: "I can't risk taking anything. With that sale at the store today, I can't leave the floor."

So she put off needed relief!



**IRRITABLE** . . . her mind on herself instead of the customers . . . Mary Louise was anything but a prize salesgirl.

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**SAL HEPATICA** brought gentle relief . . . before she left home. Untroubled by symptoms of constipation, Janet went at work with a smile—and her sales book showed it!

## Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

NEVER PUT OFF till tonight the laxative you should take this morning! Discover speedy Sal Hepatica! It usually acts within an hour.

This sparkling saline brings gentle, effective relief. It acts in a natural way by attracting helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract—without griping or discomfort.



No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica.

And, bear in mind, Sal Hepatica is *more* than a laxative: it has a decidedly helpful effect in reducing excess gastric acidity, too; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again. Next time you need a laxative, take *speedy*, sparkling Sal Hepatica.




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Admiral
AMERICA'S SMART SET

m'sieur, and a Jew as well. One could do nothing for him. Some filthy swine in town had told them about him, because they came straight here and asked for him. They took him in a truck with several others."

"Did they take the son as well?"

"They never asked for him, and he was in the paddock at the time, so I said nothing. One does not help the Germans in their work. But it was very hard on that young boy."

Howard agreed with him. "He is with you still, then?"

"Where else could he go? He is useful in the stables, too. But before long I suppose they will find out about him, and come back for him to take him away also."

Nicole came to them presently, to call them to the kitchen for supper. She had already given the children a meal, and had put them to sleep on beds improvised upstairs by Madame Arvers. They ate together in the kitchen at a long table, together with two men from the farm and a black-haired, Jewish-looking boy whom Madame called Marjan, and who said little or nothing during the meal.

THE meal over, Arvers escorted Nicole and Howard back to the salon; presently he produced a set of dominoes and proposed a game. Howard settled down to it with him. The horse dealer played carelessly, his mind on other things.

Presently he returned to the subject that was on his mind: "Are many children going to America, monsieur? I cannot comprehend how you can be so positive that they will be welcomed. America is very far away. They do not bother about our difficulties here."

Howard shrugged his shoulders. "They are a generous people. These children will be quite all right if I can get them there, because my daughter will look after them. But even without her, there would be many people in America willing to provide for them. Americans are like that."

The other stared at him incredulously. "It would cost a great deal of money to provide for a child, perhaps for years. One does not do that lightly, for a foreign child of which one knows nothing."

"It's just the sort of thing they *do* do," said the old man. "They would pour out their money in a cause like that."

The horse dealer stared at him keenly and thoughtfully. "Would they provide for Marjan Estreicher?" he inquired at last. "No doubt they would not do that for a Jew."

"I don't think it would make the slightest difference, in the case of a child. It certainly would make no difference to my daughter."

Nicole moved impulsively beside him. "Monsieur . . ." she said, but he stopped her with a gesture. She subsided into silence again, watchful.

Howard said steadily, "I would take him with me, if that is what you want. I would send him to the United States with the other children. But before that, I should want help to get them all away."

"Jean Henri?"

"Assuredly, monsieur."

The other got up, displacing the unheeded game of dominoes with his sleeve. He went and fetched the Pernod, the glasses and the water, and poured out a drink for Howard. He offered one to the girl, but she refused.

"The risk is enormous," he said stubbornly. "Think what it would mean to my daughter if you should be caught."

"Think what it would mean to that boy, if he should be caught," the old man said. "They would take him for a slave, put him in the mines and work him till he died. That's what the Germans do with Polish children."

Arvers said, "I know that. That is what troubles me."

Nicole said suddenly, "Does Marjan want to go? You cannot make him if he does not want to. He is old, that one."

"He is only ten," said Arvers.

"Nevertheless," she said, "he is quite grown up. We cannot take him if he does not want to go."

Arvers went out of the room; in a few minutes he returned, followed by the boy. He said to him, "This is the matter, Marjan. This Monsieur here is going to England if he can escape the Germans, and from England the children with him are going to America. In America they will be safe. There are no Germans there. Would you like to go with them?"

The boy stood silent. They explained it to him again. At last he said in almost unintelligible French, "In America, what should I work at?"

Howard said, "For a time you would have to go to school, to learn English and the American way of living. At school they would teach you to earn your living in some trade. What do you want to do when you grow up?"

Without any hesitation the boy said, "I want to kill Germans."

There was a momentary silence. Arvers said, "That is enough about the Germans. Tell Monsieur here what trade you wish to learn in America, if he should be so kind as to take you there."

There was a silence.

Nicole came forward. "Tell us," she said gently. "Would you like to grow up with horses? Or would you rather buy things and sell them for a profit?" After all, she thought, it would be difficult for him to go against the characteristics of his race. "Would you rather do that?"

The boy looked up at her. "I want to learn to shoot with a rifle from a very long way away," he said, "because you can do that from the hills when they are on the road. And I want to learn to throw a knife hard and straight. That is best in the darkness, in the narrow streets, because it does not make a noise."

Arvers smiled, a little ruefully. "I am sorry, monsieur," he said. "I am afraid he is not making a very good impression."

The old man said nothing.

Marjan said, "When do we start?"

Howard hesitated, irresolute.

"Do you want to come with [illegible]?" asked.

The boy nodded his black [illegible]d.

"If you come with us, you [illegible] to forget all this about the G[illegible] said the old man. "You will h[illegible] to school and learn your less[illegible] play baseball, and go fishing, [illegible] boys."

The lad said gravely, "I coul[illegible] a German for another two or th[illegible] because I am not strong eno[illegible] unless I could catch one as[illegible] drive a pitchfork into his be[illegible] slept, and even then he might [illegible] before he died and overcome [illegible] in America I could learn e[illegible] and come back when I am fift[illegible] old, and big and strong."

"That is enough," said Arver[illegible] "Go back to the kitchen and [illegible] till I call you."

The boy left the room. "I do [illegible] what will become of him," [illegible] dealer said morosely.

Howard sat down in the sile[illegible] followed, and took a sip o[illegible] "One of two things will happe[illegible] he said. "One is, that the Ge[illegible] catch him very soon. He may [illegible] one of them, in which case t[illegible] shoot him out of hand. The[illegible] him to their mines. He will [illegible] lious, and before long he will [illegible] to death. That is the one thi[illegible]

THE horse dealer droppe[illegible] chair on the opposite side o[illegible] the bottle of Pernod betw[illegible] There was something in the [illegible] tone that was very familia[illegible] "What is the other thing?"

"He will escape with us to [illegible] said Howard. "He will e[illegible] America, kindly treated and [illegible] for, and in a year or two th[illegible] will have faded from his m[illegible]."

Arvers eyed him keenly. "Which those is going to happen?"

"That is in your hands, [illegible]onsie[illegible] He will never escape the G[illegible]ans u[illegible] less you help him."

There was a long, long sil[illegible]e in [illegible] falling dusk.

Arvers said at last, "I wi[illegible]ee w[illegible] I can do. Tomorrow I will [illegible]ve Ma[illegible] emoiselle to Le Conquêt a[illegible] we [illegible] talk it over with Jean Henri [illegible]ou m[illegible] stay here, with the childre[illegible]nd k[illegible] out of sight."

*(To be continued next [illegible]ek)*




**"We'll sell millions of 'em, Boss. They make all colored movies look black and white"**



# "Johnny,



# here'd you GET your gun?"

the ıpply sergeant, of course. He got n the Ordnance Department—and they from factory. It's the finest Army rifle worl.

befo one factory wheel could turn—e firs model or the finished job—there o be-*ower*—and most of it is *electric*. ic p ver helped put your Garand in hand Johnny.

akes tremendous *lot* of power to make e gu tanks, planes and ships we need —but America *has* a lot. Power reserves, built up in advance by the business men who manage America's electric companies, have been able to meet almost every defense demand overnight.

Requirements keep increasing, of course—and the electric companies are working day and night to keep ahead of the nation's needs. In 1941, they built and installed almost 3,000,000 more horsepower in Democracy's busy arsenal!

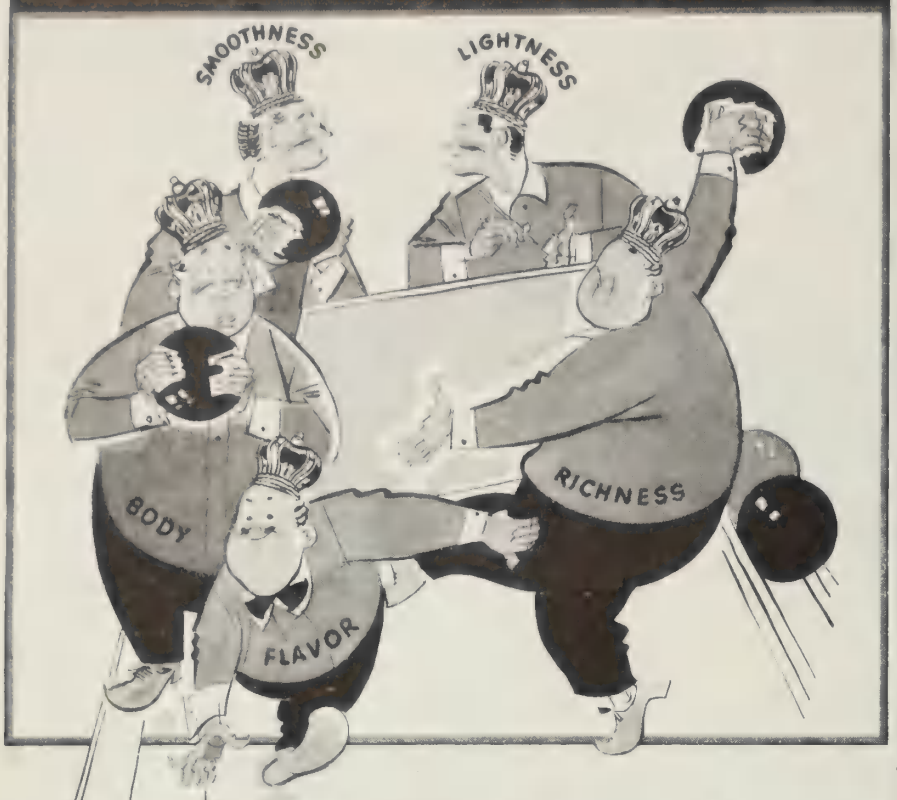
You have the hardest part of the job, Johnny, but we're glad we can help by doing our share. We're glad to pledge our wholehearted co-operation with you, the government, and other industries—*to make America so strong it can remain forever free and unafraid.*

*This page is sponsored by 52 local electric companies*—all producing power for America under American business management.*

*NAMES ON REQUEST FROM THIS MAGAZINE

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Our 5 Crown has started a rally,
Just taste it! It's right down your alley
It's smooth and it's rich,
It's the kind of drink which
Is friendly—in fact, "pally-wally."

For Seagram's gives TOUGHNESS
the go-by,
The instant you try it you know by
The taste—that it's rare,
And with flavor to spare,
What finer drink can your dough buy?




# Seagram's 5 Crown

*Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York*

**Seagram keeps the TOUGHNESS OUT ... blends extra PLEASURE IN**

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits.




**Hospital-corps men spend nine weeks in medical school, eight mo a hospital, studying everything except surgery. Above: natom**

**FLOATING HOSPITAL. First to be added to the U. S. Na since War I, the hospital ship U.S.S. Solace (formerly the Clyd Mallor Iroquois) has been fitted out with 400 beds, two operating oms a plementary departments and laboratories. Thirteen me al an dental officers are assisted by thirteen nurses, three phar cists hospital-corps men. Senior medical officer is Capt. Ha d L. commanding officer of the ship is Captain Benjamin Pe han. other Navy ships the Solace is painted a shining white wi a gre and a red cross on each side, as prescribed by The Hag Con**

# OUR NEW ARMY

## FLORIDA

31ST DIV.

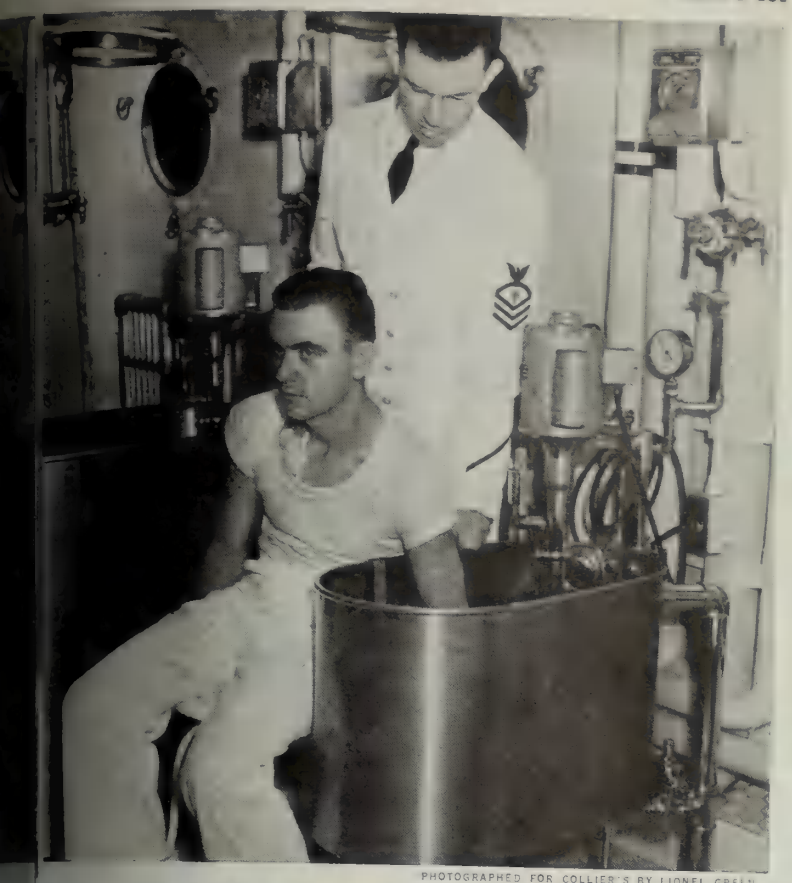
CAMP BLANDING, Starke. Let's see what goes on when an Army truck develops pneumonia or breaks a leg. Typical of operations throughout the country are those of the Fourth Corps (Southeast) Area—containing a third of all the men and trucks in the Army—where ten motor-maintenance districts have been set up. Typical depot is the one at Blanding, which handles heavy repairs for eighteen Army and Air Force establishments. If a motor vehicle gets beyond the road-repair stage it's up to the unit commander to see that it gets to the nearest maintenance depot, where a technical expert gives it the old eye and fills out a report that makes an income-tax form look simpler than a blank check. His repair-cost estimate and recommendation are passed along to the district motor-maintenance officer, who has the final word on what's to be done. If the job will cost too much, in view of the age and general condition of the vehicle, the wreck is condemned and all parts worth reclaiming are fixed up and put into replacement stock.

Of the 214 enlisted men and three officers of Co. H, 57th Quartermaster Regiment, manning the Blanding shop, only twenty-six were skilled mechanics when inducted. The men, largely from New York, were trained in maintenance schools at Fort McPherson (Georgia) and Camp Lee (Virgin then into a company arou a eighteen Regulars. Ev Com Officer Capt. Jesse M. perienced in motor wo an Indiana school super being called into servic Typica personnel is Sgt. Le rd F who, as a Carnegie T stud ganized that school's d hatic presented its first pla n 19 spring the sergeant cou n't dis a spark plug from a ca retor Blanding—after a ses h at N son—he's in charge o he ca and ignition departme Is tha

43D DIV.

SOMEBODY must have be bark of trees a flight of birds conclusion that a hard because 55,000 comf puffs (take your ch shipped to Blanding f the 31st and 43d div stagger back this week linas. The 15 carloads o you, are in addition t of blankets. *(Contin*

**A Stokes basket is aboard stretcher case named for a predece Other U.S.N. mercy s**



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LIONEL GREEN

**...ace ...he most completely equipped hospital of its size in the U. S. ...abo... shows the whirlpool baths in the physiotherapeutic dept.**







# GOSH! HONEY, LOOK AT THE MONEY WE'RE SAVING

As these two young people agree, the business of saving money is a pretty important topic with most families these days.

And if you, too, want to save money when you buy your new car on time—it will pay you to figure the financing cost for yourself *before* you buy!

Here's a good way to go about it. Simply fill out and mail the coupon below. Get your copy of the GMAC Figuring Chart that gives you the whole financing and insurance story in dollars and cents.

In a few minutes you can figure out the cost of your entire transaction—right down to the last penny! You will know, in advance, exactly what you get for what you pay!

See for yourself just where and how you can save! Learn about the many advantages of the helpful General Motors Instalment Plan—low financing cost that means lower monthly payments for you . . . broad insurance protection for your car . . . friendly, considerate, reliable service!

But judge for yourself! Write for *your* Figuring Chart today! Fill out and mail the coupon now!

*This plan is available only through dealers in Buick, Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile and Cadillac cars.*



NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN 8-15

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
1775 Broadway, New York

*Please send me copy of GMAC Figuring Chart for the car checked below:*

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

County _____ U. S. A.




*Send for this Figuring Chart*




THAT'S right . . . *all* smokers sometimes inhale . . . knowingly or unknowingly. And inhaling *increases* the *chance of irritation* to sensitive nose and throat passages. But—see what eminent doctors found . . . on comparing the leading cigarettes! They report that:

**THE SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITANT AS THE AMAZINGLY DIFFERENT PHILIP MORRIS — AN IRRITANT EFFECT WHICH LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!**

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you *can* avoid worry about your nose and throat . . . you *can* have true smoking pleasure without penalties—*if you smoke* Philip Morris!

**CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS**




**AMERICA'S *FINEST* CIGARETTE**

JACKSONVILLE NAVAL AIR STATION. Everything came to a standstill here when Seaman Michael Thomas Flynn requested leave to observe Yom Kippur, begorra. Suspecting shenanigans, the brass hats turned the problem over to the chaplains, who decided that the proper member of their number to look into the matter was Lieut. Commander Maurice Sheehy. The padre summoned Flynn and asked him if he hadn't attended Mass the day before. Flynn said yes, but here is how it was: His father works for a New York jeweler of the Jewish faith, the store was going to be closed for the holiday and Michael wanted to get up home and spend a day with Pop. "I'm afraid," Lieut. Commander Sheehy told Seaman Flynn, "we'll have to postpone that leave until March 17th."

CADET JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, JR., son of the former ambassador to Britain, has the largest collection of femininely pulchritudinous photos in this or probably any other station. All as a result of a newspaper story. When Kennedy arrived for his pilot-training course, the short-handed public relations officer drafted him temporarily for press work, and Kennedy dug up a story about the R.A.F. cadets in training here as aviation radiomen and gunners. In it one of the Britishers was quoted as expressing the hope that the President would put American gals under the terms of Lend-Lease so the boys could take a flock of them to England—"and you'd have a jolly time getting them back." The yarn was so readable that a press association smeared it over the country with Kennedy's by-line. Since then, pictures of gals have poured in upon young Joe from everywhere, with the request that they be turned over to the cadets.

MACDILL FIELD, Tampa. The late Billy Mitchell, storm center of the Army some years ago because he vehemently advocated development of the Air Corps, hasn't been forgotten by the birdmen. MacDill's flotilla of five rescue (or crash) boats is headed by the Brigadier General William Mitchell, a speedy seventy-two-foot craft supplied with hospital equipment and manned by two medical attendants and a surgeon, in addition to the crew. The could do an emergency operation if necessary. The four other boats are for the shallower w Tampa Bay surrounding the fiel by the way, explains the "Nav

## GEORGIA

FORT BENNING. Newest here is composed of airborn commanded by Lt. Col. E. Ger man. Because of the flying to all members are volunteers; morale is high despite a sh transport planes, each of w carry a jeep in addition to equipment. The outfit came c paratroop commanders' experi parachute troops aren't worth a hoot unless they're backed borne units. The Nazis showe at Crete. Brother officers have ferring to Lt. Col. Chapman a midwife in the Army since th received a letter from the moti of his men addressed to th mander New Born Trupes."

SOME of the boys in the 4th Division are sort of upset, say in Georgia camps, "they in'." It began back in March number of New Yorkers fou selves at Benning, 1,000 dis from home. A fortunate few to transfer back to the 12th Regiment in New Jersey's but the inevitable happen month the 12th Infantry was join the 4th Motorized, and Georgia went the escapists.

Incidentally, when the R rumbled toward the just-finis lina maneuvers, an enterpr geant did some figuring on the and found that his division s with 161,000 gallons in tanks a drums. That's enough to tak 3,220,000 miles, which is this ample of where tax money go

2D ARMORED DIV.

ON a midnight inspe Capt. Francis H. the 2d Armored Divi Armored Regiment, find one of the sent called for the sergeant of the




"By the way, how much is your autograph worth?"

# If you are thinking of today's most sensible gift...



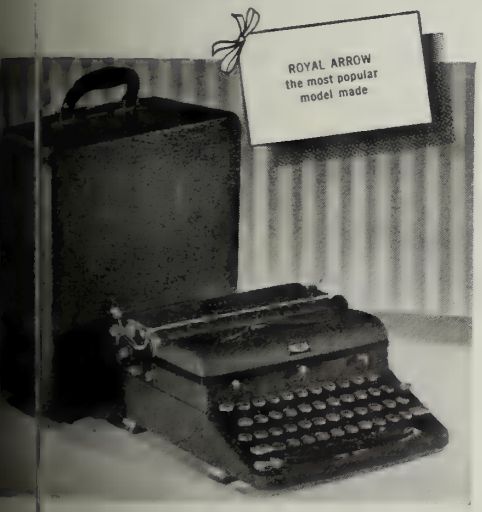
**..Th you're thinking** of giving your youngster a por-able typewriter, the one gift whose benefits grow with the years.

For a Portable is not only a stepping-stone to higher grades . . . a key to clearer and faster thinking in school. The knowledge of typing so gained can be a valuable form of job-insurance in later years—and a valuable opener to the *kind* of job that leads to the *top!*

This is particularly true of *Royal* Portables. These great machines have the same keyboard as a regular office machine . . . are really standard typewriters in everything but *size!*

**World's Championship!** This is the model on which the Portable speed championship was won so convincingly in Chicago last June. Last word in Portable perfection, the Royal De Luxe Model is *super*-silent in operation. Engaging feature: the smart, brass-fitted, leather-bound, airplane-luggage case. Machine comes in black or tan (to match case).




**Standard Typewriter in Portable Size!** The Arrow, has these famous features which have helped make the full-sized Royal the World's Number 1 typewriter: famed MAGIC* Margin . . . Segment (the carriage rides smoothly along, doesn't pop and clown when you shift!) . . . Touch Control* (simply move the handy lever to adjust key tension to your particular touch) . . . and many others.




**For about $1 a week,** you can *own* this Royal Portable. Your local dealer is authorized to sell you any Royal on an easy payment plan which includes the small carrying charge. The Companion, too, has Royal's famous accelerating type bar, which permits the operator to type at hitherto unheard-of speeds. Note the over-all, velvety, "*no glare*" finish of the machine itself.




**Its sturdy, "big-machine" touch** comes from the shock-absorber construction throughout, the rubber suction-cup feet which anchor a Royal Portable to the table . . . and eliminate table-top scratches. The Aristocrat has a tabular key, useful in figure work and paragraphing. Finger Comfort keys keep keyboard clean, absorb light glare.




**You can learn to type** by the touch system with Royal's ingenious "Self Teacher," which you see in position on the machine at the left. Even grade-school youngsters learn in a matter of hours with this "Self Teacher," which is included with every Royal at no extra cost!

MAGIC MARGIN

***Greatest typing time-saver in years!***

**Only Royal has MAGIC Margin!** No more groping behind machine to change and set margins on a Royal. Just flick this handy lever to fix the desired margin instantly, automatically! Exclusive with Royal.

## ROYAL PORTABLE

**THE Standard Typewriter in Portable Size**

**And remember, the whole family** will benefit from the Royal Portable you give this Christmas! Mother, in her correspondence and club work. Dad, in his personal business. Write to Royal, 2 Park Ave., N. Y. C., or see your local dealer for a *free home trial* . . . and for information about our easy-payment plan!

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**FOR CHRISTMAS,** give the most *honored* gift watch—Longines, winner of ten world's fair grand prizes, twenty-eight gold medals, and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece. During 75 years Longines Watches have achieved an international reputation for greater accuracy and long life.

The Longines Christmas watches are exclusively styled and smartly boxed. They are priced $44* upward at authorized Longines jewelers. Outstanding in value in the moderate price field is a companion line, the Wittnauer Watch, priced from $27.50*—product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, New York, Montreal, Geneva.

*Federal Tax Included




managed to locate the missing man skulking between a couple of tanks. "What is this?" the captain demanded. "Beg pardon, sir," said Pvt. Jesse H. Chappa, a full-blooded Indian from Texas, "but my orders were to watch for any suspicious persons. You looked suspicious to me, and all the time you were looking for me I was right behind you watching to see what you were trying to find."

### NORTH CAROLINA

FORT BRAGG, Fayetteville. The Quartermaster Detachment's Pvt. J. H. Horne was sitting in one of the fort's nine movie houses getting a big bang out of Betty Grable when an elderly gentleman in uniform dropped into the seat beside him. Pvt. Horne minded his own business until, wanting to smoke and finding himself bereft of matches, he tapped the stranger on the shoulder and asked if he had a light, bud. Bud did. Fifteen minutes later the lights went on and Pvt. Horne looked into the eyes of—well, yes, a superior officer. In fact, the match donor was George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff and the only four-starred general in the whole U. S. Army. Pvt. Horne's velocity was such that he doesn't recall his exit; and he never did see the large sign nailed to the wall over General Marshall's head and reading: *No smoking allowed.*

### TEXAS

DUNCAN FIELD, San Antonio. Nearly every Air Force pilot considers it pretty dangerous stuff to hit any sort of fowl with his ship's propeller, but at least one lieutenant at this field makes rare sport of biffing buzzards with the wing tips of his airplane. He didn't forbid us to tell his name but maybe we'd better not. Anyway, he's a test pilot with more than 12,000 hours to his credit and his present job is half-hour test flights in each ship that comes out of the repair shop. With nothing much on his mind during this interval in the air the lieutenant flies over a cruising buzzard, flips a wing tip down and literally bats the bird out of the sky. Buzzards are considered pests by ranchers because they attack cattle in foal; at the Moss Ranch near Fredericksburg, more than 100,000 have been trapped. The lieutenant says they fly only five or six miles an hour and at altitudes up to 3,000 feet on clear days. By the way, he also says that if you fly up behind a formation of speedy ducks they'll separate to let you through and then close back in.

### WASHINGTON

FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. A good chunk of the 47,000 soldiers in this prairie camp live within hollering distance of their homes, especially the boys of the 41st Division, most of whose families and friends are near by. Communicating with the boys, though, is a problem. Time was when a gal could pick up a phone in Tacoma, fifteen miles north of the fort, and dial her khaki friend. No more. The operator says, sorry—not allowed to put the call through.

The problem is one for the soldiers, too, who find it difficult to phone outside. Best device is to try to convince the operator the call pertains to maneuvers or an alert, but operators are hep to these items of business and a fake call is pretty easy for them to spot.

THE 3d Division has been going through a siege of alerts, averaging about one a week. In case you hadn't heard, alerts are anti-sleep projects in which a whole outfit—and that means a whole outfit; men, guns, rations, trucks and all—must assemble at a moment's notice at a given point, ready to take to the field for a whole week. Likely as not the C.O., after arousing the boys at two A. M. and giving them time to get set, will just tell them to get unset and go home; you did fine. At other times he'll have them do a couple of miles down the road, to see that everything's in line.

Notifying all outfits in a division of an alert is a job in itself and the Army has found that the chain-letter principle is the best way to combine surprise with due notification. A guy calls up an officer, gives him the dope and instructs him to inform three other officers similarly, etc. Most of the officers live off the post but others—either in protest against high rents or because their civil-life residences aren't too far away—have some traveling to do. There's one who commutes from Des Moines, on Puget Sound, near Seattle. If everything clicks he makes the fort in ninety minutes, which is cutting things pretty close, the alert par for an entire division being two hours. Officially, the Army doesn't seem to care how far away an officer lives, just so he keeps his military appointments, but a few of the brass hats who have been burning up the highways in answer to an early-morning alert think maybe there's a subtle move afoot to make them live closer to the fort. They wouldn't put it past the Army.

FORT LAWTON, Seattle. This post's population seems to consist mostly of Pennsylvanians and Texans who refight the Battle of Gettysburg—with sound—every night in the P-X. The boys from the Keystone State are willing to concede, though, that the Texans can outtalk them, drawl and all. The Lone Star soldiers sometimes affect sombreros and high-heeled boots. None has dared face inspection wearing a ten-gallon hat but some of the Texans line up with their boots on. They maintain that regulations insist only on brown shoes and that nothing has been said about the height of the heels.

Being in the heart of the city the lads consider this fort one of the choice spots in the Army. Those who do the clerking work don't have to pay any attention to taps or reveille; that is, they can go into town at quitting time (four P. M.) and forget all about military affairs until eight o'clock the next morning. Moreover, they can travel in civ-

vies, which a lot of the bo

This sort of freedom doesn' the many casuals who pass t post en route to overseas Alaska) duty. A full forty-e before they're scheduled to e the casuals are confined to th to insure secrecy of the ex time and (2) to make sure al get on board. On the ground soldiers have known for some they're slated for overseas Army pooh-poohs the idea th them might go AWOL at the ute. Nevertheless, the office ing the lads no chance to mis by going on a last binge in the

### GENERAL

AS a civilian, you're probab ing what to give that Christmas, especially the poo isn't going to be able to get camp. Based on surveys m service men who stated what and what regulations permi have, this department herew ments its previous (Sept. 6t with some additional Chri suggestions:

Black tie. Plaid tie. S Shorts. Sweater. Muffler. chiefs. Gloves. Light travel casins. Monk-front shoes.

Cigarette case. Lighter. course, his favorite smoke, you need be reminded.)

Portable typewriter. Flash ing kit, with buttons.

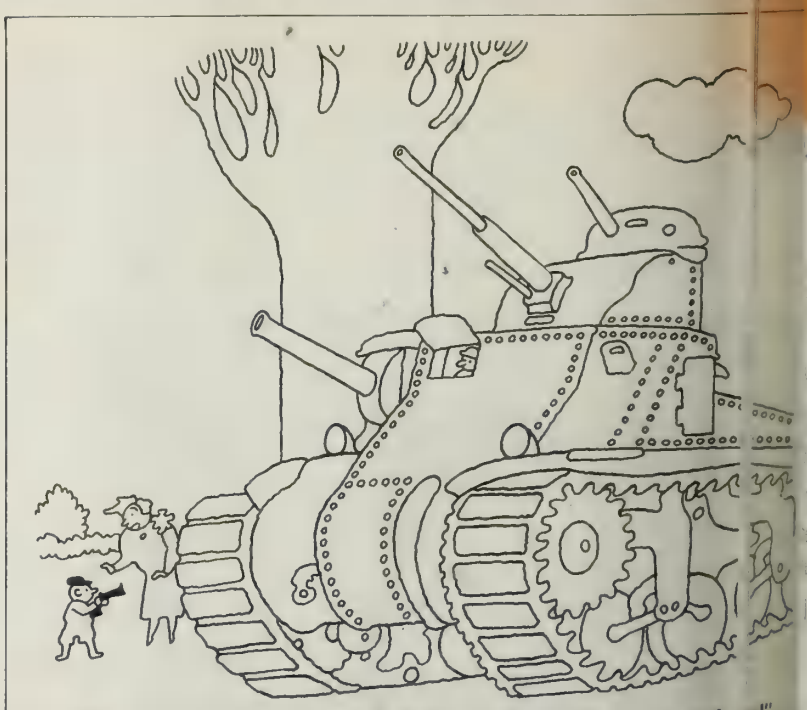
Small movie camera—with an exposure meter.

Does that give you any id

THIS business of pushin Guard officers around fre sults in peculiar situations, division where two colonels, command of their regiments named range officers. The ra camp already has an officer who now has two full-time In addition to his other worr

IF YOU'RE one of the ma and civilians who are coll mental insignia, perhaps y swap some with Capt. Jea heym, Office of the Port S Francisco Port of Embark Mason, California.

SOUNDS like fun—if you address on one envelope



**"Not the disintegrator pistol, darling! After all, one never kr**

# Know your M's



*his a M___*



*2. This is a M_____*



*3. This is a M_____*



*his is a M_____*



*5. This is a M_____*




*6. This is M_____ & M____*

The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

**ANSWERS:** 1, *Mole;* 2, *Mallet;* 3, *Mackintosh;* 4, *Micrometer;* 5, *Magpie;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense . . . for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

## —Know Mattingly & Moore

The Best of 'em is

# M&M

*nded whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 proof)—72½% grain neutral spirits, Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville ◙ Baltimore*

# Gifts FOR THE ENTIRE FAMI

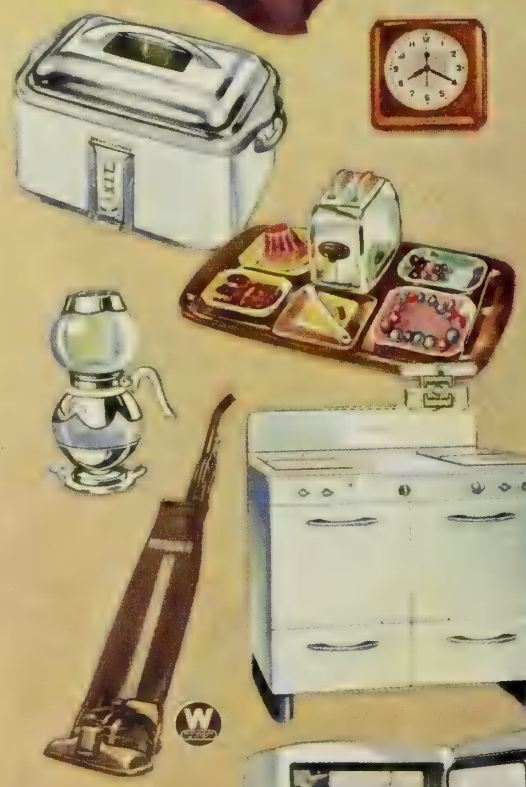




For Mother

For Father












*Ask your nearby Firestone dealer or store for a complimentary copy of this new Christmas catalog, or write direct to The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio*

WHERE'S good news r Ch
shoppers—news that ill s
save money and save nany
step. Firestone dealers and tores
community now carry in stoc a wi
of merchandise for the home nd fo
There you will find, conven ntly
many ideal gifts for every mem r of t
Among the hundreds of ality
at popular prices are elect al a
made by General Electric Westi
Toastmaster and Silex—spo ng g

## For a Mer C

With *Safti-Sured* Firestone
Tires on your car you will
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and make 1942 a safer year.

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And how comforting it is
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do your shopping. They ou
ordinary tubes and make a b
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**TIMELY GIFT SUGGES**

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Holgate Railroads . . . .
Lionel Trains . . . . . .
Lionel Train Accessories
Mechanical Toys—
Airplanes, Battleships,
Dump Trucks, G-Men
Guns, Moving Vans,
Station Wagons, Steam
Shovels, Submarines,

# Firestone

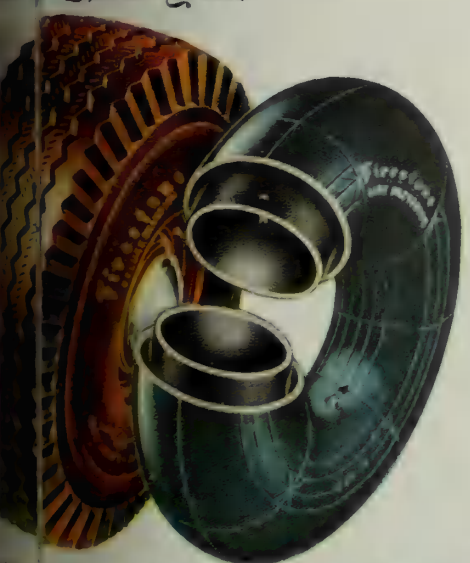


For Sister

For Brother

ch nous names as Spalding, Wilson
lter Hagen—more than 100 different
ch ldren of all ages, including such
ite s as Lionel trains, Flexible Flyer
d E ctor sets.
trat l on these pages and listed below
esti s that will be helpful in making
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Sa New Year



ice of estone every Monday evening, N. B. C. Red Network



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Men, Women, Boys and Girls . . . . . .

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Heaters . . Horns . . Robes
Life Protector Tubes . . . .
Seat Covers . . . Spark Plugs
Super Anti-Freeze . . .
Tires and Tubes . . .

# "IMAGINE ME LOSING AN ARGUMENT!"

**I finally had to admit all au insurance is NOT alik!"**





**"Years ago** I made up my mind that a man's a fool to risk driving a car without insurance protection. But until now, I'd take a policy from any friendly chap who happened to be handy when my old insurance expired.



**"Then one day** a State Farm man came in to see me. He sure opened my eyes when he explained how the State Farm Membership Plan works—how you pay the acquisition cost of a policy only once. They renew the old policy instead of writing a new one as long as the risk remains the same.



**"Now when we go out** for a spin in the car, it gives me a swell feeling to know that the whole family is getting more protection—at reasonable cost. I'm sure pleased with the State Farm Membership Plan!"




**CAR DRIVERS.. these Facts are important!**



State Farm M ual is the largest excl e writ of automob insura in the world ore th a million owner have been ured a State Farm .



Last year te Far settled ag bly w 200,000 cla —a car was paid e 2.6 mi utes!



State Farn oes bu ness today 40 sta in the distr of Colu bia, and th rovince Ontario, C da.



More tha .000 St Farm repr atives ready to se you m of an acc nt. T men are l ed a the count o thei come to assist whether are ri sands o iles in home or your driveway.



State Far s a mu company rated se for the b t of pol holders. Farm tual polic re als nonassessa



This is t home o building State Mutual i ooming Illinois. s enc 12-stor uildi owned a occupied clusively State Insuranc ompani

## How State Farm's MEMBERSHIP PLAN Gives You



## MORE AUTO INSURANCE FOR YOUR MONEY

*by* G. J. MECHERLE
Founder and Chairman of the Board
State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company

"The idea started 19 years ago—and to get it started we founded a new insurance company—State Farm Mutual.

"We believed that car owners should be able to buy insurance at the lowest possible price. And to keep that price low, we did away with the expensive practice of writing a new auto insurance policy each year.

"We designed our State Farm policies so they can be *renewed* at regular intervals—just like life insurance policies.

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"But this is only one of the many economies we pioneered. We did away with a lot of other red-tape practices. And as a result we have been able to save in excess of $40,000,000 for more than a million policyholders in the cost of their insurance!

"And at the same time we have been able to give them broader protection and better service.

"For full particulars I invite you to mail the coupon at the right. It will bring you an interesting booklet."

STATE FARM
Insurance Companies
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

*MAIL TODAY—for FRE booklet*

Mr. G. E. Mecherle
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois

Dear Mr. Mecherle: Please send me, w ut obli- gation, your booklet, "The State Far ommon Sense Way of Buying Automobile I ance at Actual Cost."

*Name* .....
*Address* .....
*City* ..... *State* .....

# To Fire the Wife

Continued from page 15

six months, Bennet went through changes. One characteristic of t and beautiful office girls which rothers had not sufficiently dis- ed was their aptitude for getting ied. Two of Bennet's secretaries iat, just when he had them broken he third disliked to work after 5:30. ourth simply couldn't learn to read ind, or even his hieroglyphics. He fire her.

net tried a dictograph, but the ne couldn't read his mind either. les were haywire and his projects eloped and he was seriously g of quitting the business and back to write his doctor's thesis. r Pete called Miss Lurie, who e best bureau in town. She called n two hours: "I've got just the ! he's bright and ambitious; I don't she dates—she's taking evening in copy writing. She's in a law now, and wants to get into ad- g."

ISS LURIE sent over Rosamond st, a redheaded whizz. In a cou- eeks she knew Bennet's mind so l he had to do was say et cetera. Guest," he'd begin, "I've got an r that—that—"

ery account?"

That's it. Take a letter to— 's his name?"

ld Sullivan."

Dear Gerald—no. He prob- s always disliked being called al, Dear Sullivan—no. Too for- l."

Gerald Sullivan?"

Dear Gerald Sullivan: We've been discussing your problem and I'd like to suggest an idea—" Then he'd stare at the ceiling, as though the idea had wafted itself away up there and must be brought down again, through the plaster.

"Is that the idea you and Mr. Pete were discussing, about a radio contest for home canning?"

"Yah. I want to tell him— Dear Gerald Sullivan—"

"I think I can fill it out from what you said to Mr. Pete."

"Okay. Dear Gerald Sullivan, et cetera."

And she'd do it. His ideas. His style. She was a wonder. Bennet was so pleased he wished he could sign her up the way the movies sign up actresses, on contracts forbidding marriage during five years, or ten. But he was afraid the mere mention of the subject might put the idea into her mind.

The only trouble with her was over-ambition. Rosamond wanted not only to fill out his ideas for him: she was convinced she could give birth to the ideas herself. And her ideas reeked. It required supreme acts of forgetfulness on Bennet's part to discourage her repeated suggestions. However, he found one favorable thing about Rosamond's ambition: it seemed to keep her aloof from romance.

Bennet felt quite safe about this until the day he was lunching at the Marguery with a piano account. At the far end of the room was the redhead. She sat with an excellent-looking young man: the tanned, sportsman type. By a far stretch of the imagination it could be a rival executive striving to lure her into his service. The greater probability was the greater evil: romance. Consternation struck the soul of Bennet Pierce.

What he was searching for on the ceiling, most of that afternoon, was a way to find out about a secretary's luncheon companion. Finally, almost shamefacedly, he fell back upon a blunt expedient.

"Was that your brother I saw you with this afternoon?" he asked.

"Oh, no." She was amused. "I haven't any brother."

"Oh." He waited. She said nothing. He gave in. "Who was it, then?"

She looked even more amused. "Just a friend." The inflection was unmistakable. He'd lose her in a month. Probably sooner.

He spent a good many hours wrestling with the problem, and finally decided the direct approach was the best, with a person of her type. So, first thing in the morning, he rang for her.

"I suppose I'll be losing you soon?"

"Why, I wasn't thinking of leaving, Mr. Pierce. Isn't my work okay?" And then her eyes lighted with the final possibility—"You're not going to give me a chance at copy writing?"

"I meant, like all the rest of them. You'll be getting married."

Her eager smile faded. "Oh, I don't know," she said.

"Isn't the young man I saw you with at the Marguery after you to get married?"

"Oh, yes," she admitted. "But he wants me to quit work."

"You mean right away?"

"Yes. Get married and quit work."

"Oh." The disaster was even more immediate than he had feared.

"And what did you tell him?"

"Well, maybe I wouldn't mind the marrying part, so much. But can you imagine me sitting around like a harem wife? That's the trouble with Mickey. With anybody else I could do as I liked but with him, I'd have to quit my job."

"You mean," Bennet said, assimilating the idea with relief, "you won't marry him unless he lets you work?"

"Sometimes it's awfully tempting," she said. "He's a nice boy. And, frankly, I don't like living alone."

Bennet had to turn his eyes away. He was afraid he was blushing.

FOR the time being, he felt safe. But there was no telling when she might weaken. So he took up the problem with Brother Pete. "This girl is too good," he said. "I just don't want to lose her. You know how difficult it is for me to find a girl I can get along with."

Pete studied the matter in a practical way. "Why don't you marry her yourself?" he said. "Then you'd be sure of her."

Bennet offered the flustered resistance of a damsel trying to pretend she never thought of wanting an ermine wrap. "But it's against the rules," he said. "No monkeying with the office girls."

"It's okay if you marry them," Pete pointed out.

Bennet had simply never thought of that. Why, it would solve everything! So next time they worked late, he knew what he was going to do. He kept her till after seven, and managed to go out of the office together with her, though he usually let her go out first, alone. They waited in silence for the night elevator to come up for them. They rode down in silence. She said to the elevator man, "Good night, Charlie." So did Bennet. They were still kind of together and not together as they reached the outside of



"They say to try to make the next town— they've got a regular landing field there"

GENE CARR



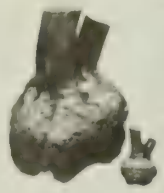




FLAME GRAIN KAYWOODIE $10

When you hold this magnificent Flame Grain Kaywoodie in your hand, you realize that you are holding something that comes as close to actual perfection as it is possible to come. The rare "Flame Grain" markings of the grain reveal the historic briar from which the pipe is made: briar from 200-to-400 year old briar burls from the last great forest preserve of this, the most ancient rare and costly imported briar in the world. Only Kaywoodie offers you this priceless Flame Grain briar.*

*Kaywoodie briar is dug out of the ground years in advance; so the war has not interfered with our supply.



Observe the difference between the rare old 200-to-400 year old briar burl (the size of a large pumpkin) and the ten year burl (the size of an apple). The sweet-smoking qualities in the briar are in direct ratio to the relative age of the two burls.

Yours for the asking: *The Kaywoodie Pipe Almanac which tells how to get the fullest pleasure from pipe-smoking.*

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
New York and London [ In New York 630 Fifth Ave ]

© 1941, KAYWOODIE CO.



IT'S A WISE SANTA WHO GIVES A MAN Woman-Wise SHIRTS

THAT man in your life will "go" for Essley "Woman-Wise" Shirts. He'll delight in the careful hand-cut design and fine details that distinguish Essleys from other shirts. Essley Shirts are tailored by Troy craftsmen in the Troy tradition—*and styled by America's outstanding men's fashion authority*. They make the perfect Christmas gifts. $1.69 to $2.50.

For the name of the store nearest you, write to the Essley Shirt Co., Empire State Building, New York City.



*The new Essleys are in keeping with the Yuletide. In a wide variety of patterns and colors, they suit every taste, flatter every appearance. See them, today!*

ESSLEY
*Woman-Wise*
SHIRTS

Originators TRUBENIZED® Collar
®Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ESSLEY PAJAMAS are cut for comfort, tailored for fit and styled for smartness.


the building. The critical moment had come. "You might as well have dinner with me," he said.

She said she was in a hurry. She had a class that evening.

Bennet had a brilliant thought. She could learn more about copy writing, he promised her, by spending the evening with him.

MARRIAGE, Bennet realized, required great psychological adjustment. A certain amount of invasion of personal purlieus was to be expected. Therefore, he made no objection when she brought her face creams and eyebrow tweezers down to the office and set the stuff on the one little shelf in his private washroom; he kept the peace, as her objects increased, crowding his razor off the shelf. Usually, he realized, a man's office was his sacred retreat. But as a few extra slips and a dress got in beside the extra suit he kept in his closet, he had to admit, in extenuation, that the case was unusual insomuch as his wife worked in the same office and, therefore, should be entitled to equal privileges. Though he didn't see just why she had to appropriate his trousers hangers for a skirt. And also, one day when he had to get his coat to go out, a client got a glimpse of those female underthings hanging there, and Bennet felt pretty silly. He couldn't always be explaining his secretary was his wife.

He couldn't always be taking his secretary—even if she was his wife—along to business lunches, either. Maybe half of the advertising man's activity is the luncheon consultation. There, men must feel free to talk—free even of the inhibiting influences of an office. The psychological effect of the luncheon, Bennet asserted, was to temper a deal with a certain amount of social trustfulness. Well, now, a man simply did not take his wife along to his business lunches. Or his secretary. No matter how earnestly he tried to explain this to her, Rosamond simply didn't seem to get the basic idea.

"But you haven't any secrets from me. I'll know all you tell each other anyway."

"Of course, dear! But don't you see—it's just the effect of a woman—and a pretty woman—being present. It hampers a man."

"Do I hamper you?"

"No, no, that isn't it at all. What I mean is—the client must feel free to—well, even to tell off-color stories if he likes. And a woman's presence constrains him."

"I see. So I'm just supposed to go off and eat by myself at some lunch counter—"

"But, darling—have lunch with a friend, can't you?"

"I want to have lunch with you."

SO HE'D kiss her, and perhaps be on the point of yielding, when she'd say—"Besides, how do you know I won't have some good ideas to contribute to the discussion?"

And that would stop him. Because Rosamond was having altogether too many ideas. She hadn't got over the copy-writing bug at all; in fact, marriage had only increased her appetite for a career. She was so ambitious, she thought of nothing but the office. Bennet liked to relax when he got away from the place, or to set his mind to work in other channels. He discovered he had a secretary on a 24-hour basis.

At dinner, at a movie, even in bed, Rosamond would prod him with a sudden thought.

"Yes, dear. Remind me at the office," he'd say. But she'd want to discuss her idea, elaborate on it at once. She'd lie awake, thinking up slogans. He could feel the process going on, next to him. And how could a man think her slogans were good, under such conditions?

And as the office spread to the home came into the office and again, when Bennet needed retary, he'd find her busy on tl phone. Now, it is not unheard- private secretary to conduct a f sonal telephone conversations office hours. She might be ta other private secretaries, or—if r ried to her boss—to gentlemen There is an established custor such telephone chats. When t rings, the secretary mutters a "Busy now, call you later," an up.

Not Rosamond. She'd contir she was quite finished. By tl he'd usually have forgotten why and it would take some hea reading to bring back the aln idea.

"For heaven's sake, who are ing to that's so important? W you cut it short when I ring?" once.

"I was talking to the Bosto

"The what?"

"Boston Store. Drapery de The apartment has to get f doesn't it?"

Or, in the midst of the a she'd duck out for a beau treatment.

"What I want to know is, would remonstrate mildly, "h you manage about beauty parl weren't married to me?"

"But I am married to you!' ply, her eyes widening to that exasperating feminine sta seemed to be a comment on alistic nature of the mascul "Besides, we're having the ta ple for dinner. You want me t best, don't you? It might mea tract."

ALL these things, even he notion that people were to to dinner for business rea (isn't that why you invite lunch?) might have been cou adjusted, compromised. Bu girl simply would not realiz was supposed to be the sec he the executive, the thinke tor. So long as she confinec popping off suggestions, ide gans, things were manageable ently Rosamond began maki in Bennet's copy. Reword Putting new captions on once or twice she even came tire substitute commercial written for a radio show. J him to see if her approach w for the daytime female aud

"Look, darling," Bennet finally, "maybe you are be than I am. But right now responsibility for the accoun to use my own judgment. judgment—"

"You're prejudiced!" s him. "You won't give me a cause I'm a woman! Yo dumb—"

"I married you, didn't I? out.

"That's different! . . . I only did it so you'd have a hour slave instead of just All you want me to do is work, the typing, the disi

No use reminding her t the dishwashing. He knew chology. She'd consider argument. As for the typi to do some of it himself. retyping. For when Rosam changes into his copy, E have the heart to tell her over. He valued peace. S she went out to the hairdr a shopping errand which h perately think up, Benne over to the machine and a

corrected copy. Like as not, he'd carbons in backward.

On, when he'd got her to leave ce at quitting time, on some tely cooked-up excuse about a ace with the building superin-, he set himself to an after-hour job, and was discovered by Pete. "What's the idea?" Pete Can't you get Rosamond to

n't want her to see this."

? It's not a love letter, is it?"

ishly, Bennet explained. Well, ete suggested, why couldn't he of the other girls in the office to osamond's work? That wouldn't r. He couldn't let any of the such an advantage over Rosa-

Pete meanwhile, was glancing Rosamond's version of the ad- ent. "Oh, why don't you let through?" he said. "All she's hanged a few words."

blew up. "Do you want your hers going around changing f? Would you stand for it?"

ied to laugh it off. "Know what le is between you two?" he "ofessional jealousy, that's all. d is an awfully clever girl. And jealous of you."

sional jealousy!" Bennet had rong key, and was savagely raser. "I call it sabotage!"

the talcum account that finally on their big fight. Bennet was d of the daintiness appeal ad injected into his copy. The words simply floated in froth. nercials were indirect, femi- gestive. Nothing was men- name.

used, by now, to her editing and even, after Pete's inter- ermitted a few word changes ust to humor and flatter his when Bennet picked up her the talcum announcements, othing of his copy left except of the product. He rang, and that she put through his copy, ord.

are sick of that femininity samond announced. "Why don't you just say this powder smells nice and clean, and it's cheaper than the fancy brands with frills on the package?"

He groaned. Why argue with her? What use would it be to cite the entire experience of the cosmetic industry? She responded precisely as he had anticipated: "It doesn't prove a thing. That femininity stuff is passé. Women are ready for a change, and the first outfit that appeals to common sense will cash in."

"Yah. And we'll lose the talcum account."

"Oh, can't you even take a suggestion—!"

"A suggestion? You change the whole thing and call it a suggestion!"

It wound up with a shouting match and a victory on a purely authoritarian basis. "All right, I'll do it!" Rosamond gave in, sullenly, taking the sheets back to her desk. "Just as you say—you're the boss."

And it was a very silent night, when they got home. The next morning, in the office, was strictly and bitterly businesslike.

Bennet went to lunch with Pete. "I can't endure it any longer," he said. "If only I could fire her!"

"Well, why don't you?" Pete seemed to think there was nothing to it.

"Why don't I fire her?"

"Sure. Just like anybody else."

"Listen. Usually when you fire a girl you don't have to go home with her that night."

Pete had another idea. "Send her on a vacation."

"I thought of that. She says it wouldn't be any fun, going without me."

"Uh-huh." Pete was beginning to appreciate the difficulty. "You know, come to think of it, Joe Donnelly was in a fix like yours once. He had a cousin working for him and was stewing all the time. I'll find out what he did."

Bennet insisted that he find out at once. Pete came back from telephoning; he wore an uncertain look.

"Well? Did he get rid of her? What did he do?"

"He married her off."

They frowned into their coffee cups. At last Pete asked, with fraternal deli-

By Larry Reynolds




**"I like th' $42.50 best, but I suppose I should be sensible an' take th' $85 one"**



GET BOTH—the yellow box for buckwheats...the red box for pancakes and waffles

"TELL ME ANOTHER" and win $5.00 - says KLEENEX*

We will pay $5.00 for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.




I TOLD MY SCHOOL PUPILS WHEN THEY SNIFFED AND SNEEZED, SO NOW THEY CARRY KLEENEX INSTEAD OF GERMS AND EVERYBODY'S HAPPY!

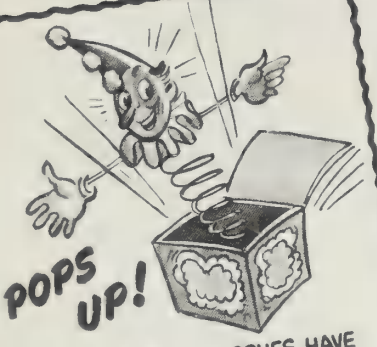
(from a letter by M. La P., Wichita, Kans.)



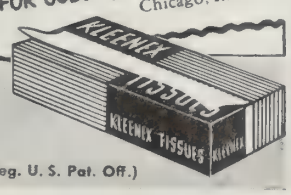
Good for the Last Drop!

WHY TRY TO GET A BIG BATH TOWEL IN YOUR EAR WHEN KLEENEX GETS THAT LAST DROP PERFECTLY.

(from a letter by R. D., Chicago, Ill.)




ONLY KLEENEX TISSUES HAVE THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX TO END WASTE! PULL A DOUBLE-TISSUE STRAIGHT UP... NEXT ONE POPS UP READY FOR USE! (from a letter by L. W., Chicago, Ill.)




KLEENEX★ DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(★ Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

cacy, "Tell me this—as a wife, outside of being your secretary—how is it?"

"Oh, fine," Bennet said, flushing. "Fine! If she'd only forget the office."

Pete stirred his coffee, set down his spoon, decisively. "Then my advice is, once and for all, tell her to stay home. Fire her."

Bennet winced. Yes, he agreed, it had to be faced. A few days, perhaps a week of bitter unpleasantness, and then Rosamond would adjust herself. Pete's Bonnie would get her into bridge clubs, take her around to art exhibitions, teach her how to waste her time. But how was he to commit the act itself? March in and tell her she was fired? Impossible. Perhaps Pete would do it, for him?

It would be unwise, Pete pointed out, to embitter her toward the whole family. Besides, he had never fired anybody, face to face. The few times when he had had occasion to discharge people, he'd done the job by mail. Sent a special delivery, on Sunday, enclosing two weeks' pay and asking the employee not to report for work. That made it easier on all concerned.

"Except," Bennet said, "I'd be home when she got the letter."

"Wait a minute. We ought to be able to figure out some way to get around that."

Concentrating on this detail made them feel, somehow, that they had solved the whole problem. Bennet could go to Philadelphia on Sunday, to attend to some legal matters about their aunt's estate. It would be too dull a trip for Rosamond.

HE GOT her to go to a movie and struggled all evening with that letter. First, he made it a very personal letter. But that, he decided, would be the sort of epistle that invited argument. It would start in a warm friendly way and end in disaster. He wound up with a formal notice, plus a little personal note that said, "Darling, this is terribly tough to do, but we aren't getting along at the office, and it's the only way to fix it that I know."

He mailed it from the station Sunday.

She wasn't home when he returned. Her things were gone, too.

Bennet sat quite still. He ought to call up Pete. He ought to try to stop her from going to Reno. He ought to get drunk. He had been sitting quite still, with his hands limp, for perhaps an hour when the bell rang. After a while he arose, and answered. There was a special-delivery letter for him.

"I will be glad to act as reference in any future connection you may secure," the neatly typed lines said. "Wishing you the best of luck and success." And there was no personal message beyond the dismissal.

BENNET PIERCE had an awful time getting a secretary. He was spoiled. He fired girls after a one-day trial. By the third week he had exhausted Miss Lurie's files, and her patience, and his own patience. He even demanded, from Pete, the right to break office rule Number One, and requested of Miss Lurie "an eighty-year-old hag. I don't care what she looks like, so long as she is reliable." So Miss Lurie sent over a lady who had been thirty years with her last employer. She lasted three days. Bennet complained the sight of her impeded his mental processes.

But getting rid of her failed to remove the impediment. His mind felt alternately stuffed and feverish. He didn't sleep well. At night his brain churned with ideas. He even made notes, which none of the succession of secretaries could decipher. And in the daytime all he could do was stare at the ceiling. Even if one of them had been able to read his mind, she would have transcribed nothing but a blank.

Some of the clients were beginning to kick. The talcum people, among others, complained that they were getting no results from their program lately. Pete took over a few of Bennet's accounts. Still Bennet couldn't get himself organized.

Pete decided maybe Bennet ought to have an assistant for a while—to do some of the copy writing.

That was how things were the day Bennett called the sorely tried Miss Lurie, to admit, rather shamedly, that he was looking for a secretary again. He hadn't fired the last one. She'd quit. Said he depressed her.

Miss Lurie wasn't mad, or cold, as she'd been lately. "Mr. Pierce," she said tentatively, "I do have an excellent girl, a really first-class girl. She has fine recommendations. But I don't know—"

"Don't know what?"

"Well, that trouble you're always having, about girls getting married—"

"You think she'll get married on me?" Bennet asked.

"Oh, no. Not this girl. You see she's just been divorced and she—"

At that point he caught on. Miss Lurie continued, saying this young lady wanted to be sure of an absolutely impersonal relationship, and he said, fine, fine! He wanted nothing else!

And why not? Until things got personal she had been a wonderful secretary. Perfect. "Send her over," he said.

There was one other condition. Miss Guest was ambitious. She was a trained copy writer. And since Mr. Pete had said they needed an assistant in copy writing, wouldn't this be an excellent opportunity for both the agency and the young woman? They could, perhaps, allow her to break in by servicing a few special accounts. Those that required a woman's point of view.

"Okay," Bennet gasped. "Tell her she wins. Send her over."

SHE was absolutely impersonal. And her secretarial work was, of course, impeccable. He didn't have to make a single adjustment. She knew all his ways.

Pete gave her two accounts t —the talcum account, and a c When she managed it, Bennet tell—but she never allowed writing to interfere with her him. And the copy-writing bility worked like a miracle; s entirely offering suggestions rections for his own accounts.

Things were, in fact, go smoothly at the office. Bu found it depressing to eat din So once, having protracted t tion until everyone had left Bennet managed to leave tog her, and go down the elevato with her, and say Good night, the elevator man, as she di hesitate with her, just in fr building.

"What are you doing for di asked.

She looked quite as if sh pected his approach. "Nothin plied. "Unless I'm having it

And the next day, instead to him with a suggestion, sh him for help. She was stuck. help her with her copy?

It was only a minor point whole, he assured her, her very good. Excellent. And admit to himself that it was.

BROTHER PETE couldn't ing the new harmony. "Wh going to get remarried?" he brother, the psychologist. " that's all a woman wants— she can do anything a man c

Bennet, studying the pho laughing year-old twins on I shook his head. "You un the feminine ego. She also h she can do what a man can't

Pete followed his brot grinned happily, and grasped er's hand. "Fine! Fine! D stop you! It'll be a great for you to watch the develo child's psychology."

And frankly, as brother he confided—that's where h woman really belonged. In t

"Yes, maybe so," Ben "But—what'll I do for a se

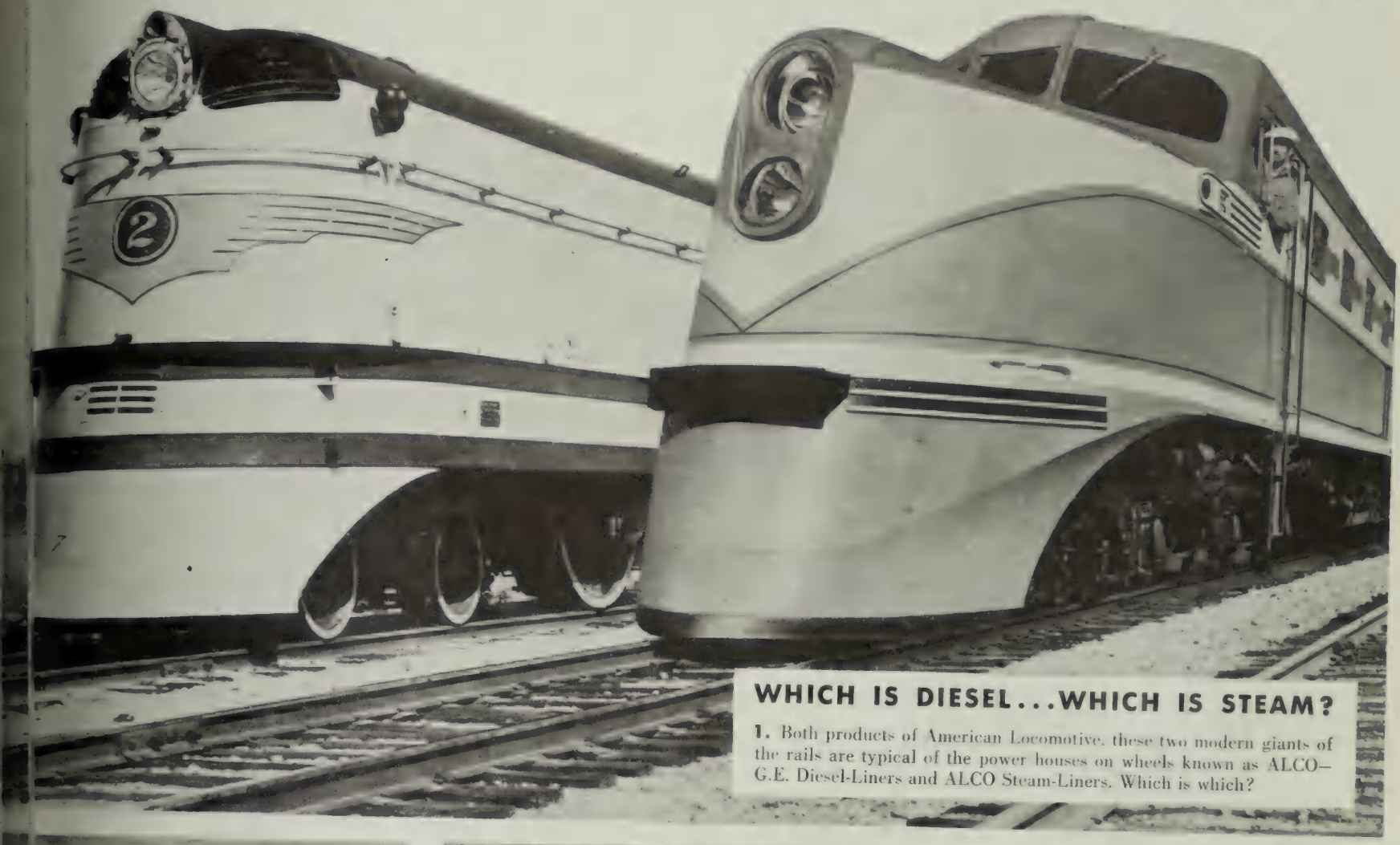


"This helps get us through the puddles"

# NEWS QUIZ!

*(Answers in box below)*

## TEST YOURSELF WITH THESE NEWS PICTURES...



**WHICH IS DIESEL...WHICH IS STEAM?**

**1.** Both products of American Locomotive, these two modern giants of the rails are typical of the power houses on wheels known as ALCO–G.E. Diesel-Liners and ALCO Steam-Liners. Which is which?



One of the gun-mounts built by the American Locomotive Company as part of the Defense Program. In what branch of the U. S. Army will it be used?



**3.** Another weapon now coming off American Locomotive production lines is the medium M-3 tank. How many men comprise the crew of this type tank?



**4.** This is what is called a Scotch boiler. It was built for Britain by American Locomotive far ahead of original schedule. In what is this type boiler used?



The American Army's new standard rifle, built with tools made by American Locomotive, can fire up to 10 shots a minute. By what name is it popularly known?

### HERE ARE THE ANSWERS
*(NO FAIR PEEKING!)*

**1.** On the left is one of the American Locomotive Company's modern Steam Liners; the other is one of its ALCO–G.E. Diesel-Liners. Each is among the finest of its type and both types are serving the different needs of modern railroads today.

**2.** The gun-mount pictured on this page is being built for use in the Field Artillery.

**3.** The usual crew of the medium M-3 tank built by American Locomotive consists of seven men.

**4.** Scotch boilers are used in ships. This one was built for use in the British Merchant Marine.

**5.** This extraordinary rifle is generally known as a Garand, which is the name of its inventor.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

DIESEL STEAM ELECTRIC

# TO THE MAN WHOSE PAY CHECKS ARE LARGER THIS YEAR

***How a simple plan can help you get the most good out of your income***

IT'S great to be making more money—perhaps very much more—than you were a year ago. If you have been getting along on a shoestring, you can now enjoy a few luxuries. If old debts have been worrying you, you can now get them off your mind.

How to get rid of your money is no problem. But how to spend your new income to the greatest advantage—how to get the most good out of every pay check—may not be so easy.

That's where a spending plan can help. Families who keep out of money troubles through ups and downs, families who get the things they really want out of their incomes, nearly always have a spending plan. They may deny that they "budget." Actually they do plan, if only in their minds, to do these three things with each pay check.

1. Get ready to meet large occasional expenses—such as insurance and taxes.
2. Pay debts from the past—instalment payments, for instance.
3. Live on what is left—pay rent, buy food, etc.

A well balanced plan will not allow any of these three, Future, Past or Present spending, to crowd out the others. It will keep you from using so much for everyday living that you can save nothing for the future.

Making a spending plan needn't be difficult. You simply put down all the expenses you expect to have between this pay day and the next. You also decide how much you should set aside for savings and for large future bills. Then you see that your total is in line with your income. If it's bigger than your earnings, you take off your spending list the items you can best do without.

The important thing is to make the plan—and *stick to it.*

Try planning your spending for the next few pay days. Write for a little book which helps you plan your spending. The Budget Calendar makes budgeting easy and simple. No tiresome bookkeeping is required. There are "plan for spending" sheets for every pay day in the year.

Household Finance has published the Budget Calendar as a contribution to better family money management. You are invited to ask for a copy without obligation. There will be no solicitation or follow-up.

**How home money management aids national defense**

*Defense of the nation begins with defense of the home. Home defense means learning how to stretch every dollar till it covers taxes, contributions to charity, defense stamps and bonds, and all the things a family needs for mental and physical health. That's a big job.*

*We hope that this message will encourage and help folks to keep their money affairs on a sound basis—and that it will contribute to a more effective defense effort.*

B. E. Henderson

B. E. HENDERSON, PRESIDENT

*PERSONAL LOANS—$20 TO $300*

**HOUSEHOLD FINANCE**
*Corporation*
ESTABLISHED 1878

**Headquarters: 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois**

One of America's leading family finance organizations with 300 offices in 198 cities

*Department of Research CW-12*
HOUSEHOLD FINANCE CORPORATION, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois
Please send me a copy of "The Budget Calendar" without obligation.

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

*City* ..... *State* .....


# The War's Biggest Job

**Continued from page 17**

noise and heat. In a city where vague rumors became news in the distance between Shepheard's bar and the roof garden of the Continental-Savoy Hotel just three blocks up the street, the significance of Wavell's transfer to command the armies in India was blurred. Everyone overlooked what had happened a few days before the news jukes rattled off the communiqué that shifted Wavell to his new job. And that event was Germany's invasion of Russia.

### The Biggest Battle of All

The British had known for some time that the Germans intended invading the U.S.S.R. Two weeks before that certain early morning of June 22d, British Intelligence advised Moscow of the exact day and almost the hour of the invasion. The event of that June morning was an important one to the British. Their empire lay in Asia and the British General Staff knew that with the invasion of Russia would begin what might turn out to be the decisive phase of the Battle of Asia, the biggest battle of them all. That's why Wavell was sent to India.

The battle of Asia began ten years ago, when the Japanese took Manchuria. And until June 22d only Japan menaced Asia, and the Mikado's cry of Asia for the Asiatics wasn't taken too seriously by those who had imperial takings in the Far East. They didn't pay any more attention to that cry than they had to Germany's shout of *Lebensraum* before Munich or, earlier, to the pleas of the republican government in Spain for help against the Fascists, and before that to Italy's demands for that "place in the sun" the boys from Rome burgled in Africa.

At three o'clock one morning early in July, Moscow slept. Cairo was staggering home replete with food and wine. From the Baltic to the Black Sea German panzer divisions drove steel into Russia's hide and the Battle of Asia had begun for keeps. This new fight to have and to hold Asia would make the efforts of Hammurabi and Darius and Alexander the Great look like the amateurish attempts at organized slaughter that they were. At three o'clock that same July morning Sir Archibald Percival Wavell climbed into a Wellington bomber and roared off across the lands of Araby toward India, after handing the keys to his office over to his successor, General Sir Claude J. E. Auchinleck. It all happened so quickly Lady Wavell didn't have time to pack and accompany her husband.

A few days later Sir Archie was on the Northwest frontier, inspecting Britain's defenses in India. He became defender of Britain's largest investment and most lucrative possession. As commander in chief in India the grandson of the Texan soldier of fortune assumed the job of holding the keystone of an arc of British defenses that begins at Salum, on the southern shore of the Mediterranean on the border between Libya and Egypt, and swings across Sinai, Palestine, Syria, Irak, Iran, Afghanistan, Turkestan and Tibet, Burma and Malaysia, and ends in Singapore.

Just outside that arc lie unconquered China and Russia below the Urals. Widen the arc by a few thousand miles and it encompasses Japan and the Philippines, and Dutch East Indies and Australia. Directly and indirectly Wavell stands between 1,500,000,000 people—more than half the population of the world before Germany started reducing the population—and the imperialist marches of the Mikado and the Fu Wavell's new pitch is roughly sev million square miles.

Within it lie the riches Hamr and Darius and Alexander the and a score of kings after them s There is all the rice the world ea all the tea it brews. Most of the rubber and practically all the c come from there. Asia's jungle teak for the decks of the mercha and the battleships of the inc nations of the West. Oil and cott and coal, chrome and mangane rare gems and gold come from th And the billion and a half peop live there represent a vast re potential market for the surplus factured goods of the industria

Specifically, Wavell's comma cludes only Burma and India, v itself larger than all Europe min sia. It includes Afghanistan, troublesome land of warriors w the British busy on the northwe tier and the Khyber Pass. It passes Iran and Irak, two of t important oil producers in the and oil-rich Saudi Arabia, which tween the Persian Gulf and t Sea. These waterways are th that feed the Middle East Anglo-Russian forces with th and airplanes and guns that American production lines. It' Wavell's chore to see that they open.

I talked with Wavell in C before he flew to India and I int his successor in the Midd Neither Wavell nor Auchinle soldiers, both cold practitioner as an exact science, exuded an optimism wishful hopers and chair generals and radio qua bring to this war. Both admitt safety, India's security and Gr ain's survival depended on Russia could hold the Gern how long it would be befo started creeping up on India' flank from Indo-China. Wa dered how long he could keep mains that pour machinery into the Middle East and ove Russia across Iran from the t Persian Gulf.

### How Long Could Russia S

Wavell particularly was about Russia. Sir Archie kn sia. He minimized neither th power nor their courage.

"I tell you," he said, "I w at the achievements of th army. Its advancement wa material but spiritual." He Red army morale was good.

But strictly from the p fighter's point of view, W aware that the U.S.S.R., altho the second-best army in the Germany's, couldn't defeat mans. He wasn't absolutely to how long the Russians c stand the terrific pounding o Germany's superior air pow mentioned the end of Octob first two weeks in November critical period that would dec the first phase of the Russo-G before winter froze the fi northernmost fronts. That wa in July. You can't charge W second-guessing.

As a soldier, too, Wavell pare against the possibility c drive across the Caucasus b Black Sea and the Caspian and Iran. Maybe Germany c

il of Kirkuk, Mosul and Bahrein, he British do. Deprived of the pro- on of the wells in Irak, Iran and i Arabia, oil to maintain the Brit- eet in the Mediterranean and keep oat in the Red Sea, the Persian the Arabian Sea and the Indian n, would have to come from the East Indies—provided Japan had ese strictly alone.

C from the Middle East keeps Brit- American tanks and planes and rolling all the way from "the which is what the Tommies call arbed barricade between Egypt bya, to Syria's confines with Tur- d as far east as India. Without l, Britain would have to abandon iddle East unless supplies could ught in from the Dutch East In- the United States.

n I visited Suez in July just be- aving for India, the congestion in t was so bad that only one third cargoes was being unloaded by rtaxed port facilities. Stevedores ged tanks and planes and sup- om one ship, and two more had before its holds were empty. At e, American material had only gun reaching Suez. If oil tank- to be unloaded in addition to p transports and freighters al- logging Suez and the new ports ad been opened along the Red st of Africa, the job would be s. Besides, there is already of tankers in both Britain and ted States.

### Winter Doesn't Help Here

Wi r might freeze Germany's pan- rs i eir tracks in the attack on Mos- w. Wavell, however, didn't believe nte would hold up the Germans if ey ided to swing south and east- rd m Kharkov and Rostov on the a o zov. There's a good all-weather ad oss the Caucasus Mountains, avel aid. He said the Russians had ilt wide and handsome. Besides, you draw a weather map of Asia m ypt to the China coast, you'll th the southern limit of the winter d cides roughly with the north- fr iers of Irak, Iran and India.

Wavell, last July, foresaw the Ger- n H Command's possible strategy. at's hy he hurried occupation of ia, shed to put down the Rashid rev in Irak, occupied Iran, where Br sh established a common front h th Russians, and asked Afghani- n to pel all German agents and na- nals. That gave Wavell a series of tigu s buffer states defending In- and he Middle East. He accom- hed etty much what a chess player s wh he "castles."

Sir Archie, however, knew how much tain ad in those buffers in the way stop rs against the Germans, and m h it hadn't. He knew suf- ntly ell to look very worried when I saw him again in Simla, several weeks after his departure from Cairo. He'd just returned from his inspection trip to the Khyber Pass. He looked tired, too. He stirred the pale tea in his cup with a slow and deliberate motion. Lady Wavell still hadn't arrived and one of the Wavells' grown daughters had contracted measles in Cairo, but that didn't account for his Gil Dobian gloom.

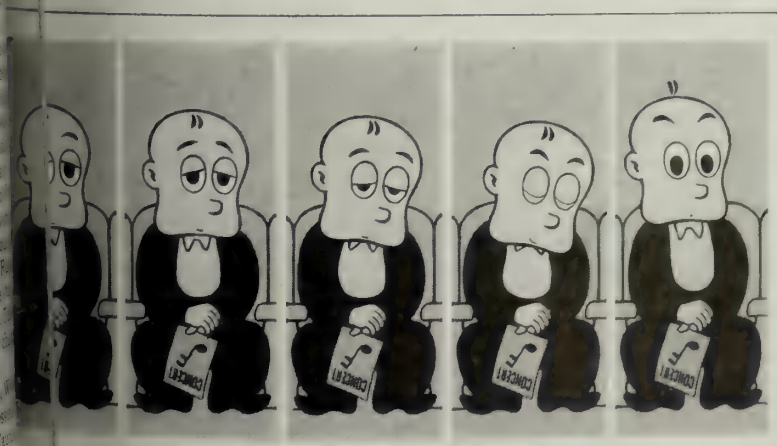
Neither did the state of Britain's defenses at the Khyber. He said he'd found everything in fine shape. Allowing for British understatement, you could infer that the empire's 750,000 Indian troops and the Australians, New Zealanders and others under his command could hold any enemy at the Khyber. Only the Germans can prove or disprove that inference.

"The danger to the west," he said, "has always been the possibility of a German conquest of Russia. Russia is an inexhaustible storehouse of raw materials. Combined with German industrial power—well, Germany could fight a long, long war . . ." He might as well have said that if Germany is allowed time to rehabilitate Russian industries in the conquered areas and to draw unhindered upon Russia's raw stocks of iron, coal, manganese, chromium, tungsten, grain and hydro-electric power, Germany could break Western civilization's hold on Asia, India and the world. In the Ukraine alone the Germans will find iron, coal and coke and factories and smelters. The Ukraine isn't merely wheat field. It's the Ruhr Valley, the Pittsburgh area of European Russia. And in the Ukraine grows an insignificant seed, the sunflower seed, from which are extracted edible fats the Germans need.

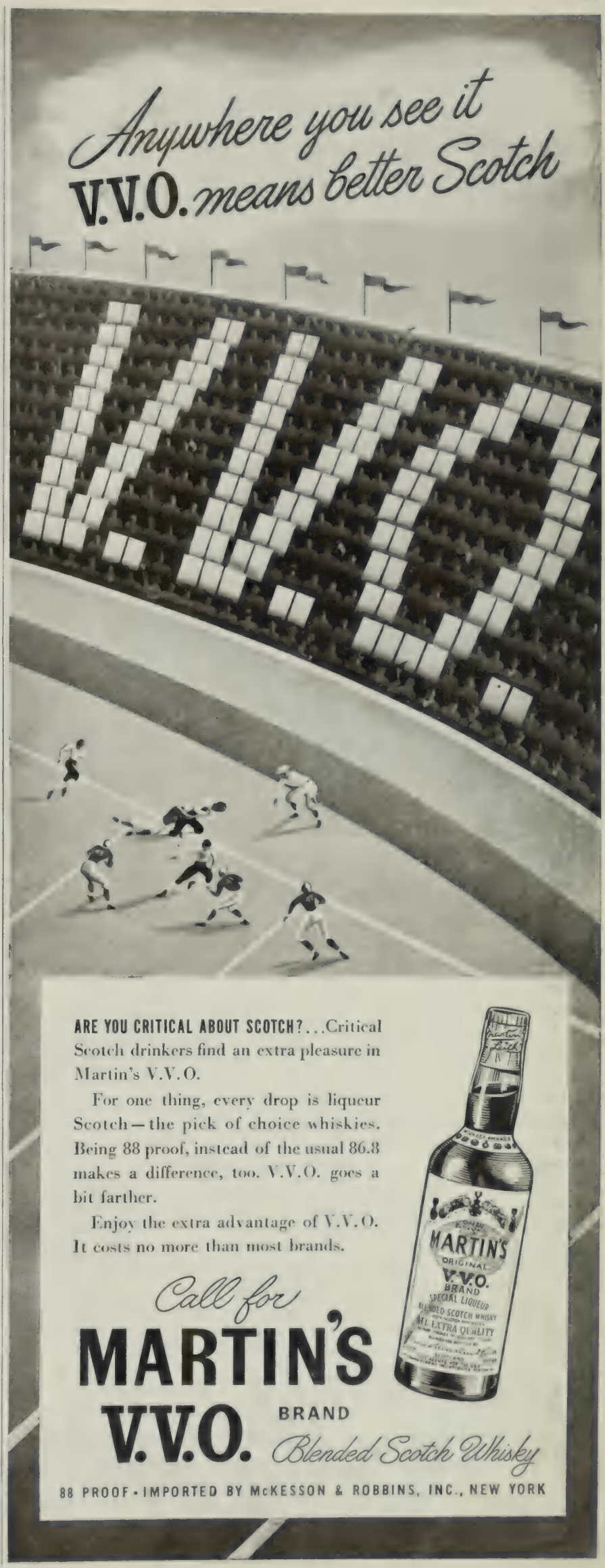
"Now is the time to hit Germany with everything we've got," Wavell said. "Otherwise the war may last beyond the memory of present generations. To prevent Hitler from attaining his ends, the democracies must attack . . ." and he became silent. Up to then, Wavell had been quietly, coldly determined. Now he shook his head. He knew that Britain hadn't the man power needed to launch an offensive against Germany. He said Britain's supply of man power was running thin. He didn't mean, necessarily, men to carry rifles. He meant skilled man power, trained in the operation and care of machinery.

Germany's attack on Russia gave America and Britain a "respite," Sir Archie called it, equal to the length of time the Soviets could hold off the Germans. "It's given us," Sir Archie said, "an advantage in time when time was more important than any other single weapon." Sir Archie knew that the respite wouldn't last forever, that it might not be long enough to permit the factories in the U.S.A. and in England to turn out enough tanks, airplanes, guns and vehicles to organize a major offensive against the Germans.

German morale, Sir Archie said,




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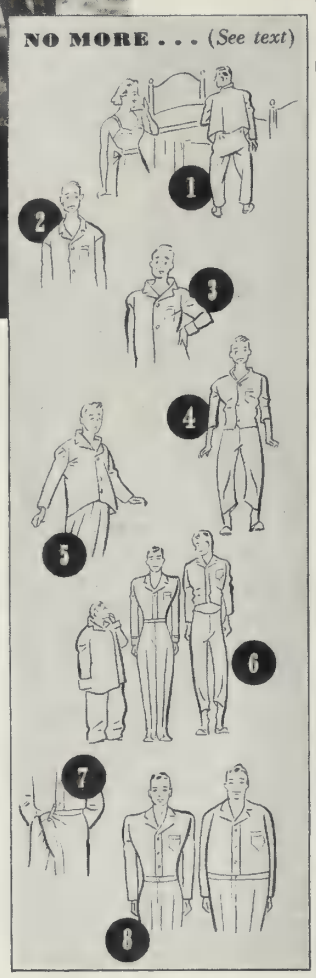
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WITH ADJUSTO-BAND WAIST

might be broken down by air bombing. He said, however, that the war couldn't be won in this way. Germany, he said, must be made to feel the impact of invasion. This, he said, would take man power and England's men are held in England, held there by the threat of invasion from the continent.

"But whether you've got the men or the weapons or not," he said, with a trace of a smile, "you've got to keep on fighting. We'll keep on fighting. I wonder, though, what Japan will do?"

### Germany Won't Get the Nile

Sir Archie sat deeply in one corner of a faded chartreuse divan in the drawing room in the commander in chief's residence in Simla. He loosened his medal-heavy tunic and relaxed with his late tea. At that moment he looked all of his fifty-eight years. I sat in front and slightly to the left of him. I had a three-quarter view of the left side of his face. That's his "dead" side. He lost his left eye in France in the second year of the other war. But when he reached to hand around the sandwiches his good eye sparkled and he made you think of Nelson.

He demonstrated none of the taciturnity for which he's famous. He was shy and mild of voice. His politeness had none of the square edges of the usual British public-school-bred general. He had none of that old-school-tie aloofness Winchester could have given him. He talked jerkily, and bore out his reputation for being, like some of the plays of Bernard Shaw, better "read" than "heard."

He is one of England's most literate generals, writing in hard and moving prose. His life of his best friend and commander in Palestine, General Edmund Lord Allenby, with whom Wavell served after his recovery from the wounds he received in France, is a work of literary merit.

"I wonder," he said thoughtfully, "what Japan's going to do. . . ." Present were his military, naval and marine corps aides. Wavell, however, hadn't addressed his question to anyone in particular. He was thinking out loud. He knew that by the time the Germans could move against India's front door, the Northwest frontier and the Khyber Pass, weapons and vehicles would have arrived from the United States in sufficient quantities to give him a fighting chance of holding the enemy. He was specific, by the way, that India and the Middle East would rely—like Burma and Malaya—almost exclusively on the United States for tanks and planes and some guns. India can produce about ninety per cent of the munitions and supplies the empire forces in Wavell's bailiwick need, but the big stuff would have to come through Lend-Lease. England's production was needed at home and for eventual invasion of the Continent.

Wavell was certain that the side door to Britain's empire, the Middle East, was reasonably safe in Auchinleck's hands with the light and medium tanks and the bombers and fighters America had shipped to Suez. There our ships are even unloading beer to relieve the shortage the hard-drinking Aussies created.

In Cairo, Wavell told me that he felt "very secure indeed in the Middle East" and a moment later bolstered that appraisal of the situation there by adding:

"The Germans will never take the Nile. . . ."

At the moment Wavell was concerned about India's back door—southeastern Asia. France's "balcony in the Far East," Indo-China, was occupied by the Japs. From new land and air bases in Annam, Cochin-China and Cambodia, the Japanese threatened Thaila aced the Burma Road that pur plies and weapons into Chir Rangoon to Mandalay and Ch for the armies of Chiang Kai- endangered Singapore. At the the Japanese were training p troops, forty or fifty thousand in Formosa, just north of th pines.

And that wasn't the least vell's worries. He had come active battlefront to find him denly in India. India was tho miles away from the bomb Simla, high in the Himalayan h Sir Archie went to escape the h Punjab plains, there were no b and there was no rationing anc ple simpered at the war as p cities do everywhere when the bombs. And India itself quiv that old, old struggle betwee and Hindu. The jails filled w nents of the war, the strikes caused you to wonder how soli stone of the British empire's Asia really is.

From his Simla mountaint looks down over the rugged P Greater Himalayas, brown a and whitecapped in the distar in an area nearly as large as but constituting only a fra sprawling, enormous India, great man-power reservoir. jab's plains and hills raise r thirds of India's army, but the the venom sac of India. Its people include 13,000,000 Mo 6,000,000 Hindus and 4,000, The Sikhs, India's smalles group, provide seventeen per men for the army. And Sikh and Moslem hate one anot hatred as deep as the Punjab ers in flood and as everlast mountains that feed them. meets the enemy, Wavell mu army of such men, each gro tively charged with religion coils from the other.

### The Wrong Kind of Ma

In the old days, when indiv age and individual aptitude Moslem fanaticism and Hin and Sikh fearlessness could ized by creating uniform reg divisions which fought as sep But in modern war, when hundreds of thousands and men must fight as well-tra without thought of indivi ences or interests, Wavel fronted with a problem as tactical one of engaging ar his enemies when they str Upon how well he succeed into one strong alloy the el compose the Indian army- ferences among themselves by their fierce resentment o from whom they demand i —depends in part whether Wavell will ever be insc that of Wellington.

And this, too, Wavell kn pressed it in Cairo when admitted that Great Bri have the *kind* of man pow defeat the mechanics o Wavell's men came from from factories. If tanks a and guns arrived in time fr Wavell was still faced with of training peasants to ope mechanical weapons. He Russia it had taken twe train such an army. And n of India's army began i steward of all Asia was wo is Britain's greatest livin any man can save Asia, Winston Churchill seems That's why Wavell's in Inc




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# Alder Gulch

Continued from page 24

e me boat with him. He had a quar-
h Ketchum and Ives at the Uma-
louse."
at pair came in yesterday. All the
are comin' in. This will be a
camp, Lil. Your tall man's got
'
mp into him tomorrow and help
cate a claim," suggested Lil. "If
ts another week there won't be
of unstaked ground left."
at you helping greenhorns for?"
en I like a man," said Lil, "I like
lot."
t's right. You're a big nugget in
ek, Lil."
nocked Rube down. That makes
right."

music quit and the announcer
d, "Promenade!" Barney escorted
he bar, paid for the drinks, and
is answer: "I'll do it for you."
you pack up and go back east.
ody knows you've got a heavy
It is getting tough for a man to
m here to Bannack without be-
up."
t let any man make a soft touch
ou, Lil," said Barney.
n I like somebody," said Lil,
for him." Pierce, she discov-
d, gone, whereupon she turned
nce floor and smiled at a small,
rospector who marched toward
his ticket. A second miner
at the same time and brushed
ll one aside with a straight-
b. "I'll dance with Lil," he said.
ll man caught his balance and
ith a white, wicked smile. The
had even then turned his shoul-
he little one. The little man
p an arm and smashed it across
of the big man's neck and
him to the floor. He gave his
Lil and said, "Mine, I think."
e pretty fast," said Lil.
ung man said, "A runt like me
at first off. Fast or dead."

Having spent a year in the California diggings, Pierce took time to study this new camp, and on the second day he left Virginia City and walked up the Gulch in the direction of Summit Camp. The trail followed the creek's edge, around piles of gravel and shaft holes and tents and brush shacks. All along this way men crouched with their pans, slowly dipping and slowly rocking. Back from the creek other men had staked the dry bars, here shoveling the soil into buckets and carrying it to the water; farther up the hill men scraped away top soil to reach gold-bearing gravel deposited by some earlier river bed. On every hand were to be seen the various contrivances for extracting gold from rock and dirt—the pan, the rocker, the sluice box with its riffles, the long tom. At one tent ■ string of washing hung on ■ line; before a brush hut somebody had tacked up his particular whimsy: "Mountain Home." A lone man walked down the Gulch, selling single sheets of ■ month-old paper at a dollar ■ sheet.

Half ■ mile from Virginia City, Pierce came before ■ signboard containing the rules of the district, and stopped to read:

"FAIRWEATHER DISTRICT

"The officers of this district shall be President, Recorder, Judge and Sheriff.

"The center of the stream shall be the line.

"Every person may hold, by pre-emption or purchase two creek, bar-hill and lode claims, and no more, but no person can pre-empt more than one kind.

"Creek claims shall be fifty feet on the creek, extending across the creek from base to base, including all old beds of stream.

"Gulch claims shall be 100 feet in length, on the gulch, and extend one foot over on each side.

"Lode claims shall be 100 feet on the lode and twenty-five feet each side."

Pierce was reading when a voice turned him about, and a muscular, middle-aged man with a ruby face stood by: "You're the one that knocked Rube Ketchum down?"

"Yes."

"All this creek's staked, clear up to Bald Knob. There's a little canyon next to my claim, though, that ain't been claimed. Everybody rushes by, lookin' for gold to pop out like sunshine."

Pierce said, "You make a living locating claims for greenhorns?"

"Why, to hell with you. I'm Barney Morris and I'm doin' you a turn. You knocked Rube Ketchum down."

Pierce smiled at that. "Thanks," he said, and walked away from the creek with Barney Morris. A hundred yards onward the Gulch wall opened into a small, dry draw. Morris said, "That's it."

"No water."

"You lug your pay dirt down to the creek. If it shows good color you can bring ■ flume down from the head of the creek."

The draw lay narrow between yellow-gray walls with ■ few dead alders standing fire-blackened on the low side. Pierce said, "Looks like a canyon I ran across down near Hangtown. I found a skeleton in that one."

"None here yet," said Barney Morris. "This is a young camp." He pointed to his own stakes at the edge of the canyon's mouth: "Start from here. You get ■ hundred feet. You go up both slopes to one foot over each ridge." He was aware of Pierce's thoughtful study, and so said, "You're ■ disbelieving young man. You don't know about this."

"Something for nothing is ■ bad bargain," said Pierce.

"You braced Rube Ketchum. That counts."

"Thanks again. I'll stake it."

"One more thing," added Barney. "Keep your mouth shut about what you got in your dust pouch. Always play poor."

Pierce paced a hundred feet up the draw. He built a pile of rocks at this point, climbed the side of the draw and made another rock pile under which he put ■ slip of paper with his name. After that he established the other corners of the claim, and returned to Virginia City.

He had a meal in ■ tent restaurant and moved to a store for his supplies. A shovel and an ax, a pick, a pan, ■ lantern and a gallon of kerosene, and enough staple food for ■ week cost him sixty-five dollars. He paid fifty cents for three small apples, slung his supplies over a shoulder and lugged them down to a stable where he kept his horses.

THERE was no letup in the steady stream of men pouring over the small hill into Virginia. Ox teams and freight strings choked the half-formed streets and goods lay piled everywhere and carpenters flung together boards and two-by-fours and lifted building fronts in the space of an hour. A string of cattle, herded in from across the mountains, milled in half stampede through the congested, cursing traffic, and the owner of the tent restaurant ran out to the street with a rifle, to shout at ■ passing herder, "A hundred dollars for the first cow that runs in front of me."

The herder wheeled around. "Sold," he said. The restaurant man pulled up his rifle and took sight on ■ leggy beast careening around the corner of the Pantheon; he dropped it at his feet with one shot.

Pierce moved on, eating the last of




"Ge -to think of all the time I wasted slapping you and calling cops!"

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his three apples, and met Ollie Rounds in front of Tanner's saloon. The redhead had a cheerful smile for him. "Wondered what happened to you. What are you doing?"

"Up the creek on a claim."

Ollie Rounds was amused. "You work too fast. Stop once in a while, my friend, and just loaf."

"Luck," said Jeff Pierce, and moved back to Wallace Street in time to see Diana Castle cross to the tent restaurant. When he came near, she discovered him and stopped. "Have you had luck?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "I staked a claim."

She nodded and entered the restaurant. Pierce got his supplies from the stable and returned up the Gulch.

THE tent restaurant was nothing but a series of planks set on wooden horses, with dry-goods boxes for chairs. One man served and one other man, sweating and cranky, worked over a stove at the rear. The meal was beans and bacon and bread and coffee and the price was a dollar. Dessert was stewed prunes dipped out of a stone crock. Being hungry, Diana ate without complaint.

Rising from the table, she remembered what her father had once said: "Back East, where everything is settled and hardened into a pattern, people have forgotten how to be resourceful. Out here that's the main thing—to keep a sharp eye for a chance, and to seize that chance at once."

On impulse she turned to the rear of the tent and stood by the cook. "Why don't you make pies? Men like pie."

"Because," said the cook, never ceasing his rapid moving between stove and serving table, "I ain't got eight arms. I never was much good on pie anyhow."

"You've got flour and dried fruits."

He said, "Can you make pies?"

Her father's remark seemed right in her ear, freshly spoken. She said, "I'll come here in the morning after the breakfast rush. I'll make your pies for a dollar apiece."

"Stove's not big enough. I cook all day."

"I'll get another stove and put it outside the tent."

He said, "That's a bargain. You do it."

She left the restaurant happier than she had been for days.

Turning the corner of Wallace Street, she came against Will Temperton. "Where's Lily Beth?"

"In bed. We made a long drive to get here today and she's tired. We're camped outside of town." He gave her a thoughtful appraisal. "You seem contented."

"I have found something to do. Tomorrow I begin making pies for the restaurant."

"You are pleased with that?"

"I'm pleased with anything I can do."

He nodded and seemed to understand. "I had thought to find better quarters. A tent is not much good for a young girl. The town is crowded."

She said, "I have a log house near the foot of the hill. I simply talked a miner out of it. If you propose to stay here let me have Lily Beth for a while."

"You have changed your mind?"

"Yes," she said. "But it will not be quite the same as you suggested. I want nothing for this. We'll see how Lily Beth and I make out together. Perhaps I can teach her to make pies." She was smiling at the thought, and a deep sense of pleasure showed in her eyes. Temperton watched her with his grave, restrained glance. "She would like it a good deal," he said. "I'll bring her to you in the morning." He lifted his hat and added: "I must find some way of making this right with you."

Ollie Rounds stepped into the Pantheon, paused to locate the prettiest woman and bought his ticket. When the new set began he moved to the floor and claimed Lil Shannon. Most of these miners danced with a kind of grim fury but this man, smiling with his detached amusement, took her fashionably through the waltz. Somewhere he had seen better company than this. But, although she recognized background and breeding, she made no remark concerning it, for in this camp were a thousand men whose pasts were made up of sin and error and broken ties from which they fled and of which they wanted no reminding. It was the first thing a woman in a dance hall learned.

He said, "I might tell you how greatly you are wasting your talents here but I think I won't."

"Why not?" asked Lil Shannon.

"There's too much sober advice in the world. I was brought up on duty and steady inculcations of usefulness and virtue. So now I find the world well lost for frivolity. I have no desire to leave monuments behind me. A fine day to live in, a meal to enjoy, a little drink and the pleasure of a pretty woman. What else is to be asked for?"

He was an engaging man, she conceded to herself, but these ready talkers and these smiling men hid much; mostly they hid from themselves. When the dance ended he escorted her to the bar and paid for drinks. "That's a handsome dress," he said. "If I were owner of a well-filled poke I'd scatter dust on it. It would make a pretty glow."

"Don't let it trouble you," Lil Shannon said. "I have made fifty cents from the dance. We're even."

He gave her a sudden intent look. "You don't like me, do you?"

She was a diplomat. She smiled at him and turned away. "I thought you didn't believe in being serious."

He left the dance hall and turned into Jack Tanner's saloon. He ordered up a drink, remembering that he was close to the end of his money; and he watched the game tables.

Rube Ketchum came into the saloon and paused against a wall and at once Ollie Rounds pressed himself inconspicuously into the crowd and laid his glance on the man. Rube was clearly on the hunt and presently Rube's roving eyes settled on a small miner half drunk at the end of the bar. The miner was at the moment shaking dust out of his pouch to the bar scales; and when he had done that he rolled through the crowd and left Tanner's.

Ollie Rounds slipped out of the saloon, knowing that Ketchum would soon be following the miner, to waylay and slug him. He saw the miner t Wallace Street and fade into town scattered with tents. quickened his stride, crossed dust and skirted the tent re back side. Now running on hi made a quick circle of the nea and paused. Rube Ketchum w be coming up and time got s touched the small gun in his p he did not draw it; and he pl self close to the edge of a ten the miner thresh uncertainly The man was talking to hin reasoning way, he was sayi Tom, turn here and you're all

As he passed the corner o Ollie Rounds stepped behind a forearm around his throat a knee against his back. T made a short cry and begar but by then Ollie had pullec from the miner's pocket. He man a long shove and whip racing between the tents a coming behind a stable on Street.

Here he stopped until his had settled. He pulled his co and stepped into Van Buren tering the nearest saloon. H drink quickly, and as he rais he saw himself in the back-l and at once turned his head

PIERCE cut alders from th draw and rolled them make his hut walls. He laid the walls, layer on layer inte stretched a tarp across the roof. He made a bunk frame bottom, used grass and sage mattress, and tacked an em the wall for his groceries door to it to keep the pack r

This was the work of on first dawn to late dark.

Next day he moved to th his claim and dug aside a s of top earth. He filled a coarser subsoil and moved t Squatting in the water, he spilled the gravel from the pan, working the residue d sand. In that first pan he h sized nugget and a scatte Barney Morris came over pan the rest of the buck a dollar," Barney said. get a little deeper you'll better."

"I'm going up the side and cut in," Pierce said. the river might have bange the rocks and laid down a

"Might have been," ag Morris. "You'll find poc country sometimes. May






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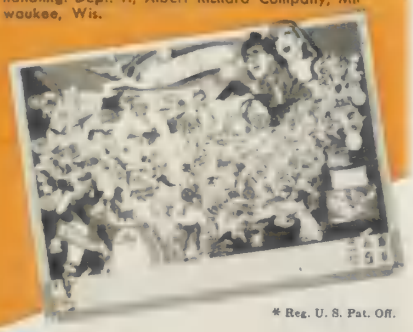
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through it, loudly calling for "Fair play," and for a new trial. One man broke a trail with his shoulders, swinging his gun in the air. "They won't hang Hayes and Buck while I've got breath!"

Somewhere else a sudden commotion sprang up. Pierce stood upon a pile of lumber in time to see Rube Ketchum make a dive at a miner and swing with his fists. Surrounding men moved in, throwing Ketchum back. Ketchum drew his gun and swept a clean circle with it until he stood alone. "Don't touch me, anybody," he said. "Don't touch me. I'm a friend of those fellows. To hell with you yellow ditch diggers!"

"Rube," called an even voice. "Rube, put up the gun." Lifting his eyes, Pierce found a man lying flat on the scaffolding of an incompleted house with a rifle centered on Ketchum. "Rube," he repeated, "put it down and be civilized or I'll fumigate you."

A party of miners drove a team and wagon forward. Biedler and some others boosted the two sentenced men aboard and made a rank around them. "All right—all right," called Biedler, "clear the way. No use talking all day on this." The miners spread and the wagon pitched slowly down the slope toward the gallows constructed at the foot of the street.

SILENCE moved into the town, through which rose the steady beat of a hammer operated by some industrious man who ignored this high drama. Stinson grasped the side of the wagon, shutting his jaws together so tightly that the hard bone ridges turned white. Women from the dance halls scrambled up the hillside for a fairer view and one man's voice called, "So long, boys. It's a damned shame!"

Hayes Lyons, who had laughed at them all now let out a great, choked cry that went up through the silence like a strangled gasp, and suddenly a woman on the hillside began to scream: "Let them live! Don't hang the poor boys! Don't kill them!"

It set off a tremendous crying and moaning among the women. Men began to grumble. A tall, lithe figure leaped to a wagon wheel and wrenched at it; he threw himself into the wagon and seized the reins, bringing the team to a halt. He waved a piece of paper at the crowd. "Let me read this letter Hayes wrote to his mother!"

"Go ahead!"

"Read it—read it!"

Watching this man closely—for it was George Ives—Pierce saw him show deep emotion as he lifted the letter, and cleared his throat:

"Dearest Mother:

I am writing you on my last day on earth. I have been condemned to be hung for a shooting scrape here—something that God knows I repent with all my heart. I guess I went blind crazy. I know I am causing you the greatest grief of your life and if I have not broken your heart before this with my wild ways I expect this will break it now. Tell my sisters that I love them dearly. Tell my brothers to stay away from cards and liquor. I wish I had it to do over again so that I could follow your dear teachings—"

The dance-hall girls were crying in steady, increasing volume. One of them raced down the slope and fell and got up again and pushed through the crowd. She dropped in the dust by the wagon. "Hayes," she cried, "I'll give my life for you! Hayes—!"

The crowd, slowly flooded by this cataract of tears, found a shamed and half-hearted voice. "Hell," said a man, "let 'em live."

"Give him a horse and let him go to his mother!"

"Let's have another trial!"

"No—no! Don't waste no more time. Let's take another vote."

"Another vote!"

Biedler stood grim and formidable on the wagon tongue. "You voted already!"

"Take another vote!"

Biedler tried to speak, but the gathering sentiment swept him away. All he could do was stand and stare. A man got up on the wagon and asked for silence. "All in favor of hanging, walk up the hill. All in favor of letting them go, walk down the road."

"What the hell's the use of walking up a hill!"

The cries of the women continued on, wild and passionate and hard on the nerves. Men screwed up their faces at the sound of it; and men openly cried. Confusion increased around the wagon. George Ives still faced the crowd, gravely holding up his hands in appeal. A self-appointed committee drew another wagon beside the first and a spokesman stepped before the crowd: "Everybody that wants a hanging, go past the outside wagon to be counted! Those against will go past the inside wagon!"

The crowd found this a simple procedure and moved in mass toward the wagons. Barney Morris pushed his way toward the outside wagon and wigwagged at Pierce to follow. But Pierce stood fast. From his place on the lumber pile he saw the crowd swing heavily past the inside wagon and knew that these two toughs would be free. Men, having voted once, slipped through to be counted a second time. A few minutes later Jack Gallegher, Plummer's deputy in the Gulch, sprang up to a wagon seat and yelled, "They're free! Let 'em go!"

LYONS and Stinson jumped from the wagon and were immediately surrounded by their supporters. The woman who had groveled in the dust now laughingly arose and seized Stinson's arm and the dance-hall girls on the hill ceased their wailing and composedly marched toward town. The play was over. Pierce smiled one dark, short smile and joined Barney Morris. George Ives made his way through the crowd, grinning to himself. He winked at Barney and said cheerfully, "We skinned that cat, old man," and afterward he caught sight of Pierce and instantly the cheerfulness turned cold, and he stopped dead. The memory of a defeat came to this arrogant man and the memory stung him. He put his long stare on Pierce, he said, "You're here," and abruptly he wheeled away to join Stinson and Hayes and Gallegher. These four now marched loosely toward Tanner's saloon, surrounded by their partisans. Meanwhile the crowd, surfeited with drama, slowly moved away.

Biedler came up to Pierce and Barney Morris. Biedler was a stocky Dutchman with a bulldog face and a capacity for black anger. He was full of it now, and savagely exclaimed, "They cried for a pair of scoundrels. I wonder if any of them remembered to cry for Dillingham." He had a shotgun in his hand. He banged the butt of it on the ground and he pointed to the gallows at the foot of the street and ground out his observation, "There stands a monument to defeated justice."

Other men gradually joined this group. A tall fellow with a dense black beard arrived and Barney introduced him to Pierce: "This is A. J. Oliver, Jeff. This is Jeff Pierce."

"The gentleman," commented Oliver, "who knocked down Rube. I heard of that."

Presently W. B. Dance came forward with a man of lesser height. This one wore a short set of chin whiskers on a dark, dreaming, melancholy face; and





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d a kind of silence that was as
ve as speech. He stood by, care-
istening and now and then when
men turned the talk his way he
odded or shook his head. Pierce
ed that the group seemed to value
sence.

little while this meeting broke
nd Pierce strolled through Wal-
ith Barney. Barney was in a
tful and depressed mood and
me to time shook his head. "An
man can't expect much from now
e toughs are in the saddle. They
t, too."

was a touching scene," Pierce
bserved. "They're smart people,
, and it is the smart people who
world."

bad—too bad," said Barney.

ER'S, when they passed it, was
l swing. Pierce murmured, "The
are celebrating." Neither of them
thing more during the half-mile
the Gulch. Pierce went on to his
ooked supper, and sat outside
rway in the dark, enjoying a
Riders traveled the Gulch and
ounds of men drifted clear and
ough the bland summer night's
g later, around ten o'clock, he
e advancing scrape of a man's
he rose and stood back against
n wall until he identified Bar-
ris. Barney said in a dropped
et's go inside, Jeff."

llowed him into the cabin and
e door. He lighted a lantern
ed on Barney, now observing
extreme gravity. "Ketchum
ny cabin a little while ago,"
ney. "I know what that means.
nk I've got money, and now
old. I've got to leave."

here," said Jeff.

y're of a notion to get me,
it sooner or later. No, I've
ve." He took out his pipe and
usiness of filling and lighting
natch was steady in his hand

but he was, nevertheless, in the grip of fear. It showed on him. "I'm a marked man, Jeff. I can't ride from here to Bannack without being held up. I can't get on a horse and pull out tonight, either. They're watching. I'll have to sneak off afoot. Maybe I can reach Bannack. Maybe I can get beyond Bannack. Then I'd fall in with some freight outfit on the way to Salt Lake and I'd be tolerably safe."

"Want help, Barney?"

"Yes," said Barney Morris, "I do. Whether I make it through or not, I want my dust to get through. The family can be comfortable on what I've dug out of this country. I'll give you a hundred dollars to carry it to Bannack for me. Nobody's watching you yet. You haven't been here long enough to have any money. So you can ride as you please. Take the dust to Bannack and leave it at Oliver's stage office. I'll start walking tonight. I'll pick the dust up at Bannack, if I have the luck to get there."

"All right, Barney. But I don't want your hundred dollars."

"Why, son, I thought you disbelieved in sentiment."

"I don't believe in anything very much, Barney. But you did me a favor."

"That's more sentiment than you figure," said Barney Morris. He moved to the lantern and turned the wick until the room was half dark. He reached into his coat pockets and hefted out six gold pokes and tossed them on Pierce's bunk. "That's my stake, Jeff. About eight thousand. Forty pounds, more or less, of sweat and trouble—and not as much fun as I thought it would be. I been away from my family too long. Now listen to me. You tell Oliver's agent that if I don't show up in Bannack three days from now to send it on to Mary Morris, Centerville, Ohio."

"I'll think of you under your fig tree in Centerville," said Jeff.

"I like people around me," said Barney Morris. "I don't like to be alone. If I had it to do over again I'd never



"Oh, no, dear! This isn't the man I called 'Old Eaglebeak'; this is Mr. Brown, my boss!" WADE MONROE




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eft my family. The money ain't it. Well—"

k," said Jeff.

older man nodded. He watched a moment, hiding his sentiment, rned back to his own tent. He his lantern in his tent and hunted ncil and paper and composed two

of these was for his wife, which ed and put in his pocket. The as a will, upon which he spent rable time. Afterward he gath- s belongings, though he took that could not be comfortably in his pockets.

ished, as he trudged down the hat he knew more about Pierce. a country like this a man de- almost entirely upon himself. ook little trouble to study oth- efore, when a man really needed had to make a quick guess and faith.

uck the back side of Virginia, to the camp to Doc Steele's scratched on it. The light was and Doc called out: "Come

to trouble you," said Barney. my will. If I show up missing few months this is what I want h my claim."

ctor looked grave. "What's up,

known Doc Steele as long as he n any other man in the Gulch uld not break his attitude of and now only smiled. "Just a forethought. The toughs feel rong. Those two fellows ought een hung."

said Steele, "they should have

night, Doc," said Barney. He ent, turned between the rows wickiups and tents along the f town, and so arrived at the ch climbed Daylight Grade. he top of the grade he stopped his bearings. Central City, hich this road ran, was a quar- orward, but he struck into the oid the town and at last left entirely. As he climbed the es he had certain inexpres- tful thoughts. He was an ed-out man longing for his om he might never again see. of adventure had gone sour, had turned bitter.

ER was a man in Virginia City as Clubfoot George Lane, a who set up a bench in what- the town afforded and did his ook his rather low spot in the without comment; and this thawking through the town, Morris go into Doc Steele's ater come out. Clubfoot fol- il the latter faded beyond rade, then went limping to- Taber's saloon as rapidly as he found Ketchum and passed formation; ten minutes later Steve Marshland and George over Daylight to the crest. e Gulch steadily downgrade to Stinkingwater. This was the annack, and no matter what rney Morris made he would have to come out of the hills to Stinkingwater or the Beaver-

ly breakfast. Pierce saddled nd turned down the Gulch x heavy gold pouches tight- slicker lashed behind the urteen miles from Virginia, ssed from the Gulch into the ter's small valley, ran past s ranch and reached Baker's Baker's he found Ben Scog- in the shade of a wagon and team.

"Why, now," said Scoggins, "I'm pleased to see you again. Where you at?"

"Up the Gulch, near Virginia."

"Virginia's where I'm going," said Scoggins, equably. "After you left I did some trading around. Got this wagon and these horses. Knew I could sell anything in this country. It was just a matter of what kind of goods I could make the best turn on. I got sardines."

"Whole wagonload?"

"Four thousand cans. Sort of a tasty article a hungry miner would buy any time. No waste space—you can crowd a lot of sardines in a wagon. I'll start up the Gulch and I'll just holler as I go. Dollar a can."

"Luck," said Pierce, preparing to go.

"I never bank much on luck," answered Ben Scoggins. He lifted his gray-blue eyes—his shrewd and humorous eyes. "Your wife—she's here?"

"Yes," said Pierce, and went on.

BEYOND Baker's he forded the Stinkingwater and arrived at Dempsey's, which was a stage relay point. The road, nothing more than a pair of ruts in the hard earth, lifted from the Stinkingwater to low bluffs and ran westward over a series of barren, undulating hills. Fourteen miles from Stinkingwater he skirted Copeland's ranch on the Beaverhead and continued to Stone's. Here he stopped and ate noon meal in the roadhouse bar, loafed a comfortable half-hour, and forded the Beaverhead. At three o'clock he came into Bill Bunton's ranch, another relay point for the stages. This was on the Rattlesnake, and Bunton, a long and slack man, came out of a corral to give Pierce a careful sizing up.

"How's the color at Virginia?" asked Bunton. "I hear it is rich dirt."

"Fair, I guess," answered Pierce. "Just came in, myself. This the road to Bannack?"

"Yeah," said Bunton. "Ten miles down that way." The man's eyes inquisitively rummaged Pierce, his horse, and his gear. "Business in Bannack?"

"Just looking around," offered Pierce and moved on. A quarter mile down the road he swung in the saddle to observe that Bunton was still watching him.

The road, moving southwest, took the easy way through a bare, dry country of shallow gulches and dry stream beds,



A. JOHN KAUNUS

through sage and short grass and scattered rock. Pierce struck a creek marked with prospect holes and gravel pile, and turned with it, so coming into Bannack around five that evening. This town had been a year or so established and once had held a considerable population; now it appeared to have shrunken within itself. Born overnight of a gold strike on Grasshopper Creek, it had recently surrendered its vitality to the newer camps in Alder Gulch.

A sign identified Oliver's stage office but Pierce, not wishing to make his mission too obvious, drew up before Durand's saloon and went in for a drink. A hotel stood next door. Going to it—with eight thousand dollars standing at the curb on the back of the horse—he washed, had supper and came to the street to light and idly nourish a cigar while twilight arrived and the citizens of the town sat along the walks, and Durand's saloon began to grow noisy. One gentleman, nicely dressed and with a round face marked by a well-kept mustache, came past him and looked at him, half sharp and half pleasant, and strolled on.

He finished his smoke and rode back to the stage office, which still remained open. He unfastened the thongs holding the slicker, carried it inside and rolled the six heavy gold pouches on the counter before a clerk.

The clerk's reaction was somewhat odd. First glancing at the open doorway, he quickly hauled the gold pouches from the counter and carried them to a safe.

"I'll take a receipt," said Pierce. "That belongs to Barney Morris. He is to claim it as soon as he arrives. If he doesn't arrive within three days you're to ship it to Mary Morris, Centerville, Ohio. You got that?"

The clerk wrote out a receipt in a flourishing, upright hand. "Barney's on the way now?"

"Started last night."

The clerk gave Pierce the receipt. "You're leaving town soon?"

"I'll wait for Barney. He should be along."

"If I were you—" said the clerk, and closed his mouth upon the rest of his advice. Somebody strolled down the walk and turned in; and the neat, round-faced man who had earlier passed Pierce now came forward. He had black clothes and a white shirt and a string tie carefully put together, and he drew out a cigar and smiled on both men pleasantly. "Nice evening, Harry."

"That's right," said the clerk.

THE man turned to Pierce. "I don't think I have met you. My name's Henry Plummer. I'm sheriff of Bannack and Fairweather."

"Pierce," said Jeff, and offered his hand. The sheriff's grip was light and quick. He found another cigar and presented it to Pierce. "I have been giving these out rather freely the last few days, having just been married. From Alder Gulch?"

"Yes," said Pierce.

"Hear you had trouble over there. Dillingham was a fine boy. Makes it difficult for me to know what to do about Stinson. One of my deputies, you know. Hard to believe he'd do a thing like that unless his hand was forced. Boys over there released him, so I guess they figured he had something on his side."

"Suppose," said Pierce, adding nothing, offering nothing. The sheriff had hazel eyes; they scanned Pierce with a light and searching attention. He was smiling and he was cordial. "If there's ever anything I can help you at, let me know," he said, and left the stage office.

The clerk, writing, looked up. "Something else?"

"No," said Pierce, and left the office.

*(To be continued next week)*


# Beneath Our Christmas Tree

Every year on Christmas Eve since
I was just a lad,
We've put a package 'neath our
tree—and marked it: "Love—to Dad."
Just a pound of Edgeworth—though the
cost is really small
Of all the gifts that father gets
he likes it best of all.

Now later on when I grew up, that
famous tin of blue
Appeared beneath our Christmas tree—
*but this time there were two.*
For I had learned, from watching
dad, the joy a pipe can bring.
And trial and error taught me, too, that
Edgeworth was the thing.

Again this year, I'm proud to say,
beneath our Christmas tree,
We're putting gifts of Edgeworth, yes,
*but this time there'll be three.*
For my son has grown to manhood
now, and much to my delight,
He wants a pipe for Christmas
and I'm going to start him right.



Edgeworth is on sale at your dealer's in an attractive log cabin Christmas wrapping.

NOTE: For those pipe smokers who haven't yet discovered the joy of EDGEWORTH, America's Finest Pipe Tobacco, we print this coupon, as a means of getting acquainted.

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212 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia
Please send me, *at your expense*, a generous sample of EDGEWORTH Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

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**HESSON GUARD**
MILANO

All men still hope there's a real Santa Claus!




. . . prove that there is! (You be it!)

GIVE HIM AN

ALLIGATOR Raincoat

Men act pleased and say "thank you" for the usual Christmas knicknacks. But they still hope that some Christmas, someone will care enough to come through with a *real* gift . . . like an Alligator Raincoat. Why not get an Alligator for the man in your life? Your dealer will help you choose the right model. Be sure to look for the Alligator label, "The best name in rainwear." The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

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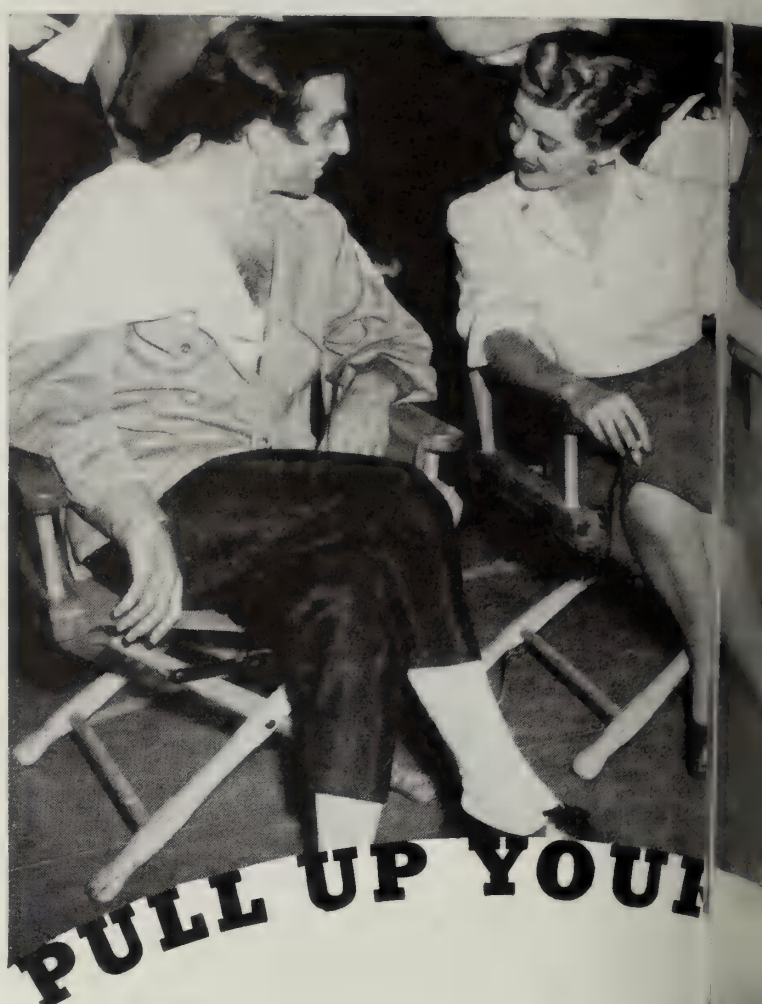


*(Left) The famous "Gold Label" all-weather coat. Impeccably styled, perfectly tailored. Water repellent, $29.50. Weatherstyle Cloth, $25.00. Surain Cloth, $20.50.*

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**The Russian Ballet has been to Hollywood and Hollywood will never be the same place again**

OUT at Warner Brothers there is an assistant director named Wilbur McGaugh, who has had his heart broken. For twenty-five years Mr. McGaugh has been an assistant director, and in that time he has never come off second best. Hundreds of Indians, thousands of cowboys—they have never bothered him. Stars with temperament, stars without temperament, both have been easy. But early this fall he had the misfortune to tangle with the Russian Ballet.

The powers at Warners', in one of those perennial attempts to do something about double billing, decided to make two technicolor short films with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Capriccio Espagnol and Gaité Parisienne. And since the Massine troupe was dancing at the Hollywood Bowl anyway, it seemed a simple matter to herd them out to Burbank, set them loose on a sound stage, and let fly with a camera. Well, it was a simple matter, in fact it all turned out very well for everybody except Wilbur McGaugh.

The actual director of the pictures—in collaboration with Massine, who attended to the choregraphy—was Jean Negelescu, an easy-mannered gentleman whose thick Rumanian accent blended prettily with the Russian chatter. He moved suavely and undisturbed amid the chaos, for a director is a pampered man; he has only one responsibility, and that is to make a good picture.

But Mr. McGaugh had a thousand responsibilities. Anything that goes wrong on a set is the assistant director's fault. He is accountable for time wasted, money spent, actors absent, in fact there is no mishap you can t[hink of] not be blamed on an a[ssistant]

But he is used, on t[he other] a certain amount of [-opera] motion-picture actor [eds no] from an assistant di[rector to] there and act. Rathe[r he can]

But the ballet, no. [In the f] the dancers were brou[t to th] in a large bus which s[topped ju] the gate. The door [is hard] than open when poof, [like mice] out of a box into st[reet. It] scattered in all directi[ons. It to] hours to round them [.]

For the ballet, to [the last] toe, was movie-mad. [to steal] from Chicago is a m[ecca rabid] the boys and girls w[ho make] pirouettes. They were [going to] Davis or know why n[ot.]

On succeeding days [Mr. McG] the bus driven right [to Stage] the door opened dire[ctly onto] trance to the set. Th[e helper]

**The Great M[oment Is Cris]**

Then immediately [the light q] what Hollywood call[ed moraliz] To the corps de bal[let there] assigned one dressing [room for] one for the girls. B[ut the litt] inas, used to the i[ncent] habits of the Metropo[litan Ope] took to wandering i[n the b] and helping them zip [their] Such a situation had [never occ] fore in the history [of Burba] called for one thing-[one cop] McGaugh placed tw[o cops o] boys' room to keep [one girls] place. That, of co[urse, left] tumes unzipped, but [the boys] They pressed the [cops int]

**Première Dan[cer Tar] manova, who [announced h] her heels be[cause of] takes require[d by th]

**like most of the was captivated by he brought over a ch, and here chats Massine on the set**

ne to a question of actual McGaugh had little to The first ballet, Capriccio ch will be released as —was shot entirely on asonable facsimile of a The choregraphy of the us left comparatively in- was merely repeated and peated, in whole and in phenomenally long takes d Tamara Toumanova on her heels.

king for the first couple he horrid suspicion that stry was crazy—a senti- ry returned—grew more d as shooting progressed. chances for nuances of lder and eye that can ed on a stage. He threw himself completely into picture making, worked himself and everybody else to death. Three showers in an afternoon were just barely enough to keep him dry, he drank endless cups of tea, and spoke rapidly in that combination of languages which he fondly believes anyone can understand. "This is a great thing that has happened to the ballet," he said, beating the publicity department to the punch by about ten seconds.

He also managed to transmit his enthusiasm to the other dancers, until in no time at all every ballerina pictured herself a movie star. So much so, in fact, that finally Mr. McGaugh was forced to step in and caution one little girl who in six takes had missed the beat every time but never the smile, "Remember, dear, you're a dancer, not Duse . . ."

Mr. McGaugh's greatest headaches came in keeping the dancers present and presentable. Now it is no great secret that while a movie is shooting there are long stretches of time when the performers are not needed. Lights have to be shifted, props adjusted, and so on,

*(Continued on page 74)*

**OS BY GEORGE BRADSHAW**




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WITH FREE HOT WATER



WHEN IT'S COLD OUTSIDE YOU'RE WARM INSIDE

AN ARVIN HEATED CAR




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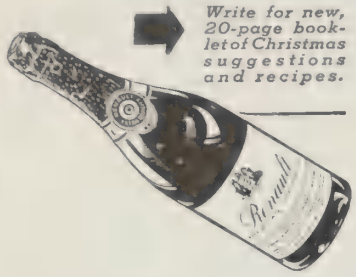

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SCALP CIRCULATION AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

GILBERT Vitalator $8.95

ALSO IN NATURAL PLASTIC OR CHROME $9.95

# My Poor Head

Continued from page 19

I was in no mood. It was too early in the morning.

"Sure," I said. "I guess you made the Statue of Liberty, didn't you? Boy! And I guess you saw me on the 7th Avenue Express and I'm just so fascinating you can't wait to make a statue of me. Boy! And it would be the most wonderful statue in the world and win first prize and you'd be famous. Boy, oh, boy!"

He grinned. "It's an idea," he said. "Let me get a couple of sketches, will you?"

"No!" And I'd have said the same even if he hadn't had good teeth, too.

The train was slowing down for Times Square. He grabbed a piece of paper out of one pocket and a stub of a pencil out of another and scribbled. "There," he said, "in case you change your mind, Saturday afternoon would be all right. I'll pay you. Say five dollars for a couple of hours." The grin got wider. "Just the head, you know."

Oh, I thought; and then the train stopped and the door opened and out I went.

But I kept the piece of paper.

AT THE office—Manning & Co., they make patented buttons, I'm on the switchboard—Lou had called, one of the girls said. I called him back. When he came to the phone he said, "Listen, chicken—what I called for a while ago was to see if you were ready to apologize for last night."

"Apologize!"

"Yeah."

"*Me* apologize? How about *yourself?*"

"Look," he said, "I'll be over tonight."

"No."

"Then I'll meet you Saturday. Usual time, usual place."

"I presume," I said, "that what you mean is do I have an engagement for Saturday afternoon."

"I will meet you Saturday afternoon," he said, "at one-fifteen in the P. M. at the elephant cage in Central Park. And don't be late."

"It just so happens, *Mister* Hopper," I said, "that I have an engagement for that particular time of the day Saturday. Maybe next time if you would make your request a few days in advance—Hello? Hello? Hello?"

All right, I thought. All right. Okay.

IF ONE brownstone can possibly be older than another brownstone, then the one I found Saturday afternoon was the great-grandpop of all of them.

Four floors, and dark going, and that old-carpet smell the whole way. But Kelley never turns back, especially not when turning back would be having lied, or when she's still sore about something, or when she could certainly use five bucks toward a new spring suit.

I knocked on the door at the top, and somebody yelled, "It's not locked," and I turned the knob and sure enough it wasn't, and I opened the door. Nobody in sight. The room was big and it had a skylight and it was full of junk. Old pieces of rock and stuff, and platforms, and busted plaster, and buckets, and sacks, and rags, and tools, and I don't know what. And statues. Some of them were just parts of statues, but there was a whole girl standing up, doing nothing, and a woman sitting on a rock staring at nowhere. They didn't even have names scratched in the stuff around the bottom. I mean, if a statue's named Joan of Arc, or Victory Leading General Sherman, you know where you are with it. And the faces: they all looked half asleep, or like they'd just been hit over the head.

While I was standing there he came in from another room. He still had on that same faded blue shirt, and some even older pants, and a pair of dirty sneakers, and he was eating a sandwich the size of a tombstone. I remember noticing then how big and strong his hands were.

"Hello," he said, just as if girls he picked up on the subway walked in every hour, on the hour. "Take off your hat and sit over there." He waved the sandwich at a chair over on a sort of platform.

I did it.

"No. Sit easy. Cross your legs. Put your hands in your lap. Look down at 'em."

So I did, and he walked around me a couple times, eating the sandwich. Then he went and got another straight chair and a folder or something with some paper fixed onto it, and an old box full of odds and ends of pencils. Did it all in one trip, too, by carrying the sandwich in his mouth. Then he sat down and started drawing, of all things.

"What's so special about my face?" I said.

"Sit still."

I did, for as long as I could. Then I asked him again.

"Nothing in particular," he said. "I happened to like it. Fine head. Sit still." He pulled off a drawing and dropped it on the floor, face up.

"Is that supposed to look like me?" I asked.

"Looks more like you than you look like yourself."

"But it's sort of round and thick, and my face is oval. I mean, I hope you don't mind my—"

"Don't you ever sit still without talking?"

I said, "Maybe if *you* talked."

"Oh, all right. What about?"

"Well, for instance, this head—what's it for?"

"For? Nothing. There's a show I might try to get it ready for."

"Think it'll get first prize?"

"Oh, they don't give prizes."

"They *don't?*"

"No. Just show 'em."

"Then what's the point?"

He looked up from his paper. "My dear," he said, "you've got me there."

He made three or four more drawings—"studies" he called them—and dropped them on the floor. When I got too restless he talked to me.

After a while all of a sudden the door opened and a girl came in carrying a couple of big bags of groceries. Now, of course, personally I do not have a maid, and probably never will have if I live to be a trillion, but it doesn't take much experience to tell whether a maid's a good one or a bad one, especially when she doesn't brush her hair—it was black and stringy—and when she weighs a hundred and sixty if she weighs an ounce, and doesn't wear a girdle, and when she's got on a pair of shoes run over at the heels, and you can tell just looking at her that the corners of the rooms never get cleaned, or the bed made right, and—well, I mean nobody but a man, and a man like poor Noel Brown at that, would put up with it for a minute. Pathetic!

But her face was what I didn't like most. It was about the color of old olives, and her eyes were little and black and too close together, and she had a button nose and her lips— the only word I could think of was insolent.

"My little girl had a bad cough from her cold. Results from Foley's wonderful. Cough gone. She's playing again." Mrs. Harold Steinbach, Michigan City, Indiana.



Mommy, I Quit Coughing ALREADY!

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If your child has a cough from a ... your youngster the *quick results* forr FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR COUGH It's the cough syrup specially adapte dren; delicious, gentle-acting, does not child's digestion, contains no narcotic

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Waist measure .....

My Name .....
Address .....
City .....

h waddled across the room toward
r took it the kitchen was, carry-
t bags of groceries, and went on
kitchen.
't think. I just came out with
y," I said, "speaking of faces!"
have kicked myself, but she
have heard.
Brown looked up. "What? Oh.
Mmm."
the kitchen there was a crash.
t: Oh!
moment Noel Brown seemed
l. Then he scratched his ear
crayon. "Mmm," he said.
?" I said.
ng . . . Getting tired?"
le," I said. I was about to die.
an keep it up a while longer,
nt me to."
s a darling," he said. . . .

quite a while before I saw Lou
After I didn't meet him at the
cage, naturally he ought to
ned me that very night and
and yelled around and ended
gging me to see him the next
d I might have done it, too.
didn't cool down enough to
Tuesday, and by that time I
y sore myself, and that gave
le new thing to be sore about,
n, and with one thing and an-
as Sunday before I saw him.
Sunday.
ile, I posed again. Sat, that
awings this time—clay. There
er clay thing there he'd been
n, too, a new one, about half
and you couldn't tell much
t, it was just gobs, but it was
down on one knee with the
and on the ground, and when
to know what she was sup-
t be looking for, Noel Brown
d said oh, she was looking at
oor guy. But I sat better
nd it was easier because we
other better, and I actually
without remembering about
cks. On the way downstairs
t Maria, with the groceries
I said very nicely, "Hello,
d she just grunted.
s that was what I was think-
ing about the next day, Sunday, while I stood watching the elephants and waiting for Lou. I was thinking that the next time I saw Noel Brown we would be well enough acquainted for me to mention a thing or two about servants. I didn't notice Lou come up.

"Hey," he said, "what were you thinking about? You weren't even watching for me."

"Oh, nothing."

I put my hand under his arm, and we went over to Fifth and walked up to the zoo.

"Look, chicken," he said, "I've been thinking. I've been thinking a lot in the last few days. And the way I figure it out, maybe, after all, the least people can do right now is show they got confidence, and go ahead living." He sort of gulped. "That is, no matter what happens there've got to be families and—and kids and so on, to take things in hand afterward. That is, if there aren't any kids, who'll be President fifty years from now? I ask you."

He stopped then. He was breathing hard and looking excited, I remembered later, like a man that's just announced he is willing to go over a waterfall in a barrel. He waited for me to say something. And I said something, all right.

"Oh, I don't know, Lou," I said, "maybe at times like this people ought to put their personal affairs off a while."

He looked at me as if I had gone nuts. And as for me, the word for what I was, is "aghast." I couldn't have been more aghast if all of a sudden I had changed into one of the zoo elephants. The silence went on and on. Then Lou stuck his jaw out.

"All right, now," he said. "Let's have it. What's going on behind my back?"

"Lou!"

"Why didn't you meet me last Saturday afternoon? Why didn't you meet me yesterday?"

"I model," I said.

"You *what?*"

"I model."

"What for?"

"If you mean who for, a sculptor named Noel Brown."

He looked at me hard, for a long time. Then he looked at one of the eagles in



"We used to always think he was sick too— but it's just that he says, 'Pur-r-r-r' backwards"

ERNIE SARZA







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***Relief!*** Splash those sore and aching muscles with Absorbine Jr. It speeds the blood flow through these muscles to carry away fatigue acids. This helps reduce swelling—ease pain and stiffness. Then your muscles can relax again. Keep Absorbine Jr. handy. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. FREE SAMPLE—write W. F. Young, Inc., 201W Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

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a cage, out by the seals. Then he said:

"All right. I won't ask any questions. And I won't hold it against you. Just never see this guy again, and we'll forget the whole thing."

"Lou! Why, you talk as if . . . as if he was making passes at me, or something!"

"I'm sorry. I take it back. So all right, he's not making passes at you. So he's crazy. So you can just not see him again and that's the end of it."

"Well, Lou," I said, "I can't exactly not see him again, because he needs me to finish the thing he's working on. You don't understand, Lou. All he cares about me is, he thinks my face is very interesting. Why, he's just like a child, Lou."

"Yeah? Is he a good sculptor? Famous?"

"Not really famous, I guess, no."

"Will you not see him again, or not?"

"Lou—"

"Take it or leave it," he said, and from the way he said it there was no doubt. It was one of those things, ultimatums. And I wasn't in the mood.

"All right, Lou! All right, if you insist, yes, it is too bad Noel Brown doesn't make passes at me!" I would have been aghast all over again, at saying that, if I'd stopped to think. I didn't stop. "It's too bad *somebody* doesn't, anyway! Sitting around practically an old maid, year after year! And then when you finally do begin to wake up a little, what do you do? You creep up on it with *reasons!* You're willing to marry me so there'll be somebody to be President in 1990. Boy! Well, it so happens I'm not interested in reasons! And even without reasons, I'm not so sure any more! Once I was sure, but now we'll have to see. And meanwhile, I warn you, I'm going to have other interests in my life, and if you don't like it, *Mister* Hopper, you—"

But he was gone. The last I saw of him he was walking the fastest I ever saw anybody walk, swinging his arms like windmills, going past the seal pool.

FOR a girl who likes to know where she is with herself, the question was, why had I said those wild, wild things? Was it *possible* . . . ?

But of course the first night I just plain cried. About Lou. And the next night. And the night after that, too, not so long—but just as *hard,* you understand, while I was crying.

From then on, the rest of the week, I waited for Saturday, and Saturday at one-thirty I was going up those dark steps.

The door to his apartment was locked. And there was a note thumbtacked on it: "Sue, sorry not in, would you mind leaving a number where I could phone you?"

I did, and went down and over to the bus and took a bus ride. You silly thing, I said to myself on the bus, just because a man calls you "darling" a couple of times, in a very offhand way indeed, and writes you a note in the line of business and starts it "Sue" instead of "Miss Kelley" or "Dear Madam" . . .

If the week before was Cry Week, this one was Wait for the Phone to Ring Week. And it didn't.

Don't ask me how long it went on like that. Forever. Ages. A whole week more, and by that time if you had asked me how much was two and two, I would have broken into little bitty pieces. And at the office I was messing my job all up, and I guess I would have gone gradually crazy, and not even known *that* if the letter hadn't come.

Only it wasn't a letter. It was an envelope, a big square white one made out of thick paper, and inside there was an announcement. The Museum of Today's Art Requests the Honor of Your Presence at the Private Opening of an Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting and Sculpture.

The next Wednesday, eight to eleven. And there were two tickets, too, and in ink at the bottom of the announcement: Compliments of Noel Brown.

I thought: Oh, how sweet, a surprise!

THE extra ticket I sent to Lou. I didn't know whether he'd use it or not, but I wanted him to know once and for all that Noel Brown was a real sculptor, with things in shows. And if he was interested in using the ticket and seeing my face done by a fine artist, he could do that too. I didn't care what he did.

The exhibition was in a big new building, mostly glass, like a factory, just off Fifth Avenue. I walked past a couple of times, trying to look in and size the place up, then I gave my ticket to the man at the door and walked in.

Everybody was in little bunches, talking and smiling and wandering around. Most of them were dressed, lots of the men in tails, and there were corsages all over the place, and they all seemed to know one another and not to want to make any new friends, especially; so I wandered around by myself.

In the middle of the lobby, or whatever you call it, there was a tremendous statue of a man wrestling, only not wrestling *with* anybody. The rest of the room was filled with Who's Who. People you see in the papers all the time, and actresses on the stage, and a lot of men I didn't know, but they must have been somebody to go out in public with such funny faces, and reporters and a couple of photographers. Nobody I knew.

I thought as good a thing as any, till Noel showed up, was to follow that bunch of people around, at a sort of a distance. Maybe I wanted to try to hear what they said when they came to my head. So they straggled into another room, with a lot of paintings on the walls and a couple of statues—one of a dancer and one of a man's head, but not me—and I tagged along, and they stood around looking and talking and then went on to another room. There were lots of rooms, made with movable walls.

After a while they had cleaned up the first floor, and went upstairs. I went too. First there was another hall with a statue in it that wasn't *anything,* unless it was a bunch of brass bananas caught in a trap. But nobody laughed. The photographers took a couple of pictures of everybody not laughing.

THE next room was a biggish one with more paintings on the wall and a statue in the middle. I couldn't see the statue at first because there were so many people, but for a minute I got a glimpse, and I saw it was plaster, and it looked kind of familiar, and then the people moved and I got a good view, and it was me, all right.

My face, life-size, or anyway what Noel Brown thought was my face. And to tell the truth, the way he had finished it up it sure enough did look an awful lot like me. And in spite of a different hair-do, too, though it wasn't a hair-do exactly—just lumps; and in spite of its being still practically round, instead of oval like my real one.

But I guess when you came right down to it he practically *had* to make my face fat, if it was going to fit in with the rest of the statue. I mean, if it was going to go with the body.

Because it wasn't just a head. There was a body attached.

I must have made some kind of a sound because a couple of the people turned and looked at me, and I turned away quick.

Of course it wasn't *my* body. Of course I mean it couldn't have been, not possibly. What it was, only bigger, was that other thing he'd been working on,




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nan with her hand down on the
And he'd made her so big!
here. All over. Great tremen-
ms and legs and—well, I'd just
ot think about it, that's all.
ed over to the side of the room
tended to be looking at a paint-
e. I was all confused. I was
ng at once. I didn't know what
All I wanted was to get myself
l to sneak out of there, and
being so concentrated on that
reason I didn't see the other
ho had come into the room.

st one I saw, out of the corner
eye, was Noel Brown. I didn't
w long he'd been there. He was
one of the people in tails, only
have tails on, himself. He had
l tux that must have been sec-
from a drummer in a bad band.
me looking at him, and waved
ed, as much as to say he'd be
oon as he got through talking
man—but I didn't know
wanted him to or not. I didn't
it I wanted. To be dead, maybe.
dn't have made any difference
ecided to do, though, because
't have had time. Because just
eard the people in the crowd
louder, and I turned around,
walking toward the statue in
e, and going fast, I must say,
eight, or for any weight, was
r-name, the girl that cooked
-Maria.
s wearing a print dress that
y the wrong thing for her, and
n nose of hers was twitching,
ittle eyes were popping, and
were tight together, and you
heavy people do when they
there are bouncy places, and
sight.
dy stood where he was.
l, for a minute. Then he
vard her.
was too late.
a big handbag with her and—
in't actually see it happen. I
dy did. Because just when
t to happen one of the pho-
popped his light, and then
d then another and there was
of a sort of thud, and between
of light I saw the head falling
statue and then I heard an-
and then the flashes stopped
n as my eyes got adjusted
could see everything there
ad, my own poor head, lying
all smashed.
unny feeling—I don't think I
ch a sick funny feeling.
as standing there swinging
if she wanted more statues
nd she was yelling.
e yelled across the room at
. "Yes, now I get it! Now
you sent me away for a
face isn't good enough for
statues, is it?" She poked
e broken plaster. "Well,
t I think of that cute little
's what I think of it!"

ld have thought he would
led away in shame, but no,
g to a reporter, and then he
orter's arm and steered him

e girl who sat for the head,"
san Kelley. Well, Sue," he
o you feel about it? When
our head on somebody

the photographers were
of me, trying to tell me
d how to look, and when I
of it they started popping
anyway, and the reporters
me where I lived, and
t coming and the last thing I
l, looking like he had found
under the Christmas tree,

and then, because a girl, even when it's me, can stand so much, down I went, and out.

When I came to I was sitting up and there were people around. But there was somebody closer, and his arm was around my shoulders, and it wasn't an arm in black cloth, either, or even midnight blue, it was good old twenty-nine-fifty herringbone, and it had a very nice comfortable, usual feel, and I opened my eyes wider and there it was—Lou's own face, bones and freckles and all, looking like he was about to bust somebody in the nose, but not me.

"Hey, chicken," he said. "Are you okay? Are you okay, chicken?"

"Lou," I said. "Get me up, will you? Get me out of here."

He helped me up, and all the people said, "Are you all right?" and Lou said, "Certainly she's all right. You got eyes, haven't you?"

And he took my arm and we went out of the room and downstairs.

All I could think of was explaining to Lou, quick. "Lou," I said, "only the head—"

"I know," he said. "I got eyes, haven't I?"

"Oh, Lou," I said.

Down in the lobby Lou went to get his hat at the checkroom and I leaned against a big square post trying to make my head stop going around. And while I was leaning there some people passed on the other side of the post.

"Nice work," Noel Brown said.

"My heart was in it," Maria said.

"Means thousands," he said. "Thousands!"

They went on toward the door. I peeked around the post. He held the door open for her, and as she went through ahead of him he gave her a pat, and where he patted her was where no gentleman pats a lady.

But, of course, I knew before that. When she was barging up to smash the head of the statue and I realized where the rest of the statue came from, well, right then I knew it was probably just as well I hadn't got to the point of telling Noel Brown he ought to give Maria the old two weeks' notice, because that was when I saw that Maria was no more a maid around that place than Whirlaway was. She lived there.

I MEAN, some people are just common ordinary heels, and other people there isn't any word for. I guess it was all right for Noel Brown not to tell me the head wasn't just going to be a head. It wasn't any of my business. To him, I wasn't a person. I was just a hunk of stuff sitting on a chair for him to make studies of.

And it was all right having Maria do that act, and give that fake speech about being sent away, and so on. Thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of publicity was what he wanted. It was a smart way to get it, I'll say that for him. Especially when he didn't plan it from the beginning, but only thought of it that day Maria dropped the things in the kitchen, which is the way I figure.

But to drag me into it. To use me the way he did, actually *use* me, a human being—

Lou says we will live on the upper West Side because the air is better there and it's handy for us both to get to work, and, of course, after the way I treated him I would live among the bears in the Bronx Zoo if he said so. So I will simply have to keep on taking 7th Avenue expresses, and maybe after a while I will learn to do it without wincing.

Just one thing, though: If we have any children, which naturally we are going to, and if any of them turn out not to be future Presidents, but a girl, we move. Too many things happen on that line.


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# HAIL AND FAREWELL

**By Frank Graham**

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



**When a fighter is overm the only thing to do is If Joe didn't know th wouldn't be where he i**

JOE was twenty-nine and feeling old whe Marcia. A man shouldn't feel old at twe but the chances are he will if he has bee for ten years and has crawled in and out ropes a couple of hundred times and a lot things have happened to him, such as his running off with all his fresh dough.

Everybody said it was wonderful, the re between Joe and his manager. Just like f son, they said. Well, it was at that, becaus known Johnny Martin since he was a kid s the sidewalks and he never had had anot ager and never wanted another. But Johr gambler and liked the dames and he al broke and this time there was a new dan stuck on. So after Joe fought Eddie Val ir den, Martin and the dame left town and M Joe's money with him.

Joe hadn't looked so good against Val a tough Polish kid with a hard head and a and Joe had almost broken his left hand ho on the chin. And then he had been sticki the belly and a couple of his punches had and he had lost a couple of rounds on foul soaked up his punches and come belting round after round, and he had been lucky a decision. The boxing writers said he c good and was slowing up and one of the piece saying that new blood was needed i dleweight division.

The fellow who wrote the piece was rig knew it and he was feeling old and not ca when he met Marcia and she was stuck c he knew that, too. Well, she wasn't the that was stuck on him. The first rich c Rich dames go for fighters, and Joe had ha of them. None of them had lasted long, wh right with him because they bored him af and he didn't remember half of them.

MARCIA was twenty-two but she didn't cause she was such a little thing ar cheekbones and big eyes made her look l She was with Freddy Gorman, a young had met in the Madison Square Garde night Joe Louis fought Nathan Mann. Sor invited him into the club and he had r there and they had seen each other once since then and had become rather friend

This night Joe had just heard about M ing with his dough and he dropped in club for a drink and Freddy and a girl at the bar. He nodded to Freddy and drink and Freddy called him over and him to the girl and that was Marcia. couple of drinks at the bar and Freddy sa going to have dinner there and asked him eat with them. He said he would becaus had loosened him up a little and he didn plans for the evening, anyway. They mo a table and had two more drinks and a st felt better than he had when he came i

Marcia hadn't said much but she ha him a couple of times across the table said:

"I saw you fight last night."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Why are you sorry?"

"Because I was lousy."

"I didn't think so."

"Ask him."

"No," Freddy said. "I didn't thin lousy. You were in there with a tough

"He's tough, all right," Joe said. have looked better."

He smiled at Marcia. "I'm getting

Her eyes widened. "Old!" she said look old to me."

"I am old. I'm twenty-nine."

She laughed. "Then I'm getting o said. "I'm twenty-two."

"Twenty-two," he said. "I was twe But that was a long time ago." *(Continue on page*

**They got their things and went down and out to the elevator and none of th saw them go or paid any attention t**

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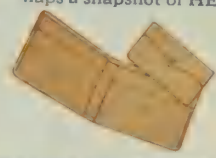
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# Pull Up Your Tights, Kids

Continued from page 67

a thousand causes for delay. The little dancers, catching on to this in no time, found that for the price of a short walk they could see Henry Fonda in the flesh making The Male Animal, James Cagney in the flesh making Captains of the Clouds, or Errol Flynn in a uniform making an epic. Now all that is admittedly fascinating business, and the dancers, while watching, would sit on things, lean against things, and chew their lips, so that when finally they remembered to come home to Mr. McGaugh, their costumes would be dusty and wrinkled, their make-up all to one side. Then when Mr. McGaugh would go into his expected frenzy, they would withdraw in little groups, stare at him intently and gabble in Russian until finally he showed signs of breaking. Then they would fix their lips, brush off their skirts and go into their dance.

The explanation for these antics is fairly simple. Ballet dancers are accustomed to the discipline which an audience—a live audience—demands of them. But a movie set is one of the most informal places in the world, everyone on it down to the last property boy is a gag-man, jokes are obligatory. The holiday air never stops, except—and it is a big except—when the bell rings and the red light goes on for a take; then everybody goes to work and hard to work. It takes a little time for any performer to get used to these sudden shifts. The ballet, of course, got used to it, but at the expense of Mr. McGaugh's nervous system.

### Hollywood Goes Overboard

There was also a second direction from which trouble came to Mr. McGaugh, and that was from the movie people themselves. Hollywood is admittedly the great bastion of glamor; from behind its walls glamor is shot out to the rest of the world as balls of fire, flaming arrows or boiling oil. Well, that satisfies the rest of the world, but how about Hollywood itself? What does Hollywood turn to when it needs to satisfy its own congenital need for glamor, for mystery and romance?

It seems that what it turns to is the Russian Ballet.

During the filming of Gaité Parisienne you couldn't trip over a cable without falling at the feet of at least one $4,000-a-week personality. And, understand, that is an unusual condition. Movie stars do not visit one another's sets. To put it kindly, they wouldn't walk across the street to see a fellow actor break his neck.

But on the ballet set all was different. Eleven pictures were shooting at the time and eleven assistant directors were going quietly out of their minds trying to get their actors—and in some cases even their directors—back to work.

The "King's Row" company waited two hours before they found Ann Sheridan, blissfully oblivious of time, behind a pile of old scenery. Cagney rushed over between every take. Flynn appeared regularly, with his boots on. Bette Davis brought a chair with her. And Charlie Chaplin showed up early and stayed late.

Well, in any case there is a certain confusion on a set. Just the people who have to be around—wardrobe, make-up, property, camera, lights—they make considerable tumult in themselves, but add a few hundred sightseers and you have the nucleus of bedlam. So Mr. McGaugh had to close the set and put policemen at the door.

But of course a closed set is only comparatively closed. You can keep the unimportant people out, but you can't keep Jack Warner out, you can't keep Olivia de Havilland out, nor can you keep Monty Woolley out.

Mr. Woolley was rather a touching case. For ninety-one weeks he had been a star on Broadway in The Man Who Came to Dinner, he was now, at a very fancy figure, repeating his performance before the camera. He liked the ballet and wanted to watch it dance. But to the cops on Stage 18 he was merely a man with a beard. No persuasion would make them pass him.

He tried everything. He sneaked in, he blustered his way in, he got Bette Davis to take him by the hand, but each time he was discovered and boom, out he went, with no apologies.

But Mr. Woolley had not been a professor at Yale for nothing. After some hesitancy, he decided to use his head. So walking boldly past the cops, who naturally stopped him, he pointed to the call sheet.

Now the call sheet is a piece of white paper on which is listed everyone who has legitimate business on a picture. Everyone from the producer to the last extra. Naturally, in a musical picture, the name of the composer is on it. So



Mr. Woolley pointed to the name of the composer, "Offenbach," he said, "see that?" The policeman looked and saw. "Offenbach," said Mr. Woolley, "I'm Offenbach."

From then on he watched the ballet at will and in peace.

By the second week of shooting, Mr. McGaugh was visibly shaken. Ordinarily a spruce, well-combed, well-pressed, shoes-shined type of man, he had begun to wilt. His coat was off, his hair mussed, his suspenders loose, and his voice was so far gone that he had to use a public-address system to make his hoarse whispers heard in the far corners of the set.

Gaité Parisienne was not made in a single scene, but in five sets: the various rooms, anterooms, exteriors, etc., of a Paris restaurant, a change which required rearrangement of the original choreography. Well, in the rearrangement, one sequence was shot in such a way that two of the little ballerinas were cut out of the action. So Mr. McGaugh, who abhors waste, instructed them to stand on a balcony and watch the dancing. "You know," he said, "look interested in what's going on."

Well, the little ballerinas didn't go for that at all. They were dancers. They didn't want to look interested. They explained in purest Russian that the whole thing amounted to a crisis and that Mr. McGaugh might as well face it. But Mr. McGaugh m ly to them by the hand, led them u nto t balcony and left them.

The rehearsals went well. ne ha lerinas looked moderately ereste The scene seemed ready to sh .

### The Man Who Couldn't in

Then came the take. It w a lo take, intricate and beautifu time and it seemed to be going per tly, u til suddenly Mr. McGaugh ha ened look up at the balcony.

There were the ballerina looki interested, very interested, act their parts well. Indeed they are fin except for this one particular n a se ting of a nineteenth-centu Fren restaurant they were drink ; Coc Cola out of bottles.

Mr. McGaugh moans wh he members it. "There were hundr and thirty-five electricians c that s getting ninety-four cents an our. had five hundred dollars' wo of tec nicolor film going through th amer And then he closes his eye "Sab tage, that's what it was, abote They're Reds, they're Russia , they I.W.W.'s."

After that Mr. McGaugh w a beat

man. From then until the sh of picture he moved, wan-face in a d He usually sat in a chair un they ready for a take, then he wo d call "Come on, kids, pull up r tigh That was all the authority dared sume.

But the ballerinas, as is y nat after a triumph, developed ertain fection for Mr. McGaugh. hey c tered around him and pli him candy which they shouldn ave b eating and which he didn ike. just to give the knife a fina urn in wound, they talked to him ncessa in very understandable E ish.

Finally, of course, there as an to it all. The picture was ished the ballet left immediatel or Der to start a tour. Mr. McGau got a night's sleep and rose u r the sumption that he had sha n the Russian out of his hair.

But he was wrong, very ong. haunted him even from D er.

Mr. McGaugh, you see, d exp accounts to check over l app And on one of the sheets, ist tur in by a ballerina who o ously taking no chances, Mr. Mc ugh fo an item he still can't belie But t it was, in black and white: Offering nine masses. Said for the cess o motion pictures made b the B Russe."

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# Be Fair to France

Continued from page 18

nch village a new leader will a new France will answer his can say this in no rhetorical t soberly, remembering what Other lands have talked as ut democracy, but none has deeply about it, nor under- clearly the philosophy which any true liberty or equality or

e bitter times the famous the Revolution sounds sar- no formula more accurately hose humane qualities of the ople. Liberty to the French all freedom of thought, un- curiosity, unchecked logic. a privilege to which every in- entitled, popular education ncludes some excellent train- rt of thinking. In most coun- y a course in philosophy at other men have thought; study philosophy in order to thoughts of their own. They ree; there is no intellectual on. Nature and human na- ll of contradictions, which a would rather understand but from this broad charity uess his personal system of e may lead an austere life st of Rabelaisian neighbors ming self-righteous or criti- a moral creature he must m of choice, and so must this moral freedom he is it.

t get out of his head that eedom is secured by pro- th, and he is convinced that t and most lasting wealth is of human labor on the soil. ntries there is a love of the some cases a very different ve. The Frenchman is a a hunter. He likes to make he likes harvests, he likes and vineyards. When he own food and feed his fam- s he is free.

sent distress the censorship e in silence, but even if the we should probably hear int or appeal for sympathy, no attempt to masquerade champion of civilization. r was much of a sob sister, ic sense prevents her from uplifter, at least while she s a lift. But we may be ny a hot argument goes on chens, fixing the blame for planning how to get out of ir hands are no longer tied t, and their fiercest wrath directed against Germans. and avowed enemy, they y, is something that is to be th and to be prepared

### stotle Was Right

France is a philosophical ther than a benefit con- v. The individual is enti- t and, unless he insists on it is his. France believes r race; she approves of no tries to dominate others, hen the domination is said good. The French people e control of their national u and I have little control mething happens to the those who are elected to tle pointed out this peril government. Much power ad.

y of dealing with govern- ecome irresponsible is to get up a revolution. One explanation of her surprising collapse may be that Hitler chose to attack just as the people were preparing to revolt. They were tired of racketeering in politics, in the labor unions, in the departments of national defense. Don't condemn them before you are sure that their condition at the moment was different from our condition now.

Fraternity is a very French word, and the Frenchman gives it a meaning which you understand completely only if you have lived in France. It is closely connected with the French ideal of good manners. Etiquette, the Frenchman believes, is a technique for getting where you want to go; if your purpose in society is to be friendly and brotherly, as befits equals, you'll need a lot of technique.

### What Fraternity Means

The Frenchman knows how to put an idea clearly in words; no one can do it better. He also knows that every moment brings us sentiments, affections, admirations or judgments which should be expressed not in words but in manners.

The French farmer or workman has a richer technique for this complete expression of life than have most members of the upper classes in other lands. Without such an equipment in subtle manners, companionship is impossible. For this reason fraternity among us is only an abstract noun, but in France it is an atmosphere.

Of course, you can't acquire a high technique of good manners unless you understand human nature; you probably won't try to acquire it unless you feel that all men are your equals. Being a gentleman is easy, if to be a gentleman is merely to be a snob, reserving your graciousness for other snobs who, having no range of sensitiveness, won't know whether you are gracious or not, and won't care so long as you are like them. Frenchmen have their faults but they are not snobs. They are trained to appreciate simple joys, which are available to poor and rich; whether rich or poor they are taught the same manners, which are their common language.

You can't acquire this language, you won't try to, unless you have a zest for all the situations likely to arise in life, and unless you are curious about the right key for every problem. French curiosity about life is boundless.

The qualities I have tried to describe are the qualities of the forty-two millions in France and of the two million French captives in Germany, all in bondage. I rejoice that England, by comparison, has suffered little. I'm glad that our aid has saved England from suffering more. But I'm sorry when an occasional Englishman suggests that France, too, is not deserving of sympathy and aid.

With all respect for those British qualities which are excellent, I reject entirely the cruel and ignoble opinion that France in her agony deserves no more pity than Joan got at the Rouen stake.

I am far from alone in believing that the French are still the most civilized and the most intelligent people in our Western world, perhaps the most tenacious and long-enduring. I think we shall sit at their feet again, to learn certain lessons of the mind and heart which no others have mastered so profoundly or can teach so well. If our faith in them, meanwhile, has faltered, or if we have for a moment forgotten them, may we feel ashamed.




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## Voice of Russia

Continued from page 14

Press conferences with Lozovsky lack the spontaneous humor and gaiety of a White House conference. There is little of the usually good-natured, sometimes acrimonious, discussions of a Brendan Bracken press conference in London.

Usually there are twelve of us seated around a long table. There are three Communist reporters, five Americans, three British and one South American. It is a large, pleasant room with pictures of Lenin and of Stalin looking down upon us. The press conference opens. We can ask any questions we wish. Lozovsky nearly always sticks to Russian and some of our more linguistically talented colleagues translate for us. A typical exchange of questions and answers took place this afternoon.

### Discussion But No News

Thilia Jordan, News Chronicle of London (speaking in French): "Mister Vice-Commissar, yesterday I handed in my daily story at noon. It did not clear the censor until seven hours later. As it takes several hours sometimes for our stories to reach London I think it not unreasonable to ask you either to add more censors or to ask the present ones to hurry with their jobs."

Lozovsky (looking sympathetic and taking off his rimless glasses, answers in Russian): "That's unfortunate. We will try to do something about it."

Jordan (turning to Robert Magidoff, the AP man who knows Russian):

"What did he say?"

Magidoff tells him.

Henry Shapiro of the United Press: "The Russian papers say today that City B, near Leningrad, has been recaptured by the Red army. Will you identify City B?"

Lozovsky: "Please speak Russian."

Shapiro repeats in Russian.

Lozovsky (gently reproving as one talks to a child): "Mister Shapiro, if the papers wanted you to know what town it was they would have named it."

Si Sulzberger of the New York Times (speaking Serbian): "The BBC reports that some Japanese fishing boats were blown up by Russian mines. What about that?"

Lozovsky: "What do the Japanese papers say about it?"

Sulzberger: "I don't know."

Lozovsky: "I don't know either."

Arch Steele of the Chicago Daily News: "The German radio says that the Nazi troops are pouring through the southern front almost to Moscow. Any truth in that?"

Lozovsky (smiling): "Mr. ... know the German radio. Ca... believe it? As for Goebbels... that if loud braying counte... thing the ass would be king ... mal world."

And so it goes. When non... think of any more questions ... answered Lozovsky arises, sa... goodby and the conference i... of that, plus the two brief ... muniqués, correspondents ha... news stories. The paucity of ... ing out of Russia these diffi... in no way due to any lack of ... part of correspondents here. ... correspondents, men like Si ... Wally Henry Shapiro, A... Henry Cassidy, Robert M... Denis McEvoy are as good ... dustrious as any group of ... the world. The lack of nev... entirely by the Soviet attit... news. The fact that Soviet c... stricter than that of any othe... in the world is well known. ... for its harshness is not so ... The Soviet belief is that b... is a censorship it follows ... thing that goes out of Russi... official news. Therefore, ind... ions or speculations are co... of order. They would not ... to be opinions of the c... under whose name the story ... would be official opinion.

Sometimes his love for R... confidence in the ability ... army shakes Vice-Commis... out of his calm.

In the afternoon of the d... were forced to evacuate M... his last press conference ... knew that things were no... We asked Lozovsky severa... the government evacuatin...

"The government will n... said, banging the table for... Germans will never take M...

He was a Russian spe... soul. He was a Muscovite ... city. Lozovsky's confiden... tiny of his country and ... nificence of the Red a... unshaken. He is still the ... suave, gentle dealer in h... We all hate censorship b... his because he does not ... hate this story when he r... is a shy man and person... abhorrent to him. He w... he will pass it pretty muc... ten and he will think and ... some unkind words abou... ing it and for piercing his ...



# The All-America Football Team

Continued from page 13

rlow at Harvard, after a slow the Crimson winging on its gh the last six games with a a par with the country's best. forget Wallace Wade, back another unbeaten Duke team, nger on offense, with Steve his last Rose Bowl entry. as the exceptionally fine debut Paul Brown of Ohio State, an hool coach from Massillon, first year beat a fine Mis- crushed Southern California d through one of the hardest f the year suffered only one finish that ended in a 20-20 chigan. No one can overlook nance of team and coach. is the color supplied by Mis- Georgia, with backfield stars ed the best—such backs as Hapes, Hovious and others e winning flame. And there ibbed Duquesne of Pitts- off the beaten path of pub- ran up eight consecutive join the thin caravan of the unwhipped.

e still laurel sprigs left for ia, beaten only by an excep- d Navy team, in the Red and or the top of the Ivy League, ill play its share of football. anyone pick any All-Amer- rom so many stars from so football teams? This is a est and an intelligent ques- n only be answered by tak- o the inner sanctum that lier's method:

r who has had three good en preference over a junior two good years, and a junior nod over a sophomore who one good year, everything irly equal.

There are two main angles on an All-America selection: First, that he can carry out more than just a few assignments—that he can star beyond his expected job—and, second, that he has been able to prove for more than one year that he has earned his place.

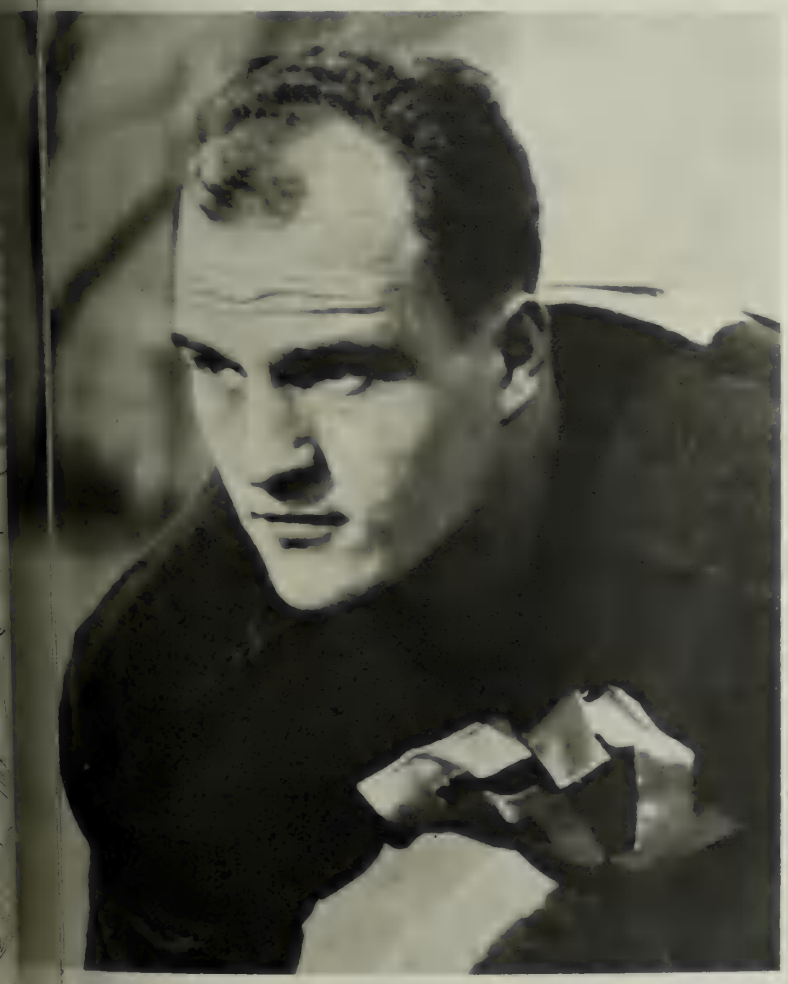
2. The class and the type of competition must always tell a big part of the story.

3. The recommendations of Collier's All-America Board, consisting of veteran football writers who are in close touch with the teams and coaches from every section of the country, play an important part.

4. A final, confidential recheck comes from every coach whose teams have played against the leading stars under consideration.

It has been our policy to give major credit to all-round ability rather than to the specialist. It has also been our policy to give precedence to those who have come through their senior campaigns with fine records in past years. Experience, after all, is a vital football asset. Through this last season the three leading football centers were the Midwest, the South and the Southwest. The East had good but few outstanding teams. This was true of the Far West, which leveled out. The Midwest was on top with such teams as Minnesota, Michigan and Notre Dame, where the South had Duke, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Vanderbilt, Tulane, none of which, however, were better than Missouri.

Play in the strong Southwest was so evenly and so bitterly fought that outstanding stars in one battle were too often brought back to the level of the well-balanced pack at the next start. Injuries cut in heavily. For example, Jack Wilson of Baylor, certainly one of the



**n Rokisky, end, Duquesne University. Age, 21. Home, rksburg, West Virginia. A brilliant end, with an edu- ed toe that won many games; a great pass snatcher**


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greatest backs of Southwest history, was shackled by injuries in many games. This also applies to Jack Russell, Baylor's star end, Bob Brumley of Rice and Joe Pasqua of Southern Methodist. Kyle Gillespie, T.C.U.'s brilliant threat, is another who belongs among the hurt. Pete Layden of Texas, an exceptionally fine back, was unable to help in the Baylor jolt that checked the Texas avalanche for the first time.

### The All-America Squad

Here is the narrowing-down from which the final team was selected:

Centers: Banonis, Detroit University; Ingalls, Michigan; Jenkins, Missouri.

Guards: Peabody, Harvard; Crimmins, Notre Dame; Fife, Pittsburgh; Wyhonic, Alabama; Frankowski, Washington; Ramsey, Southern Methodist; Pregulman, Michigan.

Tackles: Blandin, Tulane; Reinhard, California; Blozis, Georgetown; Wildung, Minnesota; Chewning, Navy; Conley, Washington.

Ends: Rokisky, Duquesne; Kutner, Texas; Dove, Notre Dame; Rast, Alabama; Gentry, Washington State; Blalock, Clemson; Ferguson, Florida; Lansing, Fordham; Schreiner, Wisconsin; Kuczynski, Pennsylvania.

Backs: Westfall, Michigan; Smith, Minnesota; Albert, Stanford; Lach, Duke; Dudley, Virginia; Moser, Texas A. & M.; Jenkins, Vanderbilt; Hapes, Mississippi; Steuber, Missouri; Sinkwich, Georgia; Schwenk, Washington University (St. Louis); Sewell, Washington State; Crain, Texas; Layden, Texas.

The line, from end to end, but especially from tackle to tackle, calls for more inside information than the backfield.

Outstanding centers, guards, tackles and ends are harder to wrap up in blue-ribbon packages. They handle the rough work. They clear the boulevards for the backs. They have the up-front job which too often is hidden in the fogs.

Star centers were scarce this season. So were star guards. There were many good tackles, but few who stood above the others. The same is true of the ends. These must meet so many variations of offense and defense that they face bewildering afternoons.

In the line Banonis at center was a standout from every check made by opposing coaches—215 pounds of football speed and football alertness.

The guard who stood out above the field this season was Endicott Peabody 2d, of Harvard, who might be described in Kipling's "Fuzzy-wuzzy" phrase as an "injia-rubber idiot on the spree" or a big, fast-bounding beggar who broke practically all the hostile squares.

As Major "Swede" Larson of the Navy put it: "Peabody hit you so many times and he hit you so hard you thought he was four or five men." Or, as several officials said: "Peabody wasn't only the best guard of this season. He was the best guard of twenty seasons."

Frank Leahy of Notre Dame rated Bernard Crimmins among the best linemen he had ever seen or coached. The converted back was the star entry of Notre Dame's fast, unwhipped line.

Two-hundred-and-fifty-pound Blandin of Tulane drew the solid support of the South at tackle. In a season that ran shy in end brilliancy Rokisky of Duquesne and Kutner of Texas more than held their own against other challengers.

There were no dissenting voices when the names of Stanford's Albert, Minnesota's Bruce Smith and Michigan's Westfall were called. Their fame and ability had come rolling along from the year before. Frank Albert had remained Stanford's guiding star over



**Bernard Crimmins, guard, Notre Dame. Age, 22. Home Louisville, Kentucky. Coach Frank Leahy rates him a one of the best linemen he has ever seen or coache**

rougher seas than 1940 knew. Bruce Smith is one of the great backs of football, the spark on Bernie Bierman's championship team.

But there were two hairline decisions that called for many troubled hours. One was the nip-and-tuck battle between Reinhard of California and Wildung of Minnesota at the other tackle post. The other was the head-and-head finish between Bill Dudley of Virginia and Steve Lach of Duke at the remaining halfback spot. It must be admitted the margin of selection in both instances was extremely thin.

Both Reinhard and Wildung were magnificent tackles. Wildung had the advantage of being a member of Minnesota's strong, unbreakable line. Reinhard, named last season, had far less support. In addition, he was California's best kicker. Beyond this he was a tackle who could both pass and receive passes. It was by these outside contributions that he received the nomination.

As usual the scramble among the backs was enough to make a mountain dizzy. Outside of the three named before—Albert, Smith and Westfall—there were Dudley of Virginia, Lach of Duke, Jenkins of Vanderbilt, Moser of Texas A. & M., all finishing under a blanket.

Wallace Wade, for exampl alwa the conservative side, rates ach a of the shining stars of D fo history, a history that i ades names as Ace Parker and Afe of the best in pro football lay

The final choice went to for these reasons: At the teen he has been a three-y was not only a fine runne kicker, but also an able de sive although in this respect kin Lach had the edge thr h g physical power. Dudley, thou question, was more valuab o bi than any other single play no where you may look. H ack team support which most the leading backs had all sea

I have rarely received h su tive testimony from so m y co scouts and other experts w hav him play.

Jenkins, Lach and Mose re standing stars. But Dudl of V belongs in one of the bes ll-A backfields of many years. dley first Virginian who ever n le C All-America, and he rode h the of the cavaliers that came om t spiration of Jeb Stuart, w forg odds.


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# Berserk

Continued from page 22

h their hands. They panted like ani-
ls in fury. Some of Orn's followers
ng up their weapons, and iron
hed hard. Those who fought were
ed; the others, seeing Orn fall, ran
toward the forest.

nd Brana found that she was run-
back into the house. Now she
w that the gray men were Berserks,
went wild with rage when anything
ered them.

side the house Ingiald was not to be
. The serving women who ordi-
ly obeyed Brana were running out,
the cattle pens. Looking for In-
l, the girl went to her sleeping al-
. But it was empty. When she ran
to the hall, Hrolf stood there, with-
is sword. Brana pulled a skinning
from the wall, and threw it at him,
g to slip past him.

tching the knife in the air, he
ed the girl's loose hair with his
hand, and held her, turning her
up to him. Now he seemed to be
.

irl," he said, "do not take iron in
hand. Do not anger me."

th her throat choking, Brana stood still. His blue eyes shone down at her. "I searched far for gold," he chanted, "and now I find red gold in my hand." He nodded his head. "It is lovely you are, girl."

His hand stroked down her hair, and he smiled. "Red have I made the ground when I stepped," he chanted, making a song and rain have I drawn from women's eyes. Far have I followed the paths of the sea, to find this gold that holds me fast."

BRANA thought, too, that she was held fast by the blue fire in his eyes, and the music of his voice. "Soft as your words are," she said, her voice trembling, "you shall not put your hand on my hair. You have shed Orn's blood and I say that you shall soon make atonement."

"What his name Orn?" The fit seemed to have left him. "He angered me. As for atonement, you are more beautiful than any maid of these firths. I shall let no harm come to you. Ask for what you wish, and you shall have it."

"Until this hour," Brana cried, "I wanted a bride's bower, with flowers."

Hrolf laughed, taking his hand from her. "A bower, or the jewels of a queen—it is all one to me. But you shall stay with me."

He seemed sure of his words and of himself. That day he kept her close to him, while his men killed an ox and prepared a feast on the fresh meat. Carefully they gathered up the trade goods of the homestead, carrying them into the ship. Seeing this, Brana wondered that Berserks should be so careful of small things. Hrolf understood that she was beginning to be perplexed.

"These matters that you find strange now," he said, "you will understand later." He told her this much: he was the earl's man, and the earl had given command that the unruly Vikings along this Norse coast must be disciplined with fire and sword. And Brana remembered that there had been many outlaws among the Vikings of her coast.

SHE could not get away while the ox meat was cooking, because the Berserks were all about the homestead. When she heard oars in the firth, she went to look at the landing, but saw only a dragon ship, deeply laden, coming in.

This new ship had no shield wall. Its timbers were gray with salt, and the few men in it wore animals' hides. Sighting the smoke from the cook fire, they turned in to the shore above the landing, flying no peace flag or flag of any kind.

"What have you come for, seafarers?" the Berserks hailed them.

"For meat," answered one from the weathered ship. For two summers and winters, he added, they had tasted no cattle meat.

"I find that hard to believe," said Hrolf, "but come you in anyway."

When these newcomers walked along the shore toward the cook fire, Brana saw that their hair had not been cut; their faces were dark and thin. The one of them who carried an ax gripped in his hand bent over the bloodstains on the ground and sniffed like a dog. "More than an ox," he said, "has been slain here."

And when he stepped inside the hall of the homestead, he trod carefully, staring up at the beams overhead. Lank and restless, he was, with scars on his thin hands.

"You act," observed Hrolf, watching him, "as if a house was something strange to you."

"Strange indeed it seems," the dark seafarer agreed, "since I have not entered one for four years."

Hrolf sat down beside him in the high seat, while their followers scattered along the long table below, and he called to Brana to fetch beer in horns for them. As the girl set down the drinking horn by the stranger, he put his fingers on her arm, smiling at her.

"I suppose," said Hrolf, who missed nothing of this, "you have not seen a woman, either, for four years."

"Five." The dark man drank greedily, and coughed. He made Brana sit beside him, and he looked at her slender arms and long hair with great satisfaction, while he tore and swallowed the half-cooked beef hungrily. Sweat came out on his bony face, and muscles worked in his temples as he chewed. But he kept looking at Brana, or down at the long table where his few men were gorging among the Berserks. The girl was surprised to see by his eyes and teeth that this guzzler could not be as old as she thought. His skin seemed lined as an older man's, but something within him was fresh and youthful.

Voiceless she sat, not daring to speak, for fear of Hrolf's anger. The stranger kept his ax between his knees even while he ate.

"All that you say," observed Hrolf, watching out of the corner of his eye, "sounds like a lie to me. I do not believe that man lives who has not seen a woman for five years."

"Well, I live," said the owner of the ax calmly. "It was because of the new land," he explained.

"What new land?"

"I call it Vine-land, and it lies beyond the West voyage."

"Ice-land we know," Brana put in, "and Vikings tell of the Green-land beyond, where the glaciers are. Beyond that, the sea runs over the edge of this world into Hel."

Although she made her voice sharp with disdain, the stranger did not appear to be disturbed. Stretching his long arms, he smiled up at the carved heads of Wotan and Thor on the pillars of the high seat. "So most people think," he said, "and I can't help that. But you two have set good beer and meat before me, so I shall tell you a marvelous thing."

HIS dark eyes shone with a boy's happiness. "From that same Green-land my father, Eric, was once driven by a northeast wind, and instead of going over the edge of the world he sighted a new land, covered with mist."

"A mist of magic, no doubt," quoth Hrolf, "Eric's son."

"Leif is my name. I was young in Ice-land, and I begged my father Eric to take me to this new land of his, that the eyes of common men had not seen. And now I tell you of a strange happening. My father says well enough, but when he rides his horse down to the sea to take ship his horse stumbles and he stops, saying that evidently he is not meant to go farther. So I fare on alone with these shipmates, until a northeast wind carries us on beyond the end of the voyages."

At the long table the Berserks were listening now, with Leif's men.

"First we sight a coast," went on Leif, his mind going away from the hall, out somewhere beyond, "dark with forests—no island at all, but a mighty land, and this I name Mark-land. On we go then with the wind, and make our landfall on a coast sloping gently to the sea, with wide beaches and sand. Up a firth sail we, to fresh water. Yea, we find dew heavy on the long grass, and this dew tastes sweeter than other water."

"A marvelous thing," grunted Hrolf.

"So it is. Yea, no frosts kill that grass—strong it stays through the winter, and cattle would need no fodder there. Deer and fur beasts run free in the woods. And of wine casks we have no need, for wine berries grow on the vines there. So I name it Vine-land. If I live I am going back."

Hrolf emptied his drinking horn. "It is easy to tell of great deeds you have done, out of everyone's sight."

Leif's mind came back from beyond the sea and he looked at Hrolf. "My messmates tasted those grapes," he said. "And the hewn trees of Vine-land we




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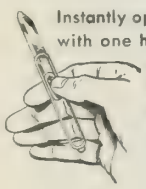
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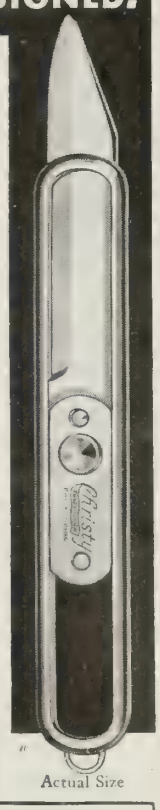
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have brought in our ship's lading, to sell on this coast."

"If you are indeed Leif, Eric's son," said Hrolf, "you will have trouble selling anything on the coast of Norway. Because you are outlaws, whom no man has seen for long years."

"True." Leif nodded indifferently. He seemed to care less about this than about his voyage back. "As you inlaws say, my father was outlawed for manslaughter here. That is why we looked for a new country. We had no other."

"Then why have you ventured back?"

"To trade for a better ship."

Hrolf got up quietly, stepping down to his men at the long table. Brana, watching him, caught Leif's hand impulsively. "Open your eyes, fool," she whispered, "and take care for yourself. These men here are Berserks who kill when their anger is touched."

Leif looked at her with his head on one side. "I have seen Berserks before now, girl. Are you not with them?"

"No," she cried angrily. "Oh, you are simple in mind! This morning they killed Orn, my uncle, because he spoke a quick word to them. Do not cross them, but get you out of here."

NOW Leif seemed to wake to his danger. Glancing down at where his score of followers sat among the greater number of weapon men, he called out: "Leif's men, get you to the long ship. I hear the wind rising and you must take the oars and row up to a safer landing."

Without argument, his shipmates picked up their weapons and began to go out the door. Brana waited for Leif to follow, but he sat still, looking at her. Tears of helpless anger wet her eyes, and she tried to hide her face. Leif bent over to see her better.

"Don't cry, girl," he muttered.

Brana tried to get up from the high seat. His arm held her shoulders, and he frowned as if puzzling over something strange.

Hearing Hrolf's step, she tried to pull away.

"What a mighty thing"—his eyes shone at a new thought—"if you would come with me on the voyage."

Suddenly his arm went away from her, and Brana gasped. Hrolf's hand had caught him and thrust him back against the high seat. Hrolf was scowling at Leif, who looked down the hall. The last of his men had gone out.

"So you think yourself," Hrolf muttered, "to be as good a man as I am."

Hearing these words that had been spoken to Orn, Brana shrank back. Leif shook his head slowly.

"No," he said, "I am a better man."

From the table a tall man with one eye tramped up to his chief—Starkad, the foredeck leader of the Berserks—growling and pulling at his sword. Leif sat still over the empty horn.

"I hear you," Hrolf said between his teeth. "That is easy to say. Look at this!"

Drawing his sword, he tossed it into the air, and reached for Leif's ax. But the seafarer pulled it close to him. When he did not get the ax, Hrolf snatched Starkad's blade and hand ax and tossed them up with his own sword, so that he had three blades going in the air over his head. Fast and well he handled them, saying, "See how I am weapon-fast. Iron obeys me and will do me no harm."

Stopping the weapons, he offered them to Leif. With a shake of his head, the shaggy man refused them. "That was a small trick. I will do a greater one."

Starkad's teeth clashed. "Can you not see we grow strong with *Berserksgang?* At such times we pull trees from the earth."

Leif did not seem disturbed. "It would be a more remarkable feat to pull down this house. Ay, that would be something to boast of."

Hrolf snorted. "Eleven men lie out in the cattle pens because one said a hard, quick word to me."

"Eleven is a small number."

Hrolf stared, voiceless. Around him, the gray men pushed close to Leif and the girl, and still Leif did nothing but watch them, while she waited for the first to howl.

"I will tell you," Leif observed, "something worth hearing. My nature is more than *berserk,* for I am a *hamrammir* man. My guardian spirit is a bear, and in the time of darkness this bear's spirit is apt to enter my body."

He shook his head, glancing at the scars on his hands, and the eyes of the Berserks went to those scars. They listened, breathing heavily.

"So I rise up in the darkness with the bear's strength in me, but I crawl like a beast, seeking something to devour. Ay, at such a time my shape is changed to a beast. After the fit leaves me," Leif went on, "I am in my own shape again, but feeling weak."

While he spoke the light failed in the hall. Outside, the pale night of the north had begun, and some of the Berserks noticed this, whispering to Hrolf, who stared at the shaggy Leif silently. Around the high seat the shadows were closing in, and, wrapped in his bearskin, Leif's outline grew dimmer.

"Easy to say," replied Hrolf slowly, "but I would like well to see this happen."

Crouching on his seat, Leif said nothing.

"Starlight begins," went on Hrolf, "and so now we will go outside the house. We will know that you are indeed a *hamrammir* man if we hear after darkness the growling of a beast and see the shape of a bear come forth. That would be something to see."

He touched the quiet girl on the arm. "Come, Brana. No woman should see a *hamrammir* change his shape."

Some of the Berserks were moving toward the back door of the house, and some out of the front of the hall. They went readily enough, gripping their weapons and looking back.

Brana did not stir.

"Come you on," said Hrolf again.

"Ay," growled Leif. "Better for you to go, girl. I feel strength coming into me."

Stepping away from them, Hrolf looked back once. When Brana did not run after him, he went out the door, closing it behind him.

THE two of them sat together in the empty hall, with the bones scattered along the ground, and the fresh ox hide flung into a corner. Leif sighed, drawing the drinking horn to him and looking into it. She saw his face change in the twilight. He looked thin and tired.

"Well?" she said softly.

"Not well." Leif shook himself restlessly. "Why didn't you go with the warfarers, Brana?"

She could not say why. She wanted to stay here at Leif's side, to feel him near her. Pouring beer from the jug, she offered it to him, but he pushed it away moodily.

"Perhaps a *hamrammir* man may not drink beer," she whispered.

Leif looked at her and went to the opening in the wall by the door. Already the glow of the cooking fire outside picked out the figures of the armed men in mail grouped in a half circle beyond the door, waiting. At the back he saw the same thing, only not so clearly.

"I thought so," he muttered. There was no other way out of the house. He stopped in front of the quiet girl. "Get out," he told her.

"No," Brana whispered. "While I am here, they will not slay you."


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ou are sure of that, it is more
am," Leif grumbled. "Are you
aid of me, here in the dark,

shook her head. She came
touch his arm, and felt his lips
her hair. "Outside there," he
d, "they are no Berserks. Well
w the Berserk rage. They go
wolfskins spreading the tale of
ger, and plundering and slay-
they were true Berserks. Ay,
s hit upon a good plan. If ev-
n this coast is afraid of his
can get together a great treas-
will go far."

v," Brana nodded, "but I can-
or him to touch me."

ll do better than I."

v." Suddenly Brana laughed.
you know of the spirit lore,
Ingiald told me years ago that
*nmir* never is conscious of
his shape."

hed. "I thought I told a good
ted to get my crew away from
slaughterers. It was the only
d think to do it." He chuckled,
ing. "I think well that half
en believed the tale."

long he stopped chuckling. A
umping sounded against both
—a thumping and a creaking.
to it, Leif went and pushed
w front door. Hard as he
e could not move it. He
the opening.

he called, "will you let the
t of this hall?"

Brana could make out the
Hrolf's arm ring, where he
g his weapon men, she heard
o this. The noise at the doors
t a faint stirring and crack-

s of Hrolf's men stood out
y in the half light of the sky,
seemed to be growing red.
ths hung open, their hands
lessly, holding shields and
uddenly Hrolf's sword struck
ith a clang of iron.

*rowls the man-bear,*" he
aking a song, "*caught in the*
*feels the man-bear the sting*
."

re glow shone brighter on the
expectantly outside.

e sits well enough," Leif mut-
as the clanging of iron grew
it is a sham and a counter-
Your inlaws yonder have no
r what we may say. They
it in their minds to do more than
ter."

Brana asked, her throat
mething bitter caught at her

ng that will be hard for you
girl." Leif thought about it
"Hrolf has murdered your
Now have you the right to
st him and demand atone-
So I will slay the two of us, and
men will not be here to bear
inst him. Yea, he will say
he killed only a *hamrammir* man.
ght out more clearly than
he must do."

sniffed the air, and looked up
the thatch of the roof on the
beam over their heads. The
ackling and snapping came
fire, at the front. Then red
dropped down, and Brana knew
outside had set fire to the
at side.

hou was burning over her head,
those men in wolfskins waited,
he thought that after the burning
would be no evidence against
and no voice to speak against
She caught Leif's hand, holding it

ou do not weep now," Leif said.
gripped his hand tighter, for com-
fort. He was shivering, sweat shining on his face. An ember stung her bare arm and she pressed herself against him.

All at once Leif cried out, as if his body had been wrenched. His shaggy head thrust down between his shoulders, and the wood of his ax haft creaked when he picked it up. Smoke rolled down on them, and Leif hacked with his ax at the window opening. At the second blow of the ax a spear clanged through the opening, past Leif's shoulder.

Then he stopped working at the wall. Crouching, he glared up through the smoke. It seemed to the girl that this was not the flesh-and-blood Leif of a moment ago, but a man gripped by some other strength. Tears flowed out of his staring eyes down his cheeks, and quick groans came from inside his body. He did not seem to know that he was crying.

Embers dropped with black soot along the front of the hall, and the flames hissed overhead. Leif was staring up at the great center beam when he leaped back. Straining, he shoved the long table back against the far wall.

Here, in the smoke, he jumped up on the table and began to chop at the end of the heavy beam where it met the wall. Fast and skillfully, his ax edge bit into the wood, and long chips fell.

"Come here," he croaked, and Brana stepped close behind him.

His ax smashed up into the shaking beam. Bits of burning thatch dropped down around him. The beam cracked loud, and Leif smashed at it with the butt of his ax.

With a splintering sound the end of the beam came down, breaking the table. Leif jumped clear, moving with frantic haste. Catching up the wet oxhide from the ground, he threw it over Brana's head, gripping it close around her.

The roof was falling in now.

Flaming thatch rattled down, and hot air seared Leif's throat. He kept moving. Over one shoulder he swung the roll that was Brana in the bloody oxhide. Holding fast to his ax, he stepped up on the beam's end where it lay in the wreck of the table.

THE beam sloped up to the front wall where fire smoldered. Above that upper end, he could see a dark patch of the sky. At that point the burning thatch had fallen down to the floor of the hall. And up the sloping beam Leif was hurrying, balancing with the ax and Brana, his chest straining not to breathe in the air that would strangle him.

Stepping on the top of the beam, he gave a yell and leaped out.

Now Hrolf and his men, watching with satisfaction, beheld this shaggy figure leaping down in the smoke and the fire glare, with a mass of oxhide upon him. And for a second astonishment held them still. They heard a faint echo of the yell.

The figure landed on its feet and rolled, and the oxhide rolled away from it. They saw then it was Leif, with Brana in the hide.

Starkad, the one-eyed, stepped toward him, swinging high his sword. Leif saw the iron coming down, and whacked with his ax at Starkad's knee joint. The ax blade cut away half Starkad's leg, and Leif rolled to his feet, pulling up his ax.

His face was twisted out of human semblance. Tears streaked his cheeks.

"*Berserks-gang!*" a weapon man shouted, watching him.

"Fools!" Hrolf shouted.

With his shield before him, and his sword point out, Hrolf ran at Leif. And the ax swung low at his knee, as it had done with Starkad. Jumping aside, Hrolf kept clear of it. And the shining ax swung wide.

Gripping it with both hands, Leif let it swing and hurled it at Hrolf. It flashed over the shield into Hrolf's face. It




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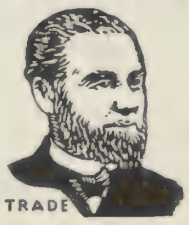
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smashed the bones in his head, and he dropped there, where he stood.

Leif did not wait for him to fall. He caught up his ax, and rushed at the weapon men, smoking as he was. Beating down their swords, he leaped among them, and they closed their shields together, crouching, afraid of the anger of this lank man. They had seen Starkad and Hrolf smashed down, and they were afraid. So they pushed close their shields, trying to crush him.

Then they heard running feet. Spears and axes struck their backs, while voices shouted Leif's name. Twenty Leifs seemed to have come out of the darkness, in the smoke. Here the weapon men had caught Leif, and he had multiplied himself into twenty maddened fighters. The glare of the flames made it hard for the weapon men to see these new Leifs.

"Peace!" they yelled—those who lived—throwing down weapons and shields.

So they begged for their lives before they realized that Leif's men had come back to the burning homestead. Those shipmates had heard Leif's yell, and they had run to him fast, out of the darkness. . . .

A week later Leif himself was fitting a new steering oar on the aft deck of Hrolf's dragon ship, which he had appropriated because it was better than his own vessel.

Now that he had washed in fresh water, cutting his hair, and putting on new wool garments, Brana, who sat there with him, knew that he looke other boy of the quiet Viking he was making ready to go or voyage toward that unknow his as if it were no more th down to Gothland.

"Leif," she said, helping t pole he was shaping with hi have a fine new ship, with ple and silk and precious things here, then, in my place and w a new homestead."

ON THE shore by the landi ple who had survived in were tending the cattle aga the black ruin of the hall. Leif leaned on his ax, lookir

"No," he said, "I must Greenland before the winter

Brana took his hand, wit of work on it. "Then tell n remember nothing at all o killed Hrolf?"

"Nothing." Leif frowned think.

"The men say you went b

Leif shook his head. "I r spear that flew by me. And anger."

"Why, Leif?" she breathe

"They were hurting you."

Gripping tight his hand, B her eyes. When she did t safe. And she knew she had she had been searching for. upon what unknown seas L steer, Brana would be ther

## Hail and Farewell

**Continued from page 72**

"Tell me what you were like when you were twenty-two," she said.

"Well," he said, smiling, "I was better-looking than I am now. I didn't have this bump on my nose and I didn't have this, either."

He fingered the thickened rim of his left ear.

"No," she said. "I didn't mean that. Where were you and what were you doing?"

"Excuse me," Freddy said, getting up. "I know the young man's history and, besides, I want to see a man about a dog."

He went out toward the bar.

"Well?" Marcia said.

"WELL," Joe said, "I had been fighting for three years and I was out around Chicago. I come from here, you know. New York, I mean. The West Side."

He smiled at her.

"Me and Jim Braddock and George Raft and Eddie Brannick and Alice Faye and Margie Regan," he said. "And Owney Madden. We put the West Side on the map."

"Tell me more about when you were twenty-two."

"It's all in the book. All that counts. I had about twenty fights that year. Johnny Martin and I hung out with the fight mob. We had some laughs. We were out there for nearly a year. I was a welterweight then and the welters were going good around Chicago."

He smiled at her again.

"You should have known me then. I was going good myself."

"I'm glad I know you now," she said.

She seemed about to say something else but she didn't.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said.

Gorman came back to the table and they had a brandy and Gorman suggested they go somewhere else. They went around the corner and stood at a bar for a little while, but it was crowded and they sat at a table agai

Marcia and Gorman about people they knew looking at Marcia and not attention to what they wer didn't even know her la cause he hadn't caught it had introduced him to he fellow stopped at the tab ment to say hello to Gorr and Gorman said:

"Marcia, this is Charlie Lane."

Miss Lane. Marcia L was Marcia Lane. He her. One of those little pancakes whose names Broadway columns. But something! She looked smiled and said:

"What are you thinking

"About you, probably," "But don't fall for him. girls do."

Joe laughed. "Sure," h

Marcia didn't say a wasn't smiling now but s at him.

"Let's get out of here," then: "Excuse me, Mis people just asked me to and now I am talking as my party."

"Don't be silly," Gorm what do you want to get o Don't you like the joint?

"Yes," Joe said. "Bu take the breeze."

No use sitting around dame like that. He got

"If you'll excuse me,"

"I'd like to go, too," M

"What is this?" "Mutiny?"

"Come on," Marcia sai

"Where do you want t

"I don't know."

Gorman looked at his

"I want to see a fellow "He ought to be in pret two go on over to Pete

h ) with you in about half an
r."
lar looked at Joe.
t's ll right with me," Joe said.
All ght, then," Gorman said. "Beat

he went out and turned east and
n f y got to Fifth Avenue Marcia
" t's take a walk on the avenue
."
Wh way?"
Let walk down," Marcia said. "We
e p ity of time. We can walk down
For second Street and then come
n t other side."
ney arted south.
Dor you like to walk on Fifth Ave-
at ght?" she asked.
ne r thought much about it," he

lo it," she said. "By night or
C e, when I was in Paris, a man
co ail party on a beautiful Sun-
aft noon said to me, 'How would
like o be walking on Fifth Avenue
aft noon?'
t sp led the party for me. I had
ha ng a fine time and then all of
lde was so homesick I could have
I. ) you ever get homesick for
Yo ?"
ure he said. "But you'd have to
tion omething besides Fifth Ave-
to r ke me homesick. You know:
dw and Tenth Avenue and Madi-
Squ e Garden and Stillman's and
s li that."

EY alked down as far as Forty-
urth treet and crossed to the east
of e avenue and were walking
wh n at Forty-eighth Street they
ed r the eastbound traffic. As
of t cars in the traffic slid past,
boc yelled to Marcia and the
r pu he brakes on and pulled over
e co and a girl in the back seat
he ead out of the window.
rcia nd Joe walked down to the
The were two girls in the back
e c and both were talking to
ia once and she asked them
t th were going.
ver Jimmy's," one of them said.
e c with us. It's going to be a
infc al little brawl."
rcia ntroduced Joe to the girls.
W ite and Sonny Studebaker.
her he said:
), I on't think we'll go. We left
ly a ttle while ago and said we'd
bor In at Pete's."
ell," onny said, "call him up from
y's. know he'd like to come

rcia ooked at Joe. "Would you
go she asked.
ate r you want to do," he said.
t's , then."
ope ed the door of the car and
pt i The girls began to fumble
one f the folding seats but Joe
'Ne r mind. I'll sit up with the
."
got n the front and the driver
l at m and grinned.
ugh ght last night," he said.
d yo see it?" Joe asked.
" b driver said. "I listened to
ugh He's a tough kid, that Val.
t k w who else but you could
him."
swu g out from the curb and
th rty-eighth Street to Park
e a turned north and stopped
nt an apartment house near
fifth treet.
y g out of the elevator at the
oor d they could hear laughter
ratt of glasses and dishes and a
was aying dance music. Jimmy
was aving his friends in for the
ng, a the library and living room
crow d. They were eating and
ng, ing or standing around, and
nd th girls put their things in one
be ooms and then joined the
party. Jimmy asked where Freddy Gorman was and Marcia told him and he said he would call him and tell him to come over.

Everybody at the party seemed to know everybody else. Joe had met a couple of the young fellows with Freddy, and Marcia left him with them. He was ill at ease and was sorry he and Marcia had met the girls. He had liked walking with her.

He had been wishing they didn't have to go anywhere else. He'd have liked to have her to himself. And now here he was in this mob, with everybody talking at once and the radio playing and nobody paying any attention to it and a young fellow had him backed up against the fireplace in the living room asking him what sort of fellow Joe Louis was and was he as great a fighter as the newspapers said? He probably was the first prize fighter the young fellow ever had met and the young fellow would go away for a moment and bring somebody else back to meet him and one of the girls he brought back looked at Joe and said:

"I thought all prize fighters were very tough-looking. You aren't tough-looking."

"You should see me in a better light," Joe said.

"Here," the young fellow said. "Have a drink. Excuse me. I didn't notice you didn't have a drink. Have something to eat?"

"No, thanks," Joe said. "I had dinner just a little while ago. But I'll take the drink."

He had a couple of drinks and began to feel a little better about being at the party, but Marcia had got away from him.

He went looking for her, wandering through the crowded rooms, and found her with Freddy, who had come in just a few minutes before. They were seated in a corner of the library and Joe looked in and saw them and was about to go out again when Freddy called him.

"Sit down," Freddy said, getting up. "I've got to move around and see some of these people."

They had been sitting there for a few minutes and suddenly Joe said to her, "What's Freddy to you?"

She didn't seem surprised at the question. "Nothing," she said.

"You're not married to him or engaged to him, are you?"

"No."

"Stuck on him?"

"No."

Then, after a moment, "Let's get out of here," he said.

They got up and he followed her from the room. They got their things and went down the hall and out to the elevator and none of the people saw them go or paid any attention to them if they did.

HE WALKED across town through the early-morning streets. Well, he had been right. She had something. But not for him. It was madness, she had said. It sounded like something she had heard somebody say in the movies. But he knew she meant it.

There was no other way to figure it. He had had a break just to meet this girl and it was over and now it was broad daylight and he was walking down the street and here and there people were coming out of the houses and the stores were beginning to open. Martin would be coming back in a couple of days. The money would run out and Martin would come back and he would go on fighting and some day somebody would ask him if he knew a girl named Marcia Lane and he would say:

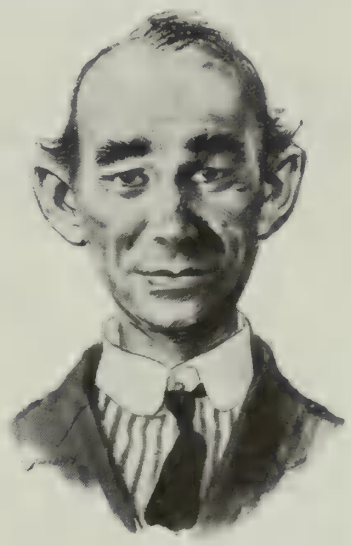
"I don't know. I don't remember her."

The hell he wouldn't remember her.


# Cousin Boswell's on the bum again!

WELL, SHUCKS. There's probably one in every family.

Anyway, the minute Aunt Edie's estate was settled up, Cousin Boswell put every penny she'd left him into a new scheme. Something about raising goats, it was, this time. Imagine! *Goats!*



Hell's bells, you'd think Boswell'd know better, by now, than to go off half-cocked again. But not him! He just don't have the brains of a tailor's goose when it comes to business.

Well, that's the way Boswell is, and I guess there's nothing we can do about it, except talk Cousin Luther into giving him a job again, and letting him putter around the factory.

That Luther, now! There's a smart one!

Yes sir, when it comes down to running a business proper and profitable, Luther hasn't never missed a trick. Not a dog-gone trick! I ast him one time, I said: Luther, what makes you so blame lucky whenever there's a nickel at stake?

And he says: That ain't luck, Eph. That's knowing the *facts and figures!* Them Comptometers in my plant ain't just to keep the desks from blowing away. They're there because I got to have *accurate* figures, and I got to have them *fast!* And once I get all the figures, and know what they mean, I'm bound to be right! Only thing lucky about that, Eph, is the fact I was born with enough sense to take advantage of Comptometer adding-calculating *machines*, and modern, money-saving Comptometer *methods!*

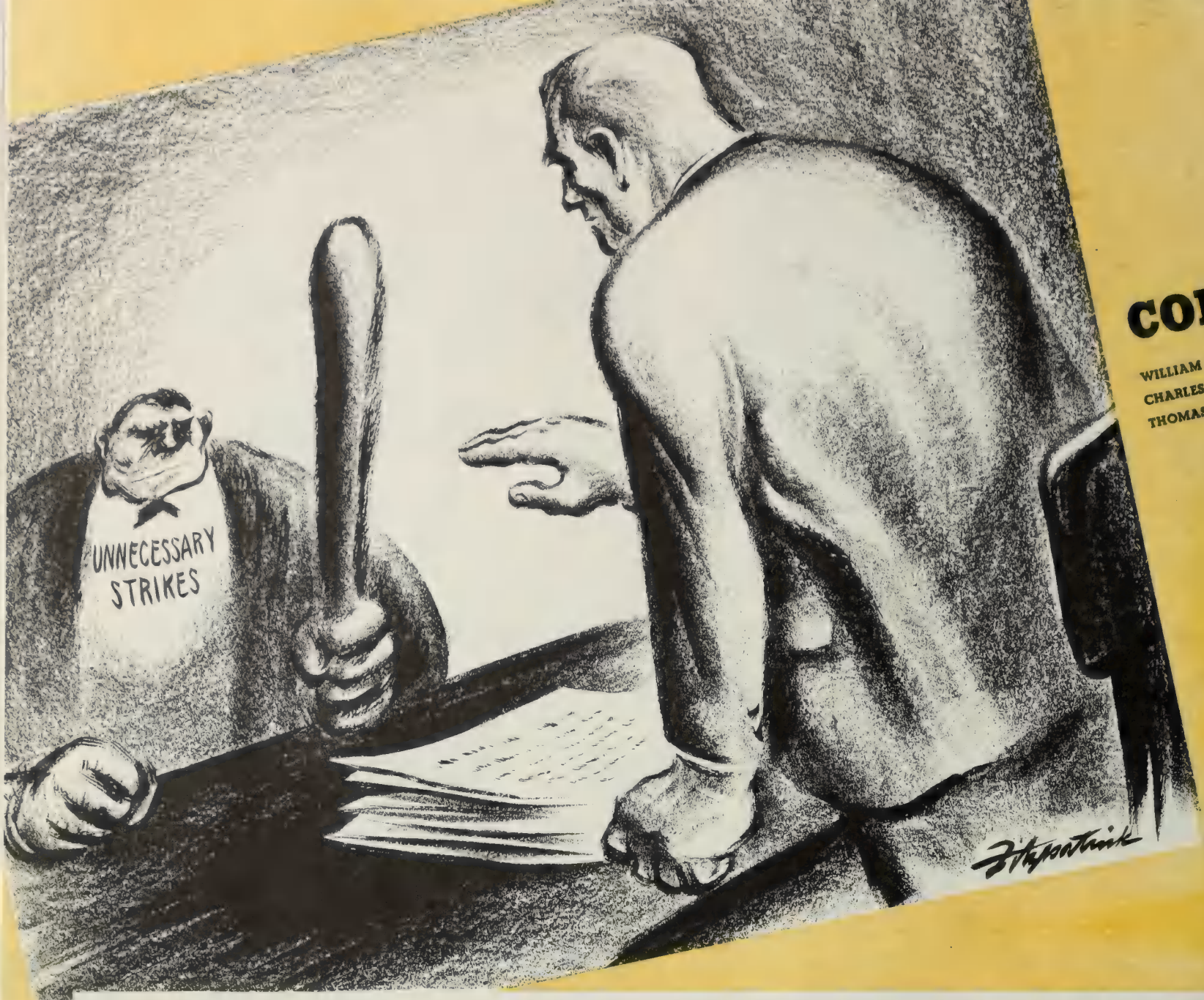
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Boswell is an *extremely* horrible example of what happens to business men who play hunches. Luther, on the other hand, knows that every business decision—if it is to be sound and profitable—must be based on accurate, up-to-the-minute, objectively interpreted facts and figures.

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COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Edi
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# CLOSED-SHOP TYRANNY

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S fight with John L. Lewis over the closed shop in the captive coal mines is only the most dramatic phase to date of a battle which looks as if it is going to be long and tough.

This question of the closed shop is a complicated one, with a lot of human nature mixed up in it.

There is the human nature of the bona fide labor leader, who sees the closed shop with dues checkoff as the solution of all his problems of keeping the union a going, solvent concern. There is also the human nature of the larcenous type of labor leader, who sees in the closed shop a chance to graft, play politics, or shake down employers after the fashion of Willie Bioff and George E. Browne, lately convicted of having tapped the movie industry for more than $1,000,000.

Among the workers, there is the human nature of the man or woman who likes to have his or her thinking and deciding done by others. But there is also the worker, as pointed out by Mme. Secretary of Labor Perkins in a recent astute speech, who simply does not want to join lodges, clubs, unions or anything else; an able, tough-minded cuss, who has to have elbow room in any society which does not want to stagnate.

Messrs. Roosevelt and Lewis, too, are strongly human.

We believe in labor unions, think they are indispensable in our form of society, and that they must have adequate power to negotiate with employers, and the right to strike in proper cases. But we do not believe in tyranny by any labor union over either workers or employers.

The closed shop, we think, is one form of such tyranny. So is the diluted closed-shop arrangement whereby a worker must join the union within a stated time after being hired.

We think the Wagner Act goes far enough, with its provisions requiring employers to deal with labor organizations chosen by a majority of the workers to represent them. We do not see how the government can safely put itself in the position of guaranteeing a closed shop in any industry, to John L. Lewis or anybody else. Public opinion certainly is completely impatient with interruptions to defense production because of jurisdictional issues between labor unions or between unions and employers.

# The Sin of Success

THE Department of Justice's antitrust division, known to some as the Gestapo, has won the first round in its lawsuit against the "Big Three" tobacco companies. A jury at Lexington, Ky., has convicted 13 chiefs of American Tobacco, Liggett & Myers and R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., on charges of monopoly, conspiracy and price fixing.

Appeals are being taken, and we wish the tobacco companies luck. They are big advertisers, whose copy we are always glad to run; and they supply Americans with billions of cigarettes per year that Americans like to smoke.

We think, too, that there is something in the tobacco companies' contention that the government's real kick is that they have been "guilty of the unpardonable sin of success."

We believe this antisuccess attitude is to be detected in other government activities; in some of the drives against public utilities and in the attacks on the radio industry.

It is well known that the New Deal, while using the services of many an undoubted expert in his line, has also given government jobs to a lot of gents who were failures or semifailures in private life. Their natural dislike of successful people is likely to boil over and begin to express itself in attacks on successful people.

The New Deal began with the laudable ambition of making it easier for everybody in this country to climb to higher living standards. The reverse of that ambition, though, is the ambition to drag everybody down to a common level of poverty and unhappiness. We much fear this latter ambition afflicts some of the New Dealers.

It's a dangerous development, we think. We never yet knew a successful person whose success hadn't made anywhere from one to 1,000,000 people somehow happier or better off. And we never yet knew a failure whose lack of success had helped the world in any way. It will be pretty tough on all of us if the government goes in for trying to penalize success by law.

# Don't Rush That Divorce

AN INTERESTING and statistic, we think: M third of all divorces obta country are obtained by have been married less tha The other two thirds are through the marriage sp first five years—and the grow smaller with each ye

It lights up again the c give marriage a fair trial a time before you conclude failure.

Necessarily it takes t persons to adjust themse other's personality, no much they were in love ceremony and how sure th life was to be 100% h ward. To call the whole t a month, a year, or even t mistake, we believe, in an one where it is plain to friends as well as to them cannot be a success. Su pretty rare; witness the h of divorced couples who r

You can't build a succes career in a week, or erec house in two weeks, or book in a month. Build and successful marriage i to all of these things. Li worth all the time, patien effort, etc., that it take you win, there isn't any ment in life.

# Collier's

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TELL-TALE flakes, itching scalp and inflammation —these "ugly customers" may be a warning that you have the infectious type of dandruff, the type which germs are active on your

They may be a danger sig[n] [of] germs that work on your scalp . . . including Pityros[porum] ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" recognized by almost authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Don't delay. Every day you wait, your condition may get worse, and before long you may have a stubborn infection.

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Your common sense tells you that for a case of infection, a which germs are active, it's wise to use an antiseptic which quickly attacks large numbers of germs. So, for infectious dandruff, use Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Listerine deals out death by the millions to Pityrosporum ovale and other germs associated with infectious dandruff.

Those ugly, embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching and inflammation are relieved. Your scalp feels fresher, healthier, your hair looks cleaner.

### *76% Improved in Clinical Tests*

And here's impressive scientific evidence of Listerine's effectiveness in combating dandruff symptoms: Under the exacting, severe conditions of a series of clinical tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms, within a month.

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DECEMBER 20, 1941


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COVER LAWSON WOOD


# ANY WEEK

IN TIMES like this we deplore ■ certain distrust in our rulers that is noticeable here and there. We are in possession of two examples. A Missouri citizen, seeking enlightening entertainment, turned on his radio after supper just in time to hear the announcer say that the Missourian's representative in Congress was about to speak on National Unity. For fifteen long minutes the gentleman from Missouri implored all listeners to unite, to set aside prejudices, to banish suspicion, to give, give, give and give. When he had finished exhorting, his constituent turned off the radio and wrote the congressman a brief letter: "I just heard you talk," wrote he. "I heard what you said. What you said about banishing suspicion and getting together behind you and the rest of you makes me want to know by return mail what the hell you have been doing now that you want that I should banish suspicion and get together behind you."



THE second is a letter to The American Wild Life Institute in Washington, D. C. A citizen in Bay City, Michigan, wrote in for a twenty-cent pamphlet. With his letter was ■ bit of cardboard on which he had written: "There are two dimes buried in this cardboard. If you can't dig them out let me know and I will give you the names of some congressmen who won't have any trouble, but stand close to them while they are doing it."

THIS distrust of those who are guiding us with almost supernatural skill through the rapids of disaster toward the calm waters of peace and security is a matter of deep regret in Washington. Amid such cynicism the Administration is finding it more and more difficult to sell England and Russia to the masses. We know this because, so desperate has the situation become, even we have been invited to attend an official inflammatorium and to mingle our wits with others in a slogan sling. We are reminded by those inviting us of the power of the shibboleth in past crises—Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death, Don't Tread on Me, Fifty-four Forty or Fight, Remember the Alamo, Remember the Maine, Make the World Safe for Democracy. We've been walking around in a profound daze ever since receiving the invitation. Suddenly it came to us—by mail. We have nominated for the inflammatorium's most comfortable chair Mr. Herb Drake of Hollywood, California. Mr. Drake's current job is to remind humanity at frequent intervals of how unbearable life would be without Mr. Orson Welles. Mr. Drake has coined ■ slogan which, in our opinion, makes unnecessary any further worry in Washington: Anything Worth Doing Is Worth Doing At All.

REMIND us some time to tell you the story of the West Virginia mountaineer and how he would stop the war. It's the kind of story that we'd like to publish here—and would were it not for a tinge of prudery in the office of the Postmaster General. In the meantime we are wishing that a minimum of success may crown the efforts of the F.B.I. and other police agencies in their quest for an old friend of ours, Mr. Louis Flatwork of New Orleans. Mr. Flatwork, better known, and for reasons unknown to us, as Lobby Lulu, is an opportunist and we're very fond of him. We met him one evening on Canal Street, New Orleans. "Mister," said he, "would you contribute a dollar to a guy who wants to go see his sick wife?" We said yes—and gave him ten cents. "Where is your sick wife?" we asked. "She's home," he said, "about three blocks from here. Say, Mister, you couldn't make that dime two bits, could you?" We said something indignant about his wanting money for a three-block trip, and he replied: "What do you want me to do; walk in on my sick wife cold sober?" We are advised now by Mr. James G. Dustman of St. Louis, Missouri, that Mr. Flatwork has been making a nice couple of dollars selling a pamphlet—Hitler's Secret Love Letters, By Countess ****—and telling possible purchasers that the proceeds will be devoted to "paying the expenses of worthy American boys to England to help lick Hitler." When asked recently how many worthy American boys he had financed, Mr. Flatwork replied: "The English army has asked me not to say nothing."

RECENTLY we published a stirring piece about football—Rational Defense, by Benny Friedman and Bill Davidson. We have received quite a number of letters about it. The Messrs. Friedman and Davidson, the former a former Michigan star quarterback and coach and the latter an upper-brackets sports writer, got so enthusiastic that before concluding they had built up a 5-3-2-2-1 defense strategy which, they agreed, was downright effective. "I don't know why more coaches don't use it," sighs Mr. Walter Dunbar of Brockton, Massachusetts. "Maybe it's because the poor moss-grown saps are under the impression that they can use only eleven men at once." Also Mr. Aage (The Block) Starngaard of St. Paul, Minnesota, speaks on the subject. Mr. Starngaard explains that the Messrs. Friedman and Davidson have merely been caught up [illegible] influence. "In England [illegible] "whole towns, townships [illegible] ties, rotten boroughs ar[illegible] into the game, whole pop[illegible] ing each other, sometim[illegible] two or three hundred o[illegible] good fun although occas[illegible] and everybody—male, [illegible] and small—gets into the [illegible] man and Davidson ar[illegible] mended. I have just [illegible] 7-6-5-4-3-2-1 defense, [illegible] Victory formation." An[illegible] Ducey of New York City [illegible] in to demand that an in[illegible] launched to find out h[illegible] Pittsburgh used against [illegible] hope to have other pi[illegible] present emergency, by [illegible] Friedman and Davidson [illegible] even later developmen[illegible] several footballs on th[illegible]

OUR style note of th[illegible] from Miss Daphne Bel[illegible] City. Miss Bell, shopp[illegible] new dresses, was show[illegible] was going to be difficult[illegible] "Ah, that," said th[illegible] "That's something real[illegible] red, we call it. A great[illegible] minded people are goi[illegible] it." Miss Bell bought it[illegible] ing her eye about, she[illegible] creation in a new a[illegible] shade of blue. "That,[illegible] salesperson, "is very p[illegible] blue. Aren't the Ru[illegible] Miss Bell bought that[illegible] from Moscow being q[illegible] that day. She report[illegible] that some better sho[illegible] red, white and blue n[illegible] the Union Jack in pro[illegible] hope, appropriate posi[illegible]



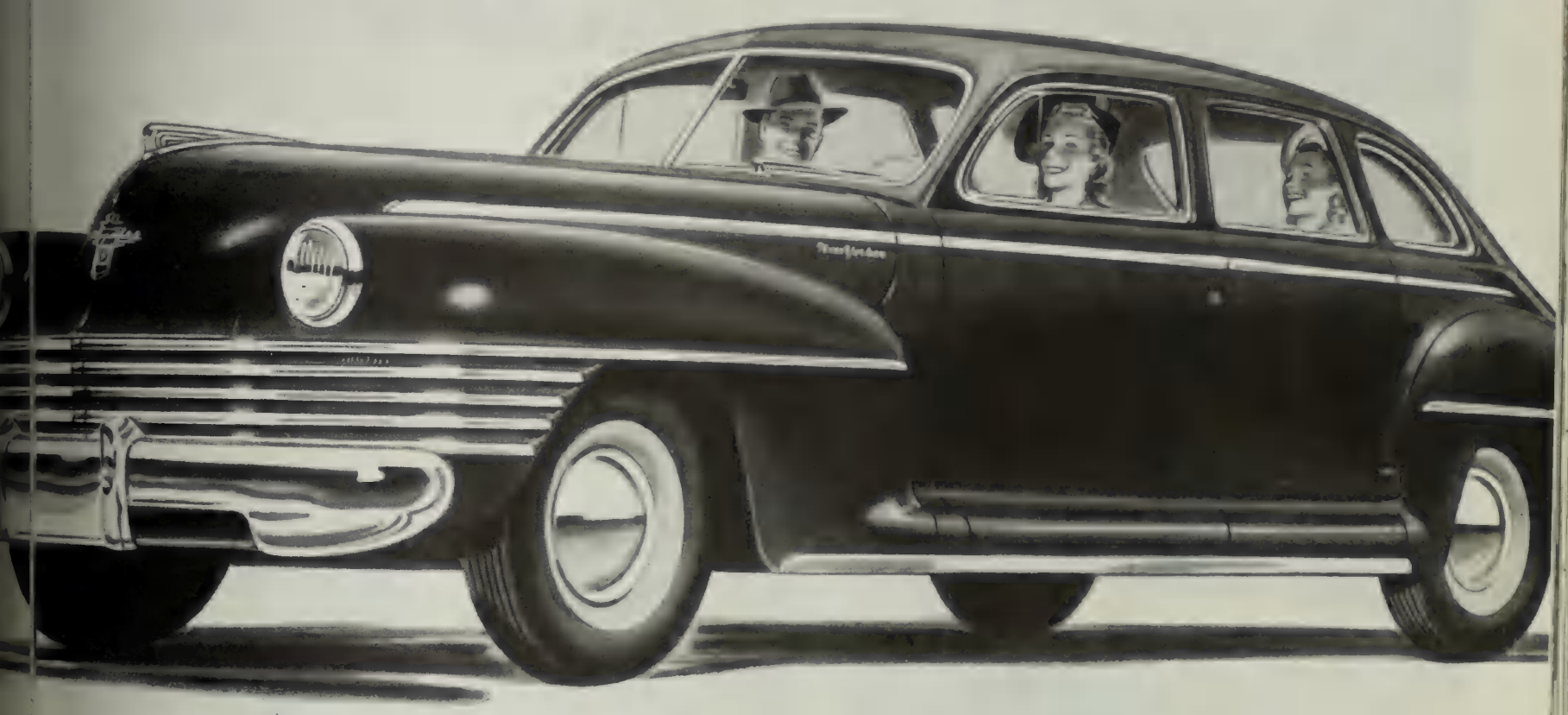

AND our sociological i[illegible] Colonel Bob Berry of [illegible] The colonel reports [illegible] farmer approached hi[illegible] subject of clothing. T[illegible] land had generously [illegible] the tenant in addition [illegible] have twenty-five [illegible] profits of his acres. [illegible] down the list of the t[illegible] ments. The last iten[illegible] shoes." At this the [illegible] somewhat indignant. [illegible] have you done with t[illegible] you last fall—been [illegible] suppose."

THE ingrate. . . .


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# WING TALK




**C.A.A.'s intensive campaign has resulted so far in 13,000 new air markings like the one above on a Bristol, Conn., foundry**

NOW, more than ever, there is a need for complete air-marking of the entire country because of the tremendous increase in flying training of all kinds. This is the driving force behind the C.A.A.'s continuous air-marking campaign. This campaign is under the direction of Mrs. Blanche Noyes of the C.A.A., one of the five women pilots who originally started the national air-marking work back in 1935.

The program has resulted in the marking of 13,000 places. Some states, such as North Carolina, South Carolina and Alabama, keep air-marking crews in action all the time. Others do it through co-operation with their State Aeronautic Commissions and the WPA. Ohio has a law requiring cities and towns to be air-marked. California, New Mexico, Oregon and Utah are being marked by an oil company. Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee and Virginia are all actively engaged in air-marking work now. Other states have new projects that will start as soon as weather permits. Mrs. Noyes cannot visit each of the 48 at the same time, but she usually sells her important bill of goods.

Mrs. Noyes will tell you that we need markings for the guidance of the thousands of students in training and that these markers will never aid an enemy invader because overnight they can be easily painted out. Those in existence are saving lives by keeping the boys on course.

JUST about the first thing an instructor pounds into the head of his student, be he Army, Navy or civilian, in preparation for the great day when the solo flight is to be made, is that if the engine cuts out on the take-off, keep flying speed and land straight ahead. It is such a simple rule and so easy to remember it shouldn't need emphasis. But human nature and instinct rebel against it more than against any other axiom of aviation, as the accident records show. Most of the pilots, new or old, want to turn and get back into the field. And when they do, invariably they stall and fall off into a spin. Of course, there is not always sufficient landing area ahead, but the argument still holds that it's better to come in horizontally than on your nose.

Test pilots with brand-new airplanes of high value that have not yet gone into production find it particularly difficult to obey the rule. A Navy test pilot friend of ours, with the one and only model of a new bomber, found himself 100 feet in the air with a sputtering engine. Fortunately for him, a river was underneath. So into the wat it, climbed up on a wing a for the crash boat to arrive. that particular model never f both the Navy and the ma had the airplane and cou from there.

VARIOUS figures have be on the life of a type of airp to be confused with the act tional life. A little help on th which might be worrying peo from the C.A.A. It has just t official action indicating that cate of airworthiness held by facturer will be limited to a five years. While this is large from cluttering up the files wit certificates of models which facturers long ago have aba favor of newer ones, it also indication as to how long a survive in competition.

However, what with the wa orities, this may not become fast rule because manufactur planes will not be able to g models with the freedom o Take the well-known Douglas the Lockheed Lodestar, for They're going to be turned ou airline replacement just abou as they were in the past. T panies, plus Boeing and Curt have some new stuff in existe paper but they'll have to Douglas DC-4 and DC-6, the Constellation, and the Cur transport, along with the B engine Stratoliner, would further along and in mu quantities if bombers and tr and fighters were not more at the moment.

AS MUCH as we like to b all airmen are strong, courageous and law-abiding to admit that a bad egg a good dozen every so often about these nonconformists down violations that eventu fatal accidents. The Dep Commerce aeronautical ins cently turned in the followin a commercial pilot whose comes from the license he ho

"Navigated aircraft on c at altitude of 100 feet. Carr ger while performing acroba as 10 feet above an airport; n with parachutes; continued sunset without lights; pilot influence of intoxicating liqu have pilot certificate in his p session and flew closer than another aircraft in flight."

Sure his license was revok

F. R.

# When the cold waves start...



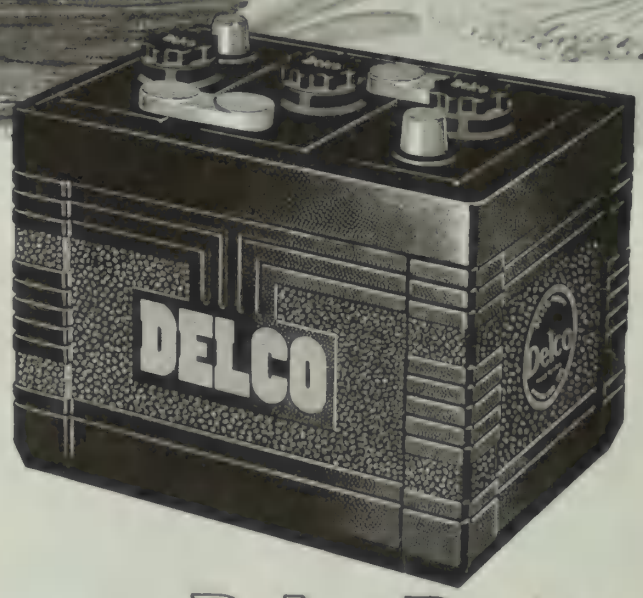
# You'll start with a DELCO

*Extra starting ability* in cold weather is a particularly outstanding characteristic of all Delco batteries.

It is a characteristic that has been demonstrated in laboratory tests, where batteries are compared under the severest starting conditions. It has been proved in actual service by millions of car owners—on sub-zero days.

With the coming of winter, extra starting power is the one thing you really want—and need—in a battery.

Delco batteries are starting more than six million cars, trucks and buses every day . . . they are used as original equipment in more than 43 per cent of all new cars sold. Your Delco battery dealer will show you one that is the right size and type, whatever the make or model of your car.




PRODUCT OF **Delco-Remy**

*Delco batteries are available through 34,000 Delco battery dealers in every section of the United States. Delco batteries are distributed nationally under the direction of United Motors Service.*

## *Replace with a* DELCO *Battery*

# Christmas 365 days a year!



**1. Take pictures of your home** and family this Christmas, pictures that will bring back the holidays all year! You can use your own camera, your own floor lamps, and your Agfa Ansco dealer will let you have reflectors for small change. It's simple, not expensive, and swell fun!



**2. Use the film news photographers use:** Agfa Superpan Press. It's super-sensitive . . . the *right* film for those indoor party pictures and candid shots. Remember: Only Agfa guarantees: "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"



**3. There's a wonderful**—a fascinating picture world waiting for the person who loads his camera with Agfa Superpan Press Film. Why not you? Make it your inexpensive hobby to take pictures this simple, *sure* way. See your dealer soon. Today! ***Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y.***




**Agfa Ansco Film**

Agfa MADE IN U. S. A.




# KEEP UP WITH THE WOR

## By Freling Foster

*In* many restaurants in Japan, a man patron may, for a small extra charge, have the waitress sit with him while he eats his meal. For a slightly higher sum, he may choose his favorite waitress or, for a still higher fee, have her remain at the table while another girl waits upon him.

*A theatrical* history of 43,127 living actors and actresses, authors, directors, stage managers, chorus girls and boys, orchestras, vaudeville performers and night-club entertainers, the most comprehensive file of its kind in America, is owned by a New Yorker and used by producers, talent scouts and casting directors.—*By Walter Ryan Colahan, New York, New York.*

*Now* and then tuna fishermen, working off the coast of southern California, find a whale shark badly entangled in their net. As they cannot afford to lose the net, which costs about $6,000, or take the time to kill the fish and remove it piece by piece, a man climbs onto its head and, with a knife attached to a pole, cuts the net open so the shark can swim free.

*Between* 1750 and 1815 in England, it was a popular custom for a young man to carve a sentimental message on a flat piece of whalebone or wood and present it to his beloved. In appreciation, she would wear it next to her heart—as a stay in her corset. One such inscription on a busk in a British museum today reads: "The gift is small but love is all. Marey Oran 1788."—*By Jerry Leichter, Astoria, New York.*

*The* most profitable play on record is Charley's Aunt. Through having been translated into eighteen languages, including Icelandic and Esperanto, and presented continuously in one part of the world or another for the past forty-nine years, it has earned approximately $25,000,000 in royalties for its author, Brandon Thomas, and his heirs.—*By Jerome M. Beach, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

*Under* American hors laws, thoroughbreds hav same sires but different d not half brothers or hal Only those having the sa are considered to be relate

*On* a moonless night, t receives more light from that cannot be seen by the eye than from those that ble.—*By Dorothy Oshlog, chelle, New York.*

*John Philip Sousa's* two mous marches brought smallest and largest sun his many compositions. T ington Post March, in an sale, yielded only $35, Stars and Stripes Forever a royalty basis, earned m $300,000.

*To* make a flag consistin stripes that appear to be size, colored red, white and red one has to be twenty cent wider than the white white has to be ten per c than the blue.

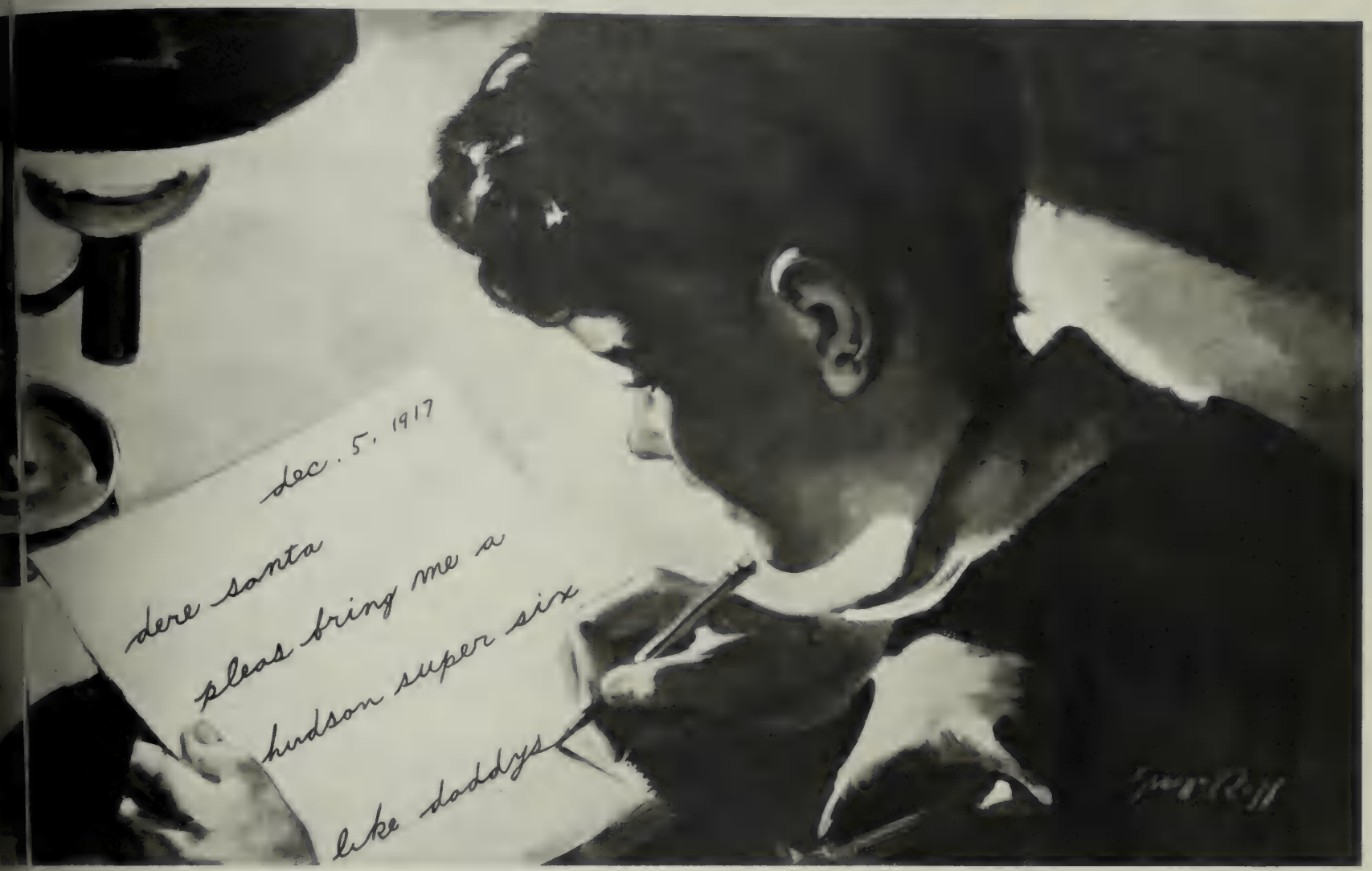
*In* forests, the exterior ture of the trees is alwa than the temperature of th and night, summer and w

*According* to authentica cal records, a girl as you years and a woman as old two have become mother boy as young as thirteen a as old as one hundred hav fathers.—*By Mary Woo delphia, Pennsylvania.*

*Several* South Americ quakes have created oce so huge and powerful traveled ten thousand mi the Pacific Ocean and corded in Japan.—*By Re dle, Westerly, Rhode Isl*

Five dollars will be paid for ea or unusual fact accepted for Contributions must be accompa factory proof. Address Keep World, Collier's, 250 Park Aven City. This column is copyrighte The National Weekly. None of t be reproduced without express the publisher

# My letter to Santa was dated "*1917*"




## Today that Christmas Wish Came True with a New 1942

# HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Many and many a youngster a quarter-century ago—perhaps you were one—dreamed of owning a Super-Six some day. And, with the passing years, boy after boy, girl after girl, has grown up and seen that wish come true.

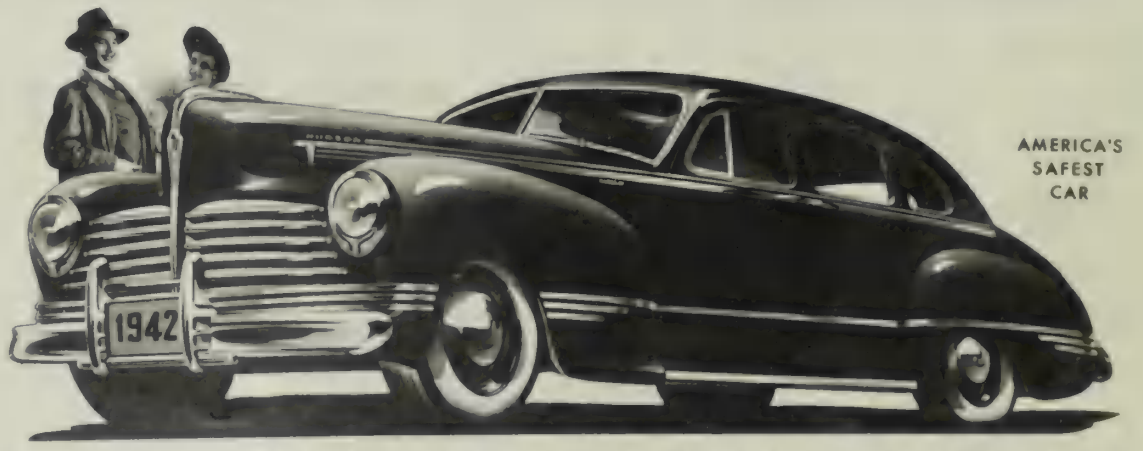
Thus it is no accident that the name arouses an affectionate loyalty that few, automobiles have ever enjoyed.

the years, "Super-Six" has come to mean spirited yet economical performance, ith complete confidence in the quality dependability of the car.

g you to examine and drive the 25th Model of the original Super-Six, Hud- ask you to consider well the conditions make it wise to exercise more than usual ting a new car.

duction already sharply curtailed, you drive your next car much longer and usual. That puts a premium on Super- ess and dependability. And, while im- nse work in which Hudson is extensively its the *quantity* of all 1942 Hudson standards were never so high in all of years of engineering leadership.

need to conserve supplies of all r-Six economy of gas and oil takes portance. Your natural desire to make stment will add to your appreciation nced features that help to assure high




AMERICA'S SAFEST CAR

trade-in value — such as Hudson's new Drive-Master—Double-Safe Brakes—conditioned air heating and ventilating—concealed safety-type running boards — foot-controlled radio — and many more.

**NEW 1942**

# HUDSON

Built to Serve Better • Last Longer
Cost Less to Run

But, beyond all this, you will find lasting pleasure in owning this 25th Anniversary Super-Six. Your first pride in its good looks will continue, as will the enjoyment you get in driving it. As the miles mount up, so will your satisfaction — and savings.

And a final pleasant surprise will be the low price of this and the other 1942 Hudsons — the new Hudson Six, priced among 1942's lowest, and the new Commodore Six and Eight, finest of all Hudsons. Let our nearest dealer show you how easily you can arrange to have a new Hudson delivered to your door Christmas morning — or before if you prefer.

***Don't decide ANYTHING about ANY 1942 car until you have tried the new Hudson DRIVE-MASTER! It's the easiest of ALL ways to drive!***



# AMERICA'S NEW LIFELINE TO AFRICA




ON AUGUST 18 President Roosevelt announced plans for the world's most ambitious airways project.

It called for two things: First, a new air transport service from the U. S. to Africa and on across the Dark Continent to Egypt. Second, a new aerial "ferry service" linked with that system, delivering military planes to the Middle East.

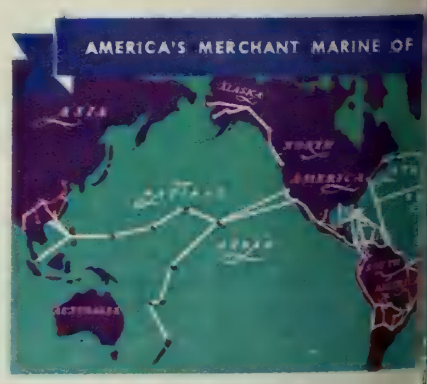
To Pan American was entrusted the building of this airline over 11,898 miles of ocean, jungle and desert. Normally it would have taken years. Pan American got operations going in 60 days!

The White House statement on this undertaking reads in part: *"The ferry system and the transport service provide direct and speedy delivery of aircraft from the 'arsenal of democracy' to a critical point in the front against aggression. The importance of this direct line of communications between our country and strategic outposts in Africa cannot be overestimated."*

Pioneering is an old story to Pan American. A story made familiar through building 75,000 miles of aerial routes throughout Latin America, over the Pacific, up to Alaska and across the North Atlantic.

Cooperating with Uncle Sam and with our neighbor nations is also nothing new. For example, Pan American recently took over thousands of miles of Nazi airlines in South America. Urgent defense needs were also met in linking Singapore and Manila by Clipper.

One thing is sure: America's need of an efficient, strongly welded international air tran ort st will be even greater tomorrow than it oday both commerce and defense. And you be co that "America's Merchant Marine of e Air continue to anticipate the future and l ready the necessary personnel, facilities, an expen




PAA PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS SYSTEM



# Delayed Verdict

## By Allan Vaughan Elston

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

**Evan Keith went to prison. He was not guilty. But he was not stupid—he was fully as clever as the woman who helped him solve the case**

THE tall, pale man hurried ashore by the crew's plank. His cheap, new suit was a trifle too blue and didn't fit very well. The man's eyes were blue too, but steeled with bitterness. He made them look straight ahead as though determined to ignore all such distractions as beach girls and coco palms and liquid sunshine.

In the dock warehouse a telephone directory furnished him with an address. Then he went out and asked a taxi man the fare there. "Two dollar," the Hawaiian taxi man said.

"One dollar," countered the man who had just worked his passage from San Francisco as an engine-room wiper. He could hardly afford more. For there was nothing in the pockets of the shapeless blue suit except some small change and a secondhand .38 revolver.

The gun was in a side coat pocket. The tall, pale man had a hand in that pocket when, twenty minutes later, he knocked at a door in Honolulu's most exclusive suburb.

The door was opened by a brown-skinned butler.

**"Your message found me too late," Evan said coldly. "I've already seen Wharton." Her alarm seemed real. "You went to his house?"**

"Wallace K. Wharton lives here, doesn't he? I'd like to see him."

"Name, please?" the servant demanded.

"Evan Keith. I'm just in on the Matsonia."

"You wait, please?" The servant disappeared. In a little while he returned to say, "You come, please?"

Evan Keith followed him into a garden where spray from a fountain made a musical patter. A cloying, tropic fragrance filled the air. Even had a sense of mellow yellows and flaming magentas, and he saw stately royal palms in a quadrangle around a pool.

A man in trunks on the rim of the pool was drying himself. He slipped on a lounging robe and advanced to meet Evan. His smile was doubtful and his look seemed to say, "Who are you, a gadget salesman?" But it might be only put on, Evan thought. This man had had a few minutes to compose himself after hearing the visitor's name.

Audibly Wallace K. Wharton said, "What may I do for you, Mr. Keith?" He motioned toward deeply cushioned garden chairs. Then he sat down and picked up a box of cigars. "No, thanks," Evan said. He saw that Wharton was a big, rubicund man with a small, tight mouth in a broad face. Not much over forty, Evan judged him.

"I've never met you before, have I?" Wharton murmured.



"Right," Evan said. "And I've never met *you*, either."

"You've a letter of introduction?" Wharton asked.

"Hardly. For the last ten years I've been in—" Evan Keith caught himself. He had almost said "in stir." It was so easy to lapse into the lingo of his late cellmates. And so hard to remember that back of San Quentin, in the life of Evan Keith, there'd been a Stanford and a Menlo Park. Bitterness deepened in Evan's eyes as he amended, "For the last ten years I've been in prison."

Wharton seemed to put a cautious checkrein on response. He was like a man who counts ten, Evan thought, before venturing.

"In prison?" Wharton said at last. "For what?"

"For a murder I didn't commit," Evan said. "They gave me fifteen years and let me out after ten, just a week ago."

Again Wharton waited, as though weighing whether he should listen tolerantly or call servants to eject this prison bird. Then he lighted a cigar and puffed vigorously. It made smoke which partially screened his wide, wine-red face. Out of the smoke came a cautious, "Yes?"

"During my third year of time," Evan said, "I received a gift. It was ten cartons of cigarettes mailed anonymously, in care of the warden. I guessed that some old college classmate felt sorry for me. I supposed he didn't want to get entangled by calling or writing, so he just sent me some cigarettes.

"But during my sixth year in prison, it happened again. An anonymous gift. This time it came in the form of a one-hundred-dollar bill mailed to my mother, who, deprived of my support was ill and on relief.

"It happened a third time during my ninth year there. This time a five-hundred-dollar bill was mailed to my mother. It came too late, because she had died a few weeks earlier. A year after that third anonymous gift, I was released from prison."

WHARTON, after seconds of silence, said, "Interesting, Keith. But why are you telling *me*?"

"By the time I got out," Evan explained, "I'd concluded that the idea of a sympathetic classmate didn't fit. Anyone who liked me well enough to do that would have called to see me. At least he would have written. So it was somebody else. Somebody who didn't dare see me, and yet who couldn't forget me. Only one character seemed to fit a role like that, Wharton."

Wallace Wharton took a silk handkerchief from his robe and daubed his face with it. Then he puffed again, but the cigar had gone out. This time he waited longer before giving a response.

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you." His voice was edgy.

"My conclusion is," Evan said, "that the gifts were sent by the man who really committed the murder. Does that strike you as logical?"

Again the ten-second pause. Then: "It does not." Wharton answered slowly and precisely. "The real murderer would be the last man in the world to do anything like that."

"The real murderer," Evan maintained, "assuming he has a normal conscience would be th... only man in the world to do it. And he... I've proved it."

Wharton had relighted the cigar. O... screen of his smoke came a startled... "Proved it?"

"During my last year I figured it all out... sender is a wealthy man, judging by the... dred-dollar bill. The three gifts were all p... San Francisco, where my mother lived, I... cluded that the gift sender himself doesn't... If so he would most likely have heard... mother's death and wouldn't have sent... gift to her. So I decided he's a man who o... San Francisco occasionally. By three po... know the dates of three occasions. And... that a rich man would go to one of the bett...

"So on the day of my release I made th... San Francisco's ten leading hotels. I ask... of registrations on three back dates. At the... hotels they turned me down. But at the e... break. The manager there was cordial... I don't know. He dug deep into his files... failed to find what I wanted, he asked if... anything else he could do for me. I expla... was just out of prison and trying to clear... Then he offered to phone the managers of... ing hotels; he suggested that if I went ba... maybe I'd get a more sympathetic receptio...

"In the end I got three lists of names... of ten hotels. What I wanted was a regist... mon to all three dates: A date seven y... date four years ago, a date one year ago. ... lists of the St. Francis Hotel, I found it: ... guest had registered there on the first dat... the second date, and again on the third ... name is Wallace K. Wharton and he live... lulu."

Wharton seemed to relax. This time h... out a pause, "It's true I make a business t... about once every three years, and I always... St. Francis. But it's absurd to say I ser... convict. You're using numbers, Keith, bu... add up."

"I haven't finished adding yet," Evan... next column of figures reads like this: Th... man's name was Ronald Bruce; so I w... Bruce's neighborhood and asked question... one there ever heard of a Wallace K. Wha... a Wallace K. Wharton used to live next... Bruces. Wharton and Bruce had belo... same golf club. I asked what became ... And learned that he had left the countr... years ago. I kept at it till I got the exact ... the day after the Bruce murder."

This time Wharton waited a long te... came to Honolulu," he offered cautiousl... to stay only a month. But I liked it so v... here permanently. If you're charging m... der, why don't you go to the police?"

"I'm short one link—your motive," Evan... mitted frankly. *(Continued ... page ...*

**Somehow, Wharton managed to respond, not too angrily, "The crime was witnessed, you say? By whom? Please don't keep me in suspense"**

# Canyon Christmas

## By Jim Marshall

'N grim canyon in northern New Mexico th is a blaze of light. On the steep hill- sio are illuminated scenes from the Nativ- y of sus. The Star of Bethlehem shines down nd h on a peak stands the tall figure of the hris bringing peace and good will. This is e s ing of one of America's most unusual hris as festivals—a month-long celebration the al miners working in the pits around the tle wn of Madrid, high in the Ortiz Range. In village, where the four hundred miners nd t ir families live, every home is outlined lig s. The baseball park has been converted to yland for the kids, with a miniature ain, Ferris wheel and other amusement de- ces- ll homemade—operating. There are ind s of lighted Christmas trees and on the oun ntops twinkle the little cedar fires to *El into ino,* as they did in the days of Spanish le.

All is started very modestly fifteen years o w n a few miners, perhaps in unconscious volt gainst the dreary, coal-dusty atmos- ere the camp, set out a few evergreens in eir rds and hung them with lights. There re y a scant dozen the first year; next year ere re twenty-seven. This year there are ndr s.

Fro the first years, the fiesta grew and gth ed. Now it lasts from early in Decem- r un after New Year's Day. More than one ndr thousand visitors go up into the moun- n c yon to take part. Everything is free; re ver has been a hint of commercialism. idri Yuletide is just a getting together of p ple of the hills and the people of the ies renew the spirit of Christmas.

Wor on the various displays starts in Octo- ane early everybody in the camp helps. The drie Employees Club organizes the work and pens are paid out of modest monthly dues. For e first five years, Madrid's celebration s a me-town affair, growing a little each ristr s as the competitive spirit got to work ong ne miners. People began to drive up oug he canyon around the holiday season help ne miners and see the show. Last year ge v e 15,000 visitors in one night.

On t hillsides above the village are built elve iblical scenes telling the story of Jesus' th. ere is a tiny village of Bethlehem; the gin d Joseph with the Child; the Shepherds l the tar; the Flight into Egypt.

Kids om camp and city flock into the home- de Tyland, ride the miniature train and the nel all watch the Mother Goose figures, most whi are mechanized. On Christmas Day ery old gets a present at a big community ty.

Alth gh some of the miners tinker around yea with the mechanized displays, most of wor is done just before opening day. The Su ay before this day is a sort of home- ming nd miners who once worked in Madrid ve u to the little town from far and near, p pu up the decorations and wind up in the ual urty. Workers are divided into crews the is great rivalry among them.

dear hile, the women have decorated the nes d the kids have brought in cedar brush m th mountains and piled wood for the fires the ltops. Everything is ready when the it vis rs show up, and from then on it's open se. ou may walk into any home and be com . There is a curious combination of Spa sh and Mexican and Yankee customs he f dango and the modern dance; the eric "party" and the old fiesta. But the rit b nd it all is universal.

Juri the celebration the lights go on early the enings and off at midnight, and after t. the isitors drive away down the canyon, Mad d has only one small hotel. ★★★



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

**Obviously enjoying himself, Night Engineer C. M. Clinard holds up one of the tiny passengers that ride on the dolls' Ferris wheel. All the fiesta equipment is built by miners, who display considerable rivalry**



**Older children put the finishing touches on their special project—the colorful manger that is one of the twelve Biblical scenes built into the hillside**



**Toyland is a children's paradise, with wonderful free rides, built from discarded mine equipment, and a real railway, with steam locomotive and cars**



**Designer of Toyland's figures is Pierre Menager, Santa Fe artist, here touching up the Cat and the Fiddle act in preparation for the new fiesta**



**Mother Goose characters parade across the stage to delight the kids of Madrid as the mecha- nized conductor beats time for the fiddling cats**

# Coningham's Cats

## By Quentin Reynolds

BY RADIO FROM CAIRO

**A Collier's correspondent sees American-made tanks go into action, and watches the British planes battle for supremacy over the African desert**



WIDE WORLD

**Potent factors in the British drive in Libya were these American-made tanks, here being tried out on arrival by their British crews**

**British airmen—their plane is the American-made Glenn Martin bomber—nonchalantly play checkers on a live bomb while waiting an assignment**

BRITISH COMBINE



ADVANCE BATTLE HEADQUARTERS, EIGHTH ARMY, WESTERN DESERT: A half cup of water isn't very much, but it is all that we are allowed here in the western desert. We are at the farthest-front airdrome; at the moment the largest and most important airdrome in the world. The white sand stretches bleakly and flatly in all directions and our runways are bounded only by the four horizons.

From dawn until dusk Air Vice-Marshal Coningham, commanding the air force in the western desert, sends his aircraft up to blast Nazi airdromes, to strafe Nazi tanks and motor transport, to bring down Messerschmitts and Junkers. There are several hundreds of "Coningham's Cats" here, fighters and light and heavy bombers, and they spend very little time on the ground. Spend a day with us here in the desert; part of it might be fun but you'll have to start the day with the half cup of cold water.

We sleep in the open, and half a moon and a sky full of stars look down in cold disapproval. In fiction, sleeping on the sand in the desert might provide a setting for adventure and romance; we only huddle deeper into our sleeping bags and curse the numbing cold and the bitter wind. December nights are cold in the desert. Ten days ago I was in the heart of Russia, flying through thick snowstorms in below-zero weather. The nights here seem just as cold. And the sun wakes us each dawn to our half cup of water which is all we have to drink, brush our teeth, shave and wash. We don't shave often.

One day is much like another. Let's run through a day and if you like it get accredited to the Eighth Army, have a uniform made and come out and join us. But bring some canned food, some water, plenty of cigarettes and a sleeping bag. Be prepared for more discomfort than you've ever suffered in your life and there's sure to be a spot of bombing too, for you're at the fighting front.

Breakfast wasn't very elaborate. There was porridge and a small piece of bully beef. There was neither tea nor coffee, for our mess had run out of water. Now walk over to the airport with me—it's only a hundred yards. Three squadrons of Tomahawks are just coming home to roost. They've been out on an early-morning sweep over the tank battle that is raging not far away. The air is filled with the high, happy singing of the Allison motors. One squadron lands, then another and now clouds of sand rise where their feet have skimmed the desert ground.

### When Acrobatics Count

The third squadron circles, waits until the dust settles and then comes down. All except one. One lone Tomahawk circles a bit unsteadily. Its left wing hangs forlornly. At least three feet of it is hanging untidily from the tip. I stand beside the wing commander, a tall, bronzed, curly-haired youngster, wearing khaki shorts. For military security reasons we are not allowed to give the full name of front-line pilots but this wing commander is "Rosie" to everyone.

"Take your time," Rosie breathes, half talking to himself. "Come in fast . . . that's it . . . leave your flaps up . . ."

Two hundred pilots and the ground crew are watching this crippled bird. Each is mentally landing that airplane himself. Landing an aircraft that has only a wing and a half is r
with Hedy Lamarr.

"Good! Good!" Only th
Rosie's voice and the hum o
disturb the deep silence of
The world has stopped breat
moment to encourage this h
and his wounded aircraft.

"He's landing by the bo
says, and there is relief ir
"That's it, kid, come in f
Good! Oh, a good show!"

The Tommy lands at 12
hour. It doesn't even bump
jumps out and looks deject
crumpled wing. "I hit an ey
he said ruefully. "I came a
ways, got in a burst and
stopped. I swiped his tail.
hunk of it off."

"Didn't you go into a spi

"This airplane doesn't go
he laughed, patting the r
Tommy affectionately, as
were a pet dog. The kic
Zululand. He should be ab
a Tomahawk. The Toma
proven themselves the glar
this show. There are severa
of them here bearing the b
attack, for this air force is r
sive unit.

### A Job to Be Dor

The Tomahawks are gre
ers," they are as maneuv
Shetland pony. They stay l
the invitation of the M
109-F's, which hover in th
sphere. Sooner or later t
will dive. That's what th
are waiting for. It is true th
can outrun any fighter air
air out here today, but th
don't run away. They get
Messerschmitts, they
them, they outshoot them a
this western battle, they h
down four times as many
themselves have lost. The
by them.

Drama is never absent fr
of our desert airdrome.
squadrons of Hurricanes
hawks take off to escort a
bombers en route to take c
airport. The bombers cir
as the little fighters buzz a
weaving and bobbing, criss
diving; having some fun be
ous business of escort
bombers are Blenheims a
tons, which are called
everyone in the R.A.F.
their name from the hun
Popeye, J. Wellington W
disappear into the blue of t
ing with it, and for the r
quiet. A lone Douglas DB
the Boston here, sweeps to
ing. The pilot reports plen
on the roads behind the C
Tanks and motor transpo
brought up in a desperate
the British tank advance.
map to his wing commanc
ries it to Coningham, who
tent just off the airport.
minutes a dozen bombe
bombers, Blenheims and
Marylands are off to see th
tanks find early graves.

Yet another bunch of T
in. One by one, the pilots
is an Australian squadron.

"We had a wizard show
squadron leader says, tryir
excitement out of his voic
in the R.A.F. means wo
went on, "Twenty of ther

*(Continued on pa* 57)




"Ise givin' you a little blood," Refugee told him. "Hot dog!" Freezy said weakly. "Dat fightin' blood!"

# Shoeshine Boy

## By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

**Loyalty comes in all colors, and black, it seems, is by no means the least common of these**

HE was a little boy who worked 135 Street, around off Lenox Avenue sually in the vicinity of Sen- "Sl ery" Ellum's Eatmor Fish & ps Soppe because people around re wld sometimes give a tip. The le b was named Free Wheeling nsor having come upon the scene ghly incident with the automotive ice the same name.

t th moment he was shining the ee of Refugee Smith and they were ne sh s, indeed.

Mist Smith," Free Wheeling d, "I ghtta charge you ten cents for shoe ine."

Refug Smith, standing with his right t on Free Wheeling's box, looked vn. "owcome dat?" he asked.

At fi cents a shoeshine," Free eelin said, grinning, "hit comes to an' alf cents a foot, don't hit?"

Refug thought this over a moment. reezy oy," he said finally, "dat's a chal t."

Dem hoes of yours," Freezy said, ok to e to be at leas' two foot long. mak four foot, an' four times two a hi makes ten centses." Free eelin Johnson laughed immoderly at s own wit, sloshed four drops his *Dizle Gloss Finisher* on each of long oes of Refugee's shoes and pped em up to a mirror finish.

Refug s answer was even longer in ing t s time. "You is a 'rithmeticin' t, Fre y," he said at last, taking a rter t of his pocket and giving it the ba Yes, suh, you is a paper'n cil 'ri meticer right outta your haid. do bu me."

Freezy hoved the quarter in his ragged pocket, looked up at the towering black man with frank adoration. "Mistuh Smith," he said, "is hit a fact you is gonna fight Johnny Revolt for de chance to fight de champeen?"

"Hit's de fact," Refugee said. "Mister Willie signed for de fight two days ago."

"Do you reckon you'll wax him, Mistuh Smith?"

"I keeps my faith in de Lord," Refugee said, "I keeps in shape, an' I does what Mr. Willie tell me to do."

"An' you ain't never lost a fight yet," Freezy said triumphantly.

Refugee Smith stretched his long black arms, yawned. "Mr. Willie," he said, "he do de worryin'. I just has to fight ever' once in a while; but Mr. Willie he worry constant, so I lets him worry for both of us."

"Mistuh Smith . . ."

"Yeah, Freezy."

"If'n I shined your shoes free would . . . do you reckon you could get me . . ."

"Get you a ficket to de fight?"

"You done read my mental mind, Mistuh Smith," Freezy said.

"How long would you go to shine my shoes for nothin'?"

Freezy Johnson's eyes got big and round with the ecstatic prospect of seeing the fight. "Ever' day," Freezy said fervently. "Forever!"

"That," said a voice in the accents of deep south Brooklyn, "is a bad deal, son."

Freezy Johnson looked up, saw a small rotund man in a gaudy double-breasted waistcoat whose blue, fat-creased cheeks were dominated by a bold, hooked nose. "Shine 'em up, Mister?" Freezy said automatically.

Willie Wurtzel spoke to Refugee Smith, bent his head and looked at the 5¢ mark Freezy had scrawled on the side of his box. "You shine shoes for a nickel, son?" Willie Wurtzel asked.

"Yes, suh, but I does a ten-cent job."

"How come you don't charge a dime, then?" Willie asked.

"De natchal truth is," Freezy said, "I don't figger hit's worth more'n a nickel."

"Can you get him a ticket to de Revolt fight?" Refugee asked his manager. "He's a pal of mine."

"I'll see about it," Willie said, "but that ain't what I come up here for. This Revolt is a hell of a tough boy. I seen him fight down to Philly last night. I want you should get yourself down to Stillman's gym this afternoon at two o'clock. I'll see about gettin' you some boys to work with later."

"Yes, suh, Mr. Willie," Refugee Smith said.

THE days passed and from the waistline of Refugee Smith there passed six pounds and four ounces. It left the waistline of Refugee Smith hard and ridged like a washboard and it left Refugee Smith weighing one hundred and fifty-nine pounds and sharp.

The passing days also brought small comfort to Willie Wurtzel. For Willie Wurtzel had come back from Philadelphia—where he had seen Johnny Revolt club a smart, tough boy into insensible submission in three rounds—a worried man.

Johnny Revolt was a man who fought with a controlled but implacable fury,

*(Continued on page 46)*




PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF

# OUR NEW ARMY

4TH ARMY CORPS

CAROLINA ROUNDUP. It's all over, but the 300,000 men and officers of the 1st (Blue) Army and the 4th (Red) Army Corps, who fought the last big battle of the year in the 14,000 square miles of pine-clad Carolina hummocks, are still digging the sand out of their shoes and the squirrels out of their pockets. (The furry fauna, in fact, formed a medium of exchange invented by men of the 29th Division's 115th Infantry when genuine U.S. coin became scarce. Squirrels, captured and kept in cages, were bartered back and forth as their owners' finances fluctuated.) As in Louisiana, water was scarce and a bath was as difficult to achieve as a pair of G-I spats—or almost. The field offered no bathing facilities and the best the base camps had to offer was a dribbling, cold water contrivance called a shower by authorities and other things by the men. One of the 1st Division's 16th Infantry lieutenants almost went berserk when he read and reread this excerpt from a letter his anxious gal sent him: "When you go for your bath be sure to wash the tub out first. You never can tell how dirty the last person was who used it. And remember—don't step out into the cold air too soon after taking a hot bath." Our man brooded over this for several days, then journeyed to a nearby city, rented a hotel room, carefully washed out the tub and sat in it for a long time. When he got out of the tub he was very careful not to step out into the cold air, too.

1ST ARMY

TACTICALLY, the Carolina war was undoubtedly a success, a fact that was somewhat undiscernible to many of the natives, who still don't know what was going on. Members of Co. M, 117th Infantry came upon a cotton-field cabin one moonlit night and found a white flag drooping from a pole by the front door. A scout, sent forward to investigate the possibility of occupation by neutral umpires, knocked on the door and was confronted by a cautious, aged and visibly shaken colored mammy. Sho enough, she put the flag out, she said. She warn't doin' no scrappin' and she warn't mad at nobody. She had been prayin' most of the night that she wouldn't be shot and she was goin' to keep right on prayin'. The soldiers did their best to apprise her of the situation but it didn't make sense to her. The flag stayed on the pole and is still there, for all we know.

IF, AS has been advocated, live ammunition is used in next year's maneuvers, citizens in the fighting area are going to be even more confused, with the exception, perhaps, of the old North Carolina Negro, who stood, fingers in ears, watching a 155-mm. battery loading one of the big guns with a dummy shell. The boys stood clear, the officer gave the firing order and the gun gave out with a sharp click. At which the Negro unstuffed his ears and turned to the lieutenant in charge with this remark: "She don't make much noise, do she, Boss?"

2D ARMY CORPS

WHICH somehow minds of the observatio nade Major General Llo R. Fr endall, commande f the Army Corps, whe e fo that an overzealous artillery ficer moved his guns so far fo ard t were emplaced smack on to f the fantry. "I like," said the eral, see the artillery well forwar Excelle in fact. But I don't want see th so damned far up they h e to bayonets on the 75's!"

THANKSGIVING DAY c rated Sunday, November 23d, h he Ca lina belligerents during a rec betwe the two phases of the final aneuv was more of a success this ye than l The eighteen-pound 1940-m el turk wouldn't fit into the field-m ge ove but the streamlined, ten- und j supplied last month by t Quart master Corps were roasted the fi with éclat and brown gravy l affor each guy a full pound. R lt was, short period ensued durin which new Army ceased to travel its st ach, the theory being that it did would roll over.



### ARKANSAS

AMP ROBINSON, Little ck. The life of the G-2 isn't voted exclusively to getting latest dope on the enemy's et gadget. A couple of G-2 Seventh Corps Area head- t Omaha recently spent three and in St. Louis trying to un- mystery of the Eagle Scout ause of the headache was Pvt. acke, of the 138th Infantry, o be assistant scoutmaster of Boy Scout Troop 228 and had e an Eagle Scout, a rank of n and great accomplishment fit. Late in the summer Pvt. ounced that in his Army work tained ten merit badges for ties as bugling, hiking, marks- and other activities to be nd any Army camp, and that n an Eagle Scout. It made a for the home-town papers Placke was photographed nds with a brigadier general; he St. Louis and Little Rock cils ruled they couldn't ac- badge qualifications given by unauthorized persons, the general did a slow burn. Posing with an illegal Eagle was something he hadn't counted on. Next thing Placke knew he was being grilled by G-2 agents, who finally decided the matter was of no particular importance in the national security scheme. The whole case disintegrated when Placke's parents advised authorities that their boy was only seventeen years old and didn't belong in the Army in the first place. He's back home now and still has no Eagle Scout badge. What he proudly shows everybody, though, is a picture of Pvt. Placke shaking hands with Brig. Gen. Lewis M. Means.

FROM the viewpoint of democracy the induction of wealthy young gents is an inspiring spectacle. To the commanding officers it's often a pain in the neck, as witness a couple of cases reported from the 35th Division. Case No. 1: A Missourian with plenty of dough decided he doesn't like the Army and has been trying to get himself discharged for physical disability, but every time he gets an affidavit from a civilian doctor attesting his incapacity the Army medics look him over again and insist he's okay. Major General Ralph Truman, until recently the division's commander, made it a sort of hobby to keep the man in the Army, despite medical testimony and occasional political pressure. "He's the only man I ever heard of," the general once remarked, "who could get sunstroke in an air-conditioned office. Case No. 2: A Kansas lad popped an MP right in the kisser one night while a number of his astonished fellow soldiers looked on. Two months later, when he emerged from the stockade, the financially unembarrassed soldier explained it all. "I didn't have anything against the guy," said he. "I just didn't want anybody to think I was a sissy."

### TEXAS

KELLY FIELD REPLACEMENT TRAINING CENTER, San Antonio. Latest thing in the Gulf Coast Air Corps Training Center, which includes thirty-two schools in fourteen states from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, is this establishment, which gives aviation and navigation cadets ten weeks' preliminary

*(Continued on page 34)*

## THE NAVY'S MARS IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST FLYING BOAT

**To give you an accurate idea of the size of the giant new Martin patrol bomber, Collier's asked the Navy to poise a Piper Cub on each wing of the 140,000-pound, 8,000-horsepower ship. Glenn Martin, builder of this biggest flying boat (official designation XPB2M1) says that the industry is ready for still greater ships. "For instance," he says, "we have a design . . . for a ship weighing 250,000 pounds. It will carry 80,000 pounds of bombs a distance of 3,700 miles, or 40,000 pounds 7,000 miles. As a commercial ship it will compete with surface shipping. We are within striking distance of freight and express by air"**

# The Pied Piper

## By Nevil Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

*The Story Thus Far:*

JOHN Sidney Howard—nearly seventy—is in the French village of Cidoton when the Germans surge into France. An Englishman, he feels that his place is in his homeland, where, old though he is, he may be of some service.

When he leaves Cidoton, he takes with him two English children: Ronald and Sheila Cavanagh, whose parents, unable to accompany them, entrust them to his care—to see them safely through to Oxford. And later (because he is a gentle, kindly man who cannot bear to see others suffer) he picks up three other young people: A little French girl—"*la petite* Rose"—whose father is awaiting her in London; Pierre, a lad whom he finds terrified, speechless, beside the bomb-shattered bodies of a man and a woman on a crowded road; and a small Dutch boy—Willem Eybe—who has, somehow, become stranded in France.

By train, by bus and on foot, the old man and his young friends find their way, at last, to Chartres, which the Germans have occupied. There he has friends—the Rougerons (Colonel Rougeron, of the French army, his wife and his daughter, Nicole) whom he had met while vacationing with his son, John—his adored son who was killed while with the Royal Air Force—before the war, at Cidoton.

He calls on the Rougerons. The colonel is away, at the front. But Madame Rougeron and Nicole (a lovely girl) give the little party a warm welcome; and presently, talking the situation over, they decide to test the friendship of Jean Henri Guinevec, of Finisterre, for the colonel, whom Guinevec has taken on many a fishing expedition. Guinevec has a boat. He can, if he will, help the old man and his charges to reach England. *But will he? . . .*

Through a country filled with Germans, Nicole (who insists on going along) leads the little party to the farm of Guinevec's father-in-law—Aristide Arvers, a horse dealer. On the way, Nicole informs Howard—subtly, diffidently—that she and his son had loved each other! . . . The horse dealer greets them. He is courteous. But he refuses Howard's request—that he visit Guinevec and suggest that he help the old man and the children to escape.

Working for Arvers is a ten-year-old Polish Jew: Marjan Estreicher. The boy—whose father is doing forced labor, in Germany—tells Howard that he hates the Germans; he says that he wants to kill as many Germans as he can!

Arvers, listening, pretends to be shocked. Not so, Howard. He remarks to the Frenchman that the boy is in peril, so long as he remains in France. He offers to take the young fellow across the Channel—*if Jean Henri Guinevec will co-operate.* Arvers says nothing, for a long time. Then: "I will do what I can do. Tomorrow I will drive Mademoiselle to LeConquêt and we will talk it over with Jean Henri. You must stay here, with the children, and keep out of sight."

### VIII

HOWARD spent most of the next day sitting in the paddock in the sun, while the children played around him.

In the late afternoon Nicole returned with Arvers. Both were very dirty, and the girl had a deep cut on the palm of one hand, roughly bandaged. Howard was deeply shocked at her disheveled appearance.

"My dear," he said, "whatever happened? Has there been an accident?"

She laughed, a little shrilly. "It was the British," she said. "It was an air raid. We were caught, in Brest—this afternoon. But it was the British, monsieur, that did this to me."

Madame Arvers came bustling up with a glass of brandy. Then she hustled the girl off into the kitchen. Howard was left in the paddock, staring out toward the west.

The children had understood only half of what had happened. Sheila said, "It was the bad airplanes that did that to Nicole, monsieur, wasn't it?"

"That's right," he said. "Good airplanes don't do that sort of thing."

The child was satisfied with that. "It must have been a very, *very* bad airplane to do that to Nicole."

There was general agreement on that point. Ronnie said, "Bad airplanes are German airplanes. Good airplanes are English ones."

He made no attempt to unravel that one for them.

Presently Nicole came out into the garden, white-faced and with her hand neatly bandaged. Madame hustled the children into the kitchen for their supper.

Howard asked after her hand. "It is nothing," she said. "When a bomb falls, the glass in all the windows flies about. That is what did it."

"I am so sorry."

She turned to him. "I would not have believed that there would be so much glass in the streets," she said. "In heaps it was piled. And the fires—houses on fire everywhere. And dust, thick dust that smothered everything."

She took his arm. "Come in the salon, and we will drink a Pernod together, and I will tell you about Jean Henri."

They went together into the house. Aristide was not about; in the salon Howard sat down with the girl. Nicole poured out a Pernod for him and added a little water. Then she poured a smaller one for herself.

"About Jean Henri," she said. "He is not to appear in this himself. Aristide will not have that, for the sake of Marie. But in Le Conquêt there is a young man, called Simon Focquet, and he will take a boat across with you."

The old man's heart leaped, but all he said was, "How old is this you

She shrugged her shoulders. —twenty-two, perhaps. He Gaullist."

"What is that, mademoisell

She said, "There is a G Gaulle in England with your a of our younger generals. In F body knew much about him, b will carry on the battle from He is not approved by our g of Vichy, but many of our y are slipping away to join him way of Spain and others in bo the Manche. That is how Si quet wishes to go, because he boy and knows boats very w

"But the Germans will surely."

SHE nodded. "Already all been stopped. But the boa allowed to fish around the co Ushant. It will be necessary something."

He said, "Where will he get

"Aristide has arranged th Jean Henri will hire one of for fishing to this young man, then will steal it when he England. Jean Henri will be complain to the gendarmerie, Germans, that his boat has b But Aristide will pay him for You should pay Aristide, if y much money."

He nodded, "How much v

She said, "Five thousand dred francs."

He thought for a moment pulled out his wallet from his opened it with the deliberat and studied a document. ' have forty pounds left on m credit," he said. "Will that b

She said, "I think so. A want all the payment that yo because he is peasant, mo understand. But he wishes and he will not stop the vent reason."

Howard said, "I would see the difference when the wa

*(Continued on page )*



**The officer asked in very bad French, "Where are you taking this to?" The old man raised his head. "Eh?" he said**

nen in one of Berlin's many
rs. These home shelters, as
d from the public shelters,
e important centers of so-
wartime Germany; most
ake every effort to reach
raid threatens, in order to
ght with friends and family

ar other German cities
g in for the expected
ter raids by R.A.F.
Mr. Courtney, who
ed st winter's raids from
ar of Berlin, describes
of a British bombing
e Germans' morale



EUROPEAN

A British bomb wrecked this apartment house in Berlin. Both London and Berlin are "morale objectives" in the war of bombs; real objectives are the industrial cities of each country. Cologne has been hit twice as hard as Berlin

# in Berlin Take It?

## W. B. Courtney

HE ng nights have settled over
nor rn Europe again, bringing their
pro sed terror—huge American
ber flying above naked eyesight,
a ca ring five tons, more or less, of
ex osives. Amid sirens, the jar
rur le of aerial torpedoes, search-
ts, a aircraft baying at the winged
low n the moon, footfalls of unim-
ant ople scurrying in the streets—
the splendent tumult of the air
a th now give Europeans their
dma s when they're awake instead
whe hey are sleeping—answer is
g s ght to the most elusive, yet
aps, ost important, question of the

n t Germans take it—as well as
ca ive it?
ode Germany's heart never be-
had endure hostile fire. Now the
F. dries it there. The British to-
t ha Berlin as well as every other
orta city and nook of the Reich
r th r bombsights.
escr ions of life in London under
warf e have been plentiful in the
ed ites, until even those of you
ne have walked them are as
liar ith the pattern of the Strand,
adil and Whitehall as with our
Ma streets. You know the peo-
too—e East End poor, unprotected
shelt s, cheerily taking up life in
subw s; the shopkeepers with their
ines as usual" signs on rubble
s; t unscared young folks in their
l clu .
erlin and Dresden and Leipzig—
not s familiar to you. Secrecy has
only covered Germany's air-raid
sure and methods, but the re-
on ot er people as well. For mili-
ree ns, correspondents are not
mitte o mention air raids until the
ial nmuniqués about them are
ed, a they cannot add information
etail those.
erlin the outstanding example of
inlan or unpublicized, raid targets
erm y. So come with me there for a firsthand ground view of Germans under R.A.F. attack.

Experience plus "raid instinct"—a newly developed sensitivity, recognized by psychologists in Europe today—warn you, in late afternoon, whether there will be a raid. I have heard a group of German and American newsmen, on a night seemingly made for bombing—clear, moon-bright, flight conditions perfect—unanimously decide there would be no raid; and there wasn't. Conversely, on nights of poor raid weather I have seen Berliners generally hurrying to get home early to avoid being forced into public shelters.

Nobody can explain this raid instinct. But it counts in your social life.

### Early Night—Early Bombing

In summer it's not too important. In this high latitude—Berlin lies almost twelve degrees (800 miles) north of New York, on a line with Labrador. You can read without lights until ten o'clock, and again, after the brief, hennaed night, at three in the morning.

In winter, however, night comes much earlier than it does in the United States. The bombers follow suit. If you go to a dinner party, you are prepared either to leave with dessert or to spend the night. Shows begin at 7:30 P. M.; the last reeling of pictures at eight, in summer; earlier in the winter.

Foreign correspondents used to call the Propaganda Ministry to learn whether the British were "on the way in." Certain Balkan journalists queered that, when Dr. Goebbels' lads found out they had developed a racket. Air raids are a particular headache to restaurant owners. Absent-minded customers lope off to shelters, forgetting the "*Rechnung.*" Moreover, those who went into the restaurant shelters would sort of look for complimentary snacks as the nights wore on. So the Balkan journalists made arrangements to secure free meals

*(Continued on page 58)*



EUROPEAN

# Alder Gulch

## By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN G. BAUMGARTNER

*The Story Thus Far:*

SHANGHAIED in San Francisco, young Jeff Pierce (a veteran of the Civil War, which is still raging) is taken aboard a ship to Portland, Oregon. There, attacked by the captain of the vessel, he kills the fellow, in self-defense, leaps into the water, swims ashore.

On a dark Portland street, he is approached by a girl—Diana Castle—who, obviously in trouble of some sort, implores him to take her away with him, *anywhere!* Accompanied by the girl, who poses as his wife, he finally makes his way to Virginia City, in Alder Gulch, where gold has recently been struck. On the way, Pierce has a series of altercations—and two fist fights—with two rascals who are also en route to Alder Gulch: George Ives and his Man Friday, "Rube" Ketchum.

Among those he meets who are more to his liking are: Will Temperton, a gambler, and his young daughter, Lily Beth (whom Diana takes under her wing); Lil Shannon, a free-and-easy woman who is very kind to Pierce; Ollie Rounds, an uncommunicative redhead, who is reticent concerning his past; and Ben Scoggins, who hopes to make a fortune as a trader in Alder Gulch. Among those he sees, during the long, hazardous trip is *Sitgreaves, the dead captain's brother, who is following him!* Certain that Sitgreaves is pursuing him, and not wanting to kill another man, Pierce slips away; again, he is accompanied by the girl.

In Virginia City, Pierce and Diana part company. Diana is soon making a living by baking pies for a restaurant; and it is not long before Pierce has a claim staked out. . . . Dillingham, a deputy sheriff, is murdered by three toughs: Hayes Lyons, Buck Stinson and Charley Forbes. The killers are caught; but George Ives, who has just arrived, succeeds in obtaining their release!

By this time, Barney Morris—a prospector who has befriended Pierce—has reason to suspect that Ives, Ketchum and other crooks are plotting to kill him and take his gold—eight thousand dollars worth. He plans to slip away (if he can) and go to the town of Bannack. He asks Pierce if he will take the gold to Bannack.

Pierce is fond of Morris. He takes the gold to Bannack—unmolested. There he entrusts the gold to the clerk at the stage office. Then, following a brief, friendly talk with the sheriff—Sheriff Plummer—he leaves the office.




**He saw Diana Castle leaving th with Lily Beth. He drew a sm and fell into step beside Diana good apple pie I had today."**

### IV

PIERCE was on the dark side of street. He moved through t ows, leaving a wake of cigar hind. Durand's saloon, directly way, was an eruption of light and Men came steadily into town. was ahead of Pierce and now he street and came back, idly and mark of indolence; he stopped at and looked through the doorway a seemed to debate with himself, and tered. Pierce halted and leaned a a wall. A woman and a small girl and swung into a store; three rid town, rounded before Durand's, mounted. When they faced the lig saloon's doorway, Pierce recogn Ketchum and George Ives. He c the third one.

He remembered that his hors standing by the stage office; and gotten his slicker. He grunted to moved back. When he stepped int office the clerk pulled up his head one slim interval Pierce saw fea the clerk.

A wagon came clacking into Pierce picked up the slicker and with it; when he reached the s noticed the wagon had stopped ne men got off the seat and came to t and other men moved forward fro Somebody said, "What you got, C

"Dead man."

"Where'd you find him?"

"Four, five miles out in the b cutting over from the Rattlesnake

The two lifted the dead ma wagon and brought him to the w found himself on the outer edge o and used his shoulders to push thr ing down, he saw Barney Morris a bullet hole passing through his h to temple.

One of the men said, "Better mer."

"Why," said one of the me brought Barney Morris in, "a dea a dead man. You call Plummer.'

Another figure pushed into the that's Barney Morris. He used claim next to mine, down Grassho

Plummer was at this moment of Durand's saloon. Pierce wit the crowd and stood at the side with his head pulled down by hi angered thoughts. He moved t got to the saddle, and rode to the here pausing.

Plummer had come into the ci heard him say, "That's Barney was one of my best friends!" grew. Looking beyond it, Pie Ketchum and Ives and the third at the doorway of Durand's. He spurs to the horse and went on out at a trot. The horse was stiff w work and had little run left in h falling back to a walk, and had t He passed Bunton's and near mi to the Beaverhead. Here he made well away from the road.

IVES patronized Durand's bar Marshland and Ketchum unti came back. Some miner said, had a lot of money and never sp had a good claim on Alder. I he had fifty thousand buried."

"Not a dime on him now."

Ives looked wryly at his emp put it aside. He said to Ma Ketchum, "Come on."

The three of them left the saloo as far as the corner of the hotel. down a side street, saying noth dozen houses fronted this side st that was a corral and a shed a of a bold hill. The (*Continued*



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

The championship Multnomah Club swimming team: Left to right, Joyce Macrae, Suzanne Zimmerman, Brenda Helser, Nancy Merki and Anne Cooney. Miss Merki and Miss Helser are this year's A.A.U. choices as outstanding women swimmers

# ater Gals

## Richard L. Neuberger

**se Oregon high-school lassies d more swimming records than all he state's male athletes combined**

RE ON is a land of he-men who fe fir trees and climb mighty m ntains, but the best athletes ece in Oregon since the arrival e c ered wagons are four slen- igh hool girls who prefer movies, po y, chocolate ice-cream sodas he- est rumba to life in the great spa s. They hold more athletic pio hips than all Oregon's male arts ombined.

o in defiance of the classical Ore- radi on, the crowning ambition of gir has been not to stand on the rmo pinnacle of Mount Hood or e G but to dance and watch the critic at the Stork Club in New Cit On a recent transcontinental the ls' coach, Jack Cody, asked rew d they wanted for setting a d to of 61 world, American, re- l ar state swimming records. "A table at the Stork Club!" they cried in unison.

"It's a bargain," he promised, and so a few weeks later four nimble and long-legged lassies from the Far West, who have shown their thrashing feet to some of the outstanding women swimmers in the United States, sat with bright eyes in Manhattan's famous rendezvous, collecting the wages of innumerable swimming victories. "Golly, isn't this keen?" said Brenda Helser, the liveliest rug-cutter among them, to Joyce Macrae, while Nancy Merki and Suzanne Zimmerman nodded in complete agreement.

The aggregate ages of this quartet that dominates the tanks and lakes and pools of the Pacific Coast would just qualify someone for an old-age pension under the laws of the U.S.A. Brenda and Joyce are each 17, Suzanne is 16 and Nancy 15. They enjoy the company of boy friends, think Tyrone Power is simply grand and are normal high-school girls in all respects except that they have proved their superiority in the water over everything but the Pacific Fleet and the fall salmon run.

Their athletic supremacy over Oregon's masculine population was vividly demonstrated last summer during the annual marathon swim at Lake Oswego, nestled in the tree-blanketed hills near Portland. The heftiest male aquastars in the state were lined along the pier ready for their dives when Nancy, Joyce, Susie and Brenda walked up unobtrusively and slipped off their bathrobes. With amused tolerance the big fellows eyed these slim youngsters who presumed to challenge them over three miles of choppy water.

Then the gun barked and the race was on. The contestants, trailed by their boats, settled into a steady pace. One of the favorites, Doug MacQuaig, was surging forward with strong, powerful strokes when something streaked past him. He thought at first it might be a fish, but it turned and said, "Hello." It was Nancy. Soon the same thing happened again. This time it was Brenda. The girls disappeared in the distance like Coast Guard cutters.

When Doug finished the three-mile grind, first of all the men swimmers to do so, Nancy and Brenda had draped towels over their shoulders and were waiting calmly on the dock. To add insult to injury they gave Doug a helping hand out of the lake. Susie came in just behind Doug and far ahead of Spike Paget and other star swimmers. Joyce had what she called a bad day, but finished among the first 10, nevertheless. Besides all this, Nancy's time of 1 hour, 10 minutes and 18 seconds established a new record for an event in which the brawniest athletes in Oregon have competed for years.

Ever since the four girls began swimming together in 1939 they have been about the best aquatic combination ever developed along the Pacific seaboard, where youngsters learn to swim almost as soon as they can toddle. As a team their specialty is the 400-yard relay, which they have reduced to an exact science. Already they have set records for the United States and a long list of its geographic subdivisions, including

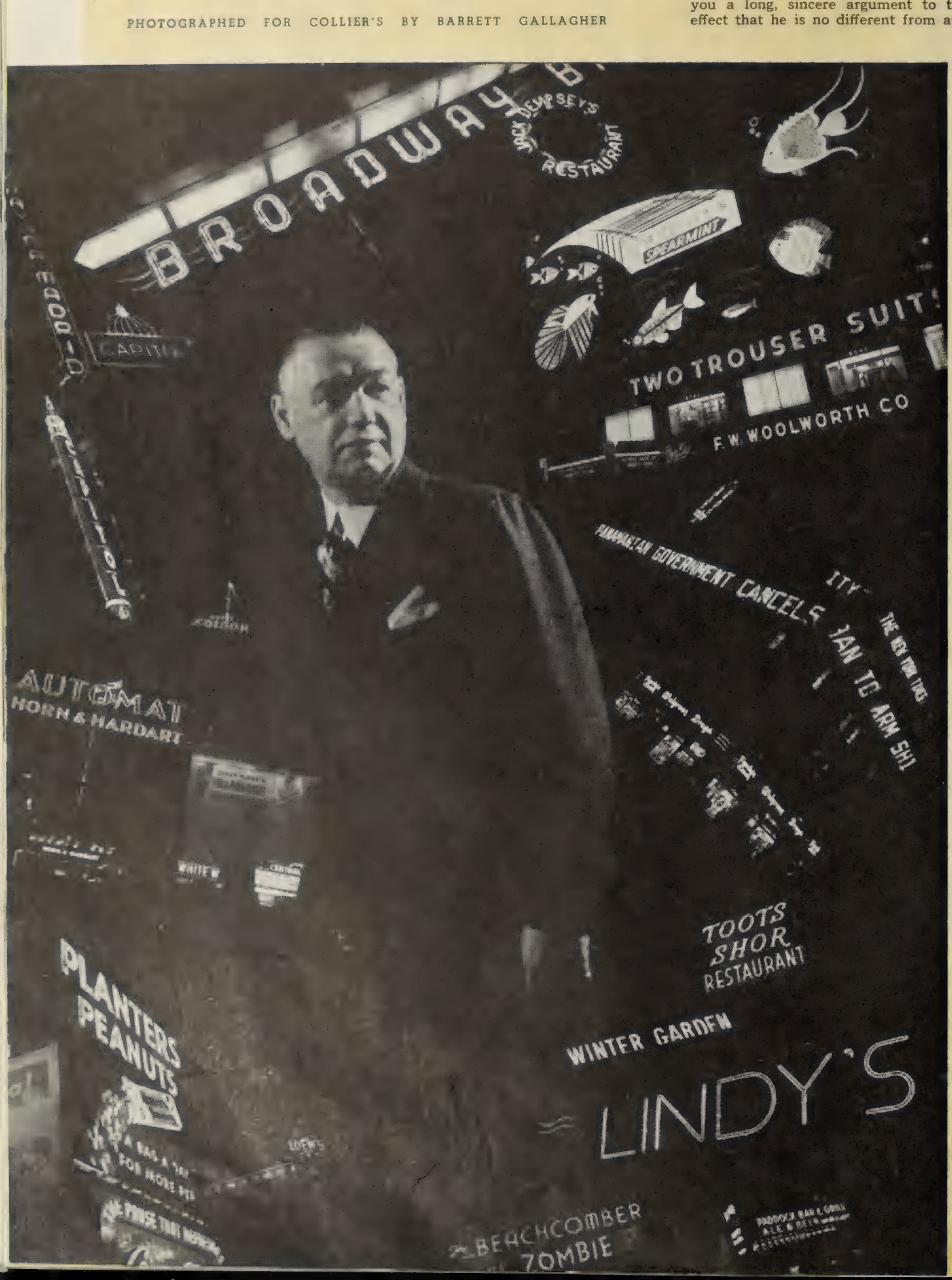
*(Continued on page 64)*

# Broadway Cop

## By Bob Considine and Jerry D. Lewis

**Few Times Square tourists recognize Johnny Broderick, but New York mobsters cringe at the mention of his name. Meet Broadway's one-man riot squad in his own bailiwick—where the lights are brightest**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY BARRETT GALLAGHER




WHEN the average American thinks of Broadway he's inclined to think of the fishes on the Wrigley sign, the thunder and lightning of Times Square, the marquee of the Paramount and the second-floor dance halls that boast of 100—Beautiful Hostesses—100. Or the name of Broadway will stir up in his mind the vision of a great lady of the theater, or a hilarious musical-comedy comedian. Or a furtive necktie pitch man.

But when Broadway itself thinks of Broadway, it thinks of a cop named Johnny Broderick. Broderick will give you a long, sincere argument to the effect that he is no different from any other man on the co busiest and most efficie But Broadway knows Because for nearly twer endeared himself to the dents of that garish bo friending the virtuous a left hooks off the jaws

Rough-and-ready Joh punch in each fist and smile on his merry Bos unrecognizable to the tors to Broadway. H that way—all good d But because of the expl ily deprecates, and de yen for privacy, he has ally known. Broadway to use his name. A co Mickey Finn has him character. Two movie Bullets or Ballots, used

As more than one g Broderick's appearanc He's no hard-hat dick in his kisser. Intimate He weighs in the 16 under six feet tall and heroics despite the fac a solid family man ar civil and circumspect.

In the concrete cre and in its neon-lig Broderick has made h counselor, two-fisted s will man for the police there he'd like to sta little guys from big on away from taxi-dance want a bum, helping down on their luck, a lums and racket g Lindy's, Leone's, the Moore's, McGinnis', t and Jack Dempsey's. hired Broderick as a b

Broderick's bodygu gin or end with Demps Sam Gompers, Queen bert, President Roose dent especially reque 1936 World Series) World's Fair. Chicag him and his do-or-die tive John Cordes, to s tracted by the bright li of A Century of Progr

Broderick's memor tion. He was walki after last June's Lou suddenly stopped dea walked quickly over whom he had riveted started him roughly o Station with an order York. The man was Johnny remembered at the second Demp and hadn't seen him

### Up from the

Johnny came fro New York wherein th fear to tread. He gashouse district in t and survived to have of disarming and pi one boyhood chum Johnny had no more mugs who were bred district. He had t school when he was t port his family. His driving a truck. H springboard to becom in the Teamsters Uni met Gompers, who w by the forceful, gusty

But the job of bod labor leader palled joined the Navy and list of hoodlums he

(Continued o

# Two Tunable Tom-Toms

By Hurd Barrett

ILLUSTRATED BY S. EDMUND OPPENHEIM




**"Tunable tom-toms!" breathed Kicks. He dropped to one knee and stroked them with his hands**

**. Nesbitt became ep at. The effects of m ic on a civilized sl ghtly deaf ear**

MR. HENRY NESBITT was accustomed to turmoil; and by parental necessity had learned eal th it. He considered himself e f unate than most fathers, gh, that he was very hard of ing. o that when the radio was d e afternoon to pick up the hine un-punctuated adventures of ptain Mystery," for instance, Mr. bitt s able to turn a small dial is e tric hearing device, and go eadi the Winfield Courier in bliss- silen . And he treated all other urbin juvenile sounds in the same

n thi particular afternoon, however, something was wrong. Despite the fact that the indicator on his Hearophone read "Off," Mr. Nesbitt's cochlea was recording a series of traumatic boomings which were most uncomfortable. . . . He was sitting in the upstairs study, just over the living room, and the combination radio-phonograph and home-recording machine he had purchased in an ill-advised moment, some weeks before, was located in the living room, some twelve feet below his chair. It was separated from him by a one-inch oak floor, ■ one-inch sub-flooring, a six-inch air space, and three coats of plaster —which should have been sufficient material to insulate him from its vibrant cacophony under any conceivable circumstances. This evening, apparently, it was not.

He glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece, and saw that it said twenty-five minutes after five. Puzzled, he frowned. Five P.M., by rights, was Captain Mystery's appointed hour. But these percussions did not sound like machine-gun fire. They went: "Boom-boom-BOOM-boom!" And repeated. Mr. Nesbitt had visual evidence of them. A rose in a vase on the mantel was jumping violently up and down in that precise tempo.

Mr. Nesbitt sighed, put down the Courier, and went downstairs. Just outside the living-room door, he paused and turned the indicator of his Hearophone to "Normal." Immediately, an inconceivable din smote his ears; and he hastily turned it down to "Low." As he did so, the door burst violently open and emitted a tall, scholarly-looking sixteen-year-old by the name of Beezy Edwards.

MR NESBITT stared at him in astonishment. Beezy, as ■ rule, was not given to violence. Beezy was a born organizer and ■ shrewd businessman—one of the type of boys who are always managers of school activities, and whose hobbies usually have ■ cash value. Beezy, for instance, collected valuable foreign coins. . . . Ordinarily, he affected a quizzical expression of quiet superiority; but now he was the victim of baffled rage. "Women!" he said furiously. "Phooey!" . . . Then he saw Mr. Nesbitt, turned beet-red, muttered, "Good evening, sir," and departed hastily by the front door.

Mr. Nesbitt decided that this manifestation denoted ■ continuation of Beezy's recent quarrel with his fifteen-year-old daughter Dorothy, over the matter of the high-school A-10 Class Play. Dorothy had been the ingénue, and Beezy had been stage manager; and Beezy, said Dorothy, had eternally humiliated her by dropping the curtain in the middle of her most dramatic and poignant third-act curtain speech. . . . There had been laughter from the audience, and a certain amount of ribbing later, most of which had come from

that nasty little Pat Engle," from whom Dorothy had won the coveted ingénue role. . . . So there had been a rupture in Beezy and Dorothy's friendship, during which Beezy had telephoned often, and Dorothy had moped and refused to have anything to do with him. . . Mr. Nesbitt sighed and opened the living-room door.

What he saw held him fascinated. His daughter Dorothy was standing in front of the living-room table. In her left hand was a jelly, minced ham, and peanut-butter sandwich of heroic proportions, with several no less heroic bites missing from one side of it. Her right hand was resting on the table top, on an open copy of Lyle's Latin Grammar, which she was presumably studying. The rest of her was in violent and rhythmic motion. Her feet shuffled and tapped. Her blond head bobbed like that of a shaken rag doll. And, at regular intervals, there came from her sandwich-laden mouth a strange, muffled cry of "Ta-teetee-TA-teetaa-TEE-*TAA!*"

Mr. Nesbitt shifted his glance to the corner of the room where stood the radio. In front of the machine was an enormous trap drum; and seated at the trap drum was a boy. He was about sixteen, redheaded and angular, with wild blue eyes, and a lantern jaw which was champing rhythmically at a wad of gum. . . . He was belaboring, with incredible swiftness and dexterity, four cymbals, a snare drum, and a number of other objects which included a cowbell, three hardwood blocks, several things that looked like calabash gourds, and a cagelike contraption that might have passed for the better mousetrap.

MR. NESBITT had a horrible premonition. "Good Lord!" he said, somewhat more loudly than he'd meant to.

Instantly, both the drumming and the dancing stopped, and he found himself confronted with two pairs of eyes. There was an awkward pause. Then Dorothy sprang toward him to administer a rather jammy and peanut-buttered kiss. "Hi-ya, Pop!"

Mr. Nesbitt wiped his face. "Where was Beezy going?" he inquired.

"Oh, *him!*" said Dorothy scathingly. She laughed. "I guess he's gone back to play with his old coin collection." The subject of Beezy having been thus dismissed, she turned gaily toward the boy with the drums and said, "This is Kicks Kennedy, Pops."

"Please-to-meet-you!" said Kicks, with machine-gun rapidity; and Mr. Nesbitt perceived from the look on Dorothy's face that his horrible premonition had been correct. Kicks had become the more or less permanent successor of the late-lamented Beezy. Kicks Kennedy who drummed. . . . Terrible thought! Dorothy's hobbies had a way of changing with her beaux. . . .

Mr. Nesbitt suppressed a groan, and managed a rather lame smile. "Playing a little—er—jazz, eh?" he asked jovially.

Dorothy laughed indulgently. "Oh, you're so old-fashioned, Pops! They call it swing, now. . . . No, I had to study my Latin, and Kicks is just practicing for the Dizzy Darnel Contest!"

"Oh," said Mr. Nesbitt. Cautiously, he turned his Hearophone up a notch. He knew all about the Darnel Contest. Dizzy Darnel was the state's most popular dance-band leader, and Neely Phelps, president of the Winfield Department Store, had recently come into the Winfield National Bank—of which Mr. Nesbitt was loan officer—to borrow five thousand dollars to buy the local sponsorship of the scheme.

The idea was simple: Each week over the radio, Dizzy Darnel was to hold auditions for amateur dance bands of high-school age. Customers of the twelve sponsoring stores throughout the state would be permitted to vote for what they thought was the best amateur band in their city; and from among the three bands which amassed the greatest number of votes, Mr. Darnel would pick one from each city which—during the summer vacation—would be given a contract to tour the first-run movie theaters of the state. It was a scheme to delight the merchandising soul. . . . Business was expected to boom. Mr. Nesbitt, therefore, had loaned Neely Phelps the five thousand. . . .

"Think you'll win?" Mr. Nesbitt asked Kicks.

Kicks looked uncertainly at Dorothy, who had resumed her consumption of the sandwich. "I don't know," he said.

"He needs more stuff for his drums," said Dorothy, matter-of-factly.

"You mean more things to pound on?" asked Mr. Nesbitt. He looked at the trap drum. "It looks—er—awfully complete to me."

"Oh, it's pretty fair," said Kicks, "but a guy isn't in it, these days, unless he's got tunable tom-toms."

"Tunable *what?*" asked Mr. Nesbitt.

"Tom-toms. You know, those little round drums. They go 'boompetty-boom-PAboompetty-boomp' under the basic beat. Gives a *super* effect. Ever hear Krupa?" He mentioned the name with reverence.

Mr. Nesbitt shook his head. "I don't believe so."

"*He* uses 'em. And he wrote the book!"

"Tunable tom-toms," said Dorothy, "cost thirty-five dollars, and they won't let Kicks buy them on time 'cause he's not twenty-one; and his father won't okay the account."

"He says I've got enough drums now," said Kicks.

"He doesn't understand," Dorothy explained. "Tom-toms are a necessity. Not just a here-today thing like some drum gadgets. Tom-toms'll be good ten years from now." She looked at Kicks for confirmation, and Mr. Nesbitt sensed that she had learned these facts but lately.

"I wonder, Dorothy," Mr. Nesbitt said hopefully, "if you couldn't study your Latin better if Kicks were to practice his drums at home? It must be hard for you to concentrate with—"

"Oh, no!" said Dorothy. "Music always makes me concentrate *better*."

MR. NESBITT went upstairs again, settled himself in his chair, and turned himself off. For perhaps two minutes he read the Courier in peace. Then he became aware of a subtle vibration in the soles of his feet. "Damn!" he said. A minute later, the vibrations were playing tag with the ends of his auditory nerves. He looked at the rose in the vase on the mantel. It was weaving and bobbing like an amateur lightweight. . . . "Damn!" he repeated. . . .




**"This year we're saving our Christmas savings to help pay our income tax"**

IRVING ROIR

Mr. Nesbitt was a widower; and the ménage operated under the joint supervision of himself and a colored cook and factotum named Pearl. Pearl was very fat, very black, and a member of the family of ten years' standing.

One morning, about a week after the advent of Mr. Kicks Kennedy and his drums, Mr. Nesbitt descended to breakfast. As he seated himself before his orange juice, Pearl appeared from the kitchen with his eggs and bacon, and without bothering to wish him "good morning" said "Don' you feel good, Mr. Henry?"

"I feel fine!" said Mr. Nesbitt, hastily. "Fit as a fiddle!" Experience had taught him that admitting illness to Pearl brought immediate and unpleasant attempts at remedy. "I—er—just haven't been sleeping awfully well."

"Might be yo' stummick," said Pearl, hopefully. "You don' look good. Maybe yo' needs—"

"All I need," said Mr. Nesbitt grimly, "is to get rid of that Kennedy boy. Those drums are driving me crazy."

"H'm, h'm!" said Pearl triumphantly. "Yo' nervous!"

Mr. Nesbitt fixed her with an exasperated eye. "I'm *not* nervous! The drums just hurt my ears. I like every beat of them, for some reason. I'm simply going to have to tell the Kennedy boy he can't drum any more. . . . Now, stop botherin' me."

"Yes, suh." She turned away, then hesitated. "Mr. Henry, suh, ain't figurin' you could just tell here Kennedy boy a-packin',—"

Mr. Nesbitt recognized her remark as being an admonition, rather than a question. "Why can't I?" he asked in sudden alarm.

"Because, suh," said Pearl, "Mr. Engle's cook says this Kennedy boy is 'bout the most popular boy in the whole of the Winfield High School. If you send him packin', Mr. Henry, he'll have to fin' hisself some other place to live. And de place is gonna be Mr. Engle's cellar room. That snippety little girl done already made the remark, you knows, Mr. Henry, that Mr. Engle's gonna feel mighty bad if you do all de affectations of de Kennedy boy. He have him take up with *her*."

"H'm," said Mr. Nesbitt. He waited for amplification.

Pearl went out into the kitchen and came back with Mr. Nesbitt's toast. "Seem like this Kennedy boy has a good chance of winnin' this here Darnel contes'. If he *do*, he goin' to be gone away all summah; an' it ain't gonna do Miss Dorothy no good to have a beau that ain't here to take her bathin' and swimmin' at the river."

Mr. Nesbitt recognized the beginnings of a plan. Knowing Pearl's love of prowess, his interest quickened. "Yes," he said.

"Miss Dorothy, she done had a little quarrel with this Beezy Edwards boy, true enough. But he's the most popular boy at the Winfield High School, and if the Kennedy boy win the contes' she's gonna make up with the Edwards boy again, right quick."

"Good Lord," groaned Mr. Nesbitt. "Any man who raises a child is storing up jewels for his crown in heaven."

"Yes, suh," agreed Pearl. "But that ain't all. If the Kennedy boy don't win that contes' he's goin' to be mighty mad min' 'round the house all summah. That's bad. But the Beezy boy is different. We's *used* to the Beezy boy. But if we's got to have *any* boy 'round, and we couldn't do no better than Kennedy, I suggests, Mr. Henry, that you fix up some thing so the Kennedy boy will win the contes'."

"But how can I do that?" asked Mr. Nesbitt.

"Mr. Henry, suh," said Pearl, "you know. But it's shoah got to be fixed so us to have any quiet here outs."

Mr. Nesbitt went to the office that morning with no inkling that, by the time the day was out, he would have made the purchase of two tunable toms-toms . . . His acquisition of them was the result of his mature consideration of what Pearl had given him at breakfast. But out of a phone call he made to Mr. Dizzy Darnel, at the field broadcasting station.

MR. DARNEL spoke so strangely that Mr. Nesbitt could barely understand him, but he had age to discover two facts: Darnel admired the work of his own band above all others; and it was his opinion that, with the exception of a five-piece band from River School, he considered every band in the music contest as being of inferior caliber.

"Corny," was Mr. Darnel's way of putting it. "Strictly boom-boom. They all sound like prison band. The horns they picked up in a pawnshop."

"Oh," said Mr. Nesbitt, thoughtfully. Then, "Have you heard an—



## ONCE AGAIN IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF

# Merry Christmas!

You've never known the warm glow that fills you when friends stop in for a Four Roses eggnog at Christmas time . . . well, you couldn't pick a better time than right now to start this gracious custom!

**1. Here's what you need**

. . . ¾ cup sugar . . . 1 pint cream . . . 1 pint . . . 1 oz. Jamaica Rum . . . 1 pint Four Roses.

**2. Here's what you do**

Separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

**3. Here's what you get**

Five pints of the most delicious Egg-Nog that ever fluffed up in a bowl! And no wonder! For the Four Roses that you buy today is the most luxuriously smooth and richly flavorful whiskey we have ever made or known, in all our 76 years!




*a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore*

tra called Kennedy's Kongo Kats?"

"*Well,* yes," said Mr. Darnel. This seemed to be his only affirmative.

"How is it?" asked Mr. Nesbitt.

"Awful," said Mr. Darnel. "That's what I was telling some kid this morning. Name of Beezy Edwards."

"*Who?*" asked Mr. Nesbitt, startled.

"Beezy Edwards," repeated Mr. Darnel. "He asked, just like you, which band I thought was going to win. I told him River Falls looked like a cinch. Then he asked about this Kats outfit. I told him the same as I'm telling you. They got no style. No class. That's the trouble with kids. They always think one of them's a Grofé on arrangements."

"I see," said Mr. Nesbitt, thoughtfully—wondering, meanwhile, just where Beezy fitted into the picture.

"Now you take my outfit," said Mr. Darnel, for the fifth or sixth time.

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Mr. Nesbitt, hastily. "Very fine indeed, I'm sure. But tell me something. Does your drummer use tunable tom-toms?"

"*Hell,* yes," said Mr. Daniel. "Four sets of 'em! We got a little novelty number. A terrific break on the toms! Strictly bucket with a boogie-box background! It kills 'em!" To Dizzy Darnel, apparently, a band without toms, was like an egg without salt. . . .

"Thank you," said Mr. Nesbitt. He hung up the phone, and thoughtfully tapped his pencil against his teeth. Then he picked up the phone again, and dialed the number of the Winfield Music Shop. . . .

HE GOT home early that afternoon, and carried his purchases directly upstairs to the study. They consisted of twenty-six recordings of the music of Mr. Dizzy Darnel and a set of tunable tom-toms.

The tom-toms were each about nine inches high, twelve in diameter and made of honey-colored, polished hardwood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Their stand was an intricate and sturdy wonder of chromium-plated steel tubing, and the skins shone with a sleek, satin whiteness. Mr. Nesbitt set the outfit up before his chair, took the two padded drumsticks from the packing box, tuned up his Hearophone a notch, and gave the skin of one of the drums an experimental thump. It resounded with a deep, penetrating "Boom!" Mr. Nesbitt shuddered, and turned his Hearophone down to its lowest ebb. With an almost morbid fascination, he thumped at the second tom-tom. Its "Boom!" was somewhat higher than that of the first, though no less penetrating. . . .

Experimentally—watching the petunia blossom that had replaced the rose in the vase on the mantel—he hit both tom-toms simultaneously. The petunia quivered in anguish, and Mr. Nesbitt felt a set of echoes rebound from the top of his skull and smite his diaphragm a mighty blow. "Good Lord!" he said. "They're—they're positively brutal!" Panic-stricken at the implications of what would happen if his scheme went somehow awry, he looked frantically about him for some place to hide the tom-toms. He was too late. There was the sound of a troop of horses coming up the stairs, and Dorothy stood in the doorway. Kicks Kennedy was behind her.

"Hi!" she said, in greeting; and then stopped short. "*Tom-toms!*" she screamed.

"*Tunable* tom-toms!" breathed Kicks. He stood, for a moment, staring at the gleaming wood-nickel-and-white drum skins. Then he dropped to one knee alongside them and stroked the drums with his hands. "Gee!"

Mr. Nesbitt wet his lips. He was not accustomed to the practice of subterfuge; and he tried to think of some logical explanation for his impending generosity. . . . "You told me," he began, "that you thought you could win the Dizzy Darnel contest if you had tom-toms. . . . Is that correct?"

"Why, sure he could!" said Dorothy. "Couldn't you, Kicks?"

"Sure," said Kicks, still staring at the drums. "I'd be a cinch." He thumped the drumheads with the heels of his hands, and the tom-toms muttered awfully. "Boy, oh, boy!" he breathed happily.

"I—er—always admired young men with ambition," temporized Mr. Nesbitt. "I'd like," he added, with great truth, "to see you win that contest. I'm going to make it possible for you to own this set. The down payment on it is made. The weekly payments are one dollar. Does that suit you?"

"Huh?" said Kicks, incredulously. "You mean I can *have* them?"

"Yes," said Mr. Nesbitt.

"Do you really mean it, sir?"

Mr. Nesbitt nodded. "Certainly."



**"Why don't you look where he's going?"** CHON DAY

Kicks drew himself up. His eyes were shining. "Mr. Nesbitt," he said earnestly, "when the trials come off, both I and the Kongo Kats will be in there pitching with everything we've got. And if we win—well, I'd have to ask the other guys in the band—but if I have my way, the band won't be called Kennedy's Kongo Kats, any more. It'll be the *Nesbitt Nite Owls!*"

MR. NESBITT, by now, had ceased to feel like anything as decent as a dog. He drew a deep breath though and smote cleanly. "There is, however, a condition," he said. "I've heard on good authority"—he steeled himself—"that your band is—er—corny. Strictly boom-boom. Something's got to be done about it, or that five-piece band from River Falls will win the contest."

He paused to gather their reaction. Kicks Kennedy had an expression of injured pride on his face; and Dorothy was staring at him with awe and amazement at his erudition. "You have no style," continued Mr. Nesbitt, bravely. "That's the trouble with kids," he added with unction. "They always think they're a—er—Grofé on arrangements. You'll have to do a lot of work. A lot of work." He picked up the package of recordings. "You can rehearse in the living room every afternoon for an hour."

"*Here?*" asked Dorothy, staring at him.

"Of course," he said, firmly. "Every afternoon. The thing to do is to practice with these records until you get an idea of what Mr. Darnel likes. Then we'll buy some of the sheet-music arrangements he has for sale, and go to work on them. He's judging the contest, and it stands to reason he likes his own kind of music. If he didn't, he'd change it."

"Yes, sir," said Kicks, slowly. "I guess he would." He seemed somewhat surprised that the idea had never occurred to him.

"And," said Mr. Nesbitt, "I want you to work up a little novelty number. A sort of solo on toms. Something terrific with a boogie-box background. It'll kill 'em!"

Kicks Kennedy's mouth dropped open. "Yes, sir," he said.

"Fine," said Mr. Nesbitt. "Now—er—get in there and pitch!"

The next three weeks were a nightmare. Each afternoon, Mr. Nesbitt sat in the living room and listened to the ceaseless thumping of two tunable tom-toms; and—when he tuned up his Hearophone—to the squalling of a saxophone and a cornet, the plinking of a guitar, and the twiddling of a not too expertly played piano. . . . At night—in his dreams—he heard the tom-toms alone. The whole of his universe trembled to their echoes; and he soon reached the point where he snapped at his secretary, made no loans at the bank, kept his Hearophone permanently turned off, drank four bottles of beer of an evening instead of his usual two, and jumped whenever anyone spoke to him.

He had long ago taken over the superintending of the Kongo Kats, for it was apparent from the first that they were not going to win the contest without careful guidance. And after two weeks of intensive exposure to Mr. Darnel's recordings, and to the Kats' efforts, Mr. Nesbitt prided himself on knowing more about swing than the next man. He therefore gave up reading the Courier until more peaceful days should come and devoted his afternoo Kats.

He was nothing if not thoro went systematically about the making home recordings of the forts, for instance. These he wo back to them, so that they c wherein they erred.

But it was with the drums really shone. Kicks left his tra Nesbitt living room; and Mr got in the habit of taking off t vas covers, of an evening, and one of the Darnel recordings th gamut of dissonance, so as bet struct Kicks Kennedy in the i of some attractive break. Ev he achieved a remarkable dext although he could not bring h the point of chewing gun drummed, he found that his up an involuntary champing and that his head set up a pe chanical metronomic swingin

One evening, shortly after s ended for the summer, and week before the judging of th he was in the throes of the l of "Juju Jamberoo"—the one "Taddlia-poomp-ah-Ta-ta-ti" it—when he looked up to s face peering at him furtively dining-room doorway.

INSTANTLY he stopped dr feeling somehow a little "Did you want something, l said irritably.

Pearl edged her way into "Mr. Henry," she said, cautio you shuah everything is all "Of course everything's all said irascibly. "As all right be in a madhouse like thi Why?"

Pearl shuffled her feet. drums still hurt yo' ears, Mr.

"Of course they do! I'm al with hearing them."

"Yas, suh," agreed Pearl, him doubtfully. Then, "Mr you sure, Mr. Henry, dat th boy is goin' to win de conte

Mr. Nesbitt suddenly stop ing, and smiled. "He's a— he said, with pride. "Why the best little five-piece o state. All Kicks has to do i the stage, and he's in! We

"Um, h'm," said Pearl Then, "Mr. Henry, I don' thi nedy boy goin' to get votes *appeah* on de stage. Lea Engle's cook say he ain't. S little Engle snip say someb cash money fo' votes; an Dorothy cain't collect enou the Kennedy boy to get int at all."

"Good Lord!" said M "Who's doing it?"

Pearl shook her head. dey don't nobody know."

The next two days were h Nesbitt had an interview thy that same evening, wh from a moving picture with nedy. Dorothy was actin campaign manager. She h a Kongo Kats' Club at the and herself joined the sca haunted the Winfield Depa each afternoon to pick u slips which customers ofte the floor after making the . . . Mr. Nesbitt seized he tered the Nesbitt door. I pale. "Dorothy," he sa "Tell me. How many vo got for Kicks?"

"Oh, lots!" she said b most two thousand."

Mr. Nesbitt went into lightning calculations. He dollar what the cash sales field Department Store ha the contest started. Allo

# GIRL ES BACK TO COLLEGE

AS JANUARY 2, Clare Fisher, her hristmas holiday over, kissed Pap, nd Mama Fisher goodbye, set ut return to her classes at a well- no girls college in New England. H father had planned to drive Clar back. But weather was bad, so e p her on a Pullman, as being the ate surest way for her to travel. lev having taken a Pullman before, he v a bit nervous. But all nervous- ess ded as the porter gave her a ig, ssuring smile, told her to ring he I if she wanted anything.





**IO IONER** got settled than another girl came e fo d that her name was Ruth Murphy, that ab going back East to college, and that she up r berth over Clare's lower. They hit it off a once, went up to the dining car to have to her.



**DINNER OVER,** they wandered back to the lounge car. Here they got their first big kick of the trip; a famous movie actor was there! He left, but they hardly noticed, for they'd struck up an acquaintance and started a lively conversation with two army flyers (whose names you can't have—yet).



**AFTER BRIDGE** and much good talk with the flyers, Clare and Ruth retired to their car, washed faces and scrubbed teeth before bed. Clare discovered (by watching Ruth) that you *pull forward* the water faucets to turn them on, that the small bowl was the tooth-scrubbing bowl. She felt like an old hand!



Ru up above, Clare below. And those berths psh e as a Captain's Cabin! Hangers for ; a mmock and shelf for stockings, etc.; a rea g light; real air-conditioning; and, be- hos crisp, crackly sheets, *the divinest bed you hed toe into!*



**NEXT MORNING,** Clare was writing home: "Dear Dad and Mom . . . There never, never was anything like this Pullman trip for fun . . . I feel like a queen . . . I met the most wonderful people . . . I guess I'm spoiled for any other kind of travel." *Try Pullman. You'll be spoiled, too.*



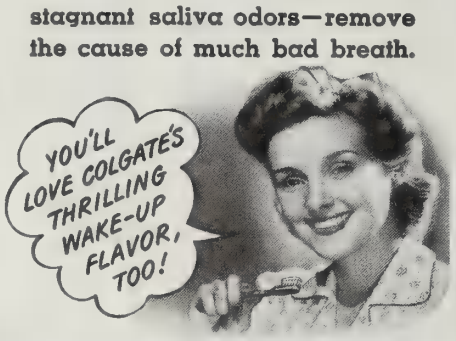


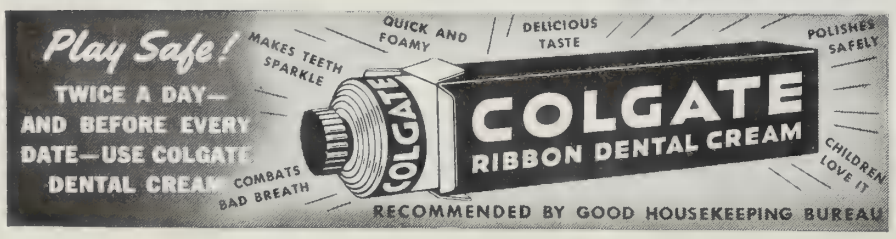

**Yes, YOURS! For even YOU can have Bad Breath! In fact it's more than likely that you do! Don't run the risk! Use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!**




**HERE'S WHY:** Colgate's has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath.

**BESIDES,** Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently . . . makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting liquids, powders and other pastes for Colgate Dental Cream!





a fifty per cent margin of lost sales slips there must be at least fifty thousand votes waiting to be cast. "Ye gods and little fishes," he groaned; and picked up the phone to call Neely Phelps at his home.

Neely, it appeared, had heard rumors, too. Certain of his customers had remarked that Winfield Department Store sales slips had a cash currency value, among their younger children, of twenty-five cents for ten dollars' worth. . . . No, he couldn't imagine who would care enough about the outcome of the contest to spend that much money to influence the result. . . . Yes, he *would* try to find out! . . . Who was leading in the contest? Well, as he recalled it, the River Falls band was leading with about ten thousand votes; Linklater's Lulus were second with seventy-two hundred odd, and the Bayou Bearcats were runners-up with four thousand. . . . Kicks Kennedy? Why, he was fifth with twenty-five hundred votes.

Mr. Nesbitt hung up. The election closed the next day; and under the terms of the contest Kicks Kennedy had to place in the first three, even to get a hearing in the finals. Instead, he was fifth; and there were almost twenty-five thousand votes outstanding. Who had them? Mr. Nesbitt didn't know. And he couldn't find out. . . . And by the afternoon of the next day, he was desperate. The ballot-counting and final judging were due to take place that same evening on the stage of the Winfield Theater; and it looked as though whoever was doing the dirty work intended to use his accumulated votes to see that his band was the best of the three that were to be judged.

A truly ingenious scheme, thought Mr. Nesbitt. Worthy of a Tammany boss. . . . But where was the financial interest in winning *this* election? . . . Unless—wait! The band that went on tour would be paid one hundred fifty dollars, plus expenses, for each of its twelve appearances. *That* sum was worth spending money to secure. One of the contestants was buying votes for himself! Which one? Obviously, the band that was leading! The River Falls Band. "Ha, ha!" cried Mr. Nesbitt, aloud and reached for his phone.

Twenty minutes later—dispatched by his high-school principal—a certain fifteen-year-old Jerry Voelter stood in Mr. Nesbitt's office, while Mr. Nesbitt sternly berated him for vote-buying, trying to influence a free election, poor citizenship, and other crimes.

Jerry Voelter, however, proved not to be the guilty man. He had bought no votes. "Besides," he said, "Beezy Edwards says that—"

"*Who?*" shouted Mr. Nesbitt.

"Beezy Edwards," repeated Jerry. "It was his idea. . . . Beezy says that—"

"Never mind!" shouted Mr. Nesbitt. "I see the picture quite clearly." He grabbed his hat, and sailed out the door like a hurricane, muttering as he went.

HE LOCATED Beezy Edwards at the Uptown Drugstore. Beezy was calmly inhaling a Giant-Thick malt. Having by this time recovered control of his temper, Mr. Nesbitt sat down beside him and said, very jovially, "Well, well, young man! Where've you been keeping yourself?"

Beezy's scholarly eyes observed him gravely through their horn-rimmed glasses. "Oh, round and about, sir. Nice to see you again." He waited—the picture of respectful dignity. He might well have passed as a devout and vaguely reproachful clergyman confronted with a wandering member of his flock. This despite the fact that Mr. Nesbitt knew Jerry Voelter had undoubtedly given him the alarm. . . . He mopped his brow and ordered an Alka-Bromo.

"Beezy," Mr. Nesbitt s
been working at cross-purp
"Have we, sir?" said Be
prise. "How's that?"

Mr. Nesbitt decided o
frankness: "Where in thun
get hold of six hundred dolla
all those votes?"

Beezy, apparently, decid
ness, too: "It didn't cost me
sir. I only bought enough
balance right; and I sold a
at a profit. I'm only in the
a hundred and fifty bucks;
that back. I sold part of
lection to finance the deal

"I see," said Mr. Nesbitt,
"Apparently, you have qu
for finance. But do you
quite honest to buy votes
that's what crooked politic

"I thought about that, si
ured that since this was pu
mercial proposition, and
was selling votes in his st
right to buy them."

Mr. Nesbitt thought this
perhaps you had," he con
there're some things I dor
derstand. Maybe you'd b
the whole deal to me."

BEEZY looked a little un
"Well, sir," he said. "T
thing's fair in love or war,
sure both of them. I figu
make a little money and g
of the way at the same tim

"Kicks Kennedy?" inqui
bitt.

Beezy nodded. "I was
my profits to start a summ
figured Dorothy would—"

Mr. Nesbitt nodded. "Y
summer theater, with Dor
ing lady, would be more
tion than a—er—losing
That's where you were w
Kicks wins the contest,
have to keep him around

Beezy's composure va
gave place to apprehension
he said in alarm. "Why?"

"Because," said Mr. N
can't desert him when h
would be disloyal. My pla
If he wins the contest, he'
summer. Then your thea
some good."

"I guess maybe you're ri
Beezy slowly. "I didn't get
you were helping the droop
liked him."

"Heavens, no," said Mr.
drumming drives me—er
But this Jerry Voelter dea
it work?"

Beezy grinned at him.
Dizzy Darnel told me whe
started that the River Fa
the best in town. I saw
make some money, so I
he'd pay me twenty per
earnings from their tour,
that his band would reach t
ing. I figured he'd be a ci
especially if I could fix
couple of sad outfits lik
Lulus and the Bayou Bear
second and third."

"H'm, h'm!" said Mr. N
tively. "I wondered wh
Darnel, that day. I might
that it wasn't merely
interest in music. . . . Be
tinued, "how many votes
ing right now?"

"About ten thousand, s

"That's enough," said M
make sure that Kicks Ke
the final judging. That's
have to do."

Beezy looked at him i
I can't vote for Kicks, sir
be ethical. I promised t
Voelter."

"The ethics of the situa

bled now," said Mr. Nesbitt. "But e already kept your end of your in with Jerry. You simply prom- im you'd get him into the finals; hat if he won, you'd take twenty nt of his earnings. Furthermore, e no right to deprive Kicks of his e. Nor, to be thoroughly fair it, the others, either. Rigging elec- s bad business. Fortunately," he with pride, "Kicks has the best ive-piece band in the state. He'd yhow, so the others aren't really ng an injustice."

t how about my hundred and fifty " asked Beezy.

Nesbitt looked at him severely. richly deserve to lose it."

, sir," said Beezy doubtfully.

ill, however, buy you an ice- soda."

anks," said Beezy absently. He d chocolate, and sat for a mo- sipping it. He said, presently, "I about something. There's never any physical trouble between and me. He knows he's behind in ction. I wonder if I went to see ht now, if I could sell him on the leal I did Voelter."

Nesbitt gasped. Then he laughed. he said, slowly. "I suppose *you*

umult and the shouting had died contest was a week over; and the Nite Owls, *nee* Kicks Kennedy's Kats, had won the nod, and were ain headed for their first week's ment in Centerville.

Nesbitt got home quite early, that on. He was jovial—beamingly came into the house, said, "Well, w's everything?" to Pearl, and istling off upstairs to the study. here, he removed his shoes, himself off, and settled himself ably with the Courier.

little while he read in peace. But then, apparently, something commenced to disturb him. He shifted uneasily in his chair and turned up his Hearophone, expecting to hear some violent noise. There was none—only a murmur of voices from the veranda. Something, he sensed, was very wrong. For a second he couldn't determine what it was. Then, suddenly, he knew: The flower in the vase was motionless!

He considered this fact for a moment before its significance struck him. Then he realized that he was also disturbed by the absence of certain vibrations in the soles of his feet, and in the top of his skull. He sat up straight in his chair. "Great Scott!" he said, in horror. . . . For a moment, he meditated on the vagaries of the human mind, and on what he'd read in books of psychology on conditioned reflexes. Then, with a sigh, he selected a record he'd made of Kicks Kennedy's Kongo Kats, went downstairs to the living room, put it on the turntable of the big phonograph, set the machine on "repeat," and returned to the study.

For a moment, he sat in his chair—with his Hearophone turned off. The vibrations were satisfactory, so he settled back in comfort to read the Courier. For perhaps a minute, he perused it in peace, while his head and feet thrummed comfortably, and the flower on the mantel shuddered.

Then the door of the study opened, and his daughter Dorothy came in. She came directly to where he sat, and turned him on slightly.

"Father," she said, in a pathetically pained voice. "We can't *stand* that awful phonograph so loud. Specially, those horrible drums! Beezy and some of us are rehearsing a play on the veranda, and we simply can't hear ourselves think."

Mr. Nesbitt stared at her blankly. "Ye gods!" he said. "Ye gods and little fishes!"



"You never consider anyone but yourself!" GREGORY D'ALESSIO


## How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Berger



**Bud:** C'mon, now! A big locomotive for the team!

**Sis:** Well! Well! I never knew cheerleaders did homework. But why don't you open up and *give?* That yelp would make any team run the wrong way!



**Bud:** Who asked *you* in here? Cheerleading has to be practiced, like anything else. You have to develop timing—and rhythm—and pep.




**Sis:** Pep, is it? Well, you don't get *that* in front of a mirror! You can't have it unless you *eat* right, and a few more *vitamins* might do wonders for your *oomph*, my lad. Scram down to the kitchen. Here's where we do a favor to dear old Alma Mater.




**Sis:** And right here is where we make a start toward getting more vitamins. You've got to have 'em all, and in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is an extra-good supply of two of the most important ones—vitamins $B_1$ and D.

**Bud:** Holy cats! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If getting the other vitamins can be this much fun, I'm going to be the most vitaminized cheerleader you ever saw.

## Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin $B_1$, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

# Wicked Little Willem

**By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan**

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

DEAR children, once upon a time—just last month, to be strictly truthful—there lived in Holland a wicked little boy named Willem Kampfeldt. He lived with his father, Jan, and his grandmother, Mrs. Dencker. They had a clean house on a tidy street in the village of Domhelder, which is twenty miles from Rotterdam.

Willem's mother, his sister and his two older brothers were dead. The Kampfeldts had been living in Rotterdam when Mr. Hitler sent his bombing planes to punish that city for defying him. Mr. Hitler's bombing planes killed Mrs. Kampfeldt, Kathie, Paul and Jan, Jr. Mr. Hitler said he was very sorry that the Dutch government had forced him to do this. Of course, that should have ended the matter. But little Willem hated the Germans. As all good children know, it is wrong to hate anyone.

Little Willem hated the Germans so much that he would not smile and wave his hand when Mr. Hitler sent Colonel von Bock and a regiment of soldiers to Domhelder. The Germans moved into barracks that Dutch soldiers once had occupied. Colonel von Bock issued orders that Willem's father, Jan, and other Dutchmen in Domhelder must work fourteen hours every day at the town's one factory. It had been an automobile factory, but now Mr. Hitler wanted the Dutchmen to make tanks for his army.

Old Jan Kampfeldt cursed about this and set a bad example to little Willem. Children tend to copy their elders. Little Willem did not actually say any swear words, but he hated the Germans harder than ever. He talked to Hans and Jon and Peter and Klass and Dirk, his playmates at school, and they began to hate the Germans also. Was not this a wicked thing to do? Worse than that, little Willem had a dog named Storkie. He was named Storkie because his legs were too long for his body. And do you know what little Willem did? He taught Storkie to hate Germans and growl and bark at Colonel von Bock's soldiers.

Now, it became the custom for Colonel von Bock to parade his troops into the public square of Domhelder every Friday morning at seven o'clock. Colonel von Bock marched his soldiers from their barracks down the street where Willem lived and into the public square. The first morning they did this Willem and Hans and Jon and Peter and Klass and Dirk put paper orange flowers in the buttonholes of their jackets and marched along the sidewalk. They mocked the German goose-step.

COLONEL VON BOCK stopped his soldiers and said, "Reduce the bread ration of every family on this block one half!"

The parents of Hans and Jon and Peter and Klass and Dirk were much upset by having their bread ration cut in half. They forbade little Willem's playmates to mock the Germans any more. But old Jan Kampfeldt did not punish little Willem.

"That must have been funny, little Willem," he said. "I wish I had been there to see it."

How sad it is to see parents encouraging their children to be smarty-pants. The next time Colonel von Bock and his soldiers marched toward the public square, little Willem and his dog Storkie were right out there on the sidewalk. Little Willem carried his small Dutch flag. On Storkie's stub of a tail, he had tied a large campaign button with the picture of Mr. Hitler.

Colonel von Bock stopped his soldiers and said, "Catch that boy and that dog!"

**And where do you think she found that wicked little Willem? He was in the street, putting the finishing touches to a snow lady**

Willem and Storkie did not run.

A German soldier collared little Wille other soldier collared Storkie.

"Shoot his dog," Colonel von Bock sai

An officer pulled out his big pistol Storkie down dead.

Little Willem was too far gone in wic cry. He picked Storkie up in his arms, Germans had marched on, and carried Little Willem buried Storkie in the bac put the Dutch flag at the head of Storkie'

But, even now, Jan Kampfeldt neglec ish little Willem.

"Hitler tied to your dog's tail, eh? "Good, good. Storkie died a heroic dea should have had to destroy him anyway here and we cannot spare food for dogs."

THERE was a heavy snowfall that w the next Friday morning, while it wa Grandma Dencker found little Willem's

"Little Willem must not taunt Colon again!" Grandma Dencker said to herself.

Putting on her shawl, Grandma Den into the street. Domhelder was blacked- of British air raids. Poor Grandma De hardly see three feet ahead of her nos floundered along the snow-filled street, k she must find him before daylight and Bock came.

And where do you think she found little Willem? He was in the middle of but down the block near the entrance t square. He was putting the finishing t snow lady. In the first gray light of daw Dencker peered dumfounded at the sno

"Our good Queen Wilhelmina!" she g no, little Willem. It is a sacrilege!"

Wicked little Willem grabbed his by the arm and pulled her away. "We home, Grandma," he said. "Do not as

They left the snow statue of good Q mina standing squarely in the middle and facing the German line of march.

This time, little Willem did not g house when Colonel von Bock and his by. The wicked child had worked half snow and he was suffering severely fro

Poor Grandma Dencker had just p lem's feet to soak in balsam water wh a tremendous explosion. It shook the ho the windmill.

"Dearie me, what has happened Grandma Dencker.

Now, indeed, had little Willem re the final depths of depravity.

"I am not sure, Grandma," he said, Colonel von Bock kicked our dear Q mina."

Of course, dear children, this iniqu continue unpunished.

Wicked little Willem's father, Jan himself with anger when he reache grabbed little Willem by the ear and the woodshed.

"Tell me the truth, son," roared Ja "you stole my bomb out of the attic,

Little Willem did not falter. "Yes, I he admitted, without shame or remorse in Queen Wilhelmina."

Now the wrath of a stern father, a to his son's waywardness, descended on

"Dunderhead!" he bellowed. "Only nel and eighty-seven men dead or wo saving that bomb to blow up the facto bad little boy!"

He spanked Willem good and hard

Double your Holiday Enjoyment with the

# "bonus year"

# TEN HIGH

**Like grapes picked at the peak of perfection TEN HIGH is *RIPENED JUST RIGHT*— year after year, after year, after year!**

THIS Christmas—even you old TEN HIGH drinkers are in for a surprise when you taste the *"bonus year"* TEN HIGH. It has the goodness you've always enjoyed in this glorious bourbon—plus the flavor-bonus of an added birthday. Yes, there's a tastable *extra* deliciousness that *Doubles Your Enjoyment!*








**This whiskey is 4 years old**

Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 proof

Copr. 1941. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

## 'THE RIBBERS'

*by Glen Fleischmann*



# Not "TOO LITTLE

IN four tragic words is written the epitaph of most of the peaceable and freedom-loving countries of Europe.

Because there was "too little too late" there is neither peace nor freedom in Belgium, in Holland, in Norway or in Greece.

Because of "too little too late," the French have neither liberty nor equality; the Serbs are hunted down in their own mountains; the Poles, Czechs and Slovenes are learning that the only alternative to freedom is slavery.

From such bitter lessons America is now seeking to learn.

We propose not to do too little. We are striving not to be too late.

And the first chill fact we must face is that neither can be accomplished in any lax or self-indulgent spirit.

To be specific, we have here at Goodyear adequate facilities for supplying all your normal needs in tires and tubes, and hundreds of other useful rubber products.

It would have been easy, by peaking up our accustomed activities, to add to that peacetime production a considerable volume of military rubber goods.

But Goodyear realized months ago that "considerable" might be too little, and it might come too late.

We recognized that the only sure way to produce enough and to produce in time was to establish the rigid rule, "*Defense First!*" —that both time and materials used in manufacturing peacetime wares must be adjusted to that.

So today Goodyear's first concern is the production of bulletproof tires and bullet-



# not "TOO LATE"

sealing gasoline tanks, half-track and tank treads, barrage balloons and airships, rubber lifeboats and pontoons, and scores of other Army and Navy needs—*in quantities required for America's impregnable defense.*

As things appear now, we do not believe this all-out defense program will interfere seriously with your ability to get tires and tubes. There should be enough in all sizes to meet essential civilian needs.

It may happen at times, that your Goodyear dealer will not be able to supply your particular size instantly. But if you'll be patient, he'll be able to get it for you.

If you do need tires now, you'll be wise to get Goodyear's first-line "G-3" All-Weather — *because tests prove it averages thousands of miles longer tread wear.*

You'll be wise, too, to equip your tires with LifeGuards — Goodyear's modern safety successor to inner tubes. With LifeGuards you can drive your present tires "as is," or retreaded, many months longer than normally, without danger from blowouts.

Putting LifeGuards in new "G-3" All-Weathers, in your present Goodyears or tires of any other make, is the best way we know of stretching out your tires' useful life safely.

And stretching your tires' life right now helps stretch the rubber supply, which in turn helps make sure that in arming America there will not be too little and it will not come too late.

*For your own protection, buy the world's standard of value*

GOODYEAR "G3"

**ALL-WEATHER**

*—the tire with 19 feet of grip in every foot of tread*



*—and put* **LIFEGUARDS** *in them*

*The LifeGuard consists of a reserve safety tire within an extra-sturdy tube. Should casing and tube be injured, the LifeGuard's inner tire carries you to a safe, easy, straight-line stop.*



CROSS-SECTION showing LifeGuard's two-ply inner safety tire

GOODYEAR

...TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

All-Weather, LifeGuard — T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company




Dazzling beauty! Thrilling tone! Sparkling performance! Actually it's the most powerful portable radio built. Plays everywhere . . . even in so-called "dead spots." Super sensitive, super selective because of tuned RF stage, 3 section gang condenser. Has deluxe 2-tone simulated leather case with hinged cover and back. Ask your Admiral dealer to show you these sensational values.

**CONTINENTAL RADIO & TELEVISION CORP.**
3800 CORTLAND STREET, CHICAGO, U. S. A.
*Originators of Slide-A-Way . . . Aeroscope . . . AC-DC-Battery Bantam . . . Till-Tuning . . . Touch-O-Matic. Admiral Radios are priced from $14.95 and up. See these sensational values at your nearest Admiral dealer.*

# Our New Army

Continued from page 17

training before their flight lessons begin. Up to this time, embryo Air Force officers hopped into airplanes almost as soon as they had drawn their uniforms at a Primary Flight School; now at replacement centers they undergo an orientation period plus instruction in everything from physical drill to signal communications. Idea is to prepare cadets mentally and physically for their flight training and to instruct them in the duties of a junior officer.

Now half completed, the center will ultimately take care of 4,700 men. First batch of 1,972 moved in a month ago and 2,000 more are due in a couple of weeks. Originally scheduled to be finished by November 30th, a change in plans added thirty buildings to the project and the completion time has been changed to February 15th. Still in the blueprint stage is a 750-bed hospital group of forty-one buildings. Construction isn't the only activity which is at the feverish point. Officers who will command and instruct are snowed under with work, Mess Officer Capt. L. R. Kemp is faced with the problem of trying to outguess the contractors on completion of the kitchens and mess halls, and Commandant Major Sidney D. Grubbs is sitting on top of the whole works harvesting gray hairs by the handful.

Cadets with any prowess in track and field events have something to work for at any of the Gulf Coast Air Corps Training Center schools. An ornate athletic trophy, donated by Hollywood's Brian Donlevy, who spent some weeks at Randolph Field during the filming of I Wanted Wings, will be awarded every ten weeks to one of the GCACTC outfits. Competition is for cadets only, officers and enlisted men being taboo. Athletes with reputations won't give any one school a particular advantage because the judges don't give a hang about individual records. At least ninety-five per cent of each field's cadets have to try their hands (and feet) at the football throw, seventy-five-yard dash, hop-step-and-jump, spud race and soccer punt. All times and distances will be totaled and averaged and telegraphed to Director of Physical Training Harold L. Berridge at Randolph Field, whose office will compile results and ship the trophy off for a spell at the winning school. The whole project is in line with the Air Corps requirements that cadets take an hour of exercise daily, so there's no danger of its bottlenecking flight training.

## UTAH

WENDOVER BOMBING AND GUNNERY RANGE. We will now go into some detail concerning this unusual 1,800,000-acre spot, briefly touched upon in this page for November 29th and constituting the biggest and best general bombing range in the world. By next spring squadrons from all over the country will sit down on the acres and miles of new concrete runways at this field, a subpost of Fort Douglas, for concentrated practice. The vast, sun-baked range of sand dunes, sagebrush and salt is being used now by Salt Lake and Boise air-base units which fly over loaded with bombs made out of ninety-five pounds of sand and five pounds of black powder in a tin cylinder—just enough to make the hit. Eventually, all practice and real bombs will be loaded on the planes at Wendover itself.

Death Valley was never more treacherous than the salt flats. It takes four weeks to six months to train a range man. The truck drivers—who don't hold pilots' licenses but should—are the pick of the Army, because range crews that have to go seventy-five miles to reach and work on a target in one day can't mosey along. They make their own roads and travel them with the throttles of reconnaissance cars and trucks pushed all the way down. The water level is either a foot under or a few inches over the surface and when a vehicle breaks through the thin salt crust the wheels go out of sight fast unless the gearjammer knows what he's doing and does it in a flash. The ground won't absorb moisture; when water drains off the mountains, brackish lakes miles in area and only a few inches deep form over the flats and the wind moves the lakes around continually.

Even the crack drivers frequently get stuck but "A vehicle isn't stuck," says Staff Sgt. E. S. Gregory, "until the windshield wiper won't work. When only the fenders show, that's just slowing down." Prime object is to keep moving, even though that consists of crawling through soft sand at the rate of a few inches per hour. When a range crew goes out a return time is set. If the time passes, a rescue squad girds up its gear and gets going, fast. Sgt. Gregory learned to respect the desert the hard way. With Sgt. Milton C. Bratley he walked nearly twenty-five miles in eight hours from a stuck truck under a broiling sun without water. It was the first time he had ever gone out without filling the fifteen-gallon emergency water tank, and he isn't going to do it again. When the rescue squad picked them up the sergeants had swollen tongues, blistered feet, nearly paralyzed legs and disturbing delusions. It was on just such a trip into new territory that Sgt. Gregory's truck kept bogging down. "I know we can't go any farther," a priv as he labored to debog the veh truck knows we can't go ar But Sgt. Gregory doesn't kno go any farther."

Job of the range crew is to maintain the uniform-size t outer ring, of waste oil on cin 500 feet across. In the center light target (fifty-foot bull's- put a worn-out tent, which g shreds. Flares light up the ta at night. The crews are sold curacy of the bombing outfi that even from a height of the released bombs rarely la the targets. Crews know i which targets will be bombe that doesn't keep new men fr slight cases of the meemies. tenance reasons the targets a in twos and threes, the indivic being several miles apart. A high altitudes release bomb six miles from the target but to work with a range crew for get over the feeling he's g blasted by a stray egg.

The Wendover detachment vidual bunch, self-reliant an right. Nine out of ten are se officers are Reservists and f will be about 200 officers Wendover is a railroad town 200 population on the Utah-N 130 miles from Salt Lake Ci Nevada side, two blocks fron gambling casinos and bars f with dough; the others scra for gold in near-by abando

The whole setup is just hunk of desert right now b prove to be one of the vi points of the country some d




**"He says he'll collect for the whole regiment—he won it all shooting craps"**

# Private Mullarkey's leave starts at 11:48½ A.M...

*and he isn't going to lose a second of it*




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## A Memory

I can see him now a-sitting in
the chair he loved so well,
As he opened up his presents, he would
grin, for he could tell
By the gurgling in the package that
our gift was no surprise
And he showed his hearty pleasure
by the twinkle in his eyes.

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# ...OOD TASTE · · SINCE 1857




## ...ong, Long Ago

And even though that Yuletide scene
goes back so long ago,
It seems like only yesterday—and
surely I should know
For it happens *every* Christmas as
the years go rolling by,
We *still* give gifts of Seagram's, yes,
*but Grandpa now is I.*

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...SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN, DISTILLED FROM GRAIN, 90 PROOF

# Alder Gulch

Continued from page 20

three stopped at the shed and leaned against it. "This the place?" asked Marshland.

"Sure," said Ives.

Boots cracked against loose rocks on the other side of the shed and a shape circled the shed's corner, lightly advancing. The shape stood before them, medium and slim—and Henry Plummer's voice said, "All right?"

"No," said Ives. "He had nothing on him but a single eagle."

"He wouldn't leave the country without his dust."

"Maybe he sent it out by express."

"No," said Plummer. "Clubfoot's watched Barney all the time. Barney didn't send it that way." He remained still, doing his own calculating. "But there was a man in here tonight who stopped off at the stage office. He carried a slicker into the stage office. It appeared to be heavy. When I went in, the slicker was open on the counter."

"Tall man?" said Ives.

"Name was Pierce. You know him?"

"Yes," said Ives, "I know him."

"It is probably in the stage office then," said Plummer calmly. "But we can't afford to touch it there. We'll wait and watch. I'll handle that. You boys go back to the Gulch."

"Where's Pierce now?" asked Ives.

"Haven't seen him around," said Plummer. He turned away. A few feet off, he paused to say softly: "About Pierce—"

"I'll take care of him," said Ives.

RISING before daylight, Pierce made the long run into Virginia City by three o'clock. When he reached Wallace Street he saw Steele. The doctor hailed him.

"Where's Barney? I saw him last night and he seemed in trouble."

"Killed on the Bannack road last night."

The doctor showed some amount of shock. "He knew it was coming. Come to my wickiup. I've got something to show you."

Pierce left the horse and returned to Steele's tent. Steele got a huge Bible from a box and opened it, producing a single sheet of paper. "This is what Barney left with me last night," he said.

"I, Barney Morris, sound of mind but uncertain of the future, am about to leave the Gulch and go to my home in Ohio. I ought to be in Bannack tomorrow night. If I am not I can be considered dead. In which event I empower the judge of Fairweather District to make the following disposition of my claim, Number Fourteen above Discovery. This claim is to be given to one Jeff Pierce, he to have it entirely, to work it fitly and in proper season; he to send half of what he pans out to my wife, Mary Morris, Centerville, Ohio.

"BARNEY MORRIS"

THE first shacks and tents in the Gulch began near the junction of Granite and Alder Creek. As soon as Ben Scoggins reached this spot he stood up in the wagon and began to sing out, "Somethin' fancy to go with beans and bacon! Sardines straight from the coast! Dollar a throw! Come and get it!"

As he had shrewdly judged, there was never enough of anything in a new camp. Men came out of the creek at him; they ran down the hill slopes. Tying down the reins to the brake handle—the horses moving and stopping and moving—Ben disbursed sardines from the tail gate all the way up from Junction settlement. He was sold out by the time he topped Daylight's ridge and looked down upon Virginia City. In his pockets and in his pouch he had four thousand dollars more or less in gold and coin and dust. This was the middle of the afternoon with sunlight making a pretty sight of Virginia and the upper Gulch. He was a blond young man standing in the wagon with his hatbrim jiggling as the wagon took the grade, smiling a rawboned smile at a good and just world; and even in smiling, not forgetting to cast a competent glance at the possibilities around him. Coming into Wallace—driving his outfit through the congestion of other wagons and lumber piles and loose horses—he paused by the scaffolding of an incomplete structure. There was a man standing by with the attitude of business about him, whereupon Ben Scoggins, always with a mind to business, hailed him:

"Need any haulin' done?"

The man turned as though struck.

"Up the Gulch on a claim."

He noticed she left off smiling when Pierce was mentioned. There was something out of order here; whereupon he covered up the awkwardness by going easily on to other things: "Nice day—nice year. Well, nice. See you again." He cut around Wallace into another street of tents, heading back toward Bannack. Near the edge of town he passed a blacksmith shop and got a call from a man there.

"Want to sell that outfit?"

"Whoa," said Ben Scoggins. "Whoa." He braked the wagon and settled on the seat. "I'll sell anything, any time. Buyin' and sellin's my trade. What you oferin'?"

"What you want?"

"No," said Scoggins, idle and innocent, "you set a figure."

Fifteen minutes later he had concluded a deal. By this time the open-air



**"I had a big day at the store today. The kids asked me for $293,541 worth of things"** BEN ROTH

"Yes," he said. "There's a whipsaw outfit working over near Bannack. What'll you charge to freight lumber here?"

"How far's Bannack?"

"Seventy miles."

"Two days each way. Four days a round trip." He was mildly thoughtful and he gave the man a swift size-up. "Hundred and fifty dollars."

"Yes?" said the man, then shrugged his shoulders. "Everybody's so crazy about digging they got no time for daywork. All right."

"All right," said Ben Scoggins, and drove on. To himself he added, "Might as well be workin' while I'm lookin' and listenin'. Never hurts to keep busy."

He had turned into Wallace Street and now saw Diana Castle coming out of the tent restaurant. He lifted a strong whoop into the day. "Well, you're here!"

"Yes," said Diana, smiling because he smiled.

Scoggins reached under the wagon seat and pulled out four cans of sardines. "You got a birthday coming?"

"Next December," she said.

He said, "Happy birthday," and presented her with the sardines. "Where's the tall, hungry-looking fellow?"

transaction had attracted half a dozen idle men, one of which was Ollie Rounds. Going inside the stable—which was a log house with a brush roof—to consummate the sale, young Scoggins gravely winked at Ollie Rounds. In a little while he came out of the stable. Rounds joined him and they walked on alone. "You're here, too," commented Scoggins. "Got a claim?"

"Never liked to shovel," said Ollie Rounds. "Every time I see you, you're dickering. Bound to get rich, ain't you?"

"Wouldn't wonder."

Ollie Rounds gave Ben Scoggins a direct look. "Don't pack your money in your hip pocket, Ben. This is a tough camp."

SCOGGINS searched and weighed Ollie with his candid glance. "You always got an ear out for that sort of thing, Ollie. I thank you for the warnin'. But," and he added this in a careful way, "it would be better for you not to take such an interest in the shady side. Some day it might sort of draw you down."

He went on down the road and up over Daylight Grade. Striking through the sinuous and lusty course of the Gulch he reached Junction at twilight and, as he had expected, four newcomers camped beside th picked out a wagon and found "Want to sell?" he asked.

At full dark he had mad Possessed of a new wagon a continued down the Gulch, remembering he had no su day had been good and profit he struck out for Bannack, h whistle making an uneven echo on the narrow rock w lower Gulch.

OLLIE ROUNDS returned saloon and stood at the b his before-supper drink. T now began to fill and the p were all operating. Marshla near the door. Ketchum and sat in a game, and Will Temp at another; and it was on that Ollie placed his interes continuing curiosity. Tempe unbreakable front; everyth that grave, steel-smooth fa aside without making impr was a sad man whose sad thought, came from his own temper. Somewhere in Ten in himself, there was a wis that all his life was out of badness and goodness wa were like this. Only once in did Rounds find someone i purposes of living were cle complicated and sweet. Th envied because they had s did not have, never would h

Ketchum and Ives came for a drink. Ollie Rounds t ond whisky and shook out d gold pouch to pay for it; and loon.

He went down to the rant and had supper. Comi saw Diana Castle leaving t of the restaurant with Lily Beth had on an apron and streak of flour in her hair tired but she looked con lie Rounds, who had a way drew a smile from her and beside Diana.

"That was good apple p night," he said.

"I made fifty-three to apple, ten apricot, three pr

"Get a little tired of w that stove?"

"Why should I be tired?

He smiled without his us guess it is the way you look Whenever I do something myself, 'Why should I be What's the good of it?' An working." He gave her a

"Hear about Jeff?"

THERE was a lessening o of her eyes, a tightening her mouth. She seemed to self to what he might say said, "what is it?"

"The road agents did money on Barney Morris carried it through to Banna agents have got Jeff mark

She said in clipped word He deserves to be let alon to be let alone."

Ollie Rounds lifted his h slowly to the lower end o Street. A pair of men ste space between tents, and said, "Hold on, Rounds," around and saw Ives and fore him.

Ives said, "Walk alo friend."

"Maybe—maybe not,"

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answered. He was rooted in his tracks. His eyes turned blacker and his face grew thin; he held his stiff smile against them. "What for?"

"No harm," said Ives, and stepped beside him. Ketchum was already at Ollie Rounds' other elbow; and the pressure of these two men moved him forward along the walk. They passed through the shuttered lights, they moved out of the heavy crowd. At the foot of Van Buren, in the shadows, Ives turned. "You been flashing a poke in Tanner's, friend. You're no miner. I'd like to see that poke."

"No," answered Ollie Rounds, "I guess not."

George Ives said, "Don't be tough. You recall what happened to Barney Morris? Let's see that poke."

Ollie Rounds knew he was in great, immediate danger. He lifted the poke from his pocket and weighed it in his hand. His thoughts then were swift and calculating; he balanced his life in his mind and suddenly made his choice and gave the poke to Ketchum. As he did so he took a slow, easy step backward. It went unnoticed. Ketchum dropped his head to look at the pouch, and George Ives turned half around, also to look.

"That's the pouch, George. The fellow had it in Tanner's the other night."

Ives said, "How'd you come by this—" and turned, and quit speaking. Ollie Rounds had his gun lifted on both men.

SURPRISE and irritation went in ruffled waves across George Ives' face, and afterward it smoothed carefully out. Ketchum's eyes flared wild instantly and he seemed to strain against his caution.

"I saw Rube watching him in the saloon," said Rounds. "When he went out, Rube started after him. I got there first, Rube. Hand the poke back."

Rube stretched his arm, half length, and his body dropped perceptibly, in the attitude of tension. Rounds murmured, "Pull out of that, Rube. Nobody'd be sorry to see you dead. I'd be glad of the chance to drop you. I'm no easy miner. I haven't got a drop of pity in me and when it comes to rough-and-tumble I know as many tricks as you. Maybe"—and his voice held a dry, swinging tune—"I'd better do it now. I think I'm going to have to watch you. You damned cannibal."

"What's that?" said Ives, now interested.

"You don't know about Rube?" said Rounds. "The man got caught in a blizzard up on the Snake and ate his partner."

Ketchum's eyes glowed and grew dark, and glowed again. His rage remained, furious and inhuman and inburning. But he never spoke. It was Ives who said, "He means what he says, Rube."

Ketchum straightened and extended his arm full length with the poke. Rounds took the poke and put it in his pocket. "All right," he said. "All right."

"Now I'll say my piece," put in Ives, still the calm master of himself. "You've cut in on our game. You're an outsider."

"Always liked it that way," said Ollie Rounds.

"It won't work here," said Ives. "This gulch is for our crowd to work. A man that ain't in our crowd just can't operate."

"So far I'm doing well enough."

Ives held his attitude of amusement. "Listen, friend. There's forty men up and down this gulch I can drop a word to. You don't know who they are and you can't watch 'em. When I drop the word, you're dead before breakfast."

"You're the boss, then?" said Rounds.

"I'm the boss in this gulch," answered Ives.

"All right," said Ollie Rounds.

George Ives gave Rounds a prolonged stare. "You're cool, friend. You might do well with us."

"I do well wherever I find myself," said Ollie Rounds.

"Yes, I think you might do well. Keep the poke. It is chicken feed."

"I'll keep it. I'll keep whatever I take."

"That's all right, too," said George Ives. "A man must look out for himself. But when we move as a bunch you'll do as you're told."

"I don't mind," said Ollie Rounds.

"Then it is settled," said George Ives. "There's a little meeting tonight down the Gulch. We'll all ride down."

"My horse is around on that side street," said Rounds, and turned with Ives. For a moment he had his back to Rube Ketchum, and a stark chill raced up his back, and he turned at one jump and saw Ketchum in the act of drawing. He had not yet put away his own gun, and now brought it down on Ketchum's head in a rapid side blow. Ketchum dropped into the dust, and rolled. Rounds took a full jump toward a building wall, and whirled again, laying the muzzle against George Ives. Ives hadn't moved, had made no gesture of offense.

These two exchanged long, steady stares until at last Ives said, showing his first anger, "What the hell are you about?"

"Watching my hole card, George."

"I said it was all right, didn't I?" flashed out Ives. "If I say it, I mean it. You don't have to watch me, or any of us. I will pass the word along. And I'll meet you down Daylight."

Rounds turned through the tents and got his horse from the stable. He moved rapidly to the bottom of Daylight Gulch and he left the road and watched it closely until he saw Ives and Ketchum come along. When he was certain of them he moved out of the dark. Ives laughed softly at the maneuvering. "You're sure ticklish, friend."

The three of them rode to the summit of Daylight, looking down upon the sinuous glitter of Alder's continuous lights. Ives said, "We'll split and ride on, one by one. Pete Daly's roadhouse is the place. Come right on—we're going to be late." Then he looked at Ketchum, who was a silent lun saddle. "Rube," he said patien have yourself." Then he roc Five minutes later Ketchum after him. A short time la Rounds followed.

Past Junction he fell into the of the Gulch. Now and then a f ing horse struck up sparks stony footing; and now and th man's voice hailed him thr black. Fourteen miles from City he came out of the Gulch horn Creek and reached Dal house, a two-story building riven logs and chinked with m tar. Twenty or more horses st shadows before the place; the closed and three men seemed it. He came up to find Ives Ketchum waiting for him, an troduced him to the third man Red Yeager. Everything's Red. This is Ollie Rounds."

THEY stepped into a barro took up most of the lower faced a considerable crowd. them he recognized at once. the saloonman from Virginia in a corner. Clubfoot Lane and Jack Gallegher who w Plummer's deputy sheriff. I fied Hayes Lyons and Buck and he nodded to Steve Mar few others he also knew by n ing had them pointed out to h ner's saloon—Alec Carter Zachary, and Frank Parrish surly one who was Boone He wasn't, he thought, in idle a an honest man in the crowd.

They seemed to have no f prise or recognition. They h confidence in the world. G moved around the room wit introducing him here and th man, Rounds gathered, was chiefs, for he had his unmist with them. He was a slim n shaven in a group that we bearded or mustached. He eyes and he had a brain that and he had a bold self-confi

Daly, the owner of the seemed not to be one of the presently Ives told him to the Irishman went at once,

**BUTCH** By Larry




**"Who's there, Butch? Who y' plottin' a jail break with**




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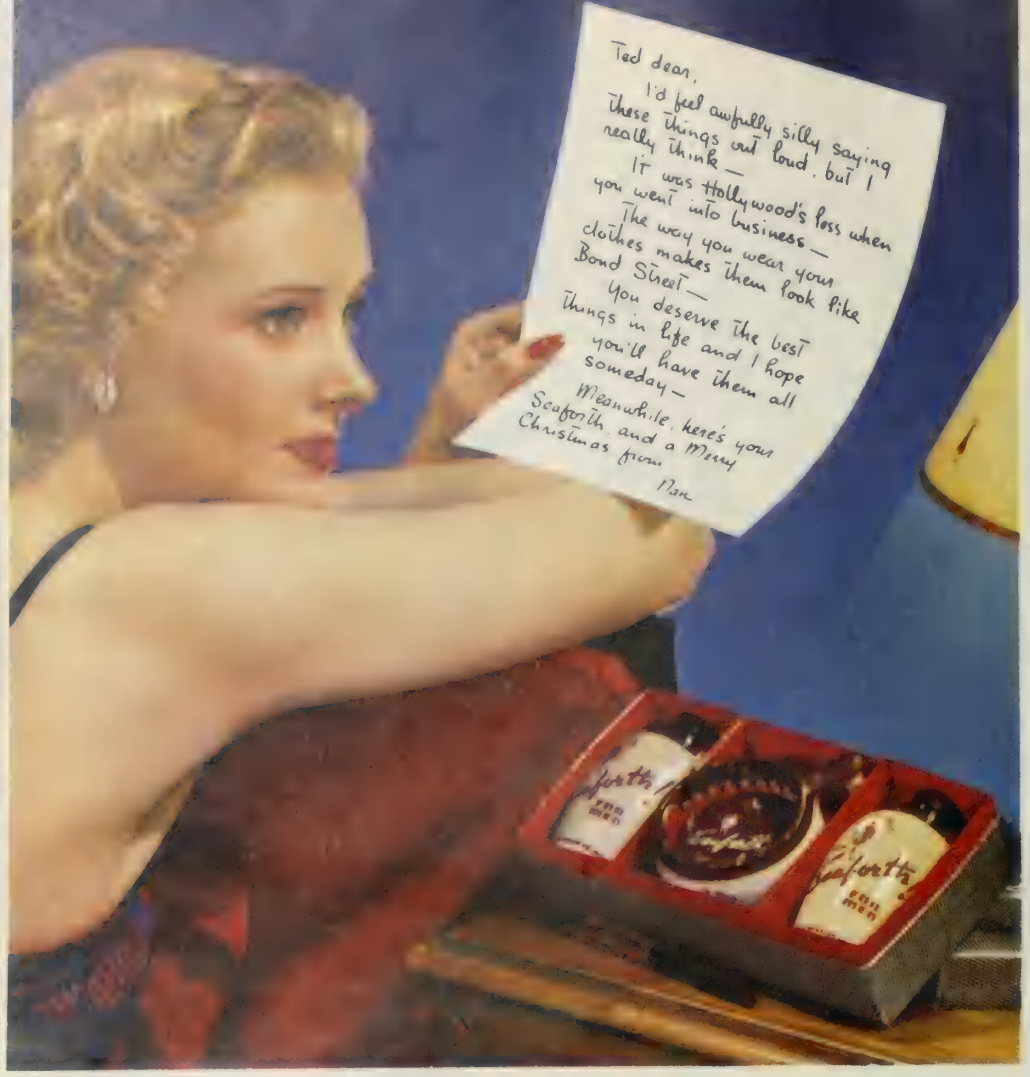
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relieved. Then Ives called, "All right—all right."

A back door had opened, and silence came to the crowd. Swinging about, Rounds discovered the sheriff, Henry Plummer, at that door. The sheriff came in, closed the door, and gave the room a short and thorough glance; and his eyes stopped on Ollie Rounds and stayed there, civil and speculative and very alert. Ives said, "It's all right, Henry. This is Ollie Rounds."

Plummer had apparently ridden over from Bannack in considerable haste. Dust was on his clothes and at the edges of his dark hair. He wore a fine black suit and white shirt; he had the manners of a gentleman and his voice was very soft. He had a small, trimmed mustache and his face was round and soft. Nothing about him bore the mark of a desperado and Rounds, never to be surprised at the turnings of life, found himself mildly surprised at Plummer.

Plummer said, "I can't stay long. I want you to listen to me."

George Ives tapped the bottom of a whisky bottle on the table: "Order here. Bunton—Sam Bunton—shut up."

Sam Bunton was at the bar, both arms clinging to it; he was drunk and he was angry, and he slowly cursed the bare wall behind the room. Ives moved over to him. Ives dug a thumb in Bunton's ribs. "Shut up, Sam."

Bunton reared and swung. He said, "Where's my brother? He'll stand by me. Where's Bill?"

Bill Bunton came out of a corner, lank and sour and close-eyed. "Sam," he said, "cut it out or I'll break your neck."

"All right," said Sam Bunton, and stopped talking at once.

PLUMMER was cool and smooth in the middle of the room. He studied Sam Bunton and then gently said, "You get drunk too much, Sam. I want you out of this country inside of twenty-four hours. You hear me, Sam?"

"I've got a good claim up the Gulch, Henry. Why should I leave it?"

Plummer intended to speak again, but Ives spoke for him. Ives turned on Sam Bunton with a swift flash of violence: "You heard it. Twenty-four hours."

"Yes," said Sam Bunton. "All right."

The other Bunton — Bill — stepped away from his brother. Plummer turned to face all these men. "Dance and Stuart will be starting a store in Virginia City pretty soon. It will be a place where most of the miners come at one time or another. Probably the express office will have space there, too. It will be a fine place to overhear what's going on, who's got money to be shipped out, who's flush and who's not. Clubfoot, as soon as that store is up you ask Dance for a little corner in it to put up your shoe shop. You can keep your ears open and hear a lot. By the way, I understand you're spending a lot of time in Tanner's saloon. Keep out of it. It pegs you."

"All right," said Clubfoot.

"I don't want you boys to gang up in one spot too much. It makes things too plain to the Gulch. Jack Gallegher will stay in Virginia City, of course. Ned Ray and Stinson will work out of Bannack. Bill Bunton sticks with his ranch on the Rattlesnake. Now we will split our crowd. Ives, Steve Marshland, Johnny Wagner, Alec Carter, Whisky Bill Graves and Rube Ketchum will headquarter in the Gulch." He pointed a finger at Rounds. "You will be there, too. The rest of you men are roadsters, working between the Gulch and Bannack."

He watched these men with his calculating far-off thoughts. "The Gulch is rich. Men will be coming out of it with dust all summer, all year. Keep your ears open, all of you. No d these people will try to g through by fooling us. It h already. We have got to going on. Any man that us we must take care of at things make big things. little things and that's the ones. One more thought around the Gulch much. I time in Bannack. You boys take your orders from Geo

HE WAS obviously in a h came over to Ives and word, and turned to Round his hand—a light and swi quick withdrawal—and he power of his hazel eyes on said in his courteous way, ' all right." And then he light warning: "We all w And we don't back out. you." He turned over the Daly's, his horse soon dru road. Somebody called for back and the bar grew b filled the tables and began Red Yeager, doorkeepe Rounds walked to the d and stopped there. Ives knot in his own neckpiece. is a square knot. All the b tie. It is a sign among us. ever get in trouble you ha 'I am innocent.' That is a

Rounds shrugged his sh bold. Suppose I should stranger to you."

"No," said George Ive talk. We'd find it out. No in the Gulch we don't find you're in this for what y ain't you?" Then he slapp the back and gave out a laugh. "Suppose you d would believe you?"

"You remember I gave in Lewiston. That makes to you?"

He thought he saw t that affair slice through man had a wonderful fr himself well. "I remem don't mind. You play y way. You've got your t connections. So have I. it is done. You made a g it puts you solid. Nobod in this. That's what you He gave Ollie a steady, e inspection. "You're think I trust you. I do not tru nobody. But it doesn't more the merrier and yo like smart people. I think And now, coming close lightly on the chest with nificantly added, "You m of this Pierce, but first of sized up as a crook. In turn down Pierce for a It is all right, Ollie."

Somebody kept callin he turned away, again la went out to his horse an ward.

BY NIGHT the revels rolled upgulch in w sound; yet for two week left the boundaries of rigged up a sluice box, dirt into the sluice and from flume to sluice. A first week, when he clean of the sluice box, he ha and forty dollars of dust

During the second w over to work Barney Mo was an obligation. The d held him and the dead tions bound him. Half that claim went to him to Mary Morris, Ce Sometimes at night, jus into dreamless sleep, he

ne Morris' widow two thousand
es ay, who depended on a man she
n r met—and at that moment the
o better reason for life touched
w its softness, and went away.
ur the middle of the first week
C ver came up to see him. "That
it usand dollars you brought into
B ack office is still there. The
gh now about it, of course. They
't to lift it out of the safe but
m ent I start it to Salt Lake
'll age a holdup on the road."
Ho they find out?"
liv gave him a gray side glance.
ey ar everything. Don't ask me
leaks out from places you
ld expect. You don't know with
m u're talking in this camp. I
gh I'd wait until a good strong
va f freighters started from Ban-
a send the gold by messenger
th."
Pro bly they're waiting for that,"
P ce. "Eight thousand is worth
ing r. I wouldn't do it, Oliver. I'd
t s in the safe. About a month
n let's drop the news around that
ve ready smuggled it out. Might
w t m off guard. Then we'll figure
y."
You n't be the man to do it," said
er. f you show up in Bannack the
hs ll catch on."
We do it through somebody else."
ll ght," agreed Oliver. As he
ed wn the Gulch he stopped to
"Y know they've got you on the
k l don't you?"
Yes, aid Jeff. "I know."

ER were no secrets in the Gulch.
ews aveled from Summit to Junc-
wit the wind, seeming to need no
an rrier. Everybody knew the
hs d him on the list. But it was
ge w this same news brought him
ds. here was, it appeared, an un-
rou wire for the honest ones.
ng e latter part of the first week
is F uts, one of the new merchants
re lch, came up along the dig-
. A he said in the beginning was,
're ierce, aren't you? I'm Parris
ts." Then he stood by, idle in the
anc ot making much out of the
; ye Pierce felt the survey of the
an he following judgment. Pres-
Pf ts added, "Barney Morris was
rtic ar friend of mine. I hated to
im . Any ideas on who did that?"
Yes, aid Pierce, "I know who did
He ept on working. Pfouts re-
ed dolent under the warming sun,
res g the subject. He was, Pierce
zed wise enough to know that a
t q stion would be out of order.
is c ntry men were closemouthed
re angers, and so far he and
ts w e still strangers. Pfouts sim-
said "There will come a time of
onin."
Ther was a time of reckoning," an-
ed ierce, "when you had Lyons
Stin n and Forbes cold with the
ls. It the boys were washed out
flo of tears. It is too late now.
tou s have the whip."

Pfouts said, "I have seen toughs before who had the whip. But they always used it too hard. And then they got wiped out."

"Not until this Gulch quits voting on tears. The strong and the smart always run things, Pfouts."

"I agree. The strong and the smart—and the honest."

"Maybe."

Pfouts smiled. "I heard you were considerable of a hard one. Don't believe in much, do you?"

"Not too much."

Pfouts moved upgrade to drop a word with Archie Caples on the adjoining claim; and later returned to Virginia City. This was on Thursday. On Friday, moving in much the same casual manner, Jim Williams appeared on a beautiful bay gelding and paused at the sluice box. Williams was near Pierce's age, a broad-chested and muscular young man with a dark and gentle face. His ragged mustache ran down around his mouth and fell into equally ragged chin whiskers and his eyes were a melancholy brown. He rested his arms on the saddle horn and, as Pfouts had done, took his time to estimate Pierce. "That flume," he observed, "saves a lot of work."

"Yes," said Pierce.

"I heard a piece of talk in town this morning," went on Jim Williams. "Ketchum opened his mouth in Tanner's and some brave words fell out. Your name was with the words. It is none of my business, of course."

"Thanks," said Pierce. He stopped his work and met Jim Williams' glance, and for a little while they frankly swapped inspections. This Williams was no talker. Pierce had met him before in Virginia City and had observed that he always kept in the background of a group, and yet he had also observed that Oliver and Pfouts and the substantial men of the district always liked to have Jim Williams' opinion. He was that kind of man, reserved and thoughtful; with an underlying sadness or pessimism strongly influencing his character. Pierce said, "Pfouts came up to drop a hint yesterday. He is too optimistic about law and order."

"There will be no law and order," said Jim Williams in a half-asleep manner, "until things get a good deal worse."

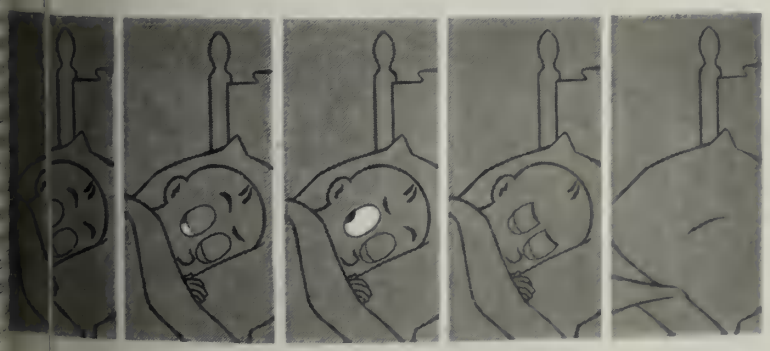
"The pack," said Pierce, "always follows the strong side."

"How many men does it take to make a strong side?" murmured Jim Williams.

"One man is enough," said Pierce. "One man against the whole world—if he's not afraid of dying."

Williams made a brief nod of his head and then he smiled. Pierce answered that smile and at that instant these two knew each other well, and trusted each other completely. Williams reined around and trotted off.

Two days afterward, near twilight, Pierce noticed Rube Ketchum move up the Gulch on the opposite side of the creek and pass by, neither looking toward him nor showing curiosity. Yet

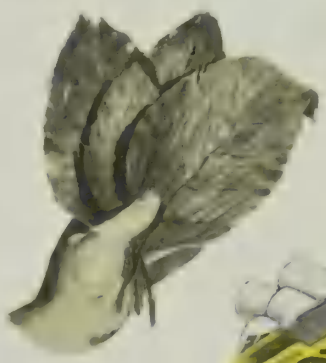


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*Federal tax included





that lack of curiosity was itself a warning and after he had finished supper he took his shotgun and blankets and climbed the ridge of the side canyon and made camp in the brush. He repeated this the following nights. On Friday of the second week, again near dusk, Ollie Rounds and Ben Scoggins appeared before his small supper fire.

"We were having a drink in the Senate," said Scoggins cheerfully, "and we thought of you. Seemed natural to pay a visit. Ain't seen you for ten days or so."

DAY after day with himself, dawn to dark, he had begun to turn sour. There was a limit to a man's loneliness, a time when cabin fever, or its Gulch equivalent, began to turn his nerves ragged and to canker his disposition. He was genuinely pleased to see them and threw an extra chunk of alder on the fire. Scoggins and Rounds dismounted and settled by the blaze. Rounds said, "You smoke these things," and offered Pierce a cigar. The three men lounged back and let the silence run. All up and down the Gulch firelights burned from claim to claim, and traffic went scratching and gritting along the gravel bars and voices kept calling.

Pierce said, "I heard about that sardine venture, Ben. You're a damned Yankee trader. What's next?"

"Well," said Ben Scoggins, "I hauled lumber from Bannack for couple of days until I got my bearings. Met a fellow over by Bannack last week who was busted down with a load of flour he'd freighted in from Salt Lake. So I made a dicker and brought the flour up the Gulch."

"Sell it?"

Ben Scoggins laughed aloud. "Buyin' and sellin's my business. I sold out before I got to Central. There ain't enough of anything in this country."

Rounds pointed out a possibility: "Population around here doubles every week. If you'd held that flour a month, Ben, you'd gotten more for it."

Scoggins shook his head. "Always take a profit when you see it."

Pierce remarked, "You were in the flour business. Now you're out of it. What's next?"

"I bought a corner on Jackson Street. Puttin' up a store building. Sent to Salt Lake for a stock of general merchandise. Should be open by late July."

OLLIE ROUNDS, never a restful man, seized a stick and worried the coals of the fire around and around. "You have found your spot. Fifty years from now you'll be on Fourth of July platforms, talking about the old days of Alder Gulch."

"No-o," said Scoggins, coolly making his forecast. "I will ride this wave until I see it about to break. Then I will sell and go. You never saw a mining camp live very long. All these fellows in the Gulch are travelers. They don't make a country. They don't stick. If you're bankin' on the future go to a country where men bring their families and take up land and start stringin' fence lines. Where they put up a school and go to tradin'. Traders make towns. Farmers make towns. Grist mills. Boats stoppin' at a landing make towns. This country ain't meant for big towns. It is grass-and-gold country. Gold will go. Grass will stay—and then the cattle will come." He looked at the other two men with his thoughtful eyes. "Maybe that's what I'll do. Take up land for a ranch."

Ollie Rounds grinned. "You leave that life to the tough fellows, like Jeff here. You stick to your last."

Pierce lifted his eyes to appraise Ollie Rounds thoughtfully. Horsemen slashed through the creek's gravel, bound toward Virginia City in haste. A hundred feet beyond this spot another fire burned large and bright, whereby Archie Caples did his laundry in a half barrel, his knuckles drumming on the corrugated washboard. Pierce said, "What are you doing, Ollie?"

"I never do more than I can help," said Ollie.

Pierce said, "Don't let the world make a sucker out of you, Ollie. It tries. That's the only game worth playing—to buck the big tiger trying to destroy us all. Well, buck it. Don't let it push you along."

"Now, now," said Ollie Rounds, half surprised and half resentful, "no use giving me a lot of fatherly advice. Don't tell me to be useful and thrifty. That's Ben's game, not mine."

Ben Scoggins spoke in his amiable way, "Funny how three fellows like us—not the same kind of men in any respect—got thrown together. Does seem a long time ago, too, since we got on the Tenino, bound upriver."

"Willy-nilly," said Ollie Rounds. "The cards fall, nobody knows where. We're the cards. It is all one big joke on us."

"Don't rightly believe that," said Ben quietly. But, true to his manner, he swung the subject to keep the talk pleasant. "I have got no complaint. I have made ten thousand dollars in tradin' around."

Ollie blurted out an immediate warning: "Don't ever say it aloud."

Pierce's glance lifted again and struck across the flame. He watched Ollie Rounds with his lids half shut, with his face pulled together. Ben Scoggins saw this, looked at Ollie, and broke the silence: "Pretty night."

"All nights are pretty," said Ollie. "That's my belief—that's what I live for." He was once more his old casual self. He said to Pierce, "You can't work like a horse without getting ornery. How long since you've had a drink?" He reached into his pocket and pulled out a pint flask. "Ben and I thought this might be a good idea."

He passed it to Pierce, who removed the cap and held the bottle to the light. "Valley Tan," he said.

Pierce watched the bottle turn amber and brown under the firelight. He had something to say, and framed it in his mind carefully, and said it. "It just occurs to me that both you boys, or either of you, may some day need help. I never offer my help, as a rule. But if you need help, just give a shout and I'll be with you." Then he said, "How," and took his drink.

A single horse came up the Gulch and turned against Archie Caples' campfire. The rider got down and spoke in tone at Caples. Caples reared his heels. He looked up at t and shook his head; and then t moved at him and hit him ac face, knocking him against the g

Ollie Rounds looked on, neith ing nor changing expression; i scene to him, nothing more. B gins grumbled, "What's that f was genuinely troubled. It wa who acted. Reaching behind seized up his water bucket and full contents on the fire, killing t at once. He was on his feet, anc "That's for me, Ben, not for hin the water bucket still in his han toward the creek.

"What the hell?" grumbled lifted to his feet. Ollie Roun came out and seized Ben's le down, you fool!"

Ben kicked Rounds' hand aw in trouble, ain't he?"

"You're big as a barn up th down and crawl!"

The stranger at Archie Ca slowly circled Caples as the oth gled up from the ground. Ca to turn and keep his eyes stranger, but the stranger sid steadily and when Caples got t the stranger jumped in again, h a great blow on the back of with his forearm, and dropped Scoggins growled in his throa gan to crawl ahead on his h knees, Ollie Rounds followin Rounds kept murmuring, "W watch it, Ben."

PIERCE suddenly appeared edge of the other campfire a a fresh bucket of water on it, ately quenching the blaze. A g from the near-by Gulch wal bullet scutted on the gravel away. Both Rounds and Scog running on, heard the sudden Pierce's body against the stra stranger let out a harking shou gravel reported the stamp o feet as he rushed toward the G toward the unseen gun. Brie a blur in the dark; afterward Both Rounds and Scoggins m him, guided by the sound o Ben Scoggins called out, "H And Ollie quietly cursed B The gun on the ridge emitte round voice into the dark, flickered bloom of light behi fired at once in reply and the den man's gun sounded aga different angle of the hill rattled up the side of the rid

*(To be continued next w k)*





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**Budweiser**

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS

# Shoeshine Boy

Continued from page 15

with ■ deadly destructiveness such as Refugee had never faced.

THE passing days passed in subglacial tempo for Free Wheeling Johnson. For Free Wheeling Johnson had his ticket for *the* fight, secured in his watchless watch pocket with ■ safety pin where he could reach down and take it out and look at it any time he wanted to.

That's what Free Wheeling was doing when he stepped from behind the car at the curb in front of the cab. Fumbling the ticket out to look at it.

Refugee Smith came into the Eatmor Fish and Chips Shoppe of Senate "Slippery" Ellum the morning of the fight. "Where at Freezy?" he asked. "He ain't between here an' Lenox."

Slippery looked up, came around the counter. "Ain't you heard?" he asked.

"Naw," Refugee said. "Heard what?"

"He done collide with a taxicab," Slippery said. "He layin' in the hospital, dog-sick."

"He bad hurted?"

"He dog-bad hurted," Slippery Ellum said. "His sister lookin' frantic for somebody to give him some blood of what they call the three kind."

"Three kind?"

"Yes, man. That's the kind o' blood little Freezy's got—such as he got left—an' he need some fresh of the same number an' the three kind folks is scarce."

Refugee Smith was running when he hit the door. It took five or six minutes for him to get to the hospital and it took them fifteen minutes more to type his blood. But he was a ty all right, and Freezy was consci ing part of the transfusion.

"Hello, Mistuh Smith," "What you doin' up here?"

"I'se givin' you a little blood gee said.

"Hot dog," Freezy said weak fightin' blood I'm gettin'. I'l right, now."

One of the nurses quieted Freezy managed one more sent sho hated to miss de fight," he

Refugee Smith walked out hall, feeling a little funny. He down to the desk.

"De little colored boy," he s "I'll pay up his bills when dey c He ■ friend of mine."

"And who are you?" the ma the desk asked.

"I'se Refugee Smith," Refu "De middleweight prize figh Willie Wurtzel is my manage

A doctor tapped Refugee on "The boy is apt to need anot fusion tomorrow," he said. "H hurt."

"He dat bad?"

The doctor nodded. "We hav fessional donors available of type," he added.

"I'll find somebody," Refu "I'se busy tonight but I'll lo afternoon and in de mornin'."

Refugee Smith came bac corner from the center of the r he had stood with Willie W received his instructions. Wil


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"Confound it, McArdle, make me believe in you!"

t w a practiced and accurate eye
er e house, noticed the empty ring-
e at. "Where's your little tarball
?" Willie asked.
'W ?"
'T shoeshine boy?"
'O' Refugee said. "He got hit by a
ic He in de hospital. By de way,
. V lie, you ever give anybody some
oc
'Y ," Willie said. "I give a rabbi
ra usion once." He grinned at the
oli tion.
Th ell rang and Refugee went out.
w t out languidly and Johnny Re-
t v s on top of him and moving in,
gg for Refugee's belly, his bright
e e s expressionless. Refugee boxed
h n, going away, but Johnny Re-
t s red with a left hook and Refu-
w in trouble at the bell.
Wil Wurtzel got him back to the
nel "Boy," he said, "if you wasn't
bla black I'd think you looked pale.
yo feel all right."
'I f s a little peaked," Refugee said,
it r ybe I'll warm up."
'Gc his right," Willie Wurtzel said,
us y is very sharp with his right
nd."

HE cond round brought no com-
fort Willie Wurtzel and it brought
velt ove Refugee's right eye and a
n tr le of blood from his nose.
'Wh you doin', boy? You gotta
hr th guy, he's mean."
'I se yin'."
'Yo eel all right?"
'Na suh."
'Wh you been doin' today."
I a t did nothin' 'cept go over to
hos al an' give little Freezy some
od. been restin' since den like you
me ."
'Blo! Say, boy, you didn't give
t k a transfusion?" Willie Wurt-
's vo rose in pure anguish.
He ad need de blood," Refugee
d. e might go for to die but for it."
Ho much? Oh, it don't matter.
u're hirsty and you're weak and
re there with Johnny Revolt and
ou at him you get the champion
y y ain't gonna beat him . . ."
llie urtzel's voice trailed off in a
l of re pain.
I'll p tryin', Mr. Willie."
Willi Wurtzel started to say some-
ng b the warning buzzer caught
a. F clambered out of the ring and
che Refugee go back, almost go
wn o e, stagger back to his corner,
h th ell.
Boy he said into Refugee's ear, his
ce pping passion, "what'd you
t to now about my blood for?"
He ed some more tomorrow, the
se ki ."
Typ hree?"
'Yes, h."
List boy. You go out for this
T s round, you go out for him.
I wo get no stronger. You go out
him is round and I'll give the kid
e of y blood tomorrow. I remem-
now I'm type three."
You o dat, Mr. Willie?" Refugee
ith sa .
Yeah And Refugee. What if that
's lis nin' on the radio, it'll kill him
hear m Taub say you lose."
Dat act, Mr. Willie. I'll go out."
Okay oy."
Mr. llie. Did dat rabbi get well?"
Willie Wurtzel scanned the crowd,
nd bearded man that looked
dthy sible in the ring light. "I'll
he d," Willie lied. "There he
."
Refug Smith bowed down his head.
ord," said, "I ain't askin' you to
p me ut don't put no props under
. Rev does I get to him."
Freezy ohnson didn't hear the fight,
cours Freezy Johnson was hover-
some ace where the only thing that
he was apt to hear was Gabriel's trumpet. But a lot of people heard it, and seventeen thousand of them sitting in Madison Square Garden saw it.

Refugee Smith came out of his corner and he carried his hands down, cocked, and he took a left that cut the welt above his right eye, to fire a sucker right from his hip. It was a winging, awkward punch and it caught Johnny Revolt too high to hurt him, but the very impact of it threw him slightly off balance and into the left hook Refugee had sent following the right.

Johnny Revolt was a tough, game boy. He got up and he came in. He didn't know anything to do but to come in and Refugee came in to meet him and they were both swinging and Refugee's head flew back and he was down. But he didn't take a count, he came up swinging, coming in to meet Johnny Revolt and Johnny Revolt came in, too.

They were screaming. Seventeen thousand people can scream, and they were screaming. They weren't seeing anything that remotely resembled the art of self defense, manly or otherwise. They were seeing two men, one black, one white, who wanted to do away with each other in the shortest possible time.

The difference was with the black man. The black man's jaw had an ounce more iron in it, and while the black man's heart may have been pumping a pint less blood than the white man's heart the black man's heart carried a pity for a little boy lying in a hospital, and a pity, channeled into action, is—for a round at least—worth a pint of blood.

Johnny Revolt went down from one of those rights, and he pushed up on his hands and knees but he couldn't make it up inside the count and Refugee bent down to help him to his corner, and Refugee Smith fell down, too.

WILLIE WURTZEL came out of the room and the doctor came out of the room with him. The doctor was smiling. "I think he'll make it now," the doctor said. Willie Wurtzel walked over and got a drink of water and slumped down in a chair.

"How you feel, Mr. Willie?" Refugee asked, his face anxious under his bandages.

"I don't feel like fightin' no Johnny Revolt," Willie said.

A nurse came out of Free Wheeling Johnson's room and nodded to the doctor and the doctor went back in.

"How come," Refugee asked, "you knowed I'd stop that fellow if'n you tol' me you'd give Freezy some blood?"

Willie Wurtzel took a cigar out of his vest. "Aw," he said, "you're just that kind of a big stupid ape."

"But you given him some blood, too. You didn't have to."

"Hell," Willie said. "I'd naturally want to keep a guy alive that'd shine my shoes for a nickel. Blood don't cost nothin'."

Refugee grinned, started to say someing but the doctor came back out of the room.

"He's conscious now," the doctor said. "He talked a little."

"What'd he say?" Refugee asked eagerly. "Did you tell him I won de fight?"

"Yes," the doctor said. "I told him and he was awfully pleased."

"But what'd he say?"

"He said," the doctor went on, smiling, "that this all must cost a lot and that he thought he would raise his price to a dime when he got out. I don't know exactly what he meant."

"He a shoeshine boy. . . ." Refugee began

"Well, I'll go to hell," Willie Wurtzel interrupted, his voice rich with wonder. "That blood of mine has gone to work already."




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Elgin De Luxe




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15-Jewel Elgins



# Broadway Cop

Continued from page 22

d this impossible to believe) suf- one-round knockout in the only fistic engagement of his life.

the war Broderick became a ork fireman, then shifted to the orce in 1923. Things began hap- to him immediately and will e to happen to him. A few hours had been sworn in, back in 1923, e into a burning tenement on his d rescued two kids. And late in ile this piece was being written, leaned far out of a speeding po- and shot a rear tire off a rocket- sters' car and thus trapped five .

things happened in between dventures. Take 1926 for in- That year he battled a squad ed Communists all over the uring the fur strike, and was onerated of their charges that ted bribes from fur companies onerated by a judge who never of his way to do a cop a favor. one bleak November day, in e fateful 1926, three gunmen ed in The Tombs suddenly out guns, mysteriously ob- illed their keeper and warden d into the walled yard of the prison. The prison guards be- ng away at them, but the three mie Amberg, Robert Berg and Kenna—ducked behind a big al. Their improvised fort com- ymied the police.

### ll In the Day's Work

ick arrived. He always does. ed the cops shooting at the for a while. Then he asked stop. Next he picked the lid by trash can, held it up as a lled out his automatic—a per- prefers not to use—and strode pen prison yard. With bullets off or through the shield, or around his legs, Johnny ad- the coal pile, always edging the side. The murderers be- g too, to keep the bulk of the en them and their stalker.

feet from the pile Johnny ith a yell, his gun spitting fire. ied gunmen made one blazing ough which Johnny somehow n fled from behind the coal were riddled by the fire of the olice.

was all over, Johnny went to st place where he could get a Give me a coke, please," he tely.

haunted the hoodlums who adway their haunt during pro- The host of human rodents on New York police declared war ck with considerable enthu- ecially from their entrenched positions.

ing that —— Broderick for a nt," the late and heartily un- Legs Diamond announced one speak-easy. "C'mon, let's find

Diamond began the search, and tinued the size of his grim increased. There were a lot o wanted to bear witness.

k was tipped off that he was ted, so he began hunting He met Diamond and his t the corner of 46th and Broad- milling crowds were unaware e little scene, even when Dia- stopped, with hair bristling, erick sauntered silently into . Broderick stood in front of and stared at him piercingly nt—at the end of which Dia- mond's principal bodyguard turned heel and fled. Some of the others disappeared.

"Understand you're looking for me," Broderick said. He can talk without moving his lips, and his voice has a low and terrifying sound.

Legs swallowed. "Aw, hell, Johnny—can't you take a joke?"

Johnny's left hook caught Legs exactly right. "Not from you I can't, y'bum," Johnny said. But Legs didn't hear him. Legs didn't hear anything for twenty minutes.

Then there was Johnny's engagement with another product of prohibition—the afternoon in 1931 when 300 policemen cornered Francis "Two Gun" Crowley in his ground-floor apartment hideaway a block off upper Broadway. A lively war was in progress when Johnny arrived. Crowley's citadel was being shelled and tear-gas-bombed, but he was holding out with great fervor.




**"Instead of paying forty grand, why don't we just buy the book? Nobody would ever recognize our picture version anyhow!"**

JEFF KEATE

Broderick knew Crowley well, and asked for permission to try to reason with the trapped rat. When the permission was granted, Broderick walked out from behind a barricade in full view of the dead-eyed sniper. He walked across the open street to the apartment house, banged on Crowley's door and yelled:

"Hey, they got you, Crowley. Why don't you give up?"

Crowley was close to the door. "You know me good enough, Johnny. You know the only way I'll come out of here is shootin'."

"Aw, you're nutty," Johnny observed, impatiently. "Tell you what I'll do: I'll go around the corner for two hours. If you ain't out by then I'll come in and get you." And with his back to Crowley, Broderick strolled off.

Two hours later Broderick returned, and once more the firing and bombing stopped. Broderick went back to Crowley's door, supported now by a few other detectives, and hit it with a splintering football block. The door broke, admitting Broderick more suddenly than he expected. Crowley faced him, his gun aimed at Broderick's belly. Then Crowley began backing out of the room, ready to take his stand in another section of the apartment.

"Drop that gun, y'runt, and keep your hands in the air," Broderick ordered. Crowley hesitated . . . just long enough for Broderick to clip him.

As bouncer emeritus of Madison Square Garden, during the Roaring Twenties and Thirsty Thirties, when fights used to attract the almighty and the scum of the underworld, Johnny engaged in countless bare-knuckle duels with well-heeled mugs. One night stands out particularly. That was the night Broderick brushed aside two bodyguards of the late Vannie Higgins and clouted that perfumed public enemy on the jaw so hard that Higgins arched upward and backward through a telephone booth in the Garden lobby. It was certainly the best punch thrown that night at the Garden.

At the same Garden Johnny protected more than one fighter from armed rascals who were trying to move in on the pug's purse, and came to the rescue of more than one beleaguered sports writer.

Broderick is really a hard man to tag. He actually had a fight with fifteen young toughs one night. One of them called him on the phone and said, "You think you're tough, Broderick? Well, I can lick you." Johnny regarded this as an affront to the police force. He got the address, rushed to Brooklyn, walked into the house and promptly went down under the impact of fifteen waiting hoodlums. Johnny's buddy, Cordes, arrived eventually with a platoon of cops, for Broderick had left a note telling him where he was going. Broderick was nearly unconscious when Cordes arrived, but was still swinging.

His best fight came when he was assigned to find and disperse a gang of plug-uglies who were annoying women en route to an uptown Catholic church.

The devout Broderick rushed to this assignment with great relish. When he came into the pool hall that was their hangout, one of the plugs recognized him, picked up the cue ball and pegged it at Johnny's skull. Johnny barely ducked the bean ball, snatched a cue out of a near-by rack just in time to bunt off another bean ball, and thus bunted or leaned out of the way of the rest of the ivory ammunition that was flung his way. Then he dropped his cue, spit on his hands and cleaned out the nest.

Johnny's fists have held together very well, considering the punishment they've taken. They haven't always been used on jaws, either. Not long ago, while en route to the Polo Grounds, Johnny saw some short-winded citizens giving half-hearted chase to a Negro thief. Johnny joined the chase to the thief's house, unhesitatingly put his fist through the plate glass of the locked front door, opened it, caught the Negro at the top of the stairs and knocked him out with a punch before he could pull his gun. His fists have been taking it like that for a long time. His knuckles and fingers have been broken so many times that X-ray plates of his hands are on file at Bellevue to illustrate how properly set bones will heal.

The paradox of the man is that, withal, he is gentle, shy, sentimental and a good friend to hundreds who can never do anything for him in return. The man who won the Leroy M. Baldwin Medal for disarming a one-man arsenal who was holding up a crowded Childs' Restaurant at Columbus Circle, and who once hit a tough guy so hard that the gorilla's glass eye popped out fiercely and socked Broderick, likes nothing better than an evening at home with his family or a chat with a sports writer.

### Cop Saves Crook

Several years ago Broderick was present in court and heard the testimony that sent a young second-story man to Sing Sing. It was a cut-and-dried case, nevertheless Broderick began to worry. He didn't like it. He decided that the boy was innocent of this particular felony. So Johnny began a private investigation. He worked overtime, day and night, finally nailed the real guilty party and saw to it that he was substituted in Sing Sing for the dazed young second-story man.

Johnny has a horror of talking about his profession, and won't recount any of his adventures, except in formal reports to his superiors. A few years ago when several hundred admirers tendered him a testimonial dinner, Johnny rose to his feet when called on to speak, looked out over an audience that tensely expected to hear something about his life and tough times, and said, "Aw, nuts. I'd rather sing." So he sang Sweet Rosie O'Grady. Without a drink, too, for the man who has worked for years knee-deep in night clubs and saloons, has never had a drink of whisky in his life.

Broderick relaxes at gangster movies. He likes to sit in the dark theaters and chuckle at the tough actors. But now and then he isn't pleased. Not long ago he was off duty and resting in his modest suburban home—where he lives with his good-looking wife and their two 'teen-age daughters—when his phone rang. It was his friend Toots Shor, owner of a popular pub.

"Hey, Duke, can you come over to the joint?" Shor asked. "Edward G. Robinson's here and wants to meet you. You know . . . he played the part of you in Bullets or Ballots."

"Tell him I don't want to meet him," Johnny barked. "Tell him I oughta flatten him."

Shor was struck dumb for one of the few times on record. "What's eating you? Robinson's a fine guy."

"Yeah?" growled New York's toughest cop. "Suppose I had let my kids go to see that picture—and they had seen him, playing the part of me, actually taking a drink and smoking a cigar?"




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# Delayed Verdict

**Continued from page 12**

All this while he had kept a hand in his right coat pocket. Wharton became aware of a bulge there and it made streaks of redness fade from his face. His protest came hoarsely: "You're building it all on a guess. What's that in your pocket?"

"A gun," Evan said.

"You wouldn't dare shoot me! You'd hang for it! It'd make two convictions—"

"Yes, it'd be my second conviction," Evan broke in harshly. "But you and I know the first one was for your own crime. You let me rot in prison ten long years; and you tried to buy off your conscience. Ten cartons of cigarettes; then a hundred dollars; then five hundred. Did it make you feel any better, Wharton?"

Wharton kept staring with a fearful fascination at that pocket bulge. Evan withdrew his hand from the pocket.

"I brought the gun along," he explained, "only to keep you from killing *me*. You *did* kill once, so you might try it again. In the meantime, I'd like to begin life over with a decent job. As an ex-con, I can't get a job except a cheap one like I've got now, wiping engines on a ship. My only chance is to prove in court that you, and not I, killed Ronald Bruce."

ABRUPTLY Evan Keith turned his back and left the garden. A gate admitted him to a side street and he walked briskly down a lane of magnolias toward the business section.

He must report back to his ship, which shortly would be returning to San Francisco. What then? Well, on his day ashore at San Francisco he could dig for a closer tie-up between Bruce and Wharton. And at each successive call of his ship here at Honolulu, he could work on Wharton in person. The man might crack up, if he kept at him.

Evan swung with long strides down a hill and came to a park with public buildings on one side and with a giant banyan tree in the center. The banyan branches dipped down to take root again. A bench was there and Evan paused to rest. He looked curiously at this hundred-legged banyan; and then at a Portuguese boy making love to a Japanese girl on the next bench; and then Evan Keith wrenched his thoughts back to Wallace Wharton—and to Ronald Bruce.

In diamond-sharp detail he remembered the only time he had ever seen Bruce. Ten years ago in San Francisco. Evan, fresh out of college, was driving a shiny new flivver down a residential avenue. Bruce, in a heavy sedan, had come banging out of his driveway to a collision. No one was hurt, but the flivver was scuttled.

The usual heated argument, each driver claiming the other to be at fault. Harsh words drew a crowd which heard Evan demand that Bruce pay the damage; and which heard Bruce refuse; and which heard Evan erupt bitterly, "If you don't pay it, I'll take it out of your hide."

Then Evan had called a wrecker to tow his wreck to a shop. An estimate for repair had come to a hundred and seventy dollars. With this estimate in hand, just after dusk, Evan had returned to the Bruce residence. He would insist on Bruce footing the bill. But crossing Bruce's lawn he had stumbled over murder. Bruce's body lay on the grass there; by it lay the club which had struck him down. Evan, shocked, had picked it up because it looked like a spoke from the front wheel of his wreck. He was standing with it by the body, when two of tl servants found him there.

"Guilty," the jury said.

Evan remembered somebo ing a camera as they led him courtroom. And now he h again. He whirled nervously, it was only a tourist lady. pointing a camera at the legged banyan.

He got up and hurried on post office and to the water shrill whining of winches echoe the dock warehouse as Eva across it to the moored Matso

Then, as he was about to g via the crew's plank, an elderl touched his arm. "You Mist please, maybe?"

"I am."

"This for you, please." Th grinned amiably, then extende note.

The envelope bore Evar nothing else. He opened it a single line of writing. The w a feminine roundness:

"Please stay away from W. til you've seen me. A

Evan read the line twice, tl suspiciously at the messen Chinese was gray, wrinkle dressed. He might be the hea of some well-ordered household

"Who sent you?" Evan de

"Come, please. I take y The messenger bowed, then t walked with dignity from house. He seemed to take f that Evan would follow.

It might be a trap. Wallac could have dispatched this O the purpose of seducing Eva secluded spot where, at Wha der, Evan could be safely m

What other answer could Who else but Wharton coul know Evan's errand here?

Then Evan put a hand in and fingered the gun. He s shoulders and followed th messenger to the street. Th him to a parked coupé. Ev in his gun pocket, got in. took the wheel and drove a

THEY took a street which f shore line. Soon Evan sa were passing handsome esta tels which fronted one way street and the other way sea.

The Chinese turned in a of a hotel and drove the coup between brilliant flame trees to a stop at the hotel entran nounced, "Writer of messa garden by sundial, please."

Evan got out and went in lobby. It still might be a t the chance seemed less likely was clearly a respectable p deadfall for murder. The o the main foyer fronted Beach.

Evan went out to the fla and saw a sundial there. dial was an awninged divan back was toward him; but th swaying and so Evan kne was in it.

He crossed the garden to side; then he saw a you seated alone in the swing. once Evan had a feeling h her before. He couldn't thi

His uncertain stare drew faint flush came with the s

t was she who had sent the note. ore a traveling suit and a ginger d didn't seem tanned enough to een here long.

n't you sit down, Mr. Keith?"

n caught a nervous note in her He sat down in a rocker facing ng. "Why did you send for me?"

top you," she said. "You're mis- about Wallace Wharton."

hat was it! Evan was disap- . So Wharton was using a woman to plead his innocence!

r message found me too late," iid coldly. "Because I've already harton."

ook of alarm seemed real. "You his house? Did you—?"

I manhandle him? No, I just n what I know."

you don't really know any- she protested. "You're just ."

sing what?"

sing that he sent three gifts."

't he?" Evan's stare probed at less she was in touch with n, how could she know these

he didn't," the girl said. Her t Evan's with a disarming can- en he saw that she wasn't just ut a mature woman of about age, which was thirty-one. ould he?" she argued. "Con- vouldn't make him do it. Be- Vallace Wharton hasn't any e. Not the tiniest speck."

are you?" Evan demanded.

estion seemed to surprise her. ou know? I'm Pamela Bruce."

e remembered. He had seen e trial, ten years ago. She was w of Ronald Bruce.

ou think I did it?" he asked.

o" came quickly, almost ea- didn't think you were guilty. er you'd been three years in omething happened to make it all the more."

neighbor called to see me. I'd rgotten him. He took me out , talked to me about his life i."

e Wharton?"

dded. "And before the evening was over, he asked me to marry him. When I said I wouldn't, he went away. That was seven years ago."

"And that started you to thinking?"

"It made me remember that when he lived next door I'd often played golf and tennis with him. And that in an unobtrusive way he'd been attentive. He'd made no advances—but a girl can tell when a man likes her. Then I remembered something else: Wallace Wharton went abroad the next day after Ronald's murder. And he never announced where he was, Mr. Keith, until after your conviction."

"You decided he was guilty, just on that?"

"No. I simply realized he might be, because it suggested a motive. But I wasn't sure enough to accuse him. You, I felt sure, were innocent. So I sent you the cigarettes."

Evan saw instantly that there was no coincidence. The cigarettes had arrived on the first of three dates, but only because Wharton's presence in San Francisco that day had made Pamela think of Evan. "You later sent money to my mother?" he prompted.

She nodded. "I didn't see Wharton again for three years. Then he called again, took me out to dinner and again asked me to marry him. So again it pointed my suspicion of him and made me think in pity of you. By that time I'd learned about your mother. It was the same again three years later. Don't you see?"

EVAN saw it clearly. Three times, at three-year intervals, Wharton had gone to the mainland. Each time he had proposed marriage and been refused. And his approach in each case had brought the same consistent reaction to Pamela.

"That explains the gifts," Evan said. "But it doesn't explain why you're here in Honolulu."

"When you were released a week ago," she said, "I wondered if employers would give you a cold shoulder. If so, maybe I could help. I'm a director in Bruce Industries, you know. So I consulted Sam Wang."

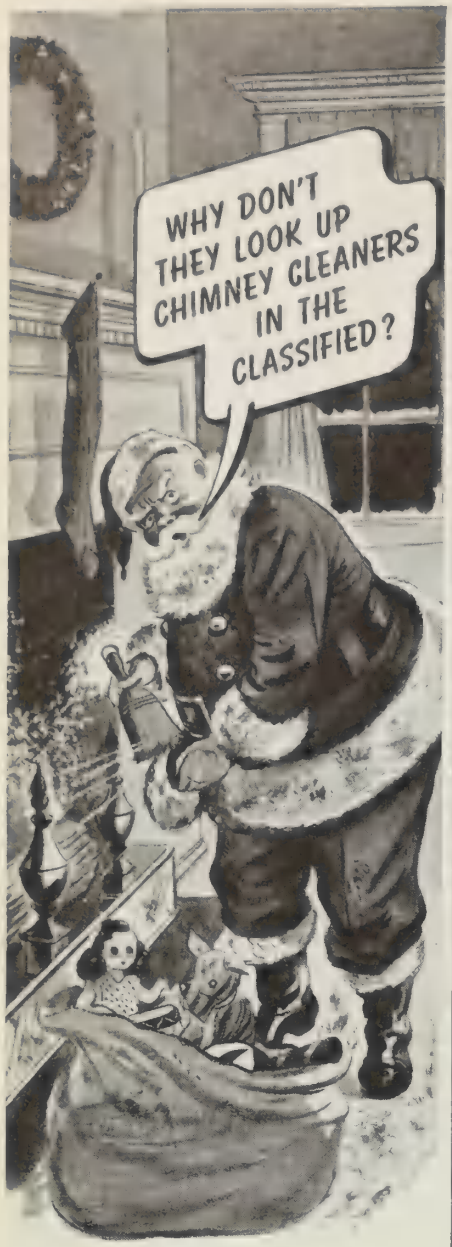
"Who's Sam Wang?"

"An old Chinese servant who prac-



"Go on, Gran'pa—tell us what happened after 1942!" WILLIAM SPAAR

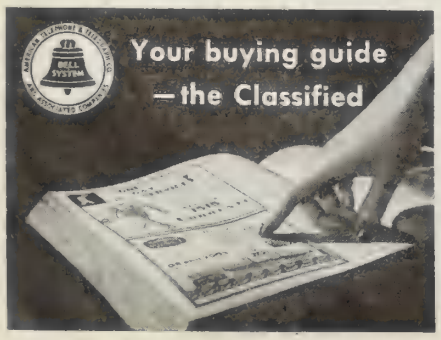



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**A typical instance** of this usefulness: when Mrs. T. of Los Angeles needed a chimney repairman she consulted the 'yellow pages' and was attracted by the convenient location of one firm. She called them in.




tically raised me. I talked it over with Wang. He agreed that a young widow can't properly wait at the prison gates to greet the man who was convicted of murdering her husband. So Wang said he would find out your plans, and that we would help you some way while keeping under cover."

Evan looked at her and the bitterness melted from his eyes. He said "Thanks, Mrs. Bruce," and it sounded flat and stupidly inadequate.

"But Wang," she said, "phoned me that you were trying to get a job at a hotel. He said you had called at seven hotels and had been turned down, and now you were cooling your heels at the Presidio. I knew the manager of the Presidio quite well. So I rang him and asked him to give you a job."

Evan stared. "So that's why I got a break there!"

"An hour later he called me back," Pamela said, "and told me you hadn't asked for a job. He said all you wanted was to see his registrations for three old dates. They were the dates I had sent those gifts—"

"So you knew exactly what I was after!" Evan exclaimed. "And that I'd find the name Wallace K. Wharton registered on all three dates."

"So I sent Wang to find out what you'd do about it. He reported that you'd bought a secondhand pistol. And that you had then booked as a wiper to Honolulu. I guessed what for."

"You thought I'd walk in on Wharton, and start shooting? Why didn't you cable the Honolulu police?"

"And say what? That a man who has just served a prison term for the murder of my husband is on the warpath after a third man who, during the prison term, has been trying to marry me? And that the police must stop him, and take away the gun?"

Evan laughed uneasily. "You're right. It couldn't be handled that way."

"So Wang and I clippered over to handle it ourselves."

"And now that you've handled it, what else do you want?"

"Justice," Pamela said, "for both you and Wharton."

"That's exactly my ticket," Evan said. "A cleared name for me and conviction for Wharton."

"You're sure he's guilty?"

"I'd bet my right arm on it."

"So would I," Pamela said.

"So let's nail him," Evan said.

"How?"

A polite voice intruded: "For you, Mrs. Bruce." An attendant was standing there with a telephone. Its long extension cord reached halfway across the garden.

Pamela took it and answered the call: "Hello. This is Mrs. Bruce."

THEN Evan saw her expression change. And uneasy tension was in her voice as he heard her respond, successively:

"How did you know I was in town? . . . The evening paper? Oh, of course; they publish the names of all clipper arrivals. How are you, Mr. Wharton? . . . Dinner tonight? Please, I've hardly unpacked yet. . . . Well, tomorrow, then. Goodby." She hung up and turned troubled eyes to Evan.

"You're right," Evan said grimly. "He hasn't any conscience."

"I detest seeing him," she said. "But we'll have a better chance, don't you think, if he doesn't guess I suspect him?"

Evan approved with decision: "Keep him on the string. Call him Wally. Have him all softened up by the time I get back from San Francisco."

Pamela agreed. She knew, of course, that the Matsonia made a round trip between Hawaii and the mainland once each fortnight.

Exactly two weeks later Wallace Wharton answered the telephone at his Honolulu residence. He brightened at the sound of Pamela's voice.

"Can you drop by this afternoon, Wally? There's something I want to talk about."

Wharton exulted. She was calling him Wally again, just as when they'd been tennis partners ten years ago. And three times during these last two weeks she'd dined with him.

Everything comes, Wharton thought, to him who counts ten. Even if you have to count ten long years while you wait for a woman.

He drove to Pamela's hotel and parked his car in the drive there. At the desk he announced himself and the clerk rang Pamela's suite: "Mr. Wharton calling, Mrs. Bruce."

Pamela's voice said, "Send him right up."

Her second-floor suite consisted of a sitting room, a balcony, a bedroom and a bath.

Sam Wang answered Wharton's knock. Wang bowed, took the caller's hat and cane. Then he ushered Wharton through the sitting room and out upon the balcony.

Pamela stood up to greet him and her face seemed serious. Troubled, rather. "I'm afraid we're in for something unpleasant, Wally," she said. "I'm all upset about it myself."

Her manner confused him. "What's up, Pamela?" Then he decided she was embarrassed rather than troubled.

"You'll promise not to be offended, Wally?" she asked anxiously.

When she spoke to him like that he was willing to promise anything. Wharton sat down on a rattan settee. He brought out a cigar, trimmed it, and a smile creased his broad, pink face. "I like a good mystery, Pamela."

She sat down, facing him, and asked suddenly, "Do you remember a man named Evan Keith?"

He stiffened. One could almost hear the watch in his pocket tick ten times before he answered, "Keith? He was the man who killed Ronnie, wasn't he?"

"He's the man they convicted for it," she said, "and now he's been released from San Quentin. He seems to have a job on the Matsonia."

"He hasn't annoyed you, I hope?"

"He came here," she admitted, "just after his boat docked today. has an obsession, Wally."

"A what?"

"He thinks you murdered

Again the ten-second wait. was deciding whether to say, it; he called two weeks ago an me to my face," or "That's t lous!" He compromised b "What makes him think I di

"He claims you had a m one thing. He thinks I'm the

"He's what they call st Wharton said.

"Still, I think we should b him, reason with him. You to the case he thinks he's buil show him that it's all illogica possible. Don't you see?"

Wharton moistened those lips of his. "I see," he murm

"So I asked him to call agai Pamela said. "You don't mi to him, do you?"

WHEN the house phone ra brought it to Pamela. clerk's voice announced, "A calling on you, Mrs. Bruce."

"Send him up, please," Pa

Wharton braced himself. line, he decided, would be to Keith. Treat him politely, child.

They heard a knock and W to respond. Then Wang re the balcony ushering Evan K bowed stiffly to Pamela, the Wharton like a man with a c shoulder.

Pamela was gracious: "Wo down, Mr. Keith?" Wharton way she met this difficult situ was humoring this fellow, down ruffled feathers. Whart adopt exactly that attitude h

"Suppose we talk this Keith," he suggested throatily about this obsession of yo was I who killed Ronnie Bru took a seat near Pamela.

"I'll reconstruct the crime f proposed bluntly.

"Go right ahead." Whar was expansive.

"On that day in 1931," "there was a collision out in Two drivers quarreled abou to blame. Bystanders gath self among them. You heard




"The mailman started it this morning"

f you don't pay the damage, t out of your hide.'

oped I would. You wanted of the way for a motive we'll on now. After dark that eve- saw Bruce walking among the his front lawn. You went to and picked up a wheel spoke rom the wreckage of my car. it to kill Bruce. That's the ne."

n waited ten beats of his en, with a tolerant unction, irical, he answered, "And of knew you were on the way a garage with a repair bill nd, and that—"

prove you knew I was com- broke in. "What I *can* prove u found out, too late, that e had been witnessed."

felt hot stings spreading on He brought out a silk hand- t so much to mop at them as m from Pamela. Somehow d to respond, not too angrily, was witnessed, you say? By ease don't keep me in sus-

harton turned to see how s taking it. Her look reas- It seemed to say, "Be h him, Wally. The poor fel-

wasn't a witness," Evan "why did you leave town in y? With me booked for the had nothing to worry about u were afraid of some wit-

m was bluffing on some rank Wharton decided. He assured t bluffers never win at a All you need do is sit tight m.

Wharton put a tongue in his Asked Evan, "But who was , if it's no secret?"

to ignore him and explain Pamela: "While my ship S Francisco this last trip I r two ashore. So I went to with a list of three dates. 34; June 6, 1937; August 2,

knew that those were the that he had registered at Francis Hotel.

ked Evan, "But why would interested?"

en't," Evan said. "Then I if any unsolved crime was on any one of those three looked up the first date They looked up the sec- said no. Then they looked date and said yes, on Au- a little ambulance chaser Ginsberg was found mur- office. The homicide was ol- d."

sat perfectly rigid, like a ice. It was more than ten before he could challenge, right. I was in San Fran- y. And so were a million eop."

continued speaking directly to e name meant nothing. n's profession jolted me. chasers follow car colli- ruce homicide followed a The connection was still tled my memory. It made to the garage which re- reck ten years ago. The ill runs the place. I re- d incident with him and nted each other's vague of it.

recalled that while I waited for mate a shifty little lawyer came saw e wreck and asked me if said no. That disqualified ible client. So he asked other party in the colli- sion and I told him. He left and I forgot all about him. Soon I left myself and went to Bruce's house. I didn't know that Moses Ginsberg, preceding me by ten minutes to inquire if Bruce had been hurt in the collision, and if so would he care to file suit, had arrived on the lawn just in time to witness Bruce's murder by Wharton."

Wharton stood up and his knees almost buckled. "I think this has gone far enough, Pamela. Don't you?"

The fact that she didn't answer him, or even look at him, frightened him more than anything Evan had said.

EVAN went on: "So I looked up Ginsberg's family and got the name of his bank. At the bank I said I was checking up on the Ginsberg murder. I handed them a list of three dates."

"The same three dates?" Pamela asked.

"Only two were the same. The first two. For the date of Ginsberg's murder in 1940 I substituted the date of Bruce's in 1931. I asked the banker to see if any unusually large deposits were made by Moses Ginsberg on those three dates. It wasn't easy. At first the banker wouldn't show me a thing. So I went to the judge who had sentenced me to prison ten years ago. He's retired now —I found him at his club. I told him what I'd uncovered so far. And did I get action! That old judge drove me back to the bank in his own car and he had a heart-to-heart talk with the banker.

"Then the banker looked up the old Ginsberg account. He found that on the day following the Bruce murder, Ginsberg had deposited three thousand dollars in cash. And on the 1934 date, Ginsberg banked one thousand in cash. And on the 1937 date he again banked one thousand in cash."

Evan turned to Wharton and continued: "You got tired of those pay-offs, Wharton. So on your 1940 trip to the mainland you put a stop to it. Yes, there were ■ million other people in town. But of all that million, only one left town on the first of four dates and returned on each of three others."

"A coincidence," Wharton pleaded desperately.

"A triple coincidence," Evan derided, "like having three wild-goose feathers fall in the same chimney on the same day every third year."

Even then Wharton didn't see just how tightly it wove a noose for him. He heard Pamela say, "Tell him where you next took your list of dates, Evan." Pamela's look was different now. Wharton realized that she'd been conniving with Evan Keith all the while.

"With that square-shooting old judge still batting for me," Evan said, "I went to the Trans-Pacific telephone people. What calls from Frisco to Honolulu on or near those three dates? I found that just before the murder of Ginsberg, Ginsberg called Wharton at Honolulu. Wharton immediately clippered to San Francisco."

Wharton said hoarsely, "What are you going to do about it?"

"It's already been done," Evan told him. "The warrant's been issued. Police are waiting at your car now."

Wharton stepped to the balcony railing. He looked down and saw his car parked in the hotel drive. Four policemen stood by it. Three were of the local force; the other wore the uniform of a San Francisco inspector.

Evan Keith moved over to stand by Pamela. Wharton looked at them and counted ten—not ten pulse beats of discretion, but one for every year he'd stolen from Evan's life; and one for each year he'd waited for Pamela.

Then Wharton turned to see Sam Wang holding out his hat and stick. "You go, please," Wang said.


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Louise passes some
d'oeuvres (see re
group of highly
including, extre

# SHE LIKES TO COOK

BY HELEN HILCKEN LITTLE

**Friendly Louise runs one of the most unusual restaurants in New York. But don't let the simple, homelike atmosphere fool you. The most glamorous people in New York eat there, and the food is delicious**

THERE is no sign on Louise's place. You'd never know that the brownstone house on East 58th Street is a restaurant unless you walked through the basement door some evening around seven o'clock.

Then you would see a small, intimate room with a bar at one end crowded with friendly groups, tables with red-check covers, and some of the smartest-looking people in New York. Louise with her merry smile and dark eyes circulates among them, stopping to chat with those she knows. When she tells you who dines there regularly you'd think she was reading from the Social Register. Barbara Hutton, Brenda Frazier, and among the band leaders, Pancho, to mention but a few. And the town's most beautiful glamor girls. When the models began to haunt Louise's a few years ago the debs picked up the trail.

So there you have it. A restaurant with the most homelike atmosphere you can imagine, with a distinctly sophisticated clientele who like the food, the informality, the absence of cameramen, but most of all Louise.

No ordinary restaurant proprietor, Louise found herself in the business quite by accident. And she still treats her customers as though they were guests of the house.

Louise used to do embroidering for a large dress shop, but when this kind of handiwork passed out of the picture, she had nothing to do. In the summer of 1933 she and her husband, Nick, rented a bungalow at Long Beach, N. Y. Pancho, who had his band at the Atlantic Beach Club, used to come over to their house to eat. Soon he began bringing friends along, and Louise fixed dinner for them, too.

That winter Louise took a house on East 58th Street and let out some of the rooms. The people who lived there came downstairs to eat with her family. Word traveled fast about her wonderful cooking and she found herself feeding twenty-five and thirty each night.

Across the street was a speak-easy and, with repeal, the owner wanted to retire. The real-estate man who handled her house suggested Louise take over the bigger place and open a restaurant. He offered her a month's concession. She decided to take a chance, rent out the two upper floors and try her luck with a restaurant on the two lower floors.

### No Vacations and No Chef

With a smile Louise says, "I thought with that month's free rent I could afford to go to the country for a rest, but I never got there. The first day forty people came to dinner and every night there were more.

"For a couple of years I cooked for a hundred every night to save the expense of a chef. After closing time, around two or three o'clock in the morning, we'd go down to Washington Market and get all our fresh vegetables for the next day.

"That's a wonderful place." Louise's eyes light up when she te
Italian officers and offici
here one night after visit
Fair, and they wanted to
market with me. This
ing for them than any
seen out at the Fair.

"But you should see m
tells everyone. "The ho
old, all tumbling down,
way. And my vegetable
beans, tomatoes, spina
lettuce, broccoli, cauli
have our own chickens
Louise announces prou

"You know, I have
who has taught me to
must taste the apple-
plum and grape jelly we
mer. It is delicious.
jars left."

Louise takes pride
She started doing it for
was about 17, when sh
the girls from the dr
house for dinner. She
son and doesn't consult
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own judgment, as mo

Louise loves to fix ho



# HE 25TH HOUR

TH HOUR is time man adds to a day when he
s most.

60 extra minutes snatched from eternity. It is the
to ed in its course by brain and brawn.

be did it forcing his army through the morning
to Waterloo. A thousand Parisian taxi drivers did it
g t the Marne. A million American soldiers did it
ing hrough the shell-stripped Argonne.

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ev all those things which men hold dear demand
tn st that they may survive, man hammers Time
in a sword.

th nation rises to defend "these truths we hold
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ns work as one to make a 25th Hour each day...

ur ing step, the higher hum of wheels, the lights
rig ten nights across the land. The quicker, clearer
ht or faster work. The economy of movement with
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ov all, swiftly shuttling back and forth, the



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LOOK FOR THE RED BALL

back in the days before she had five chefs, fifteen waiters and three bartenders, she used to fix them all herself. The recipe for her delicious shrimp salad has always been a secret till now. Louise boils the shrimps with salt until tender and then cleans them. She chops celery, chives and hard-boiled eggs very small, adds a little lemon juice, chili sauce, mayonnaise, a dash of A-1 Sauce and a bit of horse-radish. The shrimps then go into the sauce, and the whole is stirred and chilled.

Another favorite hors d'oeuvre of Louise's is sliced ripe melon or fresh figs wrapped in presciutto, Italian ham.

"Pickled mushrooms make nice hors d'oeuvres too," Louise says. "Take sliced fresh mushrooms, or leave them whole if they're small. Boil five minutes in half vinegar and half water to which sliced onion, bay leaves, a sprig of garlic and some chopped parsley and celery have been added. Strain, pour over the mushrooms a little olive oil, salt and pepper and serve very cold."

And Louise's stuffed celery is really something! Gorgonzola cheese and butter are creamed together, sherry added and the whole mixture used to fill tender celery stalks. Sprinkle paprika over the top as a garnish.

### What is Your Favorite Dish?

After the hors d'oeuvres you proceed to your favorite dish. Maybe it's Chicken Cacciatori, which Louise says is most popular. To prepare it yourself, take a nice frying chicken and cut it into small serving pieces. Brown in olive oil and meanwhile prepare the sauce. Chop onion, green pepper, a garlic sprig and fresh mushrooms. Fry in half olive oil and half butter. Add a wineglass of sherry and some fresh, peeled tomatoes. Pour this sauce over the chicken and simmer slowly for a half-hour. Just before serving add a dash more sherry and some salt and pepper.

Or maybe you'd rather have Veal Scallopini. The veal must be cut very thin and in small pieces. Flour it on both sides and sauté in butter. Add sliced fresh mushrooms and when the meat is brown (about 5 minutes) add a half wineglass of sherry or Marsala. This she always serves with plain, buttered spinach. Louise likes all her vegetables simply cooked with only the addition of butter.

If it's spaghetti you want, try Louise's Spaghetti with Meat Sauce. Chop onion, celery, parsley and carrots very fine and add a little garlic. Fry in pure olive oil and when this is all brown add your chopped beef. (If you have leftover roast, grind that up—it will do just as well.) Then put in ⅔ tomato paste and ⅓ regular peeled tomatoes, salt and pepper. Simmer this slowly for at least an hour and a half. The longer the sauce cooks the better it tastes. Sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese over your spaghetti and sauce after serving.

For those who like spaghetti without a heavy sauce, Louise devised Spaghetti with Green Sauce. Melt some butter in a frying pan and add a sprig of garlic, lots of chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Bring this to a boil, but don't let the butter brown or burn. Pour this over your strained spaghetti, which is always cooked to order, and serve at once.

Louise has some good tips to offer on the preparation of delicious roasts. She says a rump of veal is improved when sprinkled with rosemary and that it adds to the flavor of lamb too. And both should have some kernels of garlic inserted into them before roasting.

For stuffing a pocket in roast veal she takes spinach, a chopped onion, hard-boiled egg, some grated cheese, bread, parsley, a whole carrot and mixes it all with a raw egg. "When you slice this it is very pretty," she says. "But never carve a roast the minute you take it out of the oven. Put it on top of the stove for about fifteen minutes. Then it is never soggy and is also easier to carve."

Louise prefers a simple mixed salad.

Chopped peppers, radishes, chicory, tomato, water cress, escarole, all kinds of lettuce. For the dressing she rubs the bowl with a little garlic, then adds ⅔ olive oil and ⅓ vinegar, a bit of salt and pepper.

Both Louise and her husband say dessert should consist of fresh fruit or cheese, although Louise thinks zabaglione is good. For one serving take a tablespoon of granulated sugar to one yolk of egg and beat it well in a double boiler. Add a little Marsala or sherry just as it thickens. This can be served hot or chilled.

Louise is a shrewd businesswoman. From a neighborhood success she has become the owner of two restaurants within a few blocks of each other, both operating to full capacity every night. She opened Louise, Jr., partly to handle the overflow from Louise's, but also because the city may take over her property on 58th Street to expand the entrance to the Queensborough Bridge. "If they do this, I'll have the other place on East 53d Street, and besides, it gives all of my family work," she adds complacently.

There are seven members of her family helping between Louise's and Louise, Jr. They all know that the harder they work the more they get for themselves. "I could rent my cloakroom concessions," she points out shrewdly, "but I'd rather have my niece and sister as coatroom girls."

Louise was born in France of Italian parents. She came to this country when she was fourteen with her mother, sister and two brothers. But her cooking leans heavily to the Italian side.

Last winter Louise was in Key West managing a big restaurant in Chica that was threatened w She enjoyed her Florida Louise says she wouldn't hav for her son who was ill and n in a warm climate. She lifted ern restaurant out of the r came from all over Key W Beach and even New York. to do the rumba and had a

### Where Clothes Don't M

"I don't care anything ab I used to have expensive on buy cheap ones," and Lou "but here's what I do with t shows you the inside seams "I cut off all the hanging t overcast the seams, so the i as good as the outside. I eve house dresses that way." Sh

"You see youngsters com with their hair mussed and how they look, but their ey ing and they have a wond Then you see women wit dresses and unhappy faces. know how to have a good being with people you like I love my friends and want t around me," and she sighs

Louise knows about the l gets of the college boys wh young ladies to dinner. W her to suggest a wine she California wines are best. way," she observes, "when y country you should drin wine."

Now Louise wants to take sons. "When I learn to dri fine. I can bring the vege the farm down to the resta station wagon."

And somehow you wish y her with sparkling eyes tra precious load of wonderfu and chickens for her friend



"Can't you ever forget you won that bathing beauty co



low to go shopping in an arm-chair

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CALL WESTERN UNION OR NAME OF YOUR LOCAL DEALER

# Coningham's Cats

Continued from page 14

The sky was full of the swine. But we gave them plenty. Rawley put on a wizard show all right. Hey, Rawley, I saw you drop one. Tell us about it."

"I got on the tail of a Hun and gave him a long burst and he came apart." Rawley was a small slim youngster with curly golden hair. He looked twelve. But he was nineteen. "Then as I watched the Hun go down, I felt something popping around me and damned if a Hun wasn't on my tail. I slipped away and almost ran head-on into another one. I gave it to him good and he went down. Then I saw you were in trouble, sir, and I hustled over but you'd gotten the Hun you were after before I reached you."

The sun was high now and it was time for lunch. I thought I'd try the army mess this time; they might have some water. I went to the public-relations tent where senior officers guide the correspondents away from military subjects which for the moment the army considers "hush-hush." I stayed there until, in resigned discouragement, they asked me to lunch. The lunch was cold bully beef with Worcestershire sauce, but there was tea. The tea tasted as though it had been used to wash down a truck.

"That's the chlorine in the water," the chief military press censor said. "Tastes awful but it keeps you from getting typhoid."

There was news of the tank battle. It was going well because of the amazing efficiency of the American tanks. They had completely routed a Nazi tank force superior in numbers, using tanks superior in armament. The American tanks weighed about twelve tons and carried a thirty-seven-millimeter cannon that plowed through seventeen-ton Nazi cruisers.

During the afternoon the desert lived up to advance notices. The sun poured down and baked the sand to a fiery whiteness. Some German airplanes had been over the night before, dropping flares, and there was some reason to believe that they had located our airdrome. If so they'd be over in force to bomb it, so it was suggested that we dig some slip trenches alongside the truck that we called home. Two other American correspondents, Ken Downs and Bob Low, suggested that the three of us dig a trench. It would afford some protection if the Hun came over. We went to work with pickax and shovel and it wasn't long before I was questioning whether there wasn't some more pleasant way of earning a living than mine. The work went slowly and finally we abandoned it. It wasn't more than two feet deep.

"Deep enough for a grave," I told my two pals. "I'll be happy to bury either or both of you in it."

Low said, "Thanks, sweetheart."

### America's Hand Shows Here

Out on the airdrome things were buzzing. Six huge Bombays dropped very slowly from the sky; they looked slow and leisurely alongside the quick, deft fighters. Bombays are really troop-carrying airplanes. They are of the type used by the Nazi parachute troops. I talked to the squadron leader who had flown one of them. A feature of this desert battle is the amazing co-operation and split-second co-ordination between the army and the air force. As this fight here develops it becomes more and more evident that America is having a big part in it.

Airplanes took off, airplanes landed. At no time during the day was the sky free of them. One Tomahawk came back with its undercarriage smashed by a Nazi cannon. Quite calmly, the young Australian landed the Tommy on its belly. It raised a mountainous cloud of dust as it hit the ground, completely hiding the aircraft. Gradually the dust settled and then we saw the slight figure of the pilot emerge. The airplane was sitting quite unharmed on the sand and the pilot was cursing softly because it might be another twenty-four hours before he could get another one.

I was with the Australian squadron commanded by Rosie when it was ordered up. A road had been observed filled with armored cars rushing up to support the Nazi tanks. The boys hopped into their Tomahawks and away they went—twenty-one of them. They were due back in an hour and a half. The sun began to climb down toward the horizon and then suddenly, as happens in the desert, it plunged below it. Five Tomahawks came out of the semidarkness to land. They had been jumped by a whole wing of Messerschmitts. It had been a dogfight all over the sky. They had knocked down plenty of the Me's all right but the fight had lasted too long. These five had petrol enough to make our home port. The others? By now their gasoline would be exhausted. Somewhere or other, sixteen Tomahawks and sixteen pilots were down in the desert.

### Six Who Didn't Return

At dinner, which was bully beef and, incredibly, a sardine, we didn't talk much about the sixteen who were missing. Cold comes with the night. We had dinner in a tent but the desert night air seeps through the strongest tent and you long for the comparative warmth of your sleeping bag. We sat there smoking and then we heard the sound of airplane motors. The thoughts we'd kept to ourselves tumbled out now. This must be Rosie and his crew. The throb of the motors grew louder. Sound plays queer tricks in the desert. This may have been one airplane; it may have been fifty. The still, cold air was throbbing with the sound of airplane motors. Then two miles away something flashed through the night and for a moment banished the night. It was a flare and we knew that this was a Hun looking for our airport. Soon the sound died away.

Because the sun awakes us when it rises in the morning we go to bed early in the desert. But it was hard to sleep that night, knowing that sixteen pilots were out there beyond the horizon somewhere. Even if they landed safely, they'd be suffering from this same cold. The roar of planes woke us early the next morning. I looked up and against the deep blue saw a dozen flashing shapes —unmistakably Tomahawks. They had come back. It was news good enough to banish any resentment at such an early awakening. The pilots looking a bit blue with cold, hopped out. All of them had run out of petrol and had then made for emergency fields where petrol was stored. In all there were ten pilots. Six were missing. Six are still missing; six pilots who were alive and vital and smiling only yesterday. Perhaps some bailed out on this side of the line. Rosie, who worried so about the pilot with the broken wing, is one who didn't come back. But he may walk in this afternoon or a week from now. I hope so. Anyhow, that's a day in the desert. If you're foolish enough to wish you were here, why, come along.



# Can Berlin Take It?

Continued from page 19

for themselves in choice restaurants by passing on the confidential information they got from the Propaganda Ministry.

If a raid threatened, the restaurants would quietly warn all their customers to rush their kraut, pony up, and *schnell nach Hause gehen.*

Average Berliners don't relish public shelters. They have, for reasons you shall presently note, a fondness for their home *Luftschützräume* like that shown by household pets for familiar mats. Public shelters are plentiful. Seldom in this blacked-out city do you find yourself unable to spot at least one of the special blue lamps that mark their entrances.

### What Shelters Are Really For

The German official view of shelters is realistic. They know that shelters—except those made with especial design, care, reinforcement and depth—are largely pap, if direct hits on them occur. And direct hits on public air-raid shelters have occurred—in Germany, as well as in England. "Yet," a German police authority told me, "they have certain disciplinary, sanitary and protective values. During a raid the whole city's under a hailstorm of our own anti-aircraft shell bits and flying wreckage and bomb fragments. In a shelter you're safe from that. Also, shelters keep people from messing around in the streets, impeding firemen and rescue squads. And they prevent bodies being smeared all over. If a shelter is hit—you can just seal it up until after the war, or whenever it's convenient to clean it out."

The cops, if they catch you roaming, will shoo you into a shelter unless you have a special pass. Thus, in the hour before the "scheduled" time for raids, you find Berliners hurrying along neighborhood streets from car, L and subway lines, while the darkness resounds with "*Ach Gotts*" and "*Donners*" and "*Schrecklichs*" that attest to many collisions with objects animate and inanimate. Downtown, scores are legging it hell-bent on Friedrich Wilhelm and Hermann Goering Strassen or den Linden, toward the central hotels. Most cunning, from all sides hundreds of paired dark shadows are flitting into the Tiergarten and lesser parks where they disappear like holing woodchucks. Love in gloom!

Oddly, you don't see as many hand flashlights, or buttonhole *Gluhwürmchen,* now as in the first and second winters; partly because the novelty has worn off and people have grown used to darkness, but chiefly because batteries and such things can't be got.

Anyhow—this evening you've got a "feeling"! The maid comes in. Mousy, good-hearted, patient Rosa. "*Verdunkeln!*" she explains, then goes about her small part in the sad daily rite of darkening Europe; of shutting the light of civilization indoors, while the world outside goes back to the Middle Ages. She rolls down the closely slatted wood blinds, pulls the heavy draperies together. She pauses at the door and smiles without optimism:

"I hope our English cousins won't pay a call tonight." This is a little nightly joke between you.

All belligerent Europe today is divided into two classes: those who go into air shelters and those who don't. Lest you gain a wrong impression, let this veteran of air raids in China as well as in Europe assure you that courage has nothing to do with the classification.

In Germany, unless you are in the streets, no one will force you into a shelter. For any who have the slightest touch of claustrophobia—that morbid and quite prevalent dread of confinement that is sharpest in small, crowded places—a session in an air-raid shelter is agonizing. German doctors recognize this; recommend that claust kept out of shelters because effect on morale—and be cases might conceivably sta the other hand, for those v phobia the flaming din ab in a raid is unbearable. afflicted either way, decide t to be hit by a bomb than b rather be killed pronto alive.

So you're a "don't"—anc least one advantage: you show. And when you are r in you have a routine to fo

It's better to dress, in Therefore, you leave you handy as a fireman's, bein include sweater and overco the things you would most in a pinch, handy in a sma port and other papers are pockets. A blued flashlig beside your watch on the b

Now you can switch o lights, and open the windo ters. Breaking glass is one common sources of bad i swing the windows to righ the wall; from this positio not so apt to fly across th unlock the door to the hall.

### Significant Tip-

A brief look from the ba cold, bright night. There signs. First, the lights hav off on the big construction been proceeding, night a door. And the usual glow working lights in the big a mile or so away is mis there are no searchlights of fighter planes practicing means that enemy planes ported from the first zone network alarm; probably Frisian Islands, or Weser




"I keep hearing a scraping noise"



ıth — the shortest overland
r ı the North Sea to Berlin for
men. You figure in advance
u ren't going to get much sleep.
c 't. The wail of an air raid at
h ı any land is not of this earth.
n 'back to the night sounds that
f r into primeval caves. Strang-
te s that sirens actually have
al ccents. There is the shrill,
g in of China; the emotional
is of Spain; the dignified ban-
f ] gland—and here the siren is
d.
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T telephone rings; a reminder
ou ignore. The elevator man
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**Hid and Seek with Death**

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ıg hting purposes. Over the
d des is "it" the commander
ara ute flares which light the
din for several minutes for the
of s squadron members, who
ar lay their eggs.
bli s — hundreds, literally —
p f n the perimeter of Berlin.
de s that all raiders are not al-
cke out. One reason may be
nin nability of light pointers to
am tion to gang up when a
cau t. A hundred will instantly
n h , where ten would do; and
rts the sky are neglected. The
of urse, break formation and
o b evil ground opposition. In
er E lin I have never seen more
ir p nes "netted" by the lights
me nd those widely separated.
ht, rectly overhead, scores of
ud ly focus into one great
lue nite splotch in the center
A yo see a plane. To a naked
ppe s just a glistening midge.
our inoculars, you judge its
t to 18,000 feet or more. Its
-hau s trail breath on the frosty
bar s and dives in a futile ef-
eca the lights and the flak.
ave heard talk in Berlin that
sm don't try to hit a bomber
s o r the city, but rather en-
o pu or drive it away and take
of tting it above open coun-
-the lea being fear of the dam-
a ne loaded with gasoline
osiv could do falling in a con-
rea. But I never saw evidence
tact al composure nor met a
er o didn't agree he would
wn plane any time, any place
I eed, bombers have been
ame -dab into Berlin. Gunfire
wh it falls so disintegrates
an structure of a crippled plane there isn't much left to make a dent when it finally hits ground.

On surrounding roofs, on the courtyard flags below and in the trees, an uneasy patter begins. It sounds like the first large drops of a summer shower. This is the terrible "dry rain" of the flak-shell fragments. "Flak" is specifically the abbreviation of "*Fliegerabwehr Kanonen*"—cannon warding off fliers. Flak comes down in chunks varying from the size of a penny to that of your closed fist. It may be fused. It certainly will be red-hot, as you'll find if you pick it up too soon. Everybody collects flak souvenirs. But flak can mutilate and kill. So when you hear it beginning to fall close, it's a cue to lose interest in the spectacle and beat it indoors.

It's a good time, moreover, to see what's happening to morale in Berlin under these perils of the night. For this is what it might be like in your home town—when and if—

Examination of morale probabilities in any country involves a large military question, on which this war already has provided much evidence but no conclusion. Some German airmen told me they believed this winter's exchange of *Luftstrafen,* or air punishments, between England and Germany might very well provide a definite answer. Can air power on its own value, by throwing heavy punches into their bodies politic, civil, social and industrial, soften any great nations for easy final knockout by combined military arms?

Specifically applied here, this question is conditioned by two important factors: What are the difficulties, opportunities, advantages and disadvantages facing the attacking force—the R.A.F.? What are the precautions, both military and civil, taken by the defensive side to safeguard its civilian populations, hence its morale.

European airmen say that London and Berlin are the two primary "morale objectives" of this war. As distinguished from industrial and military objectives (although both cities possess certain of these qualities), the capitals are the heart and brains of each nation, from which morale decline would begin. Morale, at least in the opinion of German war psychologists, plays follow the leader; it decays from top to bottom, rather than the other way. Thus, raids on the capitals get most publicity. Of 6,000 British raids over Germany up to this autumn, only one per cent were on Berlin; the rest mostly against the Ruhr-Rhineland industrial, the Hamburg-Bremen sea areas.

**Bombs on Morale Objectives**

Cologne is the most frequently raided German city; it is hit more than twice as often and each time more heavily than Berlin. Kiel has suffered the most casualties; Münster is the German Coventry. Of approximately 10,000 German raids to date over England, little more than two per cent have been against London; the rest chiefly against the Birmingham-Sheffield industrial areas and the Cardiff-Bristol sea areas, plus such ports as Hull, Newcastle, Plymouth, Southampton. All these, German airmen told me, have been hit oftener and more severely than London. But they, like their German equivalents, are "purely" military objectives, and the governments don't talk much about them. It's the morale objectives, London and Berlin, you hear most about; and with regard to which is written what the Germans call "*Kinderwagen,*" or baby carriage, atrocity propaganda.

Therefore, to weaken German morale the R.A.F. must consider Berlin, and possibly such cultural and nationally beloved centers as München and Dresden. It's twice as far, roughly, from





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England to Berlin as from England to Cologne and the military-objective western section of Germany. It's 600 miles each way for a bombing of Berlin; more if the longer but safer North Sea route is followed. For the most efficient and latest-type bombers, when heavily loaded and at cruising speeds, that's a three-hour trip each way, not counting the actual time spent above the objective for the purposes of the raid. Bombers should be clear of enemy land before daylight makes attack by fighters easy. That's why British raids on Berlin on and near June 21st, the northern hemisphere's longest day, are scarce. It's barely possible for them, eggs laid and throttles all out, to reach the sea before full dawn. There is approximately fifteen hours of pitch darkness today in northern Germany, as compared with five hours in early summer.

Discussions of the R.A.F.'s ability to meet these conditions is a technical problem that does not belong in this article. We are now just interested in Germany's ability to protect her morale heart.

Fundamental, of course, is her scheme for detecting the approach of raids and their probable destination. So-called "air-raid-alarm networks" are pretty much the same in every country. The reporting organizations set up and the maneuvers held in the United States, especially in the East, this autumn are in general similar to those in Germany. The "Paul Revere Men" and women of the New England hills have counterparts in the "Air Watch Sentries" of Westphalia, Schleswig and Rhenish Prussia. However, the German system offers two novelties:

First, watchers are sent out each night in small power boats, far off the European mainland coast, into the North Sea and the upper Channel. These "avant-guard" boats are equipped with listening devices and radio. Second, other watchers are placed in *Horchgraben,* or secret trenches, along the shore rims. They do not watch the sky. They sit in ditches six feet deep and depend upon their ears, not their eyes; for soil conducts sound more quickly than the air, and approaching planes can be heard sooner in a trench than upon the surface. Practiced *Horchgraben* sentinels, even without mechanical aids, can accurately tell altitude, speed and direction of planes.

Germany has certain natural advantages in building her military defenses against raids—one being spaciousness. England, caught on islands, cannot move her industries or population far out of the way. She must depend on deception and guns. Germany has a whole continent at her back and her left elbow as she faces west.

### The Flight of the Factories

More important to any long-range ideas of this war is the great but completely unpublicized movement of heavy industries from the Ruhr and Rhineland, where the British can get at them, to eastern Germany and Poland, where they can't. Regardless of what else you've read or been told, part of the *first* purpose of the Russian campaign was to make sure the Russians couldn't endanger them, either. Poznan and Cracow, particularly, already have the appearance of Rhineland industrial cities. Moreover, they bulge with German technicians as well as ordinary workers and have a housing problem similar to ours in Washington or in defense mushroom towns. It takes an authentic big shot to get you a seat on a train to Poznan, or a hotel room when you get there.

So Germany's industrial west has been destructively punished, but this is the little-known fact: the blows tonight are falling there on at least some emptiness. Naturally, an entir area cannot be transplante But it is a factor to be c discussion of Germany's morale that *raids on Col Dortmund and Düsseldorf a portant this winter as the* Also that coal from the supplies Germany's steel in east in place of coal from Belgium and France.

Germany expected this wi onslaught would be "the spring and summer we c twofold preparations for th and civil defensive measu press and radio propaganda instruct the population. of great new deep shelters quarters were rushed.

Most interesting and sp watch of the preparatio process of altering Berlin's last war camouflage was confined to military equipm operations. Now it emb cities, even countrysides.

### Cities in Hidin

It is well known that eve raid-objective city in wa has a "false" city built sor it. One alleged spy case volved a foreigner who, Wilhelmstrasse gossip, re English the location of the

Berlin has undergone p on a huge scale. Berlin trict of dense pine woods lakes. It is bisected by a ri that is almost as much a the Thames is of Londor have been made to appe ground by the spreading o on the treetops. Lakes (w ticularly revealing becaus reflectors for moon or fl woods through floats spre netting. Whole bends a the river are hidden by t ess; while main boulevar with special pigments to r under all conditions, and is suspended on poles o walks, to resemble wood

Parks are tenement dis versa. Rooftops are pain deceits; shiny tops, as are blacked; warehouse steeples; factories have there are trees on roofs. dwellings and shrubbery, wheeled offside exactly li are set in the middle of a are runways that can be ers of wire mesh that a come up and grow tall in the interstices, yet ke firm and with good trac yards are ponds. Railw where there aren't railro there are, there ain't. from phony chimneys; ones.

"All this camouflage military values, of cour officer told me. "It real body part of the time, e some atmospheric cond frustrates no military e time. The main import flaging great cities, like chester, is not military, gives civilian morale. I touch to daily life that terest. You feel as thou in a Hollywood movie s ing an exciting game o enemy. Every citizen camouflage in Berlin; n gestions. A feeling of tured."

But camouflage alo morale if heavy casualt Actual physical cover must be available for

ecially in congested areas, and oor and hard-working. Here ethods of city planning, also n housing program that she ring recent years in common r socially minded countries Sweden, Finland, Austria—ecognized as giving her still orale advantage.

lent of Berlin, permanent or is without air-raid shelter. and expectant mothers are ets of the morale builders; es rise each twilight to strik-amatic scenes.

or two before sunset, dozens double-deck busses of Ber-e transportation system are om their regular work and various points in the city's rial areas. On every bus are o social workers or trained appointed stops, parents their children who are be-ges of two and ten. Babies are better off left with their the home shelters, it is as-ildren over ten have in great en permanently evacuated try.

a collection bus will pro-th heartache. Here is a fa-ly a night-shift worker—the nt in daytime on a muni-hugging two children until ment, then running half a ng on the bus window to her kids nor father says a nly the father sniffles. Here shooing three aboard while linging to her fourth child, timid one she won't trust night.

lin's metropolitan area of 300 square miles, from its f five millions, the busses afternoon thousands upon f children to designated r. There are upward of f these children's shelters, m deep underneath great ngs, all of them in the saf-locations and elaborately ly fitted.

k the busses disgorge their s upon the sidewalks out-dings. Here they are lined , double-checked. Each child has a card hanging around its neck, giving name, age, parents' address, bunker. At a signal from the head worker, gates swing open, or hatches rise, and the children break into step and song.

The children pick names for their bunkers. This one, into which we follow, has the name "*Maulwurfshause*" scrawled over its main door. Molesville. It is seventy-five feet below street level, under two garage stories, and several thicknesses of concrete and steel. Inside, everything is carefully regulated. There are separate dormitories for boys and girls, and for age groups. The bunks are two-layer, similar to our camp styles. They were, it is said, designed by Der Fuehrer himself—whose interest in architecture is pursued to the degree that no public building, and no furnishings therefore, can be undertaken without his scrutiny.

Everything is done in singsong and step: before eating their soup, the children must sing that unless they "finish it all up" it will rain tomorrow. The toilets are in long batteries, and the kids march to them, again singing, in numbers equivalent to the accommodations. Air-raid uproar does not penetrate down here; but in the morning the children are warned if there have been casualties or damage in their home districts. A guard against unpleasant surprises.

Another moving experience of twilight in Berlin can be seen at the Chancellery of Hitler and several other places. Here accommodations are provided for expectant mothers from the poor districts. Like a file of grotesque and misshapen bats in reverse process, they flit into the shadows at nightfall and out at dawn. The cloakroom where the fashionable women of European diplomacy once powdered their noses is now a dormitory for women from the humblest circumstances.

More than two hundred children have been born this past year under the Chancellery. Often at night Hitler, when he is in residence, descends into the shelter and inspects this especially favored project. Under certain conditions, he is godfather to babies who enter Reich life in his cellar.

Every apartment, every tenement in



"A Mr. Smith would like to borrow Dorothy Lamour. He's making a home movie" AL KAELIN





How to play host and win friends — that's what Jack and Claire Woodruff discovered when they adopted Goebel as their party beer. Time was when they didn't pay much attention to the particular brand they served, but on one occasion Jack ordered Goebel — and that settled it! It's a typical case. All over this country folks are adopting Goebel as their beer. The switch to Michigan's *National* Beer is even more amazing when you stop to list the number of fine beers available. Perhaps you, too, will find the Goebel taste more to your liking.




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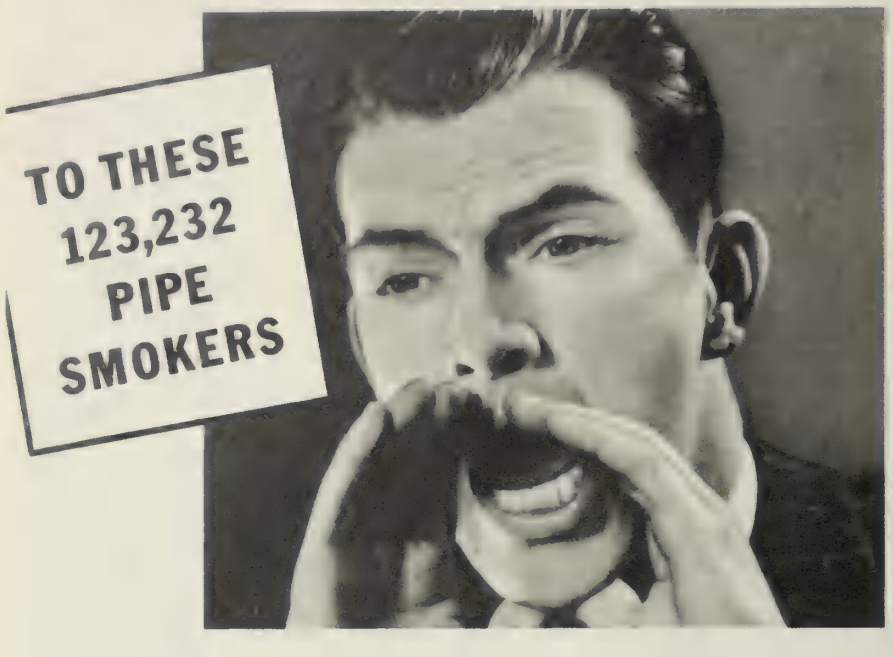
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# WARNING!




## WATCH

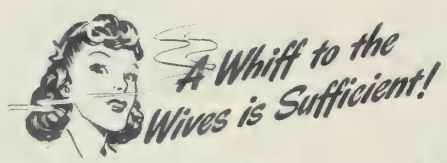
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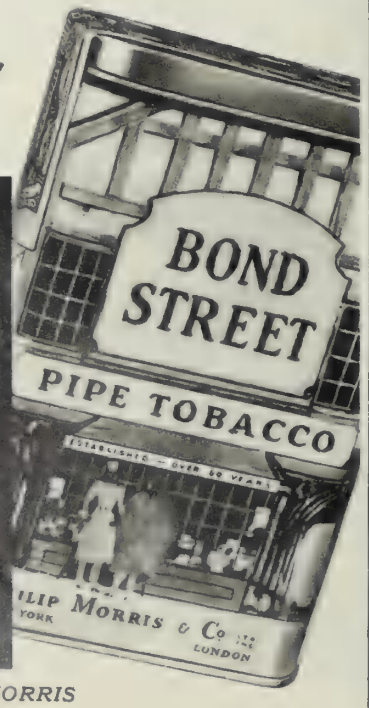
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Berlin has a raid-proofed cellar. These must have connecting doors, through and around the whole block, for greater safety if one is hit or if water pipes burst. Drowning is an air-raid hazard. Berlin is largely a city of attached housing. However, in districts of detached houses, air-raid shelters are conveniently spaced.

Families in each apartment take weekly turns in charge of shelters; the man as warden, the woman as hygienic caretaker. District party workers see there is no shirking. Sleep being important to morale, preference is rigidly followed where there aren't enough cots to go around. New and expectant mothers; and hard workers; in that order. The cots in most of Berlin's tenement shelters, by the way, are from the Maginot Line.

The home shelter *Luftschützräume,* has become the most important feature of Berlin's wartime social life. It exactly suits the sociable instinct of the German, the comfort he takes in company. This is why he dislikes to be caught in an *öffentlich,* or public, shelter. Talkative, he does not enjoy sitting tongue-tied among strangers. In the home shelter you meet your friends, exchange gossip. It's better than newspapers.

If party workers may "plant" some items for gossip—for example, that England provides no such comfortable shelters for its people; that bodies of women pilots have been found in wrecked British raiding planes—it's also true there are no secrets in the close, warm, friendly quarters of neighbors sharing peril. The official police report can say there were only two casualties in all Berlin; but the folks down here know there were eight killed in their block alone. The British Broadcasting Company says that "Anhalter Station was destroyed, and all our planes returned safely"—but the Berliners know Anhalter Bahnhof wasn't touched and that wreckage of two Britis in the Tiergarten in the mo to see. Then sitters in the *räume* laugh and say the difference between official li

The morale of Berlin is served by the endless storie from the *Luftschützräu* newspapers recently carri mance of a Hans Muller, embarrassed girl streetcar excitement he forgot to get phone. He dreamed of her b find her again. One night e later he was caught in an *öff* ter; and there was the girl, ents. Clinch, fade-out.

In one fashionable west ment an officious young ma heard the flak die away, sc people they needn't wait clear, but could return up the flak started again; every back to the cellar—and ro girl who lived on the top She had forgotten to put he One fat and famous Berl habitually lives in his shelter because his wife, w him drink at home, has no his keeping schnapps, for fort, downstairs. He love raids, with plenty of tim schnapps cold on the cella he hates the brief summe

All is not amusing. A yo the Reich's diplomatic ser from Tokyo, where they h first-born and could no lo associations of that post w edy. On their first night i home was burned in a Bri in the morning their seco stillborn.

That's the raid backgr many. People in the Unit England have said "the pe won't stand up under puni people of London have."




**"If the government wants to spend so much, why doesn't it use its own money—not ours?"**



"Pretty cake he brought for his pal Lefty, isn't it, Warden?"

WILLIAM SPAAR

n German cities—notably nburg, where the mayor al- hes in the daily press a list victims of "English bar- other eastern towns—have quite as severely as Cov- don.

like all Continental Euro- reat Sunday promenaders; liversion unknown in the es, where automobiles are s. The objectives of these ecome a visit to the latest ene. Huge throngs mill ruin. If fear, rather than , is the dominating expres- ot detected it.

### —the Common Virtue

neutral observers in Ger- with those in Britain who ir raids harden rather than le. No valid reason has ed why it should be differ- untry than in another. The f the war I pointed out in two factors which might man morale are heavy he front, and the entrance States into the war. These d; and are still in suspen- s joined them. Winter in itter, and there is practi- for homes.

a factor in this war, as it ast, because it has been and thoughtfully organ- ell-noted apathy of the rd the war has been pres- ery beginning; apparently morale factor. On the hese dangers to German untered by other things. dropping of millions of ated incendiary cards by n. These ignited upon be- p, severely burned the ands of German peasants; ions of British humanity. fear, constantly thumped propaganda ministry, of nt and oppression by Eng- any loses. Every time a in Britain or the United States th, his threats are magni- erman press. A third is of the blockade, main- tained for a year by England after Versailles. This is called by the Germans the "hunger blockade," and the Goebbels bureau constantly reminds Germans that hundreds of thousands died of starvation, while England kept German ships from the high seas until she mended her own international commerce fences.

It's an old axiom among militarists that "No great war was ever lost by the cowardice of a whole people, for courage is the commonest human virtue. Only it is expressed in different ways in different races and conditioned by certain things such as climate." It is fashionable to cast doubts upon Italian courage, for example. Yet in the mountains of Ethiopia I saw Italian boys express fortitude and devotion; and British officers, captured in Greece, told me there was nothing wrong with Italian bravery in Libya, only with Italian organizational efficiency. The historical lesson is that Italians—the first to feel the Renaissance, inhabitants of a mild climate, living for centuries side by side with the Vatican, the Christian ideal of peace—long ago had war lust civilized out of them.

For evidence of German ability to take it, here is the famous Englishman, Colonel T. E. Lawrence of Arabia. At the end of the Near East campaign in the last war the Turks were retreating. Lawrence's Arabs, in vengeance for atrocities, were slaughtering them systematically and mercilessly as fast as they could be overtaken. The Turks, commonly acknowledged excellent fighters, were in wild panic. Then, writes Lawrence on page 643, Book Ten, Chapter 117, of The Seven Pillars of Wisdom:

"Exceptions were the German detachments; and here, for the first time, I grew proud of the enemy who had killed my brothers. They were two thousand miles from home, without hope and without guides, in conditions mad enough to break the bravest nerves. Yet their sections held together, in firm rank, sheering through the wrack of Turk and Arab like armored ships, high-faced and silent. When attacked they halted, took position, fired to order. There was no haste, no crying, no hesitation. They were glorious."


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## Water Gals

Continued from page 21

the Pacific Coast, the Far West, the Pacific Northwest and the state of Oregon. Their speediest time was at Buffalo in the spring of this year when they set an American mark of 4 minutes 12.4 seconds. The 400-meter relay being practically a twin event, they also hold the national record for it.

"Say," a rival coach asked Jack Cody, "The four girls on that relay outfit of yours aren't by any chance related to your Columbia River salmon, are they?"

"I don't think so," laughed Jack, "although sometimes I wonder myself."

### Tops on the Coast

The first time he saw Nancy Merki in the Multnomah Club pool he called her a minnow. The comparison has stuck. Nancy is still "Minnow" to a lot of her friends. Carrying the analogy farther Jack says, "If Nancy's a minnow I guess Brenda and Susie are Dolly Vardens and Joyce, being the biggest, is a Royal Chinook. A creel full of them, I tell you, is all any swimming coach could ask."

Today Nancy Merki is one of the greatest swimmers in the world and, far and away, tops on the Pacific Coast. She recently was individual high-point winner in the 1941 national women's swimming championships of the United States, the second time she accomplished such a feat. More than 20 different aquatic records have been credited to her. And she has just been selected the outstanding woman swimmer of 1941 by the National A.A.U., having earned her All-America in three events—the 400- and 800-meter free style and the mile free style. Of the seven final candidates approved by the A.A.U. for the James E. Sullivan award, Nancy is the only woman athlete. National honors also went to her teammate, Brenda Helser, who made the swimming All-America in the 100-yard free style and relay.

Yet seven years ago Nancy was stricken with infantile paralysis. Doctors feared she would have to depend on braces or crutches the rest of her life. At the age of eight she exercised hour after hour in swimming tanks trying to restore stamina and agility to her crippled legs. Her father and mother helped with constant massages. So like President Roosevelt and others who have suffered with the dreaded polio, Nancy gradually found swimming a to health. Now her legs are strong and nimble and the through the water with the of an outboard motor. Child countries write Nancy aski regained her strength and vi letters Nancy painstaking often taking them to loca and language teachers to be

Some swimming events durance; others call for qu speed. Nancy excels at bo when she was barely 13 ye invalid turned champion s records in the 200-meter, 40 800-meter swims. Her mar the 800-meter having b since, but by Nancy herself ing long-course sprint of 2 seconds in the 200-meter world record as well, nea onds better than the bes made by another woman s summer, at the A.A.U. North Carolina town of Nancy set her first distanc stroked 1,500 meters, whic mile, in 22 minutes 12.2 se an astounding 27 seconds tional record registered fi lier by Lenore Kight Wing

"Did I honestly and tru record?" asked a surpris Joyce, Brenda and Susie joyously. "I was afraid along too slow even to plac

So far as Nancy and h are concerned, Birthday important line of demarc and Susie are the frisky m championship swimming High school sticks out all o trains they clump noisily aisles wearing wooden sho to sit in the soot and c observation platform, an berths and eating in din great lark. At way stops be restrained by Mrs. Ja Cody, is the team chaperon, fro their spending money fo jingling bracelets and ot

But Brenda and Joyce, h the ripe old age of 17, a sophisticates. This seme high-school seniors, a sta looked upon as the year rather than the final year To the dismay of Jack C have arrived at the poi



"Let's go, dear. This is where Junior had his first dri

teady boy friends and on trips ming meets must write volumi- ir-mail special-delivery letters ome. However, love's young has not impaired the speed with Joyce and Brenda clip through nd they wear shields on their emblematic of selection on a's mythical Olympic Games 1940.

ing as well as swimming is a spe- f Brenda's. She can conga and is dexterously as she swims, and years in a row she has been the er swimming champion of the States. She also holds the Ameri- -yard record and has set Far records in five other events. excels at short distances and under way like a corvette. She athletic legacy, for her father ootball star at Stanford. Her is to go into the theater.

aureate of the Pacific Coast's mermaids is Joyce Macrae, al- nly a slight portion of her verse swimming in particular and in general. Her English teach- she has great promise. Joyce's author is Edgar Allan Poe and she is trying to follow in his by writing mysteries.

ir girls are great competitors. Jack Cody attributes many of mpionships and records. In a e, when blond Susie Zimmer- oulder strap slid off and perilously low, she attended to s first and won the lap before suit. Against the speedy Los elay team last year the girls from 12 yards behind to win . At Buffalo in March, Nancy t a new national record in the relay and won a pair of indi- erican titles. But on the jour- to Portland, Nancy said she so good. She even noticed a on herself.

young lady," said the doctor aboard the train at Pocatello, ou are at the tail end of an German measles. I imagine right at the peak when you e swimming championships een hearing about."

### ceptions Must Go On

ations, however, immediately this revelation of Nancy's n. The doctor wanted to keep atello until all danger of com- the disease had passed. do that," protested Jimmy n. "They've got a big recep- ing in Portland—bands, cam- e mayor, and all that."

't ride with the other passen- doctor insisted.

atello station agent finally dilemma by pointing out that ncy's train, was dead-heading leeping car to Portland. "If fraid to travel all alone in a Pullman the problem's set- the agent. And it was.

Brenda, Susie and Joyce are Portland. Twenty-five thou- saw them get their badges with Jack Cody, they were ed honorary captains in the force. As a result they have escorts with sirens and brass nearly every city they visit. cially thrilling to Nancy and cy always reminds Chief of s of Portland when they are ip so he can wire chiefs along be ready and waiting.

are known in their home he Cody Kids." They are ccessful athletes in Oregon's addition to possessing far appeal than the customary f feats of physical prowess. them prize attractions wher- ever they appear. They wear the colors of the Northwest's oldest athletic organization, the Multnomah Club, which is named for one of the early Indian tribes along the Columbia River. Nancy and Brenda are honorary life members of the club, and Jimmy Richardson announces that Joyce and Susie soon will be, too.

In the winter the girls train in the Multnomah pool; during the spring and summer months they swim at Jantzen Beach, a few miles north of Portland. Jack Cody does not believe in overlong practice sessions. He thinks they are too exhausting. A vital factor in swimming, he declares, is to keep in top physical condition. About four fifths of the average restaurant menu is taboo, says he.

### Watch That Bulge

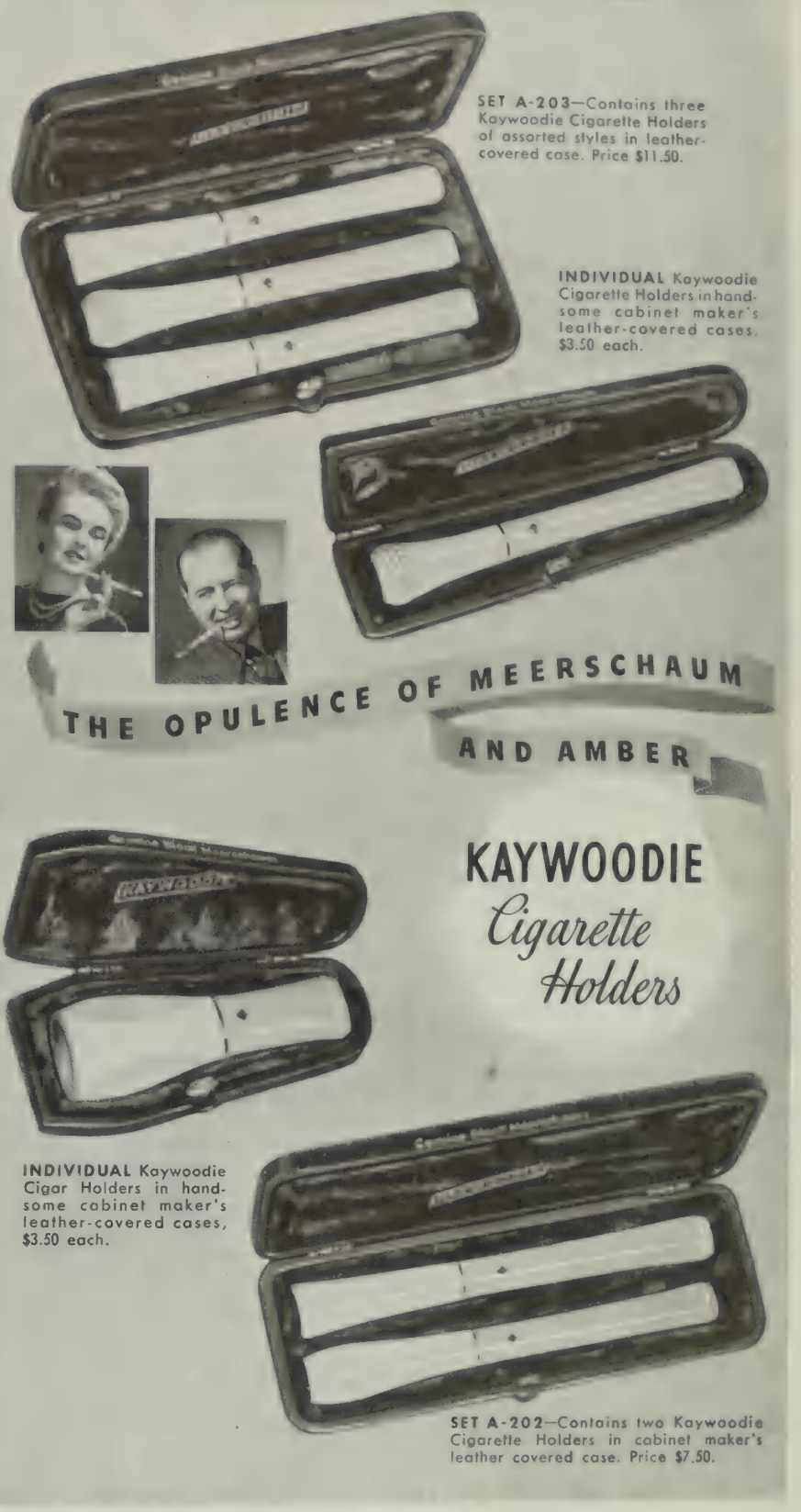
For breakfast, when the swimming season is under way, Jack prescribes orange or grapefruit juice and toast. The noon meal is the big one—a thick steak, baked potato, carrots and cup custard. A chop and vegetables at supper complete the fare. "This isn't a lot to eat in a land of plenty," explains Jack, "but girls being girls, they're eventually going to bump and bulge, and while it may give them an alluring appearance, those curves are liable to cut down their speed in the water. And don't forget that extra calories add extra curves."

Jack is impressed by the fact that women swimming stars are not only slimmer these days but also younger. None of his four champions are yet 18. Nancy was barely 13 when she sliced more than 13 seconds from the American 800-meter mark set by the Florida nymph, Katherine Rawls Thompson. "Swimmers used to be older and some of them were shaped like dirigibles," comments Jack. "Today swimming records are set by slim high-school girls such as Helen Crlenkovich, Gloria Callen, Nancy Merki and Brenda Helser. And by girls like Anne Cooney, who at seventeen holds the Far Western woman's swimming record for 100-yard and 200-meter back-stroke races. These girls are easier on the eyes, but they're harder on the records. New marks used to be set by a second or so. Now when Nancy Merki breaks a record she frequently knocks off 10 seconds or more."

Although Brenda is a rug-cutter par excellence and Joyce, Nancy and Susie enjoy tripping the light fantastic in the proper company, Jack believes dancing is bad for twinkling young swimmers. His four naiads cannot dance as much as they would like to. "Dancing stiffens the leg muscles," he says. Jack also frowns on tennis. He thinks the racket arm tends to become stronger than the other.

Jack will have his four American relay record holders on hand for at least another year of swimming together. After some of them start college their competition as a team probably will be considerably less frequent. There is no prospect of forestalling this through flunks in school, for despite 25,000 miles of traveling in two years the girls are honor students. Absence from classes has never brought down their grades.

The girls have had a lot of exciting experiences since they started shattering aquatic records two years ago. They have been shown around the national capitol building by Charles L. McNary, Oregon's famous senior senator. They have seen most of the United States. Their names have been in big black headlines. They have been welcomed by thousands on their triumphant return from swimming meets. They have dethroned the queens of America's tanks and ruled in their stead. But girls will be girls, and they are sure that either the Stork Club or Nancy's private Pullman car has been the most exciting of all.


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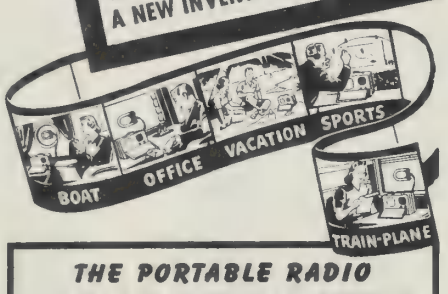

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# The Pied Piper

Continued from page 18

They talked of this for a little time. Then Nicole got up from the table. "I must go and see the children in their beds," she said. "Madame Arvers has been very kind, but one should not leave everything to her."

"I will come too," he said. "They have been very good children all day, and no trouble."

The children were all sleeping in one room, the two girls in the bed and the three little boys upon a mattress on the floor, covered with rough blankets. The peasant woman was tucking them up; she smiled broadly as Nicole and the old man came in.

They went downstairs again and out into the garden until supper was ready. The old man said, "Have you ever been to England, mademoiselle?"

Nicole shook her head. "We had arranged that I should visit John in England in October, when he could get leave again. I think he would have taken me to see you then, perhaps. But the war came, and there was no more leave . . . and traveling was very difficult. I could not get a visa for my passport."

He said gently, "Make that trip to England now, Nicole."

She shook her head. "No, monsieur."

"Why not?"

She said, "Are you going to America with the children?"

He shook his head. "I would like to, but I don't think I shall be able to. I believe that there'll be work for me to do when I get back."

She said, "Nor would I leave France."

He opened his mouth to say that that was quite different, but shut it again, without speaking. She divined something of his thought, because she said: "Either one is French or one is English, and it is not possible that one should be both at the same time. And in times of great trouble, one must stay with one's own country and do what one can to help."

He said slowly, "I suppose so."

Pursuing her train of thought, she said, "If John and I"—she hesitated—"if we had married, I should have been English and then it would be different. But now I am not to be English, ever. I could not learn your different ways, and the new life, alone. This is my place, this I belong to, and I must stay here. You understand?"

He said, "I understand that, Nicole." He paused for a minute and then said, "I am getting to be an old man now. When this war is over I may not find it very easy to get about. Will you come and stay with me in England for a little? Just for a week or two?"

She said, "Of course. Immediately that it is possible to travel, I will come."

THEY walked beside each other in silence for the length of the paddock. Presently she said, "Now for the details of the journey. Focquet will take the boat tonight from Le Conquêt to go fishing up the Chenal as far as Le Four. He will not return to Le Conquêt, but tomorrow night he will put into l'Abervrach to land his fish, or to get bait, or on some pretext such as that. He will sail again at midnight of tomorrow night and you must then be in the boat with him for he will go direct to England. Midnight is the latest time that he can sail, in order that he may be well away from the French coast before the dawn."

Howard asked, "Where is this place l'Abervrach, mademoiselle? Is it far from here?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Forty kilometers, no more. There is a little town behind it, four miles inland, called Lannilis. We must go there tomorrow."

"Are there many Germans in those parts?"

"I do not know. Aristide is trying to find out the situation there, and to devise something for us."

The boy Marjan passed through the paddock on his way to the house. Howard turned and called to him; he hesitated, and then came to them.

The old man said, "We are leaving here tomorrow, Marjan. Do you still want to come with us?"

The boy said, "To America?"

"First we are going to try to get away to England. If we do that successfully, I will send you to America with Pierre and Willem, to live with my daughter till the war is over. Do you want to go?"

The boy said in his awkward French, "If I stay with M. Arvers the Germans will find me and take me away. Presently they will kill me, as they killed my mother and as my father will be killed, because we are Jews. I would like to come with you."

"All right, Marjan," the old man said. "We start in the morning; be ready to come with us. Now go and have your supper, and go up to bed."

He stood watching the boy as he made his way toward the house. "God knows what sort of world we shall have when this is all over," he said heavily.

Nicole said, "I do not know. But what you are doing now will help us all, I think. To get these children out of Europe must be a good thing."

Presently they were called to the kitchen for their supper. Afterward, in the salon, Arvers talked to them.

"Listen," he said, "and I will tell you what I have arranged."

He paused. "Lannilis is full of Germans. That is four miles
coast, and the places at the c
l'Abervrach and Portsall and
that sort, are very lightly hel
not occupied at all. They do
fere with the traffic of the co
this is what I have devised fo

He said, "Three miles th
Lannilis there is a farmer ca
tin, and he is to send a load
tomorrow to a fisherman ca
deac, the captain of the l
l'Abervrach, because Loudea
fields on the hills and want
I have arranged all that. T
will be delivered in a cart
horse, you understand? Yo
will drive the cart. Madem
the children will accompan
the ride."

Howard said, "That see
enough. Nobody would sus

Aristide glanced at him.
necessary that you should w
clothes. That I can arrange

Nicole said, "How do w
touch with Focquet tomorro

THE horse dealer said, "
night Focquet will com
o'clock to the tavern upon th
He will appear to be slightly
he will ask for Pernod des A
is no such drink. In that w
know him. The rest I will le

Howard nodded. "How
to Quintin's farm?"

"I will take you myself s
car. That will be safe enou
this side of Lannilis and t
no questions asked. But t
leave you." He thought fo
"It will be better that you
start from Quintin's farm




**"How about a poker game tonight, Sam? I'll have
scenario department cook up a story we can tell our w**

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five o'clock," he said. "That will make it reasonable that you should be in l'Abervrach at nightfall, and even that you should spend the night there, with Loudeac."

Nicole said, "What about Loudeac and Quintin, monsieur? Do they know that Monsieur Howard and the children will escape?"

The man said, "Have no fear, mademoiselle. This is not so uncommon, in these times. They know all that they wish to know, and they have been paid. They are good friends of mine."

Howard said, "I must now pay you, monsieur."

They settled down together at the table.

Soon after that they went to bed; refreshed by a restful day Howard slept well. In the morning he went down for coffee feeling better than he had felt for some days.

Aristide said, "We leave after luncheon. That will be time enough. Now, I have borrowed clothes for M'sieur. You will not like them, but they are necessary."

The old man did not like the clothes at all. They were very dirty—a coarse, stained flannel shirt, a pair of torn blue cotton trousers, a dirty canvas pull-over that had once been rusty pink in color, and a black, floppy Breton casque. Wooden sabots were the footgear provided with this outfit, but the old man struck at those, and Arvers produced a torn and loathsome pair of boots.

It was some days since he had shaved. When he came down to the kitchen Nicole smiled broadly. "It is very good," she said. "Now, Monsieur Howard, if you walk with the head hanging down, and your mouth open a little—so. And walk slowly, as if you were a very, very old man. And be very deaf and very stupid. I will talk for you."

Arvers walked around him, studying him critically. "I do not think the Germans will find fault with that," he said.

They spent the rest of the morning studying appearances. Nicole kept her own frock, but Arvers made her dirty it a little, and made her change to a very old pair of low-heeled shoes belonging to his wife. With a shawl belonging to Madame Arvers over her head, he passed her too.

The children needed very little grooming. During the morning they had been playing at the duck pond and were sufficiently dirty to pass muster without any painting of the lily.

THEY started after lunch. Howard and Nicole thanked Madame Arvers for her kindness; she received their thanks with calm, bovine smiles. Then they all got into the little old van that Arvers kept for the farm, and drove off down the road.

Presently the car slowed, turned off the road, and bumped to a standstill. Arvers swung around to them from the driving seat. "This is the place," he said. "Get out quickly; it is not wise to linger here."

They opened the door at the back of the van, and got out. They were in a very small farmyard, the farmhouse itself little more than a workman's cottage of gray stone. The air was fresh and sweet after the van, with a clear savor of the sea. In the warm sun, and looking at the gray stone walls and roofs, Howard could have thought himself in Cornwall.

There was a cart and horse, the cart half loaded with manure, the old gray horse tied to the gate. Nobody was to be seen.

Arvers said, "Now quickly, monsieur, before a German passes on the road. There is the cart. You have everything quite clear? You take the dung to Loudeac, who lives up on the hill above l'Abervrach, half a mile from the port. There you unload it; Mademoiselle Rougeron must bring back the cart tomorrow to this place. Focquet will be in the tavern tonight at nine o'clock, and he will be expecting you. He will ask for Pernod des Anges. It is all clear?"

"One thing," the old man said. "This road leads straight to Lannilis?"

"Assuredly." The horse dealer glanced nervously around.

"How do we get through Lannilis? How do we find the road out of the town, to l'Abervrach?"

Nicole said, "I have been this way before. I think I know the road."

The horse dealer said, "I will not linger, mademoiselle. And you, you must move off from here at once." He turned to Howard: "That is all that I can do for you, monsieur. Good luck. In happier days, we may meet again."

The old man said, "I shall look forward to thanking you again for so much kindness."

ARVERS swung himself into the seat of the old van, reversed out into the road, and vanished in a white cloud of dust. Howard looked around; there was no movement from the house, which stood deserted in the afternoon sun.

Nicole said, "Come, children, up you go."

The children swung themselves up into the cart.

Howard untied the bridle from the gate and led the horse out into the dusty road. He fell into a steady, easy shamble beside the horse, head hanging down.

For an hour and a half they went on like that before they reached the first houses of Lannilis. In the cart Nicole kept the children happy and amused; from time to time the old man heard a little burst of laughter above the clop, clop of the hoofs of the old horse. *La petite* Rose walked on beside him, barefoot, treading lightly.

They passed a good deal of German transport on the road. From time to time lorries would come up behind them and they would pull into the right to let them pass, the gray-faced, stolid soldiers staring at them incuriously.

On the outskirts of Lannilis they were stopped. There was a barricade of an elementary nature, of two old motorcars drawn half across the road, leaving only a small passage between. A sentry strolled out sleepily in the hot afternoon, and raised his hand. Howard pulled up the horse and stared at him, and mumbled something with head hanging and mouth open. An *Unteroffizier* came from the guardhouse and looked them over.

He asked in very bad French, "Where are you taking this to?"

The old man raised his head a little and put his hand to one ear. "Eh?"

The German repeated his question in a louder tone.

"Loudeac," the old man said. "Loudeac, outside l'Abervrach."

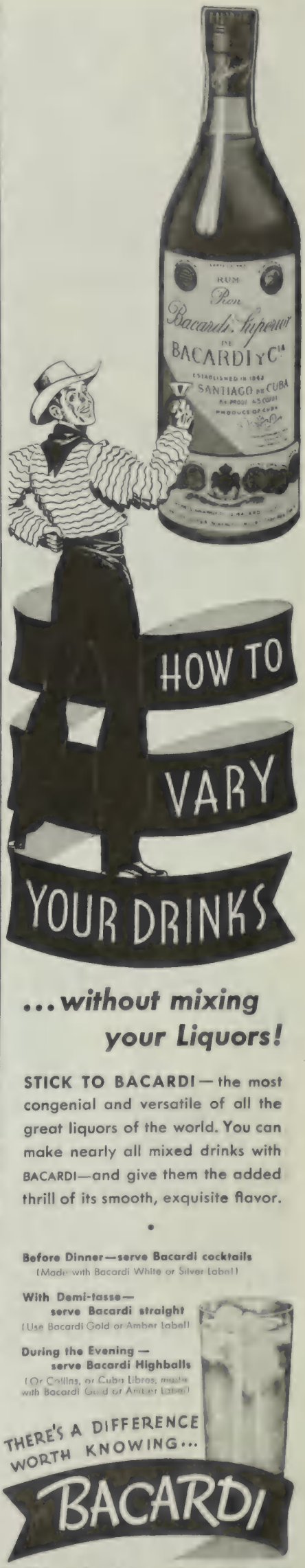
The *Unteroffizier* looked at Nicole. "And Madame goes too?"

Nicole smiled at him and put her hand upon Pierre's shoulder. "It is the little one's birthday," she said. "It is not easy to make fete these days. But as my uncle has to make this trip this afternoon, and as the load is only half and therefore easy for the horse, we make this little journey for an outing for the children."

The old man nodded. "It is not easy to make a treat for children in times like these."

The *Unteroffizier* smiled. "Proceed," he said lazily. "Many happy returns of the day."

Howard jerked up the old horse and they passed up the street. There was little traffic to be seen, partly because




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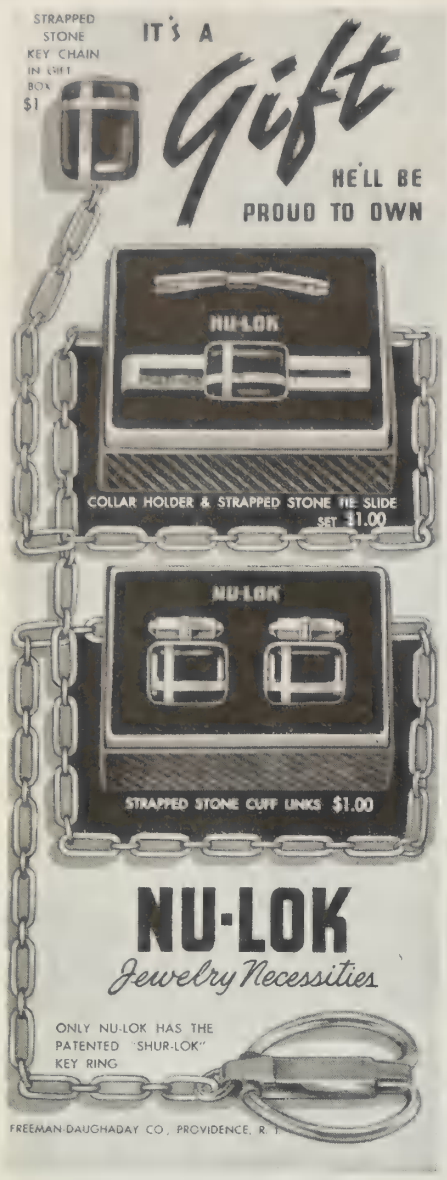
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the French were keeping within doors, partly no doubt because of the heat of the afternoon.

They paced steadily through the town, past shops and residences, past German officers and German soldiers. At the outskirts of the town they took the right fork at the advertisement for Byrrh, and left the last houses behind them. Presently, blue and hazy in a dip between two fields, the old man saw the sea.

His heart leaped when he saw it. All his life he had taken pleasure from the sight and savor of the sea. In its misty blueness between the green fields it seemed to him almost like a portion of his own country; England seemed very close. By tomorrow evening, perhaps, he would have crossed that blue expanse; he would be safe in England with the children. He trudged on stolidly, but his heart was burning with desire to be at home.

Presently *la petite* Rose became tired of walking; he stopped the cart and helped her into it. Nicole got down and walked beside him.

"There is the sea," she said. "You have not very far to go now, monsieur."

"Not very far," he said.

"You are glad?"

He glanced at her. "I should be very, very glad, but for one thing," he said. "I would like you to be coming with us. Would you not do that?"

She shook her head. "No, monsieur."

THEY walked on in silence for a time. At last he said, "I shall never be able to thank you for what you have done for us."

She said, "I have benefited the most."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

She said, "It was a very bad time, when you came. I do not know if I can make you understand." They walked on in the hot sun in silence for a time. "I loved John very much," she said simply. "Above all things, I wanted to be an Englishwoman. And I should have been one but for the war. Because we meant to marry. Would you have minded that very much?"

He shook his head. "I should have welcomed you. Don't you know that?"

She said, "I know that now. But at the time I was terribly afraid of you. We might have been married if I had not been so foolish and delayed." She was silent for a minute. "Then John—John was killed. And at the same time, nothing went right any more. The Germans drove us back, the Belgians surrendered, and the English ran back to their own country from Dunkirk and France was left to fight alone. Then all the papers, and the radio, began to say bad things of the English, that they were treacherous, that they had never really meant to share the battle with us. Horrible things, monsieur."

"Did you believe them?" he asked quietly.

She said, "I was more unhappy than you could believe."

"And now? Do you still believe those things?"

She said, "I believe this, that there was nothing shameful in my love for John. I think that if we had been married, if I had become an Englishwoman, I should have been happy for the remainder of my life."

She paused. "That is a very precious thought, monsieur. For a few weeks it was clouded with doubts, and spoiled. Now it is clear once more; I have regained the thing that I had lost. I shall not lose it again."

They breasted a little rise, and there before them lay the river, winding past the little group of houses that was l'Abervrach, through a long lane of jagged reefs out to the open sea. The girl said, "That is l'Abervrach. Now you are very near the end of your journey, Monsieur Howard."

They walked in silence, leading the horse, down the road to the river and along the water front, past the cement factory, past the few houses of the village, past the lifeboat house and the little quay. Beside the quay there was a German E boat apparently in trouble with her engines, for a portion of her deck amidships was removed and was lying on the quay beside a workshop lorry; men in overalls were busy upon her. A few German soldiers lounged upon the quay, watching the work and smoking.

They went on past the tavern and out into the country again. Presently they turned up the hill in a lane full of sweetbrier, and so came to the little farm of Loudeac.

A peasant in a rusty red canvas pullover met them at the gate.

Howard said, "From Quintin."

The man nodded, and indicated the midden. "Put it there," he said. "And then go away quickly. I wish you good luck, but you must not stay here."

"That is very well understood," Howard said.

The man vanished into the house, nor did they see him again. It was getting toward evening; the time was nearly eight o'clock. They got the children down out of the cart and backed the horse till the load was in the right place to tip; then they tipped the wagon and Howard cleared it with a spade. In a quarter of an hour the job was done.

Nicole said, "There is time enough, and to spare. If we go now to the tavern, we can get supper for the little ones—coffee, perhaps, and some bread and butter."

Howard agreed. They got into the empty cart and he jerked up the horse; they moved out of the stable yard and down the road toward the village. At a turn of the road the whole entrance to the harbor lay before them, sunny and blue in the soft evening light. In the long reach between the jagged rocks there was a fishing boat with a deep brown lug sail coming in from the sea; faintly they heard the putter of an engine.

The old man glanced at the girl. "Focquet," he said.

She nodded. "I think so."

They went on down to the village. At the tavern, under the incurious glances of the German soldiers, they got out of the cart. Howard tied the bridle of the old horse to a rail.

Ronnie said in French, "Is that a torpedo boat? May we go and see it?"

"Not now," said Nicole. "We're going to have supper now."

"What are we going to have for supper?"

THEY went into the tavern. There were a few fishermen there standing by the bar, who looked at him narrowly; it seemed to Howard that they had divined his secret as soon as they set eyes on him. He led the children to a table in a far corner of the room, a little way away from the men. Nicole went through to the kitchen of the place to speak to Madame about supper for the children.

Supper came presently—bread and butter and coffee for the children, red wine mixed with water for Nicole and the old man. They ate uneasily, conscious of the glances at them from the bar, speaking only to assist the children in their meal. It seemed to Howard that this was the real crux of their journey; this was the only time when he had felt his own identity in question. The leaden time crept on, but it was not yet nine o'clock.

Their meal finished, the children became restless. It was still not nine o'clock, and it was necessary to spin out time. Ronnie said, wriggling in his chair, "May we get down and go and look at the sea?"


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as better to have them out of the han calling fresh attention to the in the tavern. Howard said, n. You can go just outside the and lean over the harbor wall. go any farther than that."

la went with him; the other chil- tayed quiet in their seats. How- dered another bottle of the thin ne.

n minutes past nine a big, broad- ered young man in fisherman's ncho and sea boots, rolled into ern. One would have said that l visited competitive establish- on the way, because he reeled a t the bar. He took in all the nts of the tavern in one swift, re- glance like a lighthouse.

" he said. "Give me a Pernod ges, and to hell with the *sale*

men at the bar said, "Quietly. re Germans outside."

irl behind the bar wrinkled her "Pernod des Anges? It is a ry, no doubt? Ordinary Pernod eur."

an said, "You have no Pernod es?"

m'sieur. I have never heard

an remained silent, holding to with one hand, swaying a little. d got up and went to him. "If ld like to join us in a glass of le," he said.

edly." The young man left the crossed with him to the table. d said quietly, "Let me intro- t. This is my daughter-in-law. iselle Nicole Rougeron."

ung man stared at him. "You more careful of your French e said softly out of the corner uth. "Keep your mouth shut, le the talking to me."

mped down into a seat beside oward poured him out a glass of the red wine; the young man added water to it, and drank. He said quietly, "Here is the matter. My boat lies at the quay, but I cannot take you on board here, because of the Germans. You must wait here till it is dark, and then take the footpath to the Phare des Vaches—that is an automatic light on the rocks, half a mile toward the sea, that is not now in use. I will meet you there with the boat."

Howard said, "That is clear enough. How do we get onto the footpath from here?"

Focquet proceeded to tell him. Howard was sitting with his back to the tavern door, facing Nicole. As he sat listening to the directions his eye fell on the girl's face, strained and anxious.

"Monsieur . . ." she said, and stopped.

THERE was a heavy step behind him, and a few words spoken in German. He swung round in his chair; the young Frenchman by his side did the same. There was a German soldier there, with a rifle. Beside him was one of the engineers from the E-boat by the quay, in stained blue dungarees.

The moment remained etched upon the old man's memory. In the background the fishermen around the bar stood tense and motionless; the girl had paused, cloth in hand, in the act of wiping a glass.

It was the man in dungarees who spoke. He spoke in English with a German-American accent.

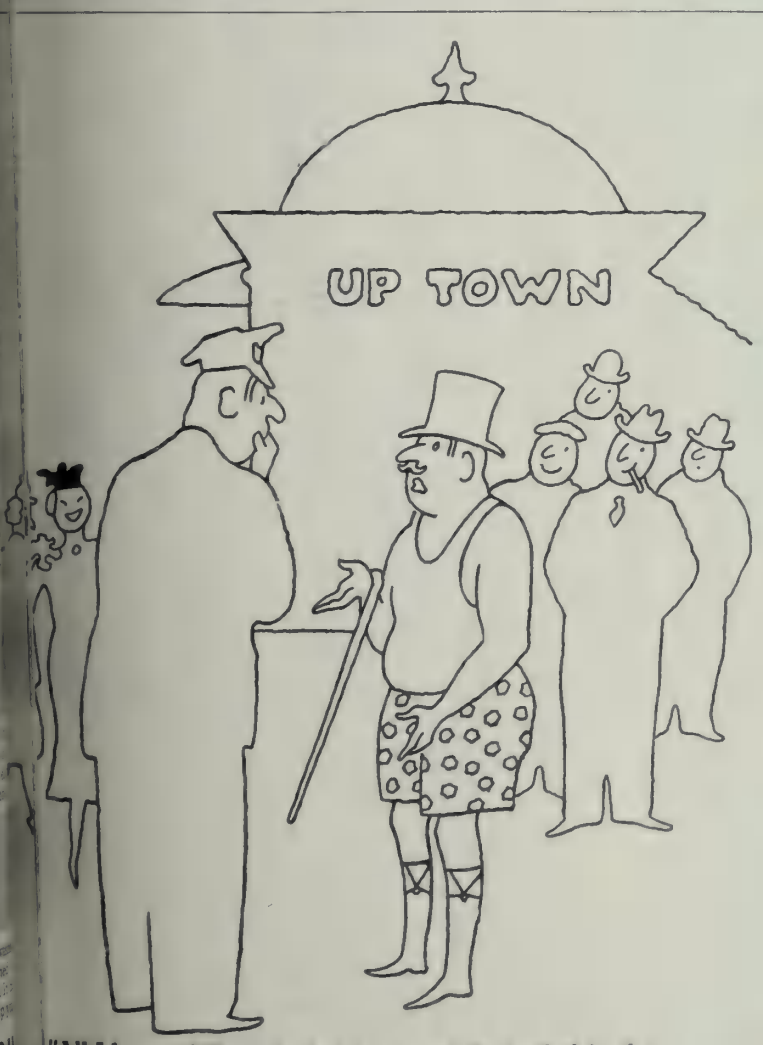
"Say," he said. "How many of you guys are Britishers?"

There was no answer from the group.

He said, "Well, we'll all just get along to the guardroom and have a talk with the *Feldwebel*. And don't let any of you start getting fresh, because that ain't going to do you any good."

He repeated himself in very elementary French.

*(To be continued next week)*




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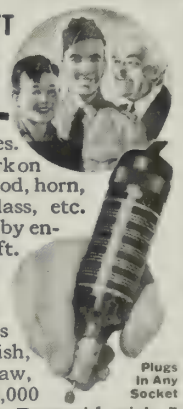
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# The Bounding Fathers

WE THINK the nation has now heard enough concerning what hard-shelled provincials the Founding Fathers were —how they spent their lives exhorting their fellow citizens to look in and not out, to forget that Europe existed, and so on.

The fact is that these men were alive to everything that cooked in the Europe, Britain and America of their times; that they changed policies to meet changing conditions; that consistency was among the least of their worries, except that they consistently lent a helping hand to democracy wherever it reared its then ugly head; that, in a word, Bounding Fathers would be a better name for them than Founding.

Washington's advice to Americans against entangling alliances is famous and often quoted. Not so well remembered but fully as significant, is his expressed willingness to form "temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies."

Thomas Jefferson, too, was against entangling alliances on principle; but he could relax when he saw a chance to win something for his country by so doing. Witness a letter Jefferson wrote in 1802 to Robert Livingston, our minister in Paris:

> The cession of Louisiana and the Floridas by Spain to France works sorely on the United States. . . . It completely reverses all the political relations of the United States, and will form a new epoch in our political course. . . . The day that France takes possession of New Orleans seals the union of the two countries who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation.

The marriage was postponed by the Louisiana Purchase, which was a distress sale by Napoleon Bonaparte of the last of the French empire in North America because Napoleon needed some cash. But in 1803 Jefferson was again seeking some foreign alliances, this time against the Barbary pirates who for centuries had preyed on Mediterranean shipping. Eventually we had to clean them out by ourselves.

George Washington himself was the first Father to sound the proposition that American democrats ought to help other democrats anywhere in the world. In 1796, upon receiving the colors of the new French republic, Washington declared:

> My anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings and my best wishes are irresistibly excited whensoever in any country I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom. . . . In delivering to you these sentiments I express not my own feelings only, but those of my fellow citizens in relation to the commencement, the progress and the issue of the French Revolution.

The first President wasn't talking to enjoy his own voice, either, since France was then at war with England, Austria and Sardinia.

President James Monroe was equally sympathetic with democratic upsurgings in Europe or elsewhere. The post-Napoleonic Holy Alliance of Austria, Russia and Prussia devoted itself to stamping out all such aspirations toward liberty in its domains, and then conceived the idea of crushing Spain's rebellious colonies in South America.

Great Britain offered to join the United States against this New World invasion plot. Monroe consulted Jefferson and Madison on the British proposal.

Jefferson wrote in part:

> By acceding to her (Britain's) proposition, we bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a government at one stroke. . . . Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of anyone or all on earth, and with her at our side, we need not fear the whole world. . . . With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more, side by side, in the same cause. . . .

James Madison was as enthusia[stic] as ferson over the British offer to help [the U] States keep the Holy Alliance out [of the] World:

> With the British power and navy co[mbined] our own, we have nothing to fear fro[m] the world, and in the great struggle of t[he epoch] tween liberty and despotism, we owe it [ours] to sustain the former.

Daniel Webster, proposing that [we help] Greeks by recognizing their revolt [against] Turks, commented:

> The great political question of this a[ge is the] tween absolute and regulated governm[ent. . . .] side of this question is settled for us [in a] our volition. . . . Our place is on the sid[e of free] tutions.
>
> It may now be required of me to sh[ow that] est we have in resisting this new syst[em (the] Alliance). What is it to us, it may b[e asked. Europe] what principles or what pretenses [may bring] governments assert the right of inte[rference] affairs of their neighbors? The thun[der], said, rolls at a distance. The wide [Atlantic] tween us and danger, and however ot[ers may] fer, we shall remain safe.
>
> I think it is a sufficient answer to t[hat we] we are one of the nations of the earth [that we] an interest, therefore, in the preser[vation] system of international law and natio[nal interest] which has hitherto subsisted so ben[efically] all. . . .

Some of our most convinced [nationalists] Washington, Jefferson, Monroe [and Madison] among them—were willing in thei[r time to be] internationalist if to do so wo[uld help] United States on its own territory [democracy] in the world.

We may be wrong in setting [forth on a] same course a second time in [the] century. But certainly we are [not doing] thing. We've been here before— [and under] leadership of some of our mos[t famous] most quotable men.

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*Hon. Clarence F. Lea of California, Chairman, Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, before the House of Representatives, Sept. 25, 1941*

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DECEMBER 27, 1941


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**COVER** RONALD McLEOD




# ANY WEEK

OUR fashion note this week has to do with the hat worn by the slightly cluttered young lady on the cover. Our staff stylists, the Misses Larkin and Carson who chic our women for us, discovered that hat in the hands of Miss Sally Victor, its creator. Combining it with one of the numerous models who daily wander through these offices trying to distract us, they turned them over to Artist Ronald McLeod who fell hard for the hat, which is made of, amongst other materials, two whole Persian lambskins. He wanted to buy the hat for Mrs. McLeod, who was very pleased until she learned that it would set the McLeods back sixty dollars. She said if sixty dollars were spent in her house they were going to buy something more durable than ■ hat.



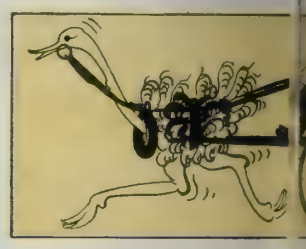

OUR little profundity of the week is launched by Mr. Jim Jay Rollick of Colorado Springs, Colorado. Mr. Rollick is not sanguine that his observations will have much effect upon our rulers in Washington. It is his opinion that "a word to the wise is worth a smack in the puss and you usually get paid." As we get it Mr. Rollick thinks that this country will be ready to "defend itself, keep England afloat, support Russia and keep South America off the bargain counter just as soon as America's industrial tail begins to wag the Washington political dog." We are in considerable agreement with Mr. Rollick, having surveyed much of the scene from which he derives his opinions. "However," says he, "there are two phenomena that sadden me. If there is anything more dismal than the sight of ■ politician trying to be an industrialist it is an industrialist trying to be a politician. No, I'm wrong. The most disheartening sight is to see the two misfits teamed together, one backing and filling, the other pulling and hauling while the driver stands up on the seat with his back to the team yelling to the crowd for more oats." Toward the end of his twelve-page missive, Mr. Rollick snaps out of allegory long enough to assure you that "Washington is a squirrel cage. No matter what you were at home, the minute you get in that cage you begin to act like a squirrel. After a few weeks of it you think everything outside the cage is nuts. . . ."

IN THE interests of accuracy, for which we are hounds, we announce the arrival of a letter from Mr. Paul S. Seavey, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Dunedin, Florida. In Howard Hartley's recent article, Fighting Ferryboats, he placed all of the activity about the development of these troop-landing monsters in the Clearwater area. Mr. Seavey wants it understood that much of the work is being done in "the beautiful little city of Dunedin. We expect to hear from Mr. Seavey again, applauding us for getting the facts straight at last.

SOMETIME ago we published a letter from Mrs. Johanna Marian Duffy of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, suggesting that pet dogs should be sent to the lads in our Army training camps. We thought it a nice idea, too. Since then, however, we have been receiving pleas and threats from officers and men imploring us to do what we can to stop what we started. Many of the soldiers demand Mrs. Duffy's address so that they might forward to her several thousands of assorted dogs. So we're calling off the dogs, as we are particularly impressed with ■ letter from an artillery officer who says that it is virtually impossible to hold maneuvers because dozens of dogs, regarding it all as good clean fun, frisk back and forth in front of the tractors, thus bringing training to a halt, the lads refusing to take any chances of running over the mutts.

AND things, we think, are getting out of hand. For example, we have a letter from Mrs. Lucy Y. Osburne of Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, who not only urges women to redouble their lipstick activities but to "save the metal lipstick holders and forward them to Mr. William S. Knudsen, chairman of OPM, for national defense." Until recently, Mrs. Osburne's duties as president of the Pennsylvania chapter and national vice-president of the Unrouged Women of America absorbed all her spare time. She was striving, she says, "toward the day when there would not be a painted face in our country." Mrs. Osburne herself uses the stuff today for patriotic purposes although every time she touches the stuff she bridles. Says so herself.

RECENTLY our Jim Marshall rode the caboose of a Michigan Central Railroad freight train. As a result of this feat, Mr. Marshall has written an article which will eventually turn up in these pages for your delight and edification. But before Mr. was permitted to mount the had to sign a personal-prope relieving the company of re ity for damage to "Property livestock, live wild anima triches" which he might t with him. This caused some Marshall deciding to send h span of ostriches which he a song from a cassowary col had innocently bought a set trich eggs from an untrustw lish remittance man in Sin Ditty City, Washington, Marshall lives it is a famili see him driving his ostriche wheel sulky in the shafts Maud S., a famous trot owned by Mr. Marshall s ago, broke many records. B road dissuaded Mr. Mars tioning the limited quart caboose and further that ostriches would have to same berth. So without hi Mr. Marshall made the tr his berth with two railroad



GEORGE CREEL'S rece cence of his 1917 job as bc mation in Washington has additional thousands that States cannot get throu world war without their ser new Inflammation Bureau be set up. If Americans w tarily leap to arms in the n are volunteering for jobs a there would have to be conscription. We've been ens of letters from ladies men frothingly eager to patriotism of their neighb tleman in Bristol, Tennes us that he's so persuasi friends say that if he had with Hitler the German fighting on the side of dem have forwarded his letter A lady, desiring to be a that somehow she has a w tors. In Iowa, she adds, already consult me abou should print about the war fail to thank me profusel their sanctum sanctorum offices." A high-school g know how she can get the j intermediate school public from Carmel, California, vises us that he'd like to g torch end of this new Bureau" because "everyt starts a riot somewhere.".


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# A defense program against

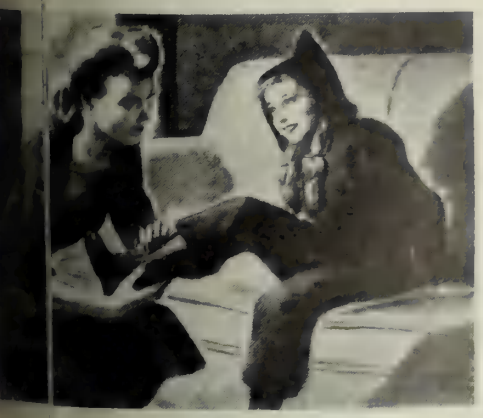
# Pneumonia



*Avoid exposure to chilling and fatigue*

PNEUMONIA often attacks without warning. Usually, however, it is preceded by a common cold, influenza, or other infection of the breathing passages. So, it is wise to take good care of your health. If whenever you have a common cold, catch these infections early, and do not let them drag along until they become serious.

When a cold hangs on, and you feel generally miserable and feverish, be especially cautious. Avoid exposure to chilling, and particularly fatigue, late hours and overeating. The two safest and sanest steps to take are: 1. *Go to bed;* 2. *Call your doctor.*



*Dress the children warmly*

The first sign of pneumonia is generally a severe chill followed by fever. Even more definite symptoms are coughing, pain in side, thick, rust-colored sputum, and heavy breathing. Usually these signs are not just forerunners. Generally they indicate actual pneumonia.



*If a cold hangs on, go to bed!...*

The pneumonia death rate has been reduced over fifty percent in the past three years. Nevertheless, the first essential for successful treatment still is early diagnosis. This permits the prompt use of the powerful new sulfa drugs when the physician (and only the physician) prescribes them; it makes possible early determination of the type of pneumonia, and use of serums if advisable.

The difference between a quick cure and a long, serious, perhaps fatal, illness depends upon getting a doctor—not tomorrow, but *immediately*. Given the chance to treat more pneumonia cases early, America's doctors and nurses can still further reduce pneumonia fatalities. By calling the doctor early and getting nursing care, you can help him to use more successfully the weapons of modern science.



*... And have the doctor call!*

Metropolitan's free booklet, "Respiratory Diseases," contains many valuable, practical suggestions to help you ward off trouble.

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**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

*(A MUTUAL COMPANY)*

*Frederick H. Ecker*, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

*Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York
Please send me a copy of your booklet, 12-C, "Respiratory Diseases."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____




This pipe is called a Shellcraft. It has an inner bowl of imported meerschaum, which makes the pipe uncommonly cool-smoking. The outer bowl is an example of the Thorn finish. $5.

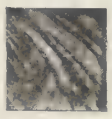
This is a Dublin, one of the most popular pipe-shape families. It has always been a favorite with Kaywoodie smokers. Add one of these Dublins to your Kaywoodie collection. $5.

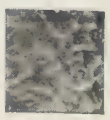
This pipe belongs to the Billiard family of pipe shapes. It is agreeably proportioned, and produces a pipe with a fine "balance." This shape is one of the traditional pipe shapes. $5.

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Here are three Kaywoodie Super-Grain pipes that belong, by their own divine right, in your pipe collection. They are incredibly sweet-smoking, and the beauty of the grain proclaims their aristocratic briar heritage—the costlier rare *old* briar imported before the war, aged-in-the-wood-block according to Kaywoodie standards.* These Super-Grain pipes are, accordingly, of connoisseur quality.

*Kaywoodie briar is dug out of the ground years in advance; so the war has not interfered with our supply.


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REGULAR GRAIN

Observe the distinctive grain markings of the specimen briar from which Super-Grain pipes are made. Only the "prime cut" from the finest *old* briar burls yields briar of this exceptional beauty of marking. This is the clue to the sweet-smoking quality of Super-Grain pipes.

Yours for the asking: *The Kaywoodie Pipe Almanac which tells exactly how to get the fullest pleasure from pipe-smoking.*

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
New York [In New York 630 Fifth Ave.] London





**Because of scarcity of new parts, German-operated planes Brazil are easily the world's most carefully coddled shi**

PRIVATE reports from Latin America indicate that commercial planes still operated there by Germany and Italy are being coddled like babes in a crib. Lack of spare parts is the reason. A couple of German boats have sneaked through the British blockade into South American ports with new engines and the necessary airplane spares, and there is a strong belief that the Italian airline connection with Europe is also a carrier of the vital spares. The very highest grade lubricants are used in the planes to minimize wear, and the most scientific care is being applied to their operation. Hitler and Mussolini intend to hold on to those airline franchises down to the last cotter pin.

IT'S not shameful to get lost in the air; pilots both great and small have done it. Once there was a time when the favorite method of orienting yourself was to "shoot a railroad station"—fly right down the tracks and read the name on the building. That is now prohibited. Many airmen regard it as a reflection on their ability as cross-country pilots to admit they don't know where they are at all times. But every so often a real hot pilot will come out and admit he was lost. That is why the following little item will be of great cheer to the thousands of new pilots who have qualified as cross-country navigators but suffer terribly when they do become lost, and will do most anything to change the subject.

Down in the Carolinas during the maneuvers were several British airmen of great renown. One of them, Wing Commander Roland Tuck, twenty-five years old and with more than thirty German scalps on his belt, was invited to make a flight from Charlotte, N. C., to Spartanburg, S. C., in a Republic P-43 Lancer single-seater fighter. Wing Commander Tuck, who thinks nothing of taking off from a fighter base in England in a Spitfire or Hurricane landplane, flying across the Channel and roaring down the main streets of German-held ports, trying to draw fire or combat, was to be accompanied by an Army pilot in another Lancer because the trip was arranged hurriedly and there was not enough time to study maps and landmarks.

The two fighters became separated during a spell of soupy weather and when the Army pilot landed at Spartanburg there was no Wing Commander Tuck. Here was one of Britain's greatest aces missing on a routine flight in safe South Carolina and the Army began to perspire. Just at t that headquarters estimate supply was expiring, the tele It was Wing Commander Tu ing in his gentle English vo "petrol had become exhaust had landed this fast pursui cornfield without incident. owned up that he was s miles below Spartanburg ar lost. That's another reaso a great airman.

THE Army Air Force co effort to get a few days the grueling staff work in went to California to fer Army airplane. He took t the deep Southwest on wha to be the hottest day of t by the time he got to El sunburned lobster red. Ir went and located a novelt asked for a mask and all t produced at that season of one emblematic of the devi and fierce eyebrows. He t covered his face and nose p even fitted his head. Grad came conscious of a rising osity among the clerks. As to depart, one bold clerk might inquire why the co a devil's mask.

"For flying," was his resp disappeared.

In the air again, and i sun the colonel held the s his knees while he donne This was truly comfort an Presently he was aware of off his left wing doing a flying. He turned and look the eyes of the pilot of t and waved a salute. The not quite yet understand pilot didn't return the gre stead suddenly pulled u wing-over and flew in the rection with all speed.

BOWING to state's righ the federal governmen quire pilots and planes op within their borders to federal regulations gov petency of airmen and ai aircraft.

That meant that you could build an airplane, off Model T automobile go out and kill himself could be done about it. he chose to cross a state interstate commerce, a

*(Continued on pa*




# "YES, MRS. SMITH, I'LL MAKE IT SOUND LIKE NEW

## ...the oscillator is off a few thousand beats a second"

. . . It's another of those cases of normal wear of sensitive radio parts which, although not sufficient to cause the set to stop operating, may result in tuning difficulties, noise, poor tonal quality, weak volume and other inefficiencies. Your radio service man can fix such things promptly—at a modest charge you will be well justified in paying.

For instance, the oscillator in an average radio oscillates almost two million times a second—perhaps ten times that often if it operates on short wave bands. Should this become even slightly out of adjustment, the result may be an inaccuracy of several thousand oscillations a second—a small percentage of error, to be sure, but still enough to cause the set to work far less efficiently than it should. Although conditions of this sort are beyond the comprehension of most radio owners, they are no mystery to the service man. He has both the knowledge and equipment to correct them accurately and well.

Such things clearly indicate the importance of a routine service check-up every year or 18 months — at a probable cost of no more than the service man's minimum charge of $1.50 or $2.00. This means the correction of minor troubles resulting from long hours of daily use. Equally important, it indicates whether additional repairs are advisable to assure the kind of reception to which you are entitled and, perhaps, even to avoid more extensive work later on.

Always a good investment, always important, competent radio service is even more so today when home radios form a valuable link in Defense; when the National Emergency means broadcast messages of vital importance; and when new radios, although finer, will be limited in number.

Call your service man today! Give your radios the attention that any such fine, well-made mechanisms deserve!

## YOU CAN'T GET "LIKE-NEW" RADIO RECEPTION WITH OLD, WORN TUBES!

Tubes are literally the "heart" of any radio. Countless cases of noise, lack of volume, inferior tone, tuning difficulties and similar troubles in old radios can easily and economically be remedied simply by replacing worn tubes. That is why discriminating users have tubes checked at least once a year and, when making replacements, insist on RCA tubes. These tubes, backed by the best-known name in radio—featured by leading dealers and service technicians—are easy to recognize in any of their three distinctive cartons.




RCA MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC.
A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

RCA

CAMDEN, N. J.
IN CANADA: RCA VICTOR COMPANY, LTD., MONTREAL



*She loves me, YES,*
*She loves me, NO.*
*It's "NO" because*
*of DOUBLE O*

He wondered why girls went out with him a few times and then left him carrying a torch. But there was a good reason . . . they just didn't like going out with a fellow who was careless about the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

**What to Do About It**

If *you've* been careless about this double offense, why not get after it with the delightful double precaution that so many wise and popular men and women use?

**For the teeth,** the new Listerine Tooth Paste. It's the result of 8 years' work on the part of experts in the field of oral hygiene. This new paste was created specially to help bring out the natural beauty of your smile. It does a remarkable job on dull, dingy teeth, removing cloudy, loose deposits. Many people say they can see its beautifying effects in a surprisingly short time!

**For a sweeter breath**— Listerine Antiseptic, of course. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis (bad breath).

**Delightful Daily Double**

If you want to make a good impression on others, never neglect the "Double O" (Offensive-looking teeth; Offensive breath).

Start in today with the delightful Listerine Daily Double: the new Listerine Tooth Paste for an attractive smile and Listerine Antiseptic for a more agreeable breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and




*the double precaution against* double O

Offensive breath
Offensive-looking teeth




# KEEP UP WITH THE WOR.D

## By Freling Foster

*The* wood rat, *Neotoma fuscipes,* of California, also known as the trade or pack rat, is notorious for raiding camps and cabins and "trading" a twig or pebble for some article. A search through several of their nests recently disclosed such objects as watches, keys, pencils, eyeglasses, mirrors, bottles, can openers and door bolts.

*Among* the world's most celebrated paintings that have required so much retouching and restoration that no part of the original picture still remains is Leonardo da Vinci's famous Last Supper in the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Milan, Italy.—*By O. Philip Means, Los Angeles, California.*

*When* the number of coin slugs inserted in telephone boxes and other coin-operated devices in this country recently reached a total of 100,000,000 a year, an intensive search for their manufacturers disclosed that one firm in Dayton, Ohio, was making and selling more than 7,000,000 of these imitation nickels annually.—*By Mrs. Louis D. Rubin, Charleston, South Carolina.*

*Anyone* in New York City feeling in need of spiritual guidance can dial a certain telephone number and receive a two-minute "sermonette" spoken by a minister or one of his assistants. This service, which makes no demands on the caller, not even a request for his name, has given personal Scriptural messages to as many as three hundred persons in a single day. —*By Frank B. Murdock, Jersey City, New Jersey.*

*Only* three Americans have been honored by the British with a memorial in Westminster Abbey—James Russell Lowell with a stained-glass window, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow with a bust and Walter Hines Page with a marble tablet.

*Cryostase* is a solid when hot and a liquid when cold, and soluble vincetoxin is cloudy when hot and clear when cold.

*About* a century ago wh Sylvester Graham, the food r mer lectured on diets, he so em size the value of coarse whea brea that such bread and its flo were named after him. In fact, soor had so many followe tha Grahamism became a c an many hotels made a spe ty o catering to traveling Graha tes

*After* a palm tree reaches heigh of only about eight feet, i trunk rarely increases in diamet ever when the tree grows to h mor than a hundred feet tall.

*Although* the famed arc ectur of the Roman Empire pro ed a extensive contemporary li ature there exist only two book n th subject that were written y Ro mans—*De Architectur Libri Decem* by Vitruvius and *I Aqui Urbis Romae* by Frontinus

*For* several decades be e th advent of electric telegraph exten sive semaphore systems f trans mitting messages betwe citie were built, probably th large running from the Prussia bord to Leningrad via Warsaw t en ployed 1,300 operators i ts 2 towers, and a signal or sin lette could be sent over its en 1,20 miles in about thirty min s.

*Originally,* Brazil was ed th Land of the Holy Cross, S Fran cisco was known as Yerb Buer and the Benevolent and P ectiv Order of Elks was named Jol Corks.

*The* assembled houses Co gress of the United Sta hav been addressed by three eigne —General Marie de La F ette 1824, Governor Lajos K uth Hungary in 1852, and Ki Dav Kalakaua of the Hawaiia slan in 1874.—*By Dr. Andor Cleveland, Ohio.*

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Greetings from

# PHILIP MORRIS



*America's Finest Cigarette*




For Christmas giving—
in gay Holiday packings



# What's Inside a Lifeboat?

WHAT DOES A LIFEBOAT CONTAIN? When you know the answer to that question, you know why, time after time, these little boats are able to bring their passengers safely through weeks of hardship on the open sea.

You see, many years ago, seafarers recognized the need of some kind of small boat which they could take to in time of need. But these men soon discovered that simply having the lifeboats aboard was not enough.

To provide the greatest amount of protection, the boats had to be supplied with food and water, in case men were forced to spend many days at sea. They needed a sail, too, so that continuous rowing would not exhaust them.

Gradually, the hard lessons of experience taught seamen just what provisions should always be aboard, for the protection of those who someday might have to entrust their lives to those little boats.

*Bailer, Boathook, Bucket, Compass, Ditty Bag, Flashlight, Hatchets, Life Line, Lanterns, Provisions, Water Breakers*—these are but a few of the things with which every lifeboat is equipped today. And the presence of these items is not left to chance.

The experts in the Bureau of Marine Inspection and Navigation, who carefully select each item, are responsible for seeing that no boat starts on a voyage without its lifeboats properly provisioned and equipped.

If you'll stop and think for a moment, you'll realize that there's a mighty close and interesting parallel between the lifeboats carried by steamships and the kind of protection you, yourself carry, insurance. For instance, few men are unwise enough to embark upon the voyage of life without the protection of insurance.

And, the things that make our insurance policies safe, dependable, and effective in time of nee visions with which they have been sup it takes the experienced judgment of e cide what equipment a lifeboat should car the services of a qualified expert, an ins to determine just what provisions should our insurance policies.

It is not difficult to make sure that you well-provisioned to meet your needs. Th thousands of well-written policies in Travelers is proof of it. In fact, many wi it a practice to have a Travelers agent over their insurance coverage yearly, at have not followed this practice, now is as any to inaugurate it. Any Travelers ager to check your present insurance against and prospective insurance needs.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All f ance. The Travelers Insurance Company, Indemnity Company, The Travelers F Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

LLIER'S
TIONAL WEEKLY
CEMBER 27, 1941

# SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH US

## BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

**y began with anxi-
isunderstanding,
t ended with the res-
n of love and sym-
—the return of peace
ood will—in the
of a reunited family**

L, you got your box from
en," Mrs. Wilson said inter-
edly, "and I s'pose there was
everything you wanted in it?"
n't opened it," the other old
id, smiling. "I know she's put
ttle things for Em'ly and Joe
ildren, and I thought I'd take
the farm tomorrow and we
open it there."
ilson, forty years experienced
ghouse keeping and the varied
nd moods in which her board-
Christmas, looked up sharply
pper plate of veal stew and
mato sauce.

"You goin' out to Joe's?" she asked, surprised. Mrs. Atkins smiled, a flush of pride and happiness on her fine old face.

"Yes, I'm havin' a real Christmas," she answered simply.

She and her landlady were alone; they could speak freely. There were only three other boarders in "The Buckingham Arms," and two of those, the elderly Clinton girls, worked late in the post office on Christmas Eve. Old Man Judson had been carried off by a granddaughter for a home Christmas; Mrs. Wilson's family had not yet arrived for the holiday.

"Well, I'm glad if Em'ly has finally come to her senses," approved Mrs. Wilson. "But this is the first I've heard of it."

"I didn't get the invitation until an hour ago," the other woman said, a quiet radiance of joy possessing words and manner. "Jim Burke was goin' by with the mail when I come back from church, and he says 'I've got a real love letter for you.' It was all pasted over with bells and wreaths and Santa Clauses and I don't know what all. Yes, Joe and Em'ly want me to come out tomorrow to spend the day, and I don't mind telling you, Alma," Mrs. Atkins went on, with her eyes watering, "that when I took that letter upstairs and read it I went down on my knees and I thanked my God. I've always liked Em'ly White; I used to see her when she was married to Frank Blake, and it's been a real heartscald to me that she got mad at me a year ago. But she's had an awful hard time, her mother dyin' and everything, and I don't know as I've ever blamed her much. Only—and here I am cryin' again!—only to think of seein' them all, and gettin' Baby Harry into my arms, and givin' my boy a Christmas kiss from his mother—" She stopped abruptly.

"Well, you ain't any gladder than I am," Mrs. Wilson said generously. "But if you're goin' off in the mornin' I'm going to fix my turkey dressin' tonight, for I want you to taste it and see that I get in enough salt."

"If boys knew what they could do for their mothers at Christmas," the other woman was saying musingly, "there isn't a woman in the world would feel like I felt only today, before that letter came! It seemed like I simply couldn't bear it, and now I feel so grateful and so happy that I don't believe I'll ever lose faith in God's wisdom and justice again!"

RAIN was falling so violently on Christmas afternoon that to the children looking out of the kitchen window the whole dooryard seemed to be dancing with mud. The children were Margy Blake, aged eight, and Willy Atkins, aged five; Margy's father was dead and Willy's mother, and their remaining parents had married each other, so that the ranch-house kitchen was now home for both. Margy was a scared little picked chicken at eight, with fine-spun pale gold hair; Willy was almost as large as she, dark and curly-headed.

The children looked out at a level of soaked earth pooled and grooved from rains, at bushes whipped by the wind, at straggling fences that shut off a region of shed, chicken house, wired chicken run, paddock and barns. All these were unpainted and leaning

*(Continued on page 44)*

D BY
SE MEYERS

**"Merry Christmas, Em'ly; how's the baby?" said Mrs. Atkins heartily. The women did not embrace**





# JAKE AND THE BALLERINA

BY MARJORIE FISCHER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

**She always said, "You will tell me what to do." The trouble was that she forgot the rule just once**

JAKE sat in the day coach staring glumly at the window, which the night outside had turned into a black shining mirror. He saw nothing, though. It wasn't the first time he'd been broke, but here they get him all the way to Pittsburgh, and he loses his fare out; he's working every night till dawn for a week, trying to fix up the ballet of a hopeless musical, and then all he gets is a ticket in a day coach back to New York. A fine thing.

The train whistle cried long and loud in the night, and then, like a small echo, he heard a sound beside him. He stared harder than ever at the window, but unfortunately it was a mirror as well, and there he saw Tatiana, lately first ballerina of the Pittsburgh flop, fumbling in her pocketbook and crying. Jake took a cautious look around; well, it was clear that he couldn't slide past her and get away to the platform. He turned firmly back to the window, in which he saw her large eyes looking piteously at him out of the night.

"Here," he said, and handed her a handkerchief.

Tatiana took the handkerchief and wept into it. "Thank you, Monsieur Krylin," she said. "I—" But she could not go on. She wept.

"Don't tell me, sweetheart, let me guess," said Jake. "You're fresh out of money."

She looked at him blankly.

"You're broke, what I mean," said Jake. "Well, I could stake you to a ten-cent sandwich. Does that say anything to you?"

"Monsieur Krylin," said Tatiana, "you are so sympat'etic! I do not know even where I shall sleep tonight. I have not one sou!"

"Well, you can't sleep on it," said Jake, "but I don't mind telling you you're one good little dancer."

TATIANA took a powder compact out of her pocketbook and looked at herself seriously in the mirror; then she smiled, also at herself.

"So sympat'etic," she murmured. She directed her large eyes at Jake. "You, Monsieur Krylin, I tell you, never have I known such a choregrapher as you. You will ask Alexei if you do not believing me." She looked about for Alexei, leading—and only—male ballet dancer of the Pittsburgh flop, and pointed to him where he slept uneasily beside a sleeping tenor.

"Do I have to look?" said Jake.

"Alexei, I say it to him," said Tatiana, "Jascha Krylin is a genius, simply."

"I'm good," said Jake. "Still in all, I'd like to get a meal out of it, from time to time. For instance, right now I could go for a thick sirloin with a baked potato at the Gala Club. Maybe a dozen blue points while I'm waiting, and a couple highballs to start."

Tatiana nodded, and tears came into her eyes again.

"Maybe even I would permit myself a baked potato, one little one. It is good, the steak at the Gala Club?"

"Sweetheart, it is good," said Jake. He rapped his fingers on the window ledge, thinking. "What night is this?"

"Naturally Monday," said Tatiana. "The night we should open in Baltimore." She put Jake's handkerchief to her eyes again.

"Well, we may go to jail," said Jake, "but I got an idea. It might work." He looked at Tatiana's bland little face between the wings of shining black hair. "Want to take a chance?"

"You will tell me what to do?" she asked.

"Every move," said Jake. "Either way you get steak and a place to sleep. The hitch is you may be sleeping in jail."

She laughed like a child.

"You got an evening dress with you?" asked Jake. She nodded. "Go on into the Ladies' and put it on."

BY THE time he came back in his dinner coat, she was in his seat by the window, wearing a pretty tulle dress like an elongated ballet costume, with a red shawl over her shoulders, and a spangled red handkerchief over her hair. Alexei was sitting beside her, and they were talking Russian rapidly. Jake had left Russia when he was five years old, and did not remember much more of that language than yes and no. This annoyed him now, since he would have liked to understand the conversation; he considered Alexei a heel, and, being fair, would have liked some facts to justify instinct.

Alexei rose gracefully when he saw Jake.

"Tatiana tells me just now about this steak you will procure for her," said Alexei. "You have understood what we say?"

"*Niet*," said Jake. "Steak was a word we didn't have much use for twenty-five years ago."

The two Russians smiled politely if without comprehension. Jake, the native of Broadway, U.S.A., smiled back, and took his seat with no politeness. Alexei continued to stand in the aisle.

"Where you will have the steak?" he asked.

"I have forgotten the name," said Tatiana.

Good, thought Jake to himself, and leaned forward to look out of the window.

"We're getting in," he said, and stood up. "Well, so long, Alex. Lots of luck."

Alexei kissed Tatiana's hand, bowed to Jake, and departed sadly.

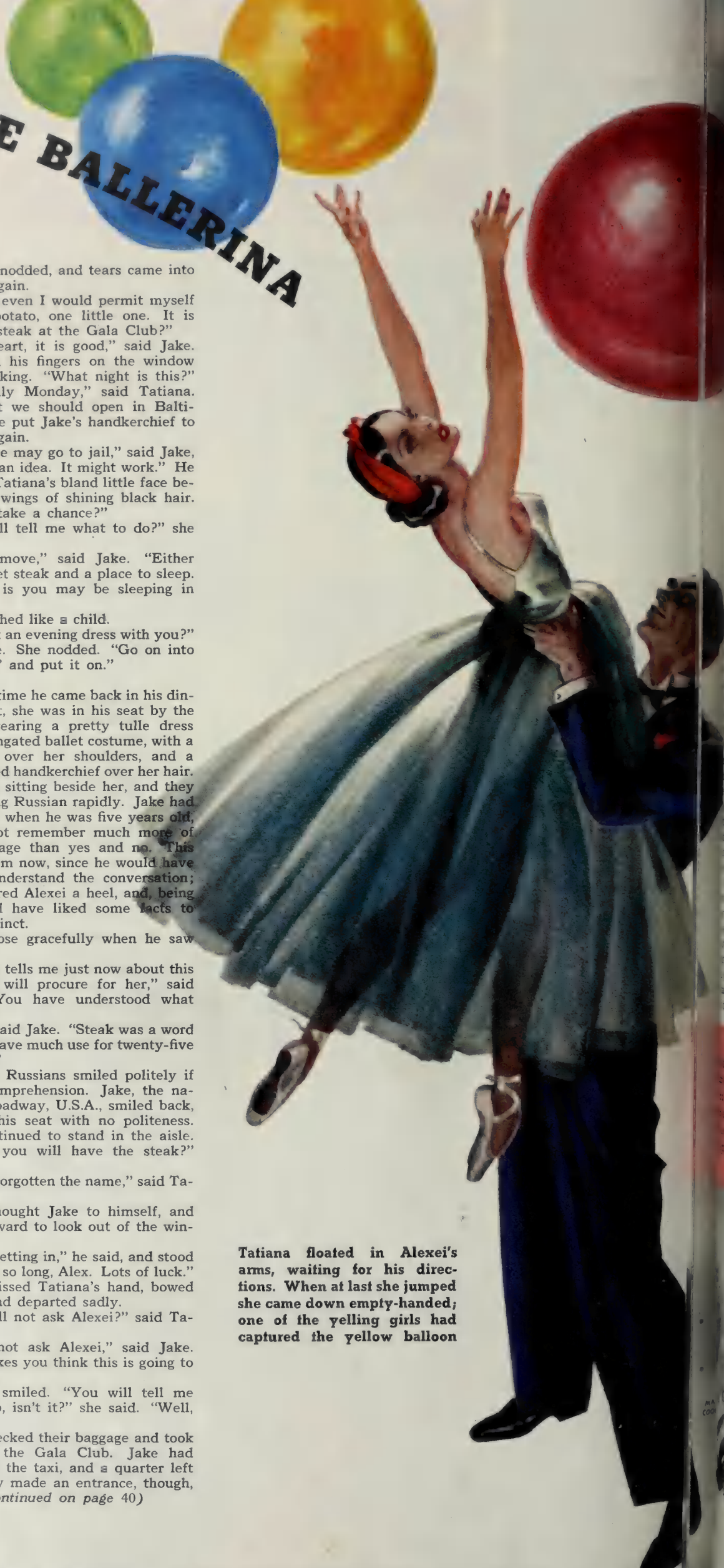
"You will not ask Alexei?" said Tatiana.

"I will not ask Alexei," said Jake. "What makes you think this is going to be easy?"

Tatiana smiled. "You will tell me what to do, isn't it?" she said. "Well, then."

They checked their baggage and took a taxi to the Gala Club. Jake had enough for the taxi, and a quarter left over. They made an entrance, though,

*(Continued on page 40)*



**Tatiana floated in Alexei's arms, waiting for his directions. When at last she jumped she came down empty-handed; one of the yelling girls had captured the yellow balloon**

# rman Weapons Are Obsolete

## By Robert McCormick

**rst news of marvels our military scientists are preparing nobile, more powerful guns, better armor-piercing shells, ster and harder-hitting than those of any other nation**

motional Army officer wants ll the frightful creation "The m," on the theory that it has he great monster of Hebrew ree the oppressed people of That is probably an exag- But, viewed conservatively, e is a ferocious contribution n this boiling world.

The Thing is a medium rmored and speedy. But it d on its rear a prodigious —a 155-millimeter gun. It t 35 miles an hour, carrying s of ammunition and two or Behind it comes another esigned tank, loaded with ght men and an arsenal of

reaches a strategic spot, it ple of shock-absorbing legs prop itself against the blast winds up and pitches a 95- ten miles—with hair-split- r-raising accuracy.

bly the largest piece of self- tillery the world has ever rtainly the most devastat- w almost completed at the Arsenal and will shortly be Aberdeen Proving Grounds ore.

ut nimble gun is designed with the new high-speed isions the Army is training, them something they have ha- before—the protection of art ry. If an armored column ns into a wall of shells laid fro eavy fortifications way off dist ce, beyond the range of its ard ht artillery, the tank gun sh owing valet pull up to the f th road, park, and let fly. A m. ell can soften up a sub- al ch k of masonry.

Also, the powerful contraption can fire at short ranges without bothering to stop. If, for example, troops charging into a town are bothered with snipers, the tank rolls through the streets taking point-blank pot shots at buildings sheltering the sharpshooters. It will leave few buildings and fewer snipers.

### Ordnance Gets Its Chance

The monster may not work; it may, when tested, turn out to be unsound from a mechanical aspect, or it may have too little strategic value to bother about. But either is most unlikely. It looks too good on paper to be a military flop. But failure or not, it is indicative of the state of mind of our Army Ordnance experts. They are—and have been—thinking fast and well. They are turning out for America the greatest ordnance equipment in our history or anybody else's history. From the standpoint of quality, if not quantity, they have given us superb fighting tools. Most of them have so far been kept secret with such success that the Army itself didn't know it had them. A great many still are secret. But the black covers have been taken off some, and we will tell you all it's possible to tell.

We hear so much of the inventive talent of the Germans, of their ingenious weapons and their elastic ability to try anything new, that we forget we have in our Army military scientists who have been tops since an itchy trigger finger let loose the shot heard round the world at Concord.

But we have been careful, as a nation, to give them the fewest possible breaks. During the peaceful 20's and 30's, when a gun barrel was considered a shameful relic of a period of barbarism we

*(Continued on page 26)*

**y far the most formidable weapon of its kind in the world edium tank mounting a great 155-mm. gun. It moves at 35 r and is designed to give heavy artillery protection— w in itself—to high-speed armored divisions. No other h a devastating self-propelled artillery unit. Inset shows ng legs that take up the jolt of firing the 95-pound shell**





PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

**Potent protection for troops against dive-bombing is the 37-mm. antiaircraft gun, with two 50-cal. machine guns mounted on a half-tractor truck. It can go anywhere troops can, and usually gets there before they do**

**At least 30 per cent more efficient than any similar gun anywhere in the world, the huge 155-mm. rifle is as mobile as a truck. It is drawn by a tractor, can be put into position swiftly, and has a range of fourteen miles**




The Last-Minute Shopper
Gift
1. Raincoat and hat
2. Shirt-and-shorts set
3. Tan-leather luggage
4. Knit gloves, leather fingers
5. Badger shaving brush
6. Toiletries in sets
7. Pigskin gloves
8. Big-bowl pipe
9. Slack-type pajamas
10. Toiletries kit
11. Man's hairbrush, transparent
12. Electric shavers
13. Tweed brush
14. Striped garters
15. Socks for town and country
16. Robe-and-pajamas set
17. Red-and-gold-striped pajamas
18. Gift certificates
19. Watches
20. Pipes
21. Fountain pen
22. Pen-and-pencil
23. Cigarette case
24. Desk or table li
25. Cable-stitched
26. Favorite tie pa
27. Norwegian pea
slippers
28. Blue fur-pile sli
29. Transparent wa
30. Glasslike belt
31. Leather suspen
32. Yellow knit mu
33. Key chain
34. Tie clasp
35. Cigarette hold
36. Cowboy belt-a
set
37. Game set: Poke
cards
38. Six-year-calend
knife


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TO MAKE HOUSEHOLDERS HAPPY
. Ele ic ironer
. Do le boiler
. Ma ed shower and window curtain
. Ca g knife
. Gl ash tray
. Wo en hors-d'oeuvre tray
. Ele c broiler
. Ele c toaster
. Ele c kitchen clock
. Tel one-number index
. Sca ing shakers
. Do er set for liquor
. Bat om scales
. Ele c heating pad
. Ice cket and tongs
. Sha
. Pot chip table lighter
. Chi s
. Pot y casserole
. Do e deck of cards
. Soda aking siphon
. Gla percolator
. Ele c iron
. Ele o percolator
. Ele o mixer
. Cocktail shaker
. Che of silver
. Pho graph records
. Cop watering pot
. Com nation radio and phonograph
. Wine decanter
. Novelty soap
. Cod chest
. Radio tubes
. Dou waffle iron
. Woo a blanket
. Elec blanket
. Tow ensemble




# IF HE'S IN THE ARMY

158. Knit gloves, leather palms
159. Travel bag
160. Personal radio
161. Sweater
162. Military toilet kit
163. Wool muffler
164. Bathrobe
165. Picture-frame wallet
166. Handbrush
167. Portable typewriter
168. Bath towel, brush, soap
169. Shoeshine kit
170. Shirt
171. Neckties
172. Travel kit
173. Sports shirt
174. St. Christopher medal
175. Camera
176. Loafer shoes
177. Books
178. Cookies
179. Fruitcake
180. Flashlight
181. Leather wallet
182. Sweat shirt
183. Shaving-access
184. Chocolate canc
185. Sewing kit
186. Shaving brush
after-shave loti
187. Military insign
buttons for offi
188. Polishing clot
buttons, etc.
189. Stationery and
190. Fountain pen
191. Wrist watches
192. Tobacco
193. Tobacco pouc
194. Lighter
195. Leather cigaret
196. Monk shoes fo
leave
197. White crew so
198. Penknife
199. Manicure set
200. Photographic e
meter
201. Fountain pen a
202. Handkerchiefs
203. Shorts

## LLANEOUS STIONS

- oard
- g of candied chewing gum
- hing rod
- ool kit
- ill
- ater pitcher and tumblers
- aphers' supplies
- g light
- s
- ation radio-phonograph
- corn popper
- hest
- bile robe
- ation radio-phonograph
- rder
- bile heater
- tools
- ality wrapping can add Suggestions here cover and liquors, pipe tobacco, cigarettes, dog food





GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Dr. Sanford A. Moss, wh
supercharger for planes e
the 1941 award of the Colli
jointly with the U. S. Army
which tested it and prove

# THE HIGHER THE BETTER

## By W. B. Courtney

**Appropriately, aviation's highest award, the Collier Trophy, goes this year to the men who are making it possible for the planes of war and peace to reach deeper into the great ocean of air**

ON DECEMBER 17TH, just a couple of days ago, there took place at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, as the postman knows the White House, an event of outstanding importance and significance with respect to the current war, and to the present and future of aviation, both commercial and military.

President Roosevelt, on behalf of the National Aeronautic Association, presented the Collier Trophy for the past year's greatest achievement in aeronautics.

It was a joint award. Two men, representing two great organizations, happily faced the President: Dr. Sanford A. Moss, scientist, of General Electric Company; and Major General George H. Brett, chief of the Air Corps.

The citation indicates that the trophy goes to Dr. Moss and the Air Corps for "outstanding success in high-altitude flying through the development of the turbo-supercharger."

You need only turn to daily war communiqués for evidence of the turbo-supercharger's eminent usefulness. It has made possible high-altitude bombing and fighting by some planes of the Royal Air Force. It has made the giant four-engine bombers of the United States Army Air Corps the greatest planes of their type.

Moreover, it is not only a felicitous coincidence but a rather emphatic suggestion of the hold that "altitude" has laid upon the imaginations of the men of the air that last year the National Aeronautic Association's distinguished trophy committee awarded the Collier Trophy to three doctors who developed the oxygen mask that enables pilots and crewmen to fly in the substratosphere.

This year the story behind the award has special elements of drama, human interest, mystery and significance. There is the mystery that surrounds the turbo-supercharger, one of the most hush-hush projects in American aviation. There is the personal vindication of Dr. Moss. There is fruition of the devotion, grit and drudgery of the somewhat lean roster of men within the Air Corps, who conducted the investigations that verified the turbo-supercharger. Among these, paced by Major Rudolph W. Schroeder, were the first of any men ever to penetrate up into the substratosphere, the makers of all first real altitude records, the pioneers who lifted aviation above its own primeval mists.

This year's award marks two anniversaries—the 38th birthday of powered, heavier-than-air flight, midwifed by the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in December, 1903; and the Silver Jubilee of the Collier Trophy.

When Robert J. Collier, amateur early bird, former editor of this magazine and son of its founder, inaugurated his trophy in 1911 no man had yet flown more than a few hundred feet above the ground. M. P. Prier held the world's nonstop flight record for the 250 miles from Paris to London; and in the United States LeBlanc had reached a speed of 66 miles per hour. There were 26 pilots in the United States; C. P. Rodgers made the first transcontinental flight across the United States, taking almost two months.

Bob Collier gave his beloved trophy into the keeping of the Aero Club of America, to hold and bestow. Later it came under the trusteeship of the National Aeronautic Association, a nonpartisan group that is a repository, in brief, of national airmindedness.

I do not know what persuaded the trophy committee. Undoubtedly the news from warring Europe had some effect. Altitude has always b
ered "money in the bank" by
as deep water represents sa
masters of great ocean ships.
philosophy had just recently
military science—the poss
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compared with horizontal fl
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The "vertical envelopment
ing more nor less than air
the "vertical flanking moven
aim to go *over* the other fello
and thus envelop him; that
tactical chance to gain air su
another way than with fire
numbers alone. Every pilot
since the day when airplan
came a fighting weapon the f
advantage lay with the man
get on top.

Yet I believe the very mak
year's trophy committee tok
tations above and beyond
clouds, toward the great yea
ful construction inevitably
turbo-supercharger, at best
only to the substratosphere.

This is the second layer of
atmosphere. It begins, roug
000 feet where the troposp
natural element—ends; an
again roughly, to about 3
where the stratosphere is rea
even with the turbo-supercl
quest of the air is still only
At least, however, from here
clearer look across the depths
port to airport, planes wi
enough to set a level flight ab
weather and the hazards o
peaks.

The airplane, until the t
charger was devised, was st
machine. Now it becomes
machine; gains potentialitie
of course, but more parti
peaceful commerce aroun
made too small and neig
demagogues to flourish.

Here, I think, is the abi
cance of this year's Coll
Award.

### The Gadget

Internal-combustion engi
their power from the exp
properly mixed weight of g
air drawn into the cylinder
ignited.

The weight, at sea level, app
mately 16 parts of air to 1 p
line.

This proportion of air to
mixed in your carburetor.
is taken from the atmosphe
sea level, has a pressure of
per square inch. As you
from sea level the carburet
cannot maintain the proport
1 because the air pressure
This is not too noticeable
several thousand feet.

At 20,000 feet the air "
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Therefore, you have to g
much air into your cylinde
tain the ratio of 16 weights
weight of gasoline. In simp
the supercharger is a devic
the outside atmosphere an
ing, or hurrying, it through
retor; for maintaining sea-le
at higher than sea levels.

Commercial and militar
the last few years have b

*(Continued on page )*



# ranger in the Park

## homas Walsh

TRATED BY C. C. BEALL

**eteove O'Neill moved
st, bt he couldn't move
st ough and so the
urd er reached the girl
st moment too soon**

THE met for the first time, Mr. Cas and O'Neill, around five- thin on a breathless August after- on, a dingy bed-sitting room, rd-fl r rear, of the Grosvenor Fur- shed partments on East Madison reet. s soon as Mr. Carnes stepped from he landing, his heart pumping m th tairs, and from something else, , he lt the force of heat compacted that uare room under the roof ex- dle a inst his flesh in savagely tiny ells o erspiration—felt it so intently, only a moment, that the walls and e two haded windows wavered be- e hin while a weakness he could not ntuol gan to quiver in the hollows hind knees.

He t himself what that weakness me f n: only the heat. Still, he pped few steps in from the doorway conce it, nodding at O'Neill, smiling him, eaking rather quickly but with no obvious effect of fright. His name, he said, was Roger Carnes, and he understood that he was wanted here. Even though he could not see why—

"Sit down," O'Neill said. His voice was cross. He had been in that room since four o'clock, a few minutes after the body of Rose Elizabeth Daly had been found there, and he sat behind a littered table now with his coat off, his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbow and his wilted collar gaping wide at his throat. He didn't look nearly so clever as Mr. Carnes had been afraid he would look; a stout man in middle age, bald-headed, with a solid, rocklike chin, he just appeared determined, irritable and very hot.

He wasted no time at all. He said, as Mr. Carnes seated himself, "We wanted to see you—that's right. We sent a squad car over after you because there was a woman strangled here last night—a woman named Rose Elizabeth Daly. She was found on this sofa in back of me at four o'clock this afternoon. What we want"—he paused and mopped his face, his voice flattening out a bit—"what we want now is to find out what you knew about her."

Mr. Carnes stared at him.

"Strangled?" he said, in a soft, shocked voice. He had a slight advantage then, as it began; he knew what he was fighting for, if he didn't know yet exactly how they had got his name. But the fear he had was not a fear that showed in his voice, his face or in anything about him; it shaped him instead, like an animal fear, an urgent impression of danger, to a state of sharp and desperate alertness. A tall, thin man in a well-cut gabardine suit, staring directly into O'Neill's face with pale blue eyes that were properly shocked, he said quietly, candidly and very gravely, that he had never heard of this Rose Elizabeth Daly in his life.

O'NEILL, his own eyes shaded by heavy dark brows, stared back at him for a matter of seconds. Then, bending forward, he reached out for a telephone book that lay on the corner of the table at his left. When he picked it up it fell open naturally part way in, where a packet of matches had been set between the pages. Halfway up the middle column, on the page nearest him, Mr. Carnes could see that a name had been underscored in pencil.

O'Neill moved his finger down till it rested on that mark.

"We found it like this," he said. "The matches and the pencil mark, understand, as if the number was one she'd looked up before and wanted to remember. Here's the listing: Roger Carnes, 54 Jellicoe Road, Tuxedo 8262. I think that's you?"

"Yes." Mr. Carnes did not hesitate at all. "Yes, it is." But he concealed a savage rush of anger behind the sallow mask of his face in the same way that he had concealed his fear before. Last night he had gone through everything; last night, being a careful man, he had not immediately hurried away. But the telephone book—no, he had not gone through that. Who would have imagined—

It seemed to him, suddenly, that he had taken too long to answer, that in O'Neill's dark eyes there was the glint of a new and more suspicious sharpness. He smiled stiffly. Deny it, he thought—deny it all. If they knew, they knew. But if they had only this—

Mr. Carnes did not lose his head. He simply frowned as if he were puzzled.

"That," he said, "that—I can't understand it. My name—" The frown deepened; he spoke more slowly. "Here,"

*(Continued on page 65)*

**"You'd better get away," she said. "If you're here when my friend comes back he'll punch your nose." "Will he?" the stranger asked softly. He had caught her wrist then**



DRAWINGS BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

We had seen the wounded limp into Moscow, and tanks roaring on their way to the faltering Red army

# Retreat from Moscow

## By Quentin Reynolds

RADIOED FROM KUIBYSHEV

**When diplomats and officials fled Moscow, Collier's correspondent went along, willy-nilly, to Kuibyshev. From there he made his way to the new fighting front in Libya. This is the story of the flight from Moscow and what he found in the new Russian capital**

THE time had come to leave Moscow. For weeks we had considered the possibility, and yet when the moment came few of us were prepared. We had watched the red pins on the war maps move closer to the city. We had seen them reaching out gradually like claws encircling the capital. We had seen the wounded limp into Moscow, muddy and half-frozen, and we had seen the railroad stations crowded with refugees from the city waiting for trains to the east. We had seen tanks roaring through the city streets on their way to bolster the faltering Red army.

But Moscow was fairly comfortable. True, the vodka had run out and cigarettes were virtually unobtainable and the Nazi bombers came over every night, but this was routine to those of us who had been in London the past year.

Then one day there was a phone call: "All American correspondents report to the embassy immediately. Urgent."

Laurence Steinhardt, the American Ambassador, said bluntly to us, "The balloon has gone up. Cripps and I were summoned by Molotov this morning. He told us that a train would be waiting at the Kazan station at seven o'clock tonight for the diplomatic corps. He said that you could, in fact must, go along."

"Suppose we want to stay?" I asked Steinhardt.

"You have no discretion in the matter," the ambassador said.

"The government is going, the press bureau and the censors are going. Stay here and you won't be able to send anything. There will be no further communications out of Moscow. Report here at five-thirty with what baggage you can carry and if you have any food bring it along. I don't kno we're going but it will be a long trip."

The huge Kazan station was packed with trying to leave what they thought to be a city. More than 10,000 apathetic-looking grim-faced men and bewildered, sleepy-e dren lay on the cement floors waiting for take them east.

The various ambassadors and ministers in out of the snow. A huge dining room was for the diplomatic and journalistic corps. Atkar, the Turkish ambassador, came in. eyed Vladimir Kot, once a college professor Polish ambassador, appeared. "*Bon soi* lence," we murmured as these exquisite diplomats shook hands quite formally with u Shao Li Tze, one of the best-liked men in th came in, smiling, with his aides. Shrivele faced General Tatekawa, Japanese am brushed the snow from his uniform and to at a table. Our train was not to leave for thr Meanwhile there was beer. We drank beer of us felt very good. We felt resentful be were being forced to leave the best story of

Here was the Greek Minister Pipinellis a Gavrilovitch, the Yugoslav minister. Fierli Czech, came in, looking around with ti Evacuations were old stories to him. " Excellence." Roly-poly Mohammed Saed smiling, for it is his nature to smile even th pires totter. Steinhardt and the most faith that any ambassador ever had entered. Se retary Llewellyn Thompson, Third Secretar Thayer, Counselor Walter Thurston and brown German boxer "Sully" all kept anx on the crates of food they had brought. Or hardt of all the ambassadors had foreseen t bility of a quick getaway.

Sir Stafford Cripps, the British am brushed the snow from his black foreign- and sat down alone. He looked suddenly clipped and sad, occasionally stroking the he airedale Joe, best-known dog-about-town in

The dining room was crowded with diplor a dozen countries and their innumerable ai British Economic Mission, headed by Si Citrine, sat together, frankly angry beca work had been interrupted.

### Goodby to Moscow

Then came word that our train was st a siding waiting for us. We found our b the pitch blackness of the night and slippe through the heavy slush into the train. W luctant goodbyes to Thompson and to Fred hardt of the embassy staff, who were rem Moscow, and then looked at what was to be for the next five nights and four days. Y either "soft" or "hard" on Russian trains. coaches are every bit as good as the be American trains. There is nothing in A uncomfortable as the "hard" Russian coac Si Sulzberger of the New York Times, Henr and Robert Magidoff of the Associated shared a "hard" compartment.

There were four wooden bunks in it an The train pulled out of Moscow at 1:30 A. tried to sleep. Bitter cold is not an anesthe we moved, our joints screamed in protest. impossible.

The night passed. Dawn found us in a small villages. We passed one such, Lida, smoking ruins. The Germans had paid it a a few hours before. There were interminа Thayer had a few cans of beans and so salmon, which we ate cold. Sometimes a s taurant yielded black bread and sausage morning at 5 A. M., we found a hot meal soup, fried eggs and hot beef waiting for meal lasted us for two days.

One day was like another. We played day but there was no light at night, so we early. Once we persuaded Steinhardt to j were extremely happy to put him a thous in the red. But this changed to gloom whe back to recoup his losses and win a litt We had forgotten that Steinhardt had o smart New York lawyer.

We slept in our clothes with our coat around us. By now our clothes seemed and it was difficult to know where the clo and we began.

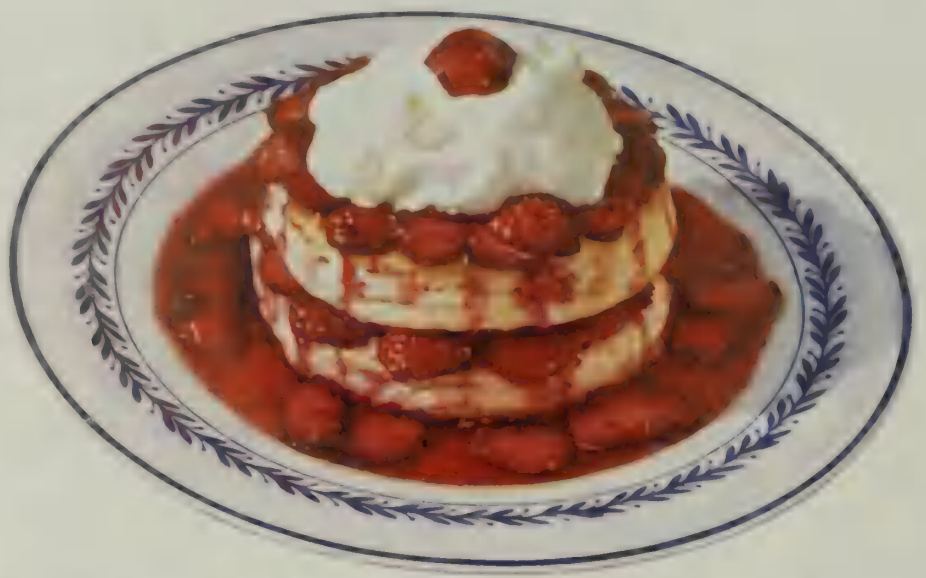
Early on the morning of the fifth day out of the window into a thin dawn and, mi a few miles ahead and to *(Continued on*

Kuibyshev's streets are rivers of mud in which sleds, ox-drawn carts and automobiles are mired down



# HOLIDAY SURPRISES—that don't come in a stocking!





**SURPRISE PACKAGE NO. 1. Birds Eye Strawberries!** The miracle of Quick-Freezing makes it possible. Back on a balmy day last summer, we plucked these carefully grown berries, hulled, cleaned, and sliced them—and then, into the Quick Freezer they went, to have every bit of their garden-fresh flavor imprisoned till the moment you pick up the first spoonful!



**SURPRISE PACKAGE NO. 2. Mouth-watering Birds Eye Golden Sweet Corn-on-the-Cob!** A beautiful, unusual dish for holiday table! And this corn is as fresh and flavorful as though you'd just picked it off the stalk! That's because Birds Eye, last summer, preserved all that goodness for you by Quick-Freezing.



**SURPRISE PACKAGE NO. 3. Tender, out-of-season green Asparagus Spears!** You can enjoy the farm-fresh flavor of a dish that's rare in midsummer. We pack only five-inch, all green, tender Spears. (Also, green cuts for budget dishes.) Try asparagus on fried ham and toast, topped with Hollandaise Sauce and a mushroom cap, as illustrated. Melts in your mouth!



**SURPRISE PACKAGE NO. 4. Birds Eye Green** (Spe! Dec. 22-Jan. 3.) They come to ...esh—shelled, washed, ready to ...rk, no waste!) Surprise *your* family with all these out-of-season table-dressing dishes during the holidays. All of them will agree, it's a wonderful way to make every meal as exciting as the night before Christmas!




**MAKE NO MISTAKE!** Not all quick-frozen foods are Birds Eye! So look for the Birds Eye on the window and on the package. It *guarantees* you over 60 first-quality, waste-free Birds Eye Foods. They MUST SATISFY OR MONEY BACK!

**ORDER YOUR BIRDS EYE HOLIDAY TURKEY NOW!**

# Scotland Sends Her Best

Scotland sends her best to you ... one of her rarest treasures ... so that you may give your friends a rare remembrance for Christmas. No man could ask for a more mellow greeting. No good friend deserves less. So have Johnnie Walker delivered to your friends.

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.,
New York, N.Y., Sole Importer




JOHNNIE WALKER
BLACK LABEL
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
12 YEARS OLD

# OUR NEW ARMY

ES FOR THE ARMY. No mod- army can carry on a thor- h ground war without the of its highly trained aerial ervers. The only U. S. ad- ced observation school is ted at Brooks Field, near Antonio, where basic fly- school pilots and selected ers from various branches he service study 10 weeks ground and air courses to n observation combat teams. 188 hours of ground work ervers learn photography, igation, radio procedure, reading and allied sub- s. Observation pilots add ut 70 hours to their flying . Brooks is now equipped andle 200 men at one time



Good fun for pilots is flying 18 feet from ground and picking up message strung between two poles. Small bob on rope trailing from plane wraps around message line

## CALIFORNIA

CAMP HAAN, Riverside. One of the training duties foisted upon members of the 121st Coast Artillery (antiaircraft) Battalion when they mosey out to e Mojave Desert firing range is the di ing of five-foot safety pits by the ac ack (antiaircraft) gun emplace- m ts. Instead of measuring or guess- in the depth, the lads put shovel he lles across the tops of the freshly du pits and send Pvt. Frank Turso for a oll through the excavations. Frank is actly five feet tall, so if his dome w ns into a shovel handle the boys ju dig the pit a little deeper at that po t. It's tough on Turso but speeds up ational defense.

FORT ORD. Every time a new road is built in this vicinity the 68th Quartermaster Troop takes ... another detour. The 68th, made up f 66 men and 303 mules, is one of th ew pack troops in the Army, its job be g to transport material over and th gh terrain no other form of loco- mo on could navigate. Lieuts. T. C. An rson and J. R. Kempston, first and se d in command, know more places wh e there aren't any roads than any ot officers in the vast Monterey area an they see to it that the troop tackles th places. On a recent ten-day trek ov mountains and down canyons the 68 s mules, activated by the cus- to ry verbal encouragement, moved 40,000 pounds of Army stuff at an average rate of 2½ miles an hour, practically dive-bomber speed for a mule.

CAMP ROBERTS. Huge stone letters on the hillsides here spell Camp Roberts for the edification of passing motorists and train passengers. Lugging the stones and grunting them into place gave many a trainee a pain in the neck and shoulders. After the first two letters of the 475-foot sign had been planted, one of the laborers had a great idea. "Couldn't we," suggested he to a lieutenant, "conserve rocks by making it 'Camp Bob?'" The lieutenant conserved words. "No," he said.

THE abandoned car problem at Roberts has the California Highway *(Continued on page 30)*



Lt. R. F. Todd, Air Corps, uses a stereoscopic viewer (above, left), giving depth to aerial pictures. At right, Infantry Reserve Lt. W. L. Koob overlaps reconnaissance photos, which are later rephotographed into one complete picture

Five hours of training are spent in tuning radio transmitter mock up, operated below by Lt. G. G. Weston, 116th Inf., Fort Meade, Md. Equipment shown is similar to that carried in the O-47 plane. Men also learn to use Morse code

Cavalry Reserve Officer Lt. D. C. Burton practices operation of a Fairchild aerial camera (below). This is a "mock up" (simulated) camera with which observers become familiar before starting an eighteen-hour course in the air





# "On the Ball! A Winner!"

**THAT'S HOW GOOD-LOOKING HAIR HELPS YOUR PROSPECTS!**



Keep your Hair a Business and Social Asset with

**VITALIS**

and the

**"60-SECOND WORKOUT"!**

**50 Seconds** to Rub—Just feel that stimulating "tingle" as circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased. And with the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplementing natural oils, your hair takes on a fresh, natural lustre.

**10 Seconds** to Comb—Your hair stays in place—with no "patent-leather" look. And what's more, the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" routs embarrassing loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair—helps you *keep* your hair.



Well-groomed hair steps-up your good appearance—makes a favorable impression on those you meet. So let the famous Vitalis "60-Second Workout" give your personal appearance the crisp, efficient, business-like look that gets favorable attention—and gets you your chance.



Look your best—win the approving looks and admiration that can help you in your social and business life. Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today and let Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" help you to handsome hair—and win you greater popularity!

*A Product of Bristol-Myers*

**USE VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT"**


# German Weapons Are Obsolete

Continued from page 13

hoped was gone for good, Army Ordnance got just enough money from Congress to keep itself together. When we finally blew the whistle a year or so ago, and in a state of horrified jitters demanded that the Army produce forthwith an unlimited collection of mean and modern military weapons, Ordnance was an undernourished, underexercised arm of national defense.

Grinding out a new weapon is a painful job. It involves months of planning, months of constructing pilot models, months of testing the pilot models, and still more months of opening up production. With the skinny appropriations Congress gave it, Army Ordnance could only plan; in many cases the building of one pilot model of a new device would have soaked up an entire annual budget. Which is why the weapons we wanted are only now dropping off the production lines in soothing numbers.

A large percentage were conceived on paper years ago; yet they are today the most advanced in the world. More are being thought up even now—Ordnance is conducting research on more than 600 experimental items, running from fantastic and frightening ideas that would shame the imaginations of comic-strip artists down to such everyday martial materials as shell cases made of steel.

Here, for the first time, is a comprehensive summary of what we have to fight with, including more facts and figures than have ever before been given out:

There is a new 37-mm. antitank gun that spits a tricky armor-piercing shell through more inches of armor plate than I am allowed to mention, even to myself. But I saw it breeze through a chunk of tempered steel plate that would have discouraged an acetylene torch and come out on the other side so hard it ricocheted.

### A Streamlined Killer

The shell is a work of art. The part of an armor-piercing shell that actually does the business is a coating of incredibly hard steel adhered to the metal nose of the bullet. In old-type shells, the bullet had to be surrounded with great gobs of softer metal in order to streamline the shell properly. As an added improvement our Ordnance experts conceived the idea of shaping the shell with lighter, still softer metal—an aluminum windshield—so these shells would have better ballistic properties and have a trajectory similar to other ammunition for this gun. When the shell strikes, the aluminum shatters into dust, leaving the steel coating to break down the face-hardened armor plate and let the bullet travel unhampered, which it does with such abandon that it will wreck any foreign tank ever made. Yet the 37-mm. gun weighs only a *thousand pounds,* and can be toted around with infantry.

The French 75 has been converted by our Ordnance into a blaster perhaps twice as efficient as it was in the first World War. It is considered by ballistics experts a natural size for a gun; it gets a maximum of power for a minimum of weight and cost. It can be used against tanks or infantry. We have put it on a modern carriage, so it can be hauled as fast as our trucks and tractors will go. And by putting it on a split trail, on which it rests when it is fired, its lateral traverse—the distance it can be swung from side to side—has been increased from a stiff seven degrees to 85 degrees, and its vertical movement from 15 degrees to 45 degrees. It no lo
blind sides. It can roar out sid
up and down with effortless

Pride of Army Ordnance, ho
a brand-new three-inch gun n
tested secretly at Aberdeen.
yards, which is more than a m
make a sponge of the best
tanks. It uses the shell with t
num windshield, handles a
charge of better powder than
before possible in a gun its siz
gun itself has a few modern w
design, all of which makes it u
world champ in its class.

### Outdoing the Famed

In the last war, the Frenc
the standard man-killing divis
and was on the whole deligh
structive. But Ordnance ha
weapon that will do more than
fighting of the 75. It is a 105-
itzer. It weighs 4,300 pounds
more than the 75, an incons
increase in these days when
do the heavy hauling. The
a 15-pound projectile 7,000
the 105-mm. howitzer throws a
projectile 13,000 yards—a
than eight miles. And since it
itzer, the shell goes high and
pendicularly like a bomb, giv
greater authority when it blo
has a big brother, a 155-mm.
which plops a 95-pound sh
yards. The two are the swee
of their kind in existence.

Our 155-mm. gun—its sh
flatter trajectory than that of
—is rated at least 30 per cen
ficient, all things considered
next best similar gun. It is as
a big truck, traveling on its ov
drawn carriage. It can be put
position in minutes, rather t
hours it usually takes to set
a weapon. It has a range
miles, almost 50 per cent mo
World War predecessor.

Our eight-inch howitzer use
carriage as the 155, and can
around just as easily. If onc
can be wheeled within ten
target, it can sit back on its
and chew up the heaviest fo
with 240-pound shells, which
posit with far more accuracy
plane can drop a bomb.

A freshly designed 240-mm
is more of the same. It als
for testing at Aberdeen. Alth
all decked out to go son
weighs approximately 44 tc
about very rapidly on a speci
With a little effort, it can
gantic shell 15 miles through

All of these mobile guns
tremendous advantage ove
finest—they are actually mo
can be hauled as fast as our
tractors can take them. F
carriages have a habit of dis
if they go more than ten or fi
an hour, or if they meet up
able bump; but ours can ca
Uncle Moe's pasture at twi
the speed without straining

Our antiaircraft guns are
point where a bomber's only
stay home. So far in Euro
effective antiaircraft firing
no greater heights than 12,0
we have a three-inch model
considerably better than th
have a 90-mm. job that re
down six out of seven to
21,000 feet up—comforting
almost twice Europe's best
coming up soon is a highly

gun that is just as exact at alti- ew of today's planes can reach. sweep the stratosphere with the idliness of a mountaineer shoot- ans.

ne bigger antiaircraft batteries wizardly automatic fire control ed by Army Ordnance. Every- done by machines that move and faster than any soldier, general. A crew of men stands uns, putting the shells first into which sets the time fuses auto- y, then laying them on racks h them into the guns. Electric- gears make all the elaborate tions at a central control box stance away.

maller antiaircraft, used to pro- ps from dive-bombing and ma- n strafing, have turned out ly well, and Ordnance has de- veral new methods of getting t from them. It has, for ex- mounted a 37-mm. antiaircraft two .50-caliber machine guns ck which has tank tracks on the tead of wheels. The truck can ost anywhere troops can, and

ayout is planned to go with oving units and to be ready at n instant to start ripping away ying planes. And if a gun em- nt over on the far side of a ld is caught by a surprise air he truck high-tails over to pro-

s about the amazing perform- our light tanks operated by the n Libya made the front pages of spapers, but it was no news rmy Ordnance officers. They l the time that ours were so e best.

go twice as fast as any other s tanks. Their armor is 30 per nger, even their guns are more The tracks on European tanks t every two hundred or three miles; that's why you find Ger- ances suddenly pulling up short or two—the boys are changing Ours, helped by a rubber tread other country can have because er has the rubber industry, last 0 to 3,000 miles. And European ve to be overhauled every 500 Ours come into the shops for refurbishings about once every es.

We are the only country to have a radial-cooled Diesel engine which can be used in tanks, and it is a honey. It was developed in case we run short of the radial air-cooled motors we consider standard. As another possible substitute, Ordnance also adapted Cadillac automobile motors to tanks, two to a tank.

By way of making life in a tank more pleasant, Ordnance also is experimenting with liquid-coupling drives, the automatic transmissions used in modern cars. They eliminate a surprising lot of the noise which inevitably follows a tank.

The Ordnance Department's 60-ton Goliath just built at the Baldwin Locomotive Works has a supersecret device that makes the gunners' accuracy more than five times better than is possible in any tanks of foreign design. And our tanks, incidentally, will frustrate almost any antitank gun in the world except our own.

Some of the mightiest achievements of Ordnance have been on items lacking the drama necessary to get public appreciation. Our soldiers, for example, no longer have to keep their powder dry—Ordnance long since evolved a waterproof powder. While they were about it, they also made it burn with less heat, so our guns last longer than those in Europe, and took the flash out of it so it won't give away the positions of guns at night.

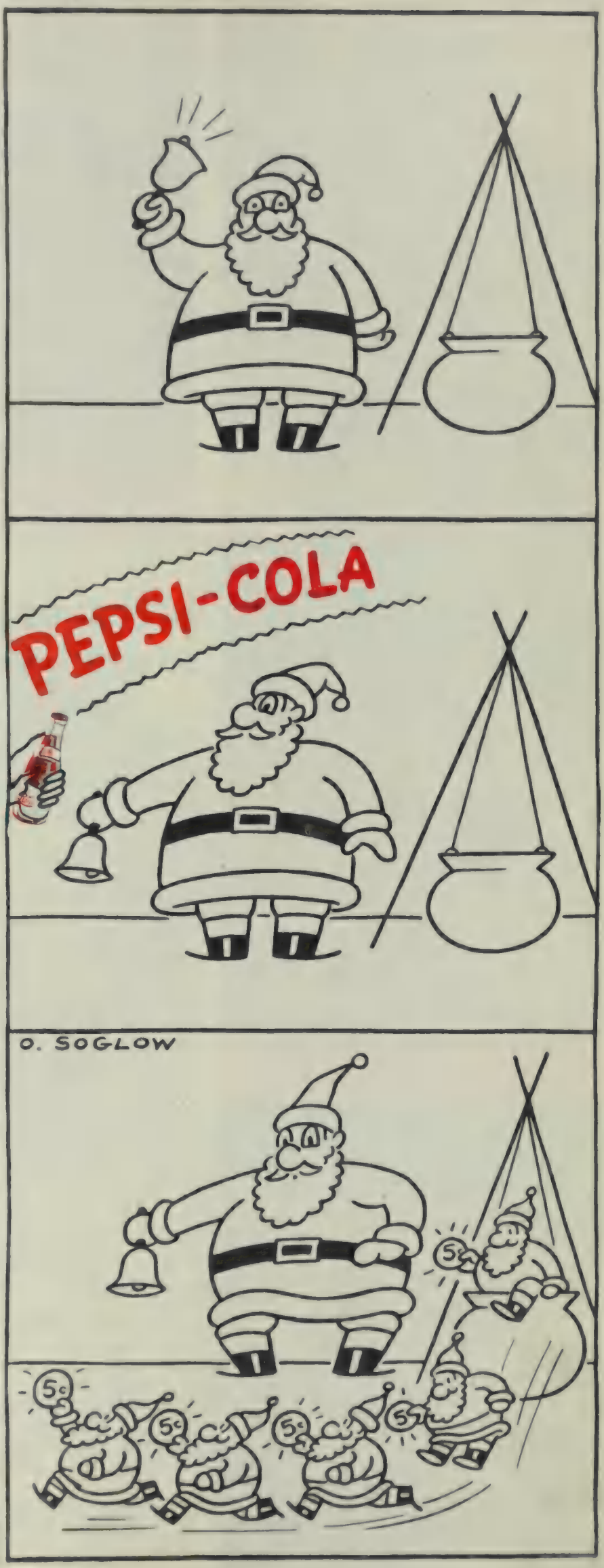
A big jump in artillery efficiency came when Ordnance worked out a universal fuse system. Instead of having a dozen or so different sizes of fuses for different kinds of shells, each size requiring a different range table, Ordnance has made all types in the same general mold, so they can be substituted for one another without changing the elaborate range figures.

Out of the 600 experimental items now on the active research list will come more and better war materials. Already Ordnance has perfected a steel cartridge case, in case we run out of brass; and if it's plastics you are thinking of they've got those under control, too. We are making some types of fuses out of plastics, and we may make more. They are among the 600.

If you must have brass knuckles to get along in this world, we will have the hardest, heaviest and sharpest. Of that much you can be quite sure.



**The new 105-mm. howitzer is twice as deadly a weapon as the famed French 75. It throws a 23-pound shell a distance just under eight miles and weighs 4,300 pounds, only 500 pounds more than the 75**





Historical remnant of the early theater is the olio, or afterpiece, in which players do specialties. Above, Woodie Wilson and Kark Thomas sing and dance in The Oceana Roll



In the great barroom scene the wicked squire starts the hero's downfall with his first drink of liquor, saying, "Good, good brandy!" Nestor Paiva is the villain, Samuel Ethridge plays t



"Goodby, forever," the hero cries to his long-suffering wife, while a true friend witnesses the stark tragedy. Players: Lois Hunt, George Stuart, Samuel Ethridge

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



# Nonstop Show

## By Jim Marshall

**Come look at a stage play that has broken all records by running continuously more than eight years —and looks good for eight more**

WHEN they hear about the long-run records of Abie's Irish Rose, Tobacco Road, Chu Chin Chow or Charley's Aunt, fourteen actors and actresses in Los Angeles just smile wanly. They are playing in a show that started its ninth continuous year July 7, 1941, and it begins to look as if they had lifetime jobs. The show sells out every night, seven nights a week.

The play is a highly moral piece titled The Drunkard, or The Fallen Saved. It is played in five acts and thirteen scenes and how old it is no one knows. Miss Zan Joyce, who sings in the afterpiece, or olio, and has done a lot of research, says it probably goes back to an old English morality play. It was adapted for American audiences about a hundred years ago by a man named Smith, and was made famous by P. T. Barnum.

Mr. Barnum was operating his American Museum in Boston in 1843 and wanted to put on a play. Plays in those days were sinful and play actors outcasts. So Mr. Barnum called his theater a Moral Lecture Hall, and The Drunkard an elevating and mortal-saving exhibit, and packed them in. The show ran one hundred and forty-four performances and legend has it that it made a teetotaler out of the World's Greatest Humbug, which was P.T.B.'s pet description of himself.

Anyway, there was a supply of total abstinence pledges at the door as the customers came out and many a bleary-eyed reformee signed. Early in the run, discovering that some unsaved souls were sneaking across the street to a barroom during intermissions, Barnum refused them readmission, according to Miss Joyce's findings.

The plot is familiar: The wicked squire who is scheming to steal the little vine-clad cottage in which live the lovely heroine and her widowed mot stolen will; the handsome hero who weds th heroine and is then tempted to drink himsel grace in the village grogshop so that the vill get the girl; the hero's descent into a life of d ness while his wife and chee-ild almost sta New York garret . . . and so on. Of course, finds redemption and somebody else finds the will; everybody cheers like mad and the cop off the villain to the gallows. Or worse.

In Barnum's day, this sort of thing ran fo four hours, and had subplots and "comic inte Now it has been reduced to essentials and ru seventy to eighty minutes. It plays so fast th scene the hero and heroine are just married the next, a minute later, they turn up with a f year-old child, which sometimes bewilder phisticated people in the audience—especiall beautiful young mother doesn't look a day ol

The script has been in the public domain f and anyone may use it. Versions of it ha played by scores of professional and amate panies—but these usually gagged it and so s The Los Angeles players, directed by Galt B the piece straight, even to the gestures. I studied a lot of old lithographs and the dra George Cruikshank, who illustrated many books, and insists on copying them faithfully

"Curiously enough," he says, "the compa played The Drunkard in the '20's and early gagged it never could get laughs. We had to all the original 'comedy' and play it at straight to make it funny."

The Los Angeles phenomenon got its sta Depression—remember the Depression?—jus peal came in. A group of actors and artists in the famous California colony near Monterey the piece as a joke. Among the actors was E had had experience on both legitimate and va stages. He wondered if the piece might not few dollars and got together a group of stag in a sort of co-operative setup, to try. Anyth better than waiting for the clouds to roll by. rehearsal or two the play went into the Palace San Francisco for a week—and stayed eight

Then Bell took it to Los Angeles. He cou a theater and in desperation finally rented abandoned studio, far out of town and almos sible for anyone to get to. Taxi drivers got lo to find the place and filling-station attend blocks around were subsidized to tip off pro customers how to get there. *(Continued on*

**The villainous squire, fast approaching his undoing, has sunk so low as to strike a lady as he cries: "She knows too much for my happiness." Players: Ada Lilly, Nestor Paiva, George Stuart**

# Give the gift with the "Happy Blending"



1.

Rex Reindeer's mighty busy
At this season of the year,
Loading up his good plane "North Star"
To deliver Yuletide cheer.



2.

While his loving helpmate, Rosie,
Is charting out their flight.
What is their precious cargo?
Yep, it's CALVERT—you guessed right!



3.

In fact, this famous whiskey
Is quite like these happy mates—
Like Rex and Rosie Reindeer
It's a "marriage" of swell traits.

Yes, every drop of CALVERT
Is a blend of all that's best,
To give your Yuletide Spirits
Extra mellowness and zest.

4.

So think of Rex and Rosie when you make your Christmas list—
Write "CALVERT" after every name; be sure no one is missed.
Your friends will sing your praises when they taste its mellow flavor,
For among luxurious whiskies, CALVERT'S *first** in public favor!




## Clear Heads Choose Calvert

## The gift with the "Happy Blending"

WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. ...*Calvert "Special", 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

# If It's Kissin' You're Missin'



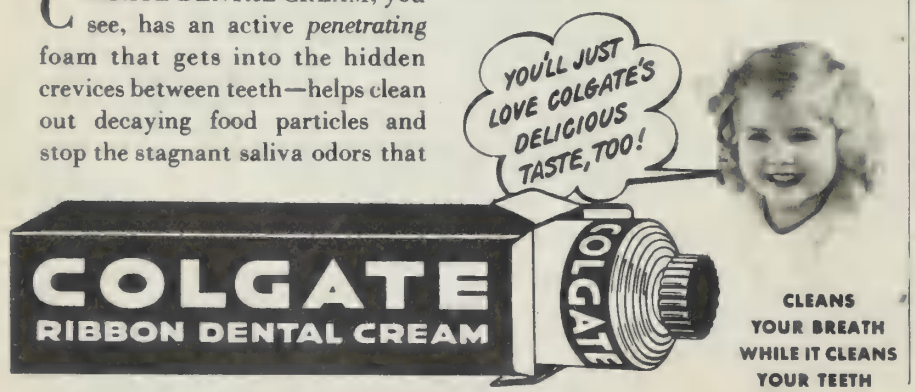

## Use Colgate's—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth



***Yes, scientific tests prove conclusively that in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate Dental Cream instantly stops oral bad breath***

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, you see, has an active *penetrating* foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that are the *cause* of much bad breath.

And Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently—makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! So next time you buy toothpaste, buy Colgate's—the toothpaste that does *two* jobs for the price of one!




CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH


## Our New Army

Continued from page 25

Patrol up to its ears in headaches. After their thirteen weeks of basic training a lot of soldiers figure it's cheaper to ditch their cars and travel at government expense to new posts, the result being that jallopies of assorted types, left standing by various roadsides, have to be identified by the coppers and towed to the nearest garage or junkyard.

### MICHIGAN

FORT CUSTER, Battle Creek. Speaking of jallopies, a hearse has been cruising the streets and service drives of this fort for some weeks now, stopping here and there to make a pick up. Sounds grim but isn't. The ominous buggy is operated by the Post Exchange office and what it picks up is the dough the canteens take in. The P-X office needed a vehicle with a rear compartment big enough to handle a safe and a force of armed M.P.'s, and the 1933 hearse, purchased for $250, does the job. Capt. Robert H. Tavis, detailed from Post Headquarters to do the collecting, says it's like this:

"I don't mind driving down these streets and seeing soldiers hop about a foot in the air and come down saluting, and I don't mind the dogs that come howling and sniffing around. What gets me is the rumor that I'm collecting guys who have been rendered extinct by P-X groceries. Let's get it straight. I am not collecting stiffs. And it's not my fault that Post Exchange Officer Major T. H. Tulley has a tombstone paperweight on his desk. Why don't you move on to something pleasant?"

ALL right, Captain. History is running around in circles at Custer, and succeeded, the other day, in catching up with itself. Twenty-one years ago a Battle Creek gal, employed in the Fort Custer offices, fell for a technical sergeant named John A. McIntyre. They were married Nov. 15, 1920, and had a daughter. McIntyre died three years ago, and when his widow returned to Custer last year to take over a civilian job, daughter Betty went along to work in the P-X office. Six months ago Betty met Staff Sgt. Lee R. English, of the 215th General Hospital Unit and—that's right—they're married now. Betty, of course, followed her mother's footsteps by returning to her job.

THE best we can do for an address is Somewhere In Iceland for Corp. Clyde C. Nelson, erstwhile Custer soldier. Anyway, some of the feminine readers of this department might want to write to him inasmuch as Clyde has notified some of his buddies back home that "silver fox pelts sell for $6 a pelt."

### RHODE ISLAND

NARRAGANSETT BAY HARBOR DEFENSES. From a skeleton crew of 100, these Harbor Defenses have pyramided to a New Army high of 3,800 Regulars, Federalized National Guardsmen and selectees, comprising Rhode Island's 243d and the Regular Army's 10th Coast Artillery Regiments. Five garrisons are working on the job at present: Fort Adams, Harbor Defense headquarters (on Aquidneck Island, original name for the island of Rhode Island); Forts Wetherill and Getty (243d's headquarters), on Jamestown island; Fort Greble, Dutch Island, and Fort Kearny, on the mainland near Providence. Fort Greene, at Point Judith, and Fort Church, at Sakonnet, on opposite extremities of the mainland and covering the ocean approaches to the b when completed, be armed with guns to make belligerent app Narragansett Bay a very disc affair. All of the forts have their 12-, 10-, 6- and 3-inch weapons ing this sizable defense job is B Ralph E. Haines, who seems pretty good soldier morale to task a little less difficult. Any boys realize the magnitude of th according to Pfc. Edward M 243d's regimental headquarters who writes:

"This regiment has its work for it, if the time comes, to de city of Newport, with its Na pedo Station, Naval Training and the base of the Atlantic F defense of the newly comm Quonsett Air Base, largest in t try, and also the entrance to N sett Bay and the city of Provid southern gateway to industr England."

Apparently, the gentle folk port are anxious to get all of tection they can, for they all over for the rededication exe Fort Adams' service club, and tron chucked in two grand to party a success. Incidentally, th one of the niftiest, with gree palms, waxed oak floors, ca silver service, Venetian blinds and tubular-metal furniture, fl lighting, rugs from Newport homes, and so on. In fact, life g pleasant by the day at the Nar forts. Little by little, the Arm placing with civilian workers a soldiers who have been ass switchboard, clerical, hospital manual and warehouse jobs.

Which brings us to Ex-Mas Charlie B. Sides, a native of N. C., who finds things very m taste, indeed. Seems Charlie, years in the Army (26 of them Adams), retired the other day reported back to his supply cle the very next morning as a worker—and at a raise in pay a month. Charlie did the same a total of $192 when he was in and now gets, adding pension a $268.87.

### MARYLAND

FORT GEO. G. M 29TH DIV. Here's one for the bo ing qualified as a skil driver because of his ci the wheel of a five-ton quar Pvt. Marshall Kelly drives th mess kitchen for Headquar Special Troops. But the qua driven on private property, quired a state license, so P never bothered to get a drivin Moreover, he has never drive senger car. That's specializatio

### MISSISSIPPI

CAMP SHELBY, Ha 37TH DIV. Mess Sgt. William P headquarters compa some trouble getting in his outfit to eat their full fruit, but it's all over now. tried putting apples, oranges, and grapes at their places in hall. No go. Next he arranged ing display of fruit at the mess No soap, the boys regarding high degree of indifference. the sergeant hit the idea jac merely leaving a half-opened fruit near the mess hall exit, of as though it had been left

Every day now, the headquar- get a big kick out of "swiping" the crateful, probably because k they're putting something e mess sergeant. What they've ing, though, is a balanced diet.

he was informed that his wife given birth to a seven-pound Pfc. Richard A. Thayer, of the sion M.P. Co., got a cigar box, gars, and scribbled on its side: irl and I'm a Private." Every e outfit contributed.

### LOUISIANA

CAMP POLK. They're begin- ing to call the 40th Armored Regiment's Reconnaissance Company the Frantic Fortieth because of its screwball antics. per occurred during a recent when a scouting party, led by ert L. Stegner and Lt. Tru- rd, moving in jeeps along a ad near Cravens, spied a fox. yelled "Tallyho!" and things se. The startled fox took a the roaring jeeps and got aight and fast. Straighter and unced the jeeps, their crews ith Tommy guns poised. When ubled back the men swung at style—but missed. It took a d burst of blanks to finish r, which now stands, neatly n the Reconnaissance Com- derly room, a challenge to the of the rest of the regiment.

### NORTH CAROLINA

ORT BRAGG. Charley Skin- r's a private in the stream- ned, hard-fighting 9th ivision, but he came across ne, old-world custom recently ed him over. Invited for a ck in Brooklyn while on fur- arley sat down at the table of olid German family and was when the beaming *hausfrau* a large roasted chicken in im. Charley was in the midst the bird and placing selected slices on various plates when he was told that the whole thing was his. Bewildered but game, he began to eat and "every time I showed signs of slowing down," he relates, "the whole family looked sad." It stuffed him something fierce but he finished the chicken. Afterward, Papa told him that it was a custom in old Germany for a family to serve a whole chicken to a soldier on furlough. Pass the ersatz.

### GENERAL

ALL men on Christmas furlough must return to duty by January 11th, at which time all will have had a sixteen-day vacation. Ten days are taken from their supposed thirty-days-off-per-year, and six days are a bonus from the Army. Every post in the country should be at full strength by January 12th.

A FRIEND of ours, bound for Camp Lee to defend us, paused for a night in a Virginia town widely proclaimed by its own Mr. Peavey for its beauty, gallantry, banjo music, honeysuckle, magolias and so forth. After a few hours our friend began to doubt. He spoke to a bellboy. "Ain't there any beautiful girls in this town?" he demanded. "Yassuh, plenty," said the boy. "But they all moved to Washington on a national emergency."

SOLDIERS who attended a dance in Sumter, N. C., during last month's maneuvers claim that when a whistle was blown signifying the start of a Paul Jones, ten members of the special troops swarmed out on the dance floor to see what needed policing up. Reminds us of the day, three weeks ago, when we pulled up alongside a 75-mm. gun guarding a South Carolina road against tanks and asked the boys if they would fire off a shot for our movie camera. They complied so resoundingly that a minor engagement forthwith ensued in the vicinity and the field umpires had a fine time trying to find out what was cooking.

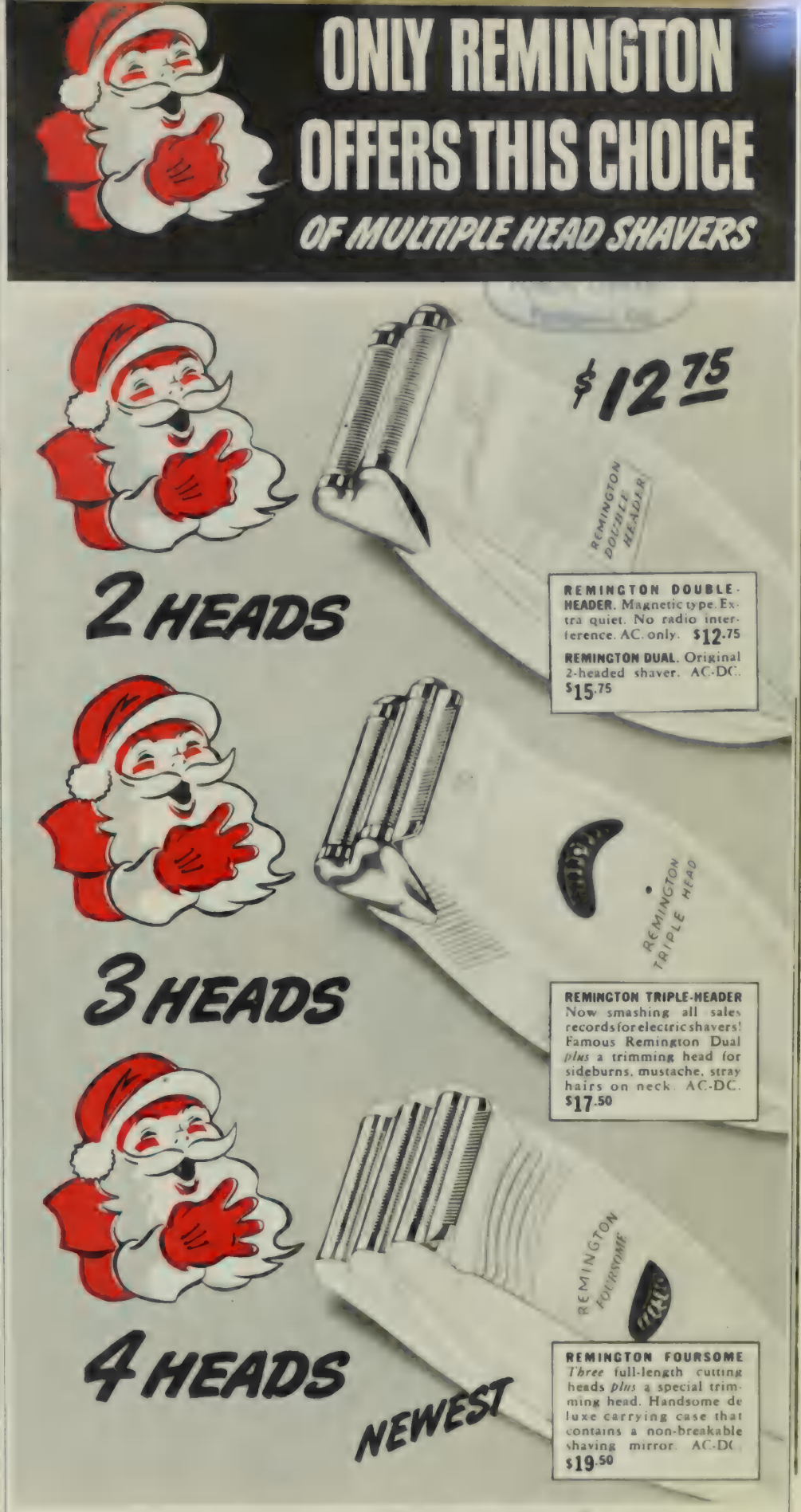
THE movies turned out swell.

G. W.



"Now at first you'll find this one a bit more complicated than the wooden one you've been using right along"

CHARLES PEARSON




*Present it Proudly*

**a superb gift - - In making I. W. Harper, cost is no object**

# I.W.HARPER

The Gold Medal Whiskey

Bottled in Bond · 100 Proof

© 1941, B. D. C.



They hustled him away, out of the building and into the square. Outside the sun was bright; in Lannilis, life went on as usual

# The Pied Piper

## By Nevil Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

*...ry Thus Far:*

...LLOWING the death of his son, killed ...hile ...ng with the Royal Air Force, John ...ney ...ward, a retired barrister, leaves ...gland ...nd goes to the French village of ...oton, ...here he tries to find peace. ...he G...mans surge into France. Feeling ...t, old ...hough he is (he is nearly seventy), ...may ... of some use at home, Howard de... ...es to ...turn to England. When he leaves ...oton, ...e takes with him two English chil... ...n—R...ld and Sheila Cavanagh—entrusted ...as ca...y their parents. Later, while work... ...has w...slowly toward the Channel, he picks ...lour ...her young people: a little French ...in L...—"*la ...tite* Rose," whose father is awaiting ...end ...on; and three others whom he plans ...nch ...his daughter, in America: Pierre, a ...; Willem Eybe, a Dutch boy; and ...year-...d Marjan Estreicher, a Polish Jew. ...y tra... by bus and on foot, the old man ...his s...ll friends find their way, at last, to ...rtres...here he has friends—the Rougerons ...lonel...ougeron, of the French army, his ...e and...s daughter, Nicole), whom he had ...t whi...vacationing with John, his son, at ...oton. ...e calls on the Rougerons. The colo... ...s at ...front. But Madame Rougeron and ...ole (...harming girl) give him a warm wel... ...e; ar...presently he learns something that ...ounds ...im: unknown to him, John and ...ole ha...fallen in love, in Cidoton! . . . ...sulz...that Howard, an Englishman, is in ...eral (...e Germans are everywhere), Nicole ...ts or...companying the little party to the ...nnel. ...Working through various anti... ...ly Fr...chmen, all of whom co-operate, she ...ceeds ...engaging a boat, which will take ...ward ...d his charges from the port of ...ervra...to England. She has never met the ...n who...to furnish the boat: Simon Focquet. ...it is a...anged that, on ... certain evening at ...e o'clo..., he will go to a well-known tavern ...Aber...ach and, pretending to be intoxi... ...d, ore..."*Pernod des Anges.*" ...he lit...party finally arrives at the tavern. ...9:10 ...Focquet stumbles in and drunkenly ...ers "...*Pernod des Anges.*" Howard invites ...n to jo...his party—which he promptly does. ...n com...a surprise: Two Germans (a soldier ...an e...neer) come in. The engineer says, ...Englis..."We'll all just get along to the ...ordroo...and have a little talk with the ...dwebe...

### IX

THE ...was a torrent of words from ...Foc...et, rather cleverly poured out ...with...well-simulated alcoholic in... ...gnatio...He knew nothing, he said, of ...ese of...rs; he was just taking a glass ...wine ...ith them—there was no harm ...that.

The sentry prodded him roughly in the back with the butt of his rifle, and Focquet became suddenly silent.

Two more Germans, a private and a *Gefreiter*, came hurrying in; the party were hustled to their feet and herded out of the door. Resistance was obviously useless. The man in dungarees went out ahead of them, but he reappeared in ■ few minutes, bringing with him Ronnie and Sheila. Both were very much alarmed. Sheila was in tears.

"Say," he said to Howard, "I guess these belong to you. They talk English pretty fine, finer'n anyone could learn it."

Howard took one of them hand in hand with him on each side, but said nothing. The man in dungarees stared oddly at him for a minute, and remained standing staring after them as they were shepherded toward the guardroom, in the gathering dusk.

Ronnie said, frightened, "Where are we going to now, Mr. Howard? Have the Germans got us?"

Howard said, "We're just going with them for ■ little business. Don't be afraid; they won't do anything to hurt us."

A couple of hundred yards up the road to Lannilis they were wheeled to the right, and marched into the house that was the guardroom. In ■ bare room the *Feldwebel* was hastily buttoning his tunic as they came in. He sat down behind ■ bare trestle table; their guards ranged them in front of him.

He glanced them up and down scornfully. "So," he said at last. "*Legitimationspapiere.*"

Howard could understand only ■ few words of German; the others, nothing at all. They stared at him uncertainly. "*Cartes d'identité!*" he said sharply.

Focquet and Nicole produced their French identity cards; the man studied them in silence. Then he looked up. Howard put down his British passport on the bare table, in the manner of a man who plays the last card of a losing hand.

The *Feldwebel* smiled faintly, took it up, and studied it with interest. "So!" he said. "*Engländer*, Winston Churchill."

He raised his eyes and studied the children. In difficult French he asked if they had any papers, and appeared satisfied when told that they had not.

Then he gave a few orders in German. The party were searched for weapons, and all they had was taken from them and placed on the table—papers, money, watches and personal articles of every sort, even their handkerchiefs. Then they were taken to another room with a few mattresses laid out upon the floor, given a blanket each, and left. The window was barred over roughly with wooden beams; outside it in the road a sentry stood on guard.

Howard turned to Focquet. "I am very sorry this has happened," he said. He felt that the Frenchman had not even had ■ run for his money.

The young man shrugged his shoulders philosophically. "It was ■ chance to travel and to see the world, with De Gaulle," he said. "Another chance will come." He threw himself down on one of the mattresses, pulled the blanket around him, and composed himself to sleep.

Howard and Nicole arranged the mattresses in two pairs to make a bed for the little boys and the little girls, and got them settled down to sleep. There remained one mattress over.

"You take that," he said. "I shall not sleep tonight."

She shook her head. "Nor I either."

HALF an hour later they were sitting side by side leaning against the wall, staring out of the barred window ahead of them. It was practically dark within the room; outside the harbor showed faintly in the starlight and the last glow of evening. It was still quite warm.

She said, "They will examine us in the morning. What shall we say?"

"There's only one thing we can say. Tell them the exact truth."

She considered this for a moment. "We must not bring in Arvers, nor Loudeac or Quintin if we can avoid it."

He agreed. "They will ask where I got these clothes. Can you say that you gave them to me?"

She nodded. "That will do. Also, I will say that I knew Focquet and arranged with him, myself."

She crossed to the young man, now half asleep, and spoke earnestly to him for a few moments. He grunted in agreement; the girl came back to Howard and sat down again.

"One more thing," he said. "There is Marjan. Shall I say that I picked him up upon the road?"

She nodded. "On the road, before you came to Chartres. I will see that he understands that."




He said doubtfully, "That should be all right so long as they don't cross-examine the children."

They sat in silence for a long time after that. Presently he turned to her in the darkness. "I am so very sorry to have brought you into all this trouble," he said quietly. "I did want to avoid that, and I thought that we were going to."

She shrugged her shoulders. "It does not matter." She hesitated. "I have been thinking about different things to that."

"What things?" he asked.

"When you introduced Focquet—you said I was your daughter-in-law."

"I had to say something," he remarked. "And that's very nearly true."

In the dim light he looked into her eyes, smiling a little. "Isn't it?"

"Is that how you think of me?"

"Yes," he said simply.

THERE was a long silence in the prison. One of the children, probably Willem, stirred and whimpered uneasily in his sleep; outside the guard paced on the dusty road.

At last she said, "What we did was wrong—very wrong." She turned toward him. "Truly, I did not mean to do wrong when I went to Paris, neither did John. We did not go with that in mind at all. I do not want that you should think it was his fault. It was nobody's fault, neither of us. Also, it did not seem wrong at the time."

His mind drifted back fifty years. "I know," he said. "That's how these things happen. But you aren't sorry, are you?"

She did not answer that, but she went on more easily: "He was very, very naughty, monsieur. The understanding was that I was to show him Paris, and it was for that that I went to Paris to meet him. But when the time came, he was not interested in the churches or in the museums, or the picture galleries at all." There was a touch of laughter in her voice. "He was only interested in me."

"Very natural," he said. It seemed the only thing to say.

"It was very embarrassing, I assure you; I did not know what I should do."

He laughed. "Well, you made your mind up in the end."

She said reproachfully, "Monsieur—it is not a matter to laugh over. You are just like John. He also used to laugh at things like that."

He said, "Tell me one thing, Nicole. Did he ask you if you would marry him?"

She said, "He wanted that we should marry in Paris, before he went back to England. He said that under English law that would be possible."

"Why didn't you?" he asked curiously.

She was silent for a minute. Then she said, "I was afraid of you, monsieur."

"Of me?"

She nodded. "I was terrified. It now sounds very silly, but—it was so."

He struggled to understand. "What were you frightened of?" he asked.

She said, "Figure it to yourself. Your son would have brought home a foreign girl, whom he had married very suddenly in Paris. You would have thought that he had been foolish in a foreign city, as young men sometimes are. That he had been trapped by a bad woman into an unhappy marriage. I do not see how you could have thought otherwise."

"If I had thought that at first," he said, "I shouldn't have thought it for long."

They sat there for a long time, practically in silence. The air grew colder as the night went on. Presently the old man heard the girl's breathing grow more regular and knew she was asleep, still sitting up upon the bare wooden floor.

After a time she stirred, and fell half over. He got up stiffly and led her, still practically asleep, to the mattress, made her lie down, and put a blanket ov her. In a short time she was asleep ag

The old man moved back to t wall and, wrapped in a blanket, sat do in a corner. Presently he fell into an easy sleep.

At six o'clock the clumping of t soldiers' boots in the corridor outsid woke him from a doze. He stirred and up- right; Nicole was awake and sitt up, running her fingers through her ir in an endeavor to put it into order about a comb. A German *Oberschütze* and made signs to them to get u ndi- cating the way to the toilet.

Presently a private brought hem china bowls, some hunks of breac nd a large jug of bitter coffee. They eak- fasted, and waited for something nap- pen. They were silent and dep sed; even the children caught the nos- phere and sat about in gloom nac- tivity.

Presently the door was flung pen and the *Feldwebel* was there ch a couple of privates. "*Marchez,*" I said. "*Allez, vite.*"

They were herded out and into gray, camouflaged motor lorry with a osed vanlike body. The two German p ates got into this with them and th oors were shut and locked upon ther The *Feldwebel* got into the seat bes the driver, turned and inspected hem through a little hatchway to the ver's compartment. The lorry started

They were taken to Lannilis a un- loaded at a big house oppos the church, from the window of hich floated the swastika flag. Her they were herded into a corridor b veen their guards. The *Feldwebel* we into a door and closed it behind him.

They waited thus for over f an hour. Then the door opened a the sentries sprang to attention, king their heels. Nicole glanced upw and then stood up, holding Sheila one hand. From the office the *Fe ebel* cried "*Achtung!*" and a young o er, a *Rittmeister* of the tank corps ame out. He was dressed in a black form not unlike the British battle d ; on his head he wore a black beret ga shed with the eagle and swastika, d a wreathlike badge. On his shoulde raps an aluminum skull and cro ones gleamed dull upon the black clo

He had a notebook and a p il in his hand. He spoke to Howa first "*Wie heissen Sie?*" he asked. "*Il ami- liennаme und Taufname? Ihr ui?*"

Somebody translated into inc erent French, and the particulars of the party were written down. As gards nationality, Howard declared self Sheila and Ronnie to be Englis here was no use denying it. He said th Wil- lem and Marjan were of nationa un- known.

THE young officer in black we back into the office. In a few min s the door was flung open again and th party were called to attention. The *Fe ebel* came to the door.

"*Folgen sie mir! Halt! Rührt* ich." They found themselves in the ffice facing a long table. Behind this t the officer who had interrogated ther n the passage. By his side was an old man with a square, close-cropped hea nd a keen, truculent expression. H held himself very straight and stiff if he were in a straight waistcoat, and also wore a black uniform, but more artly cut, and with a shoulder belt i black leather resembling the Sam wne. This man, as Howard subse ently learned, was Major Diessen of t Ges- tapo.

He stared at Howard, looking n up and down, noting the clothes h wore, the Breton casque upon his he , the stained, rust-colored poncho jac , the dirty blue overall trousers.

"So," he said harshly, but i quite

lish, "we still have English
traveling in France."
man was silent.
cer turned to Nicole. "You are
he said, fiercely and vehe-
'You have been helping this
is secret work against your
You are a traitor to the ar-
I think you will be shot for

I stared at him, dumfounded.
said, "There is no need to
er. We are quite ready to tell
ruth."
your English truth," the Ges-
r replied. "I will find my own,
ave to whip every inch of skin
ody and pull out every finger-

said quietly, "What do you
ow?"
t to know what means you
make her help you in your

said, "I will answer your
o far as I can. I have no work
, but I was trying to get back
d with these children. As for
lady, she was a great friend
, who is now dead. We have
h other for some time."
said, "That is true. Monsieur
ame to us in Chartres when all
to England had been stopped.
own Focquet here since I was
rl. We were trying to induce
e Monsieur and the children
ngland in his boat, but he was
on account of the regula-

man stood silent, in admira-
e girl. If she got away with
t let Focquet out completely.
cer's lips curled. "I have no
t Mister Howard wanted to
England," he said dryly. "It
quite too hot here for fellows

He said suddenly and sharply, "We captured Charenton. He is to be executed tomorrow, by shooting."

There was a momentary silence. The German eyed the party narrowly, his keen eyes running from one to the other. The girl wrinkled her brows in perplexity. The young *Rittmeister* of the tank corps sat with an impassive face, drawing a pattern on his blotting pad.

Howard said at last, "I am afraid I don't quite understand what you mean. I don't know anybody called Charenton."

"No," said the German. "And you do not know your Major Cochrane, nor Room 212 on the second floor of your War Office in Whitehall."

THE old man could feel the scrutiny of everybody in the room upon him. "I have never been in the War Office," he said, "and I know nothing about the rooms. I used to know Major Cochrane who had a house near Totnes, but he died in 1924. That is the only Cochrane that I ever knew."

The Gestapo officer smiled without mirth. "You expect me to believe that?"

"Yes, I do," the old man said, "because it is the truth."

Nicole interposed, speaking in French: "May I say a word? There is a misunderstanding here, truly there is. Monsieur Howard has come here directly from the Jura, stopping only with us in Chartres. He will tell you himself."

Howard said, "That is so. Would you like to hear how I came to be here?"

The German officer looked ostentatiously at his wrist watch and leaned back in his chair, insolently bored. "If you must," he said indifferently. "I will give you three minutes."

Nicole plucked his arm. "Tell also who the children are, and where they came from," she said urgently.

The old man paused to collect his



"Oh, come, dear, it might not be, what you think it is—maybe it's a blue one"


## There's One in Every Neighborhood!



**1. ONE DAY** Marge and I are having ourselves a cozy little gossip when up strolls this neighbor we call "Mrs. Trouble." You know the kind that is full of conversation—but only about *herself*, and usually about her *ailments?* Well, today it was the irregularities of her intestinal tract.



**2. AFTER SHE HAD GONE,** Marge, the imp, sparks an idea. "These eternal sympathy-seekers!" she says. "Most of them just don't *eat* right. I'll bet a little *'bulk'* of the right kind in her diet would take the *blues* out of her conversation. Let's be her fairy godmothers and send her a letter and a package of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN."

**3. "'MADAME,' WE'LL SAY,** 'why *endure* your constipation first, and then try to *"cure"* it with purgatives? Better to get at the *cause*—and *prevent* it! If it's the common kind that's due to lack of "bulk," ALL-BRAN should do the trick. Eat it regularly and drink plenty of water.' "



**4. I FORGOT ABOUT IT,** until one day when Marge and I were together, in waltzes our "Mrs. Trouble" as chipper as a robin on a May morning. "A friend of mine told me," she says to Marge, "that it's to you I'm indebted for a wonderful favor. I've knitted you a little sweater to celebrate my joining the ALL-BRAN 'regulars.' "

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thoughts. It was impossible for him, at his age, to compress his story into three minutes; his mind moved too slowly. "I came to France from England in the middle of April," he said. "I stopped in Paris, and then I went on and stayed a night in Dijon. You see, I had arranged to go to a place called Cidoton in the Jura, for a little fishing holiday."

The Gestapo officer sat up suddenly, galvanized into life. "What sort of fish?" he barked. "Answer me—quick!"

Howard stared at him. "Blue trout," he said. "Sometimes you get a grayling, but they aren't very common."

"And what tackle to catch them with —quickly!"

The old man stared at him, nonplused, not knowing where to start. "Well," he said, "you need a nine-foot cast, but the stream is usually very strong so 3X is fine enough. Of course, it's all fishing wet, you understand."

The German relaxed. "And what flies do you use?"

A faint pleasure came to the old man. "Well," he said with relish, "a Dark Olive gets them as well as anything, or a large Blue Dun. I got one or two on a thing called a Jungle Cock, but—"

The German interrupted him. "Go on with your story," he said rudely. "I have no time to listen to your fishing exploits."

HOWARD plunged into his tale, compressing it as much as seemed possible to him. The two German officers listened with growing attention and with growing incredulity. In ten minutes or so the old man had reached the end.

The Gestapo officer, Major Diessen, looked at him scornfully. "And now," he said, "if you had been able to return to England, what would you have done with all these children?"

Howard said, "I meant to send them to America."

"Why?"

"Because it is safe over there. Because this war is bad for children to see. It would be better for them to be out of it."

The German stared at him. "Very fine words. But who was going to pay to send them to America, may I ask?"

The old man said, "Oh, I should have done that."

The other smiled, scornfully amused. "And what would they do in America? Starve?"

"Oh, no. I have a married daughter over there. She would have made a home for them until the war was over."

There was a pause. The young tank officer leaned across and whispered a word or two to the Gestapo officer. Diessen nodded.

"By the dates," he said to the old man, "you could have returned to England if you had traveled straight through Dijon. But you did not do so. That is the weak point of your story. That is where your lies begin in earnest."

He said sharply, "Why did you stay in France? Tell me now quickly, and with no more nonsense. I promise you that you will talk before tonight, in any case. It will be better for you to talk now."

Howard was puzzled and distressed. "The little girl," he turned and indicated Sheila, "fell ill in Dijon. I told you so just now. She was too ill to travel."

The German leaned across the table to him, white with anger. "Listen," he said, "I warn you once again, and this for the last time. I am not to be trifled with. That sort of lie would not deceive a child. If you had wanted to return to England you would have gone."

"These children were in my care," the old man said. "I could not have done that."

The Gestapo officer said, "Lies . . . lies . . . lies." He was about something more, but checked The young man by his side lea ward and whispered deferentiall again.

Major Diessen leaned back chair. "So," he said, "you ref kindness, and you will not talk. wish. Before the evening you talking freely, Mister Englishn by then you will be blind, and rible pain. It will be quite amu my men. Mademoiselle, too, there to see, and the little childr

There was a silence in the off

"Now you will be taken aw German said. "I shall send for y my men are ready to begin." H forward. "I will tell you what to know, so that you may know say even though you be blind a We know you are a spy, w through the country in disguise this woman and these childr cover. We know you have been ing with Charenton—you need n about that. We know that eithe Charenton sent information to t lish of the Fuehrer's visit to the Brest, and that you caused th

He paused. "But what we know, and what this afternoon y tell us, is how the message wa through to England, to that Cochrane"—his lips sneered—"t in 1924, according to your stor is what you are going to tell Englishman. And as soon as it the pain will stop. Remember th

He motioned to the *Feldwebe* them away."

They were thrust out of th Howard moved in a daze. It credible that this thing should pening to him. It was what he h of, and had found some diffi crediting. It was what they w posed to do to Jews in conce camps. It could not be—true.

Focquet was taken from th hustled off on his own. How Nicole were bundled into a do prison room with a heavily bar dow; the door was slammed o and they were left alone.

Pierre said in French, "Are v to have our dinner here, m selle?"

Nicole said dully, "I expect so,

Ronnie said, "What are we have for dinner?"

She put an arm around his s "I don't know," she said mech "We'll see when we get it. Now, off and play with Rose. I wan to Monsieur Howard."

She turned to Howard. "This bad," she said. "We are inv something terrible."

He nodded. "It seems to be raid that they had on Brest. that you were in."

She said, "In the shops that were saying that Adolf Hitler Brest, but one did not pay a There is so much rumor, so m talk."

THERE was a silence. Howa looking out of the window at weeded, overgrown garden outs

Presently he said, "I cannot t what I do not know, and so thi go badly with me. If I should b you will do your best for the Nicole?"

She said, "I will do that. But not going to be killed, or ev Something must be possible." S a little gesture of distress.

Pursuing his thought, he said have to try and get them to let m a new will. Then when the wa and you could get money from I you would be able to keep the and to educate them, those of th had no homes. But in the m

ust have to do the best you can." ong hours dragged past. At noon rly brought them an open metal h a meal of meat and vegetables it, and several bowls. They set dren down to that; they went at gusto. Nicole ate a little, but man practically nothing.

orderly removed the tray, and ited again. At three o'clock the s flung open, and the *Feldwebel* re with a guard.

*vieux*," he said. "*Marchez.*" stepped forward and Nicole fol- im. The guard pushed her back. ld man stopped. "One moment." He took her hand and kissed he forehead. "There, my dear," "Don't worry about me."

hustled him away, out of that and out into the square. Out- sun was bright; a car or two y and the peasants went about siness. In Lannilis, life went on ; from the great church the low a chant broke the warm sum- The women looked curiously s he passed by under guard.

s taken into another house, and to a room on the ground floor. r was shut and locked behind looked around.

s in a sitting room, a middle- m furnished in the French style comfortable, gilded chairs and naments. A few poor oil paint- g upon the walls in heavy, ames; there was a potted palm, ed ancient photographs upon tables, with a few ornaments. as a table in the middle of the vered over with a cloth.

s table a young man was sit- dark-haired, pale-faced young civilian clothes, well under le glanced up as Howard came oom.

are you?" he asked in French. almost idly, as if the matter great moment.

d man stood by the door, in- eating down his fears. This ething strange and dangerous. an Englishman," he said at last. There was no point any longer in concealment. "I was arrested yesterday."

The young man smiled without mirth. This time he spoke in English, without any trace of accent. "Well," he said, "you'd better come on and sit down. There's a pair of us. I'm English, too."

Howard recoiled a step. "You're *English*?"

"Naturalized," the other said carelessly. "My mother came from Woking, and I spent most of my life in England. My father was a Frenchman, so I started off as French. But he was killed in the last war."

"But what are you doing here?"

The young man motioned to the table. "Come on and sit down."

The old man drew a chair up to the table, and repeated his question. "I did not know there was another Englishman in Lannilis," he said. "Whatever are you doing here?"

The young man said, "I'm waiting to be shot."

There was a stunned, horrible pause. At last Howard said, "Is your name Charenton?"

The young man nodded. "Yes," he said, "I'm Charenton. I see they told you about me."

THERE was a long silence in the little room. Howard sat dumb, not knowing what to say. In his embarrassment his eyes fell upon the table, upon the young man's hands. Sitting with his hands before him on the table, Charenton had formed his fingers in a peculiar grip, the fingers interlaced, the left-hand palm up and the right-hand palm down. The thumbs were crossed. As soon as he observed the old man's scrutiny he glanced at him sharply, then undid the grasp.

He sighed a little.

"How did you come to be here?" he asked.

Howard said, "I was trying to get back to England, with a few children." He rambled into his story. The young man listened to him quietly, appraising him with keen, curious eyes.

In the end he said, "I don't believe



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that you've got much to worry about. They'll probably let you live at liberty in some French town."

Howard said, "I'm afraid they won't do that. You see, they think that I'm mixed up with you."

The young man nodded. "I thought that must be it. That is why they've put us together. They're looking for a few more scapegoats, are they?"

Howard said, "I am afraid they are."

The young man got up and walked over to the window. "You'll be all right," he said at last. "They've got no evidence against you—they can't have. Sooner or later you'll get back to England."

There was a tinge of sadness in his voice.

Howard said, "What about you?"

Charenton said, "Me? I'm for the high jump. They got the goods on me all right."

IT SEEMED incredible to Howard. It was as if he had been listening to a play.

"We both seem to be in difficulties," he said at last. "Yours may be more serious than mine; I don't know. But you can do one thing for me." He looked around. "If I could get hold of a piece of paper and a pencil, I would redraft my will. Would you witness it for me?"

The other shook his head. "You must write nothing here without permission from the Germans; they will only take it from you. And no document that had my signature upon it would get back to England. You must find some other witness, Mr. Howard."

The old man sighed. "I suppose that is so," he said. And presently he said, "If I should get out of this and you should not, is there anything I can do? Any message you would like me to take?"

Charenton smiled ironically. "No messages," he said definitely.

"There is nothing I can do?"

The young man glanced at him. "Do you know Oxford?"

"I know Oxford very well," the old man said. "Were you up there?"

Charenton nodded. "I was up at Oriel. There's a place up the river that we used to walk to—a pub by a weir pool, a very old gray stone house beside a little bridge. There is the sound of running water all the time, and fish swimming in the clear pool, and flowers, flowers everywhere."

"You mean the Trout Inn at Godstow?"

"Yes—the Trout. You know it?"

"I know it very well indeed. At least, I used to, forty years ago."

"Go there and drink a pint for me," the young man said, "sitting on the wall and looking at the fish in the pool, on a hot summer day."

Howard said, "If I get back to England, I will do that." He glanced around the shabby, garishly furnished room. "But is there no message I can take to anyone?"

Charenton shook his head. "No messages," he said. "If there were, I would not give them to you. There is almost certainly a microphone in this room, and Diessen listening to every word we say. That is why they have put us here together." He glanced around. "It's probably behind one of those oil paintings."

"Are you sure of that?"

"As sure as I'm sitting here."

He raised his voice and said, speaking in German, "You are wasting your time, Major Diessen. This man knows nothing about my affairs." He paused, and then continued, "But I will tell you this. One day the English and Americans will come, and you will be in their power. They will not be gentle as they were after the last war. If you kill this old man you will be hanged in public on a gallows, and your body will stay there rotting as a warning to all oth murderers."

He turned to Howard. "Tha to fetch him," he said placidly, in English.

The old man was troubled. sorry that you spoke like that," "It will not do you any good wi

"Nor will anything else," th man said. "I'm very nearly thr

Behind them the door opene swung round; there was a Ger *freiter* there with a private. The marched into the room and s Howard. The *Gefreiter* said *"Kommen Sie!"*

Charenton smiled as Howard "I told you so," he said. "Goo the best of luck."

"Goodby," said the old man. hustled out of the room before time to say more. As he pass the corridor to the street he saw an open door the black-uniform tapo officer, his face dark wit With a sick heart Howard wa into the sunlit square betw guards.

They took him back to Nicole children; Ronnie rushed up "Marjan has been showing us stand on our heads," he said e "I can do it and so can Pierre. can't, and none of the girls. L Howard. Just look!"

In a welter of children star their heads Nicole looked anxi him. "They did nothing?" she

The old man shook his head used me to try to make a yo called Charenton talk," he said. her briefly what had happened

"That is their way," she said. heard of that in Chartres. To g end through pain they do not w the body. They work upon th

The long afternoon dragged ning.

At last the German orderly them another meal, a supper coffee and long lengths of brea he came back for the supper thi asked for beds.

He brought them straw-fil tresses, with a rough pillow blanket each. They spent some ranging these; by that time the were tired and willing to lie d

HOWARD slept fairly well t the girl not so well. Very ea morning, in the half-light bef the door of their prison opene clatter. The *Gefreiter* was th dressed and equipped with ba his belt and steel helmet on his

He shook Howard by the *"Auf!"* he said. He indicated t he was to get up and dress him

Nicole raised herself on on little frightened. "Do they w she asked in French. The man head.

Howard, putting on his coat, her in the dim light. "This w other of their inquiries," he sai worry, I shall be back before

She was deeply troubled. " waiting for you, with the child said simply. "They will be me."

"I know they will," he said. *voir*."

In the cold dawn they took into the square, and along t house with the swastika flag, the church, where they had interrogated. He was not tak same room, but to an upstairs the back.

The black-uniformed Gesta Major Diessen, was standin window. "So," he said, "we Englishman again."

Howard was silent. The spoke a few words in his own to the *Gefreiter* and the pri

ught Howard to the room. The r saluted and withdrew, closing behind him. The private re- standing at attention by the The cold gray light was now the room.

," said the German at the win- ok out. Nice garden, is it not?" d man approached the window. as a garden there, entirely sur- by high old red brick walls with fruit trees. It was a well- ture garden such as he liked to

he said quietly. "It is a nice Instinctively he felt the pres- ome trap.

erman said, "Unless you help few minutes your friend Mr. n will die in it. He is to be shot

d man stared at him. "I don't what is in your mind that you ught me here," he said. "I met n for the first time yesterday. put us together. He is a very ng man, and a good one. If you to shoot him, you are doing a . A man like that should be o live, to work for the world war is all over."

y nice speech," the German agree with you; he should be o live. He shall live, if you He shall be a prisoner to the e war, which will not be long months at the most. Then he e."

ed to the window. "Look," he ey are bringing him out."

man turned and looked. Down n path a little cordon of six oldiers armed with rifles were Charenton. They were under and of a *Feldwebel;* an officer behind. Charenton walked s hands in his trousers pockets. t seem to be pinioned in any way, nor did he seem to be particularly distressed.

The German leaned toward the old man. "Listen," he said softly. "It is a very little thing that will not injure either of you. Nor will it make any difference to the war, because in any case your country now is doomed. If you will tell me how he got the information out of France and back to England, to your Major Cochrane, I will stop this execution."

The old man stared at him. "I cannot tell you," he replied. "Quite truthfully, I do not know. I have not been concerned in his affairs at all." He said it with a sense of relief. If he had had the information things would have been more difficult.

Diessen turned to the window again. "You have not got very much time," he said. "A minute or two, not more. Think again before it is too late."

Howard looked out into the garden. They had put the young man with his back against the wall in front of a plum tree. His hands now were bound behind his back, and the *Feldwebel* was blindfolding him with a red cotton handkerchief.

The German said, "Nobody can ever know. There is still time for you to save him."

"I cannot save him in that way," the old man said. "I have not got the information. But this is a bad, wicked thing that you are going to do. It will not profit you in the long run."

In the garden the *Feldwebel* had left the young man by the wall. The six soldiers were drawn up in a line in front of him, distant about ten yards. The officer had given them a command and they were loading.

"I am not going to delay this matter any longer," said Diessen. "Have you still nothing to say to save his life?"

The old man shook his head.

*(To be concluded next week)*



"If you think this is tough, just wait until you've got to climb down again!"





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# Jake and the Ballerina

Continued from page 12

and even got a pretty good table, what with it being Monday night, and the place half empty. That was why they had put in the balloon performance on Mondays, and it had helped, all right; there were a lot of little debutantes ready to leap for the money.

Jake didn't order anything for Tatiana to drink, since she had her work cut out for her, and she did not seem to mind. But just as the waiter set those beautiful steaks down before them, the drums rolled, and the band leader came out with the balloons. Jake's stomach contracted and his gastric juices failed him. A wooden steak might have been set before him, a wooden steak which cost five dollars he didn't have.

"Listen, sweetheart," said Jake tensely. "See that yellow balloon? There's a one-hundred-dollar bill in that balloon."

The drums rolled again, and the dance music began. Instantly all the long-haired little girls rushed to the dance floor with their beaus. Jake took Tatiana's hand and pulled her to her feet. Then he stood, stricken, staring at her feet.

"Where are your ballet shoes?" he said. "You have to jump!"

Tatiana stepped out of her high-heeled gold slippers.

"Jump?" she said. "Very well." Then she wailed: "But my beautiful steak!"

"Come on," said Jake. He put his arm about her and walked her off toward the balloons. He did not go near the crowd of people clustered at the platform where the band leader stood. He'd done a couple of balloon ballets, and he knew how fast and far they went when they were loosed; he stood opposite the door, which opened now and then, letting in a breeze from the world outside. "You just let me lead you," said Jake. "When I say jump, you jump. Nothing fancy. Just jump high and bring down that yellow balloon. Get it?"

Tatiana nodded. "In the other balloons is what?" she asked.

"Maybe five, ten dollars," said Jake. "Maybe nothing. Sweetheart, don't bother about them. The yellow—"

Tatiana floated in his arms, relaxed and easy, and Jake's stomach contracted like a fist. He must have been crazy.

"You will tell me, Monsieur Krylin," said Tatiana.

"Get going!" said Jake.

THE girls shrieked and rushed about over the floor, pushing one another aside and leaping into the air.

"Now?" asked Tatiana calmly.

The door opened, and a breath of air blew the yellow balloon over their heads.

"*Now!*" said Jake, and Tatiana sprang into the air without leaving the circle of his arms. Once, twice, she leaped, and came down empty-handed. A girl with a bow in her hair pushed Tatiana aside.

"Oh, *petite mal-élevée!*" cried Tatiana, and she kicked the girl out of the way in a rapid move which would have gone well in *Petrouchka*. Then she looked at Jake and he nodded, having no breath left with which to speak; they'd go to jail for sure.

Again Tatiana leaped, higher than ever, and this time she came down with the yellow balloon in her hands.

There was a moan of disappointment from the young ladies in the Gala Club, and Tatiana looked about her in mild surprise. "I may have now my steak?" she asked.

"Baby," said Jake, his breath returning in a rush, "you can have plenty steak. I got a feeling we're going places."

IN FACT, they did go places. Within the week, Jake had a show to do, and he talked Tatiana into the lead of his Sidewalks of New York, a ballet he had long had in mind, and which turned out to be a smash, so gay and tough and easygoing. There was a slight hitch when Tatiana insisted on Alexei's being engaged, but she pointed out for some days that they had trained together, Alexei was for her a sympat'etic support, not all the time pushing her aside or back from the audience, and this was very necessary for her temperament. Jake gave in, since Alex was an all-right dancer, and since there would be no necessity for him to listen to Alex's line of talk.

The show ran a season, and in the course of the season Jake married Tatiana. This did not seem such a good idea to him at the time, but he had fallen in love with her and couldn't very well help himself. He had always intended to marry someone who was not in the profession, say a schoolteacher or a girl whose father had some money.

It was a queer marriage, Jake thought one afternoon, lying in bed and watching Tatiana vault over a chair on her way to the door. Tatiana was famous now, in the role Jake had thought up for her, the role of the little shopgirl which that heel, Alexei, had tried to tell her was beneath her. Jake had a new idea for her next show; this would be a ballet about a first ballerina who married a choregrapher, and it w good. The present show clos week, and Jake was very hap sidering offers for next year. was very happy, and let it go at thought, watching Tatiana. She the doorknob delicately betwee and forefinger, flung open the d pointed, like a queen, to the b

"There," she said to the wai was used to all this by now. He the table with their breakfast bedside, set it down, and bega ing water.

"How it goes with the baby?" asked him.

"The kid's great," said the "Trouble is, my wife kicks she no sleep, the baby yells so. I she should be glad he's so he can yell, but she don't see it m

"The best is you give her a so," said Tatiana, kicking one f in the air. "You wish some cof

SHE offered Jake's cup to th but he thanked her and d saying he had to get on with h Tatiana gave the coffee to Jake

"Thanks," said Jake, rising f pillows.

"I think he suffers," said about the waiter. "You don't Jascha?"

"I don't think so," said Jake. gan to laugh so hard he had to his coffee, and Tatiana watch puzzled.

"Something is funny?" she a

Jake got up and kissed h moniously. "At that, it's bette schoolteacher," he said.

Tatiana considered this, and



"And I'm going to tell him a thing or two—just you wait till after Christmas and see!"





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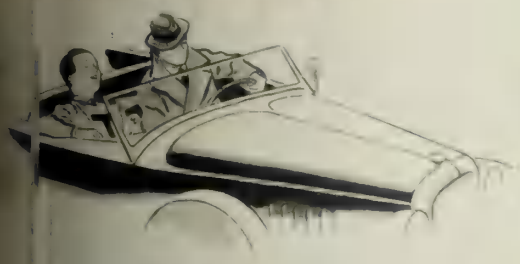
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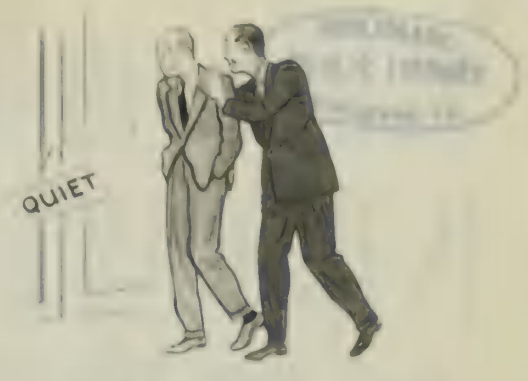
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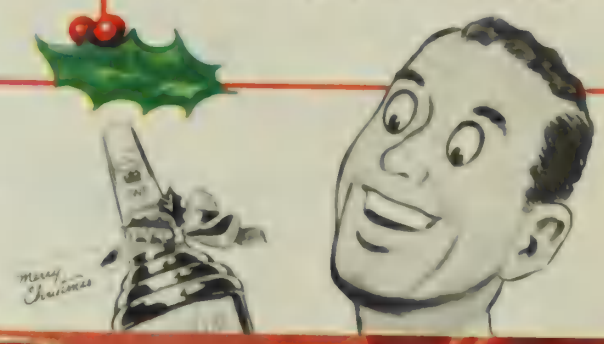


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phone rang. She answered, shrieked, and began to chatter Russian. This conversation went on while Jake finished his breakfast, rose, bathed and shaved.

"*Da, da, da!*" said Tatiana, waving Jake nearer to the phone. "Jascha, it is Alexei. He has idea—wonderful!—for a ballet." She hung up. "He comes now here to tell you about."

Jake thought that two-thirty P.M. was too soon after breakfast for a highball, but he had one anyway. Alexei arrived and waited graciously while Tatiana gave his ballet idea a build-up.

"And there is for me such a part!" said Tatiana finally. "This you will love, Jascha. I will be Peace—in mauve, I see it, something very simple."

She rose and stood by the window in a pose at once drooping and noble.

"What are you, Alex?" asked Jake.

"I am naturally the Young Soldier," said Alexei. "For the minor parts we have Love, War, Wice, Fascism, Democracy—"

"Wice?" said Jake.

"Wice—vice—you say vice? And for the music—the Beethoven Ninth, with naturally the voices subdued in the finale. I have thought it all out—"

After a long time he was silent, and then Tatiana rushed to him and kissed him on both cheeks. "Jascha, is it not wonderful?" she cried.

"Wonderful," said Jake. "It's just not my type."

THEY assured him warmly that it was his type, and then Jake told them that he wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole, that the idea stank, and that it was their job to dance what he told them to dance, and to leave the rest to him. Tatiana and Alexei discussed this in Russian, and Jake left them to it.

That evening, at the show, he noticed for the first time that Alex was putting too much warmth into his role of the shopgirl's lover. By the third night, he began to wonder what Alex had been to Tatiana in the fond days of the Ballet School, and by the end of the week he was wondering w was to Tatiana right here and

This thought tortured him s came near to giving in about let, which was now entitled and Light. The night after closed he sat up till dawn w tiana and Alexei gave him th using a Toscanini recording Ninth Symphony, and hotel c Love, Fascism, and what-h He watched the Young Solc shiping Peace, wondering mis there was anything to all this was getting morbid, and wher rested at last on his lap he put on her shoulder and closed his

"We have here something b Alexei, "not so little nothing l walks."

"Listen, sweetheart," sa wearily, "this number'll ruin a

Tatiana rose from his lap a before him, drooping yet not

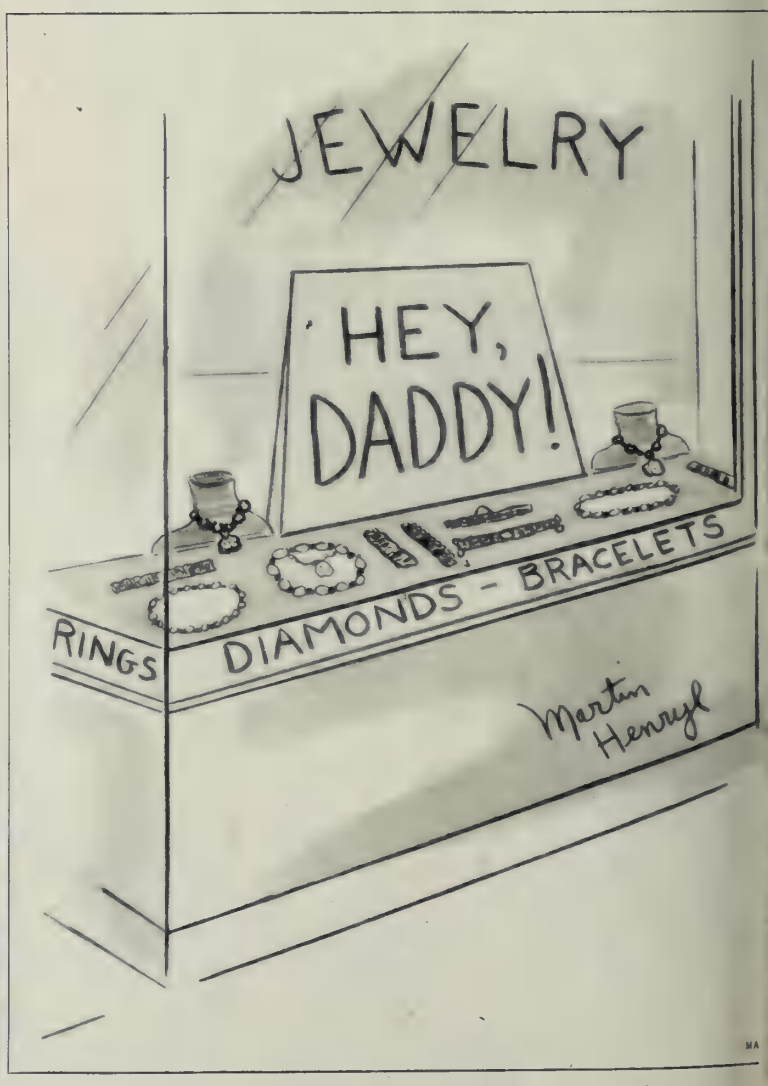
"Jascha, for the last time I you, will you do this ballet?"

Jake hesitated, wondering was anything he could do to junk presentable, wanting ab please Tatiana, and then Al cuted an *entrechat*, Tatiana ward him in a pirouette *tour* and Alexei caught her and he his arms before Jake.

"Tanyushka," he cried, "you vine. I am inspired!"

"I won't do it," said Jake, able that he sounded angry Tatiana made an exit, fol Alexei, whom she sent back later for her cape.

Jake heard about her. about her from his friends, sympat'etic waiter, from Va Billboard. It was easy enoug tiana, of Sidewalks of New Y a producer. She went into sive musical—with Alexei, o and Darkness and Light wa in the advance publicity. Jak picture everywhere, before th tion; he saw her charming

ir at him from the posters, as on t night she had stared at him n e train window, and then she is d, for the ballet was a flop, and s w with it.

'H N Jake came into the Gala Club. th headwaiter shook hands with d took him to a ringside table. e's iew ballet, Marriage in Three- ar Time, was a hit, and Hollywood t ing to get him, promising him -h dred dancers and an acre of ge. A Hollywood representative was h I tonight.

Li n, Jake," said the Hollywood res tative, "we want something ab- ute big. Now you're the man to it.

'Sv theart," said Jake, "I'm the n t do it. All we got to agree on l i he price."

W 's your proposition?" asked H ywood man.

W I'll be damned!" said Jake, ing p in his chair.

'Yo e surprised?" said the Holly- od n. "Name your figure, is all."

'La , sweetheart, later," said Jake, tch, Tatiana and Alexei follow the adw er to a table behind him. Did y I e a job, or what? He hadn't ard word about them for a whole son So that heel, Alex, was still oun A fine thing. Jake closed his outh mly, feeling sick inside to dis- ver at he still loved her, and he ook s head to a staggering offer m t Hollywood representative.

The the drums rolled, the band der me out with a bunch of col- d l loons, and Jake got it. Ta- na d Alexei pushed past his table the ance floor, and Jake saw that e w ballet shoes under her tulle ess. either of them had seen Jake; y w e watching the yellow balloon. 'Na your figure," said the Holly- od n. "Write your own ticket."

But ke was watching Alexei lead han to the wrong side of the floor, ar th door. The balloons were set se. d they blew to the other side, ay f n the door. Tatiana floated in xei' arms, watching him, waiting his rections. When at last Tatiana spec she came down empty-handed, d on f the yelling girls had captured yel v balloon.

She nped again, and brought down due lloon. Alexei grabbed it from so rcely that it burst in his face, h a ud pop, and there was noth- in i As they passed his table, Jake rd Tiana's furious whisper:

'Wh ou didn't tell me right? I ask o y —why?"

'You on't like my proposition, name me one," said the Hollywood representative.

"Just a minute, sweetheart," said Jake, turning to watch the table where Tatiana and Alexei sat before two large, untasted sirloin steaks. "This is going to be good. I need this."

Alexei stood up and left the table, and then Jake rose from his chair. "Be back," said Jake, departing.

Even when he stood before her, Tatiana did not see him. She was watching the doorway for Alexei's return.

"He isn't coming back," said Jake. "He's going to be washing his hands for a long, long time, what I mean."

"Jascha!" cried Tatiana, and tears came into her large eyes. She stood up and threw her arms around him. "Oh, I have miss you!"

I'll bet you did, thought Jake, looking at the two steaks and feeling miserable. He pushed her, not too gently, back into her chair, and sat down opposite.

"What goes on?" said Jake.

"Jascha, you also are here," said Tatiana. "You have maybe got the yellow balloon?"

"No," said Jake.

"Never mind, darling," said Tatiana. "I have still my wedding ring. We give it for the steaks, isn't it?"

Jake could not answer, being a man of ready emotion, and one not eager to display it. He motioned to the waiter.

"Check," said Jake. He caught Tatiana's hand before she could present her ring to the waiter. He went on holding her hand while he paid the bill. "Now," he said, "how's about you put on that ring and come on home?"

HE WATCHED her for a second, and then gave her his handkerchief. Tatiana wiped her eyes, and spoke happily to the waiter. "My husband," she said. "He is so sympat'etic."

The waiter nodded.

They were at the door of the Gala Club when the Hollywood representative caught up with them.

"What's the idea?" he said.

"Baby," Jake said to Tatiana, "what do you say we take a chance on Hollywood?"

"You will tell me what to do?" said Tatiana. "Well, then."

"Okay, sweetheart," Jake said to the Hollywood representative. "See you tomorrow about arrangements."

Jake shut the door of the cab and they drove away.

"Who he is, this man?" said Tatiana. "I think he suffers."

"Oh, baby," said Jake, putting his arms around her. "*I* suffered."

"I also," said Tatiana softly.

## Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

nme inspector would pounce on t im diately for having no pilot or ne li nses.

radu ly the states recognized that we surrendering no rights when y ie ed to the pleadings of the old onau cs Branch and its successor anize ons to require federal licenses urdle of whether they contemplated stat operation. The argument was futal ; a home-made plane with an inte pilot could bring down an air- r fill with passengers as quickly lice ed one, only the chances were ter. Then, too, the individualists e no loing a very good job of per- zatio their own lives and needed tectio

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# Spend Christmas with Us

Continued from page 11

against one another, and with each furious buffet of the wind looked as if they would collapse like balanced cards.

"Then why can't we have presents tomorrow if we can't have 'em today?" Margy presently demanded in the tone of a child who has asked the question many times before.

"Ma told you. Becuz Harry's sick," Willy said reprovingly. "She ast that seventy hundred times, di'n't she, Ma?"

"I don't know what she did; I know I'm going crazy," said the only other occupant of the kitchen, a pretty woman of about thirty whose natural prettiness was spoiled by the anxious lines of her face, the disorder of hair and clothes, and the almost violent nervousness of her manner. "Christmas is for folks that have some time for things," she added in an undertone "without a sick baby and a backache all the time!"

The kitchen looked as a ranch-house kitchen must look on a wet afternoon when there are small children in the family and there have been heavy rains. To the usual disorder, a certain amount of Christmas flurry had been added. A large plucked turkey lay across the ragged oilcloth of the table. Cranberries had rolled gay and red from a paper bag that stood near him. A chopping bowl, into which stale bread had been crumbled, was on a chair; pie shells waited on another chair, but the pumpkin mixture that was intended to fill them had been carried no further than the boiling point. Its cut cubes drifted idly in a saucepan of warm water.

OTHER Christmas indications were partially concealed in certain paper bags set high on a shelf. Through their flimsiness the red of a fire engine could be perceived and from the top of one the fluff of a doll's hair protruded. But Em'ly Atkins, whose children and whose kitchen these were, was in no holiday mood, and as she ineffectually gathered up a few dishes here or wiped a table surface there, she carried on a gloomy monologue far from the spirit of the day:

"You'll not have your presents until I can get 'round to wrapping them, and maybe that'll not be until Sunday. And if you cry, Margy, you won't get 'em at all! With Harry so sick and the rain pouring down and Aunt Zoe having a baby I'm at my wit's end, and I don't want to hear any more talk about Christmas! I've got to stuff this turkey, and if it isn't cooked by the time you have to go to bed—"

Her voice droned on and on as she went to and fro. Once a baby cried acidly from an adjoining room and she went in there and could be heard crooning for a moment. Then she came back and lifted the turkey, shifted it a little, measured it to an empty black roasting pan. Finally she got a knife and began to sever the scaled feet from the legs.

Margy and Willy drew near, fascinated. Their mother sighed wearily, handed each a claw as a matter of course. Silently the children flexed the tendons that made the claws shut and spread.

"These are our Christmas presents," said Margy. Em'ly looked at her in a sudden pity that included pity for herself.

"Mamma certainly threw you down this Christmas!" she said.

"But it's still Christmas?" Margy suggested on a hopeful note.

"Oh, sure, it's Christmas. But I'm not going to get through all this. It's three o'clock now!"

"We'd just as soon not have our presents wrapped," the little girl persisted.

"You wait until Papa comes in and we'll see," Em'ly said. But when a man crossed the porch and opened the door to a rush of fresh air and stood hesitating in the doorway she was suddenly all despair again.

"I'm pretty muddy," he said.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," his wife answered, beginning now to saw at the turkey's neck. "They've been tracking it in and out all day."

"How's Harry?"

"I think he's awfully sick." She laid her untidy head against the great cold bird and burst into tears. "I just feel as if I was going crazy, Joe," she sobbed. "I've not got one thing done! He's been fretting ever since lunch; I've not touched the tree—I don't know where the trimmings are—I've got this turkey to dress—the cranb'ries aren't picked over—"

"Well, say, hey, hey, hey, Em," he protested gently. He came in his great clodded boots across the already cluttered floor and patted her bowed head awkwardly. "Don't you let all this get you down," he comforted her. "We don't care when we get our turkey. As for the presents, why not hand 'em to the kids now? I'll get the tree in here and get it started; I know where that box of fixings is—"

"I WAS going to have candles, and fix up wreaths and things around the windows and get the dining-room stove fired up," Em'ly said, looking up angrily. "It isn't my idea of Christmas to be worrying about a sick baby all day and not be able even to get that Mexican woman to help me!"

"She's laid up, Em; it ain't her fault."

"Well, I've a good mind not to give her her present!"

"Now that isn't like you," Joe Atkins said mildly.

"But I'm so worried about Harry, Joe," she faltered, beginning to cry again, "and it's my first Christmas without Mamma, and I've been thinking about her all day, and how she sat in the kitchen chamber here, not able to move hand or foot for seventeen months!"

"She was glad to go." He had brought in a small furled pine from the cold washroom that opened in back of the kitchen, and was shaking it gently to and fro. "We got a real pretty one," he said.

"POP, can we help you trim it?" Margy demanded.

"Yes, sure you can. But first you see if you can't help Mamma clear the kitchen. Can't you take the coaster and some of the blocks into the other room?"

"I wish you'd go in and feel Harry, Joe. He wouldn't touch his lunch and he feels burning hot; he went off about an hour ago but by that time my back was so bad—" Em'ly loaded the turkey over to the sink and flopped it down heavily. "There doesn't seem to be any room for anything else in this kitchen while you're in it!" she muttered.

Joe came up from some lower region with a cobwebby cardboard box of Christmas-tree ornaments.

"Any news from Zoe?" he asked.

"No. I got Chess once and he's just about crazy. But I tried to telephone again and I think the line's down. He says his mother's there, and I guess things'll go all right. But her losing the last one, and then Mamma going—" Em'ly's eyes watered and she busied herself with the dishpan.

"You brood too much, Em'ly," the man said, sympathetically.

"Every time I look into that room, and see her shawl my father gave her that cost fifty dollars, and now to have Harry sick in there, it just seems like it comes over me fresh," Em'ly said.

"That isn't any way to feel on Christmas Day."




**"Oh, she's all right if you like the type with a gorgeous face and a perfect figure"** GARRETT PRICE

"It doesn't seem like Chri
She tipped the pumpkin saucep
the sink. The water drained av

"What's that going to be?" t
asked.

"It was going to be pumpk
But I don't know as it's worth t
I made the shells yesterday bef
started being sick."

Em'ly was mashing the p
halfheartedly.

"Well, I'll set this tree up in t
room and get a fire going in the
carried the tree away, the childr
ing him. When he came back
kitchen a few minutes later he
wife standing at the window
odd, a suspicious, set expressio
tired face.

"Joe, that's your mother comi
said, in a voice that matched
pression. "You asked her! Wel
not going to get away with it!"

He came to stand beside her
didn't, honey," he said quick
then, of the bulky woman who
scending from a mud-spattered
the mud of the roadside, "Tha
But I didn't ask her!"

"She said she'd never come
did ask her," Em'ly said, pale
ger. "And she wouldn't've, eith
must've asked her!"

"No, I didn't, Em. Word o
She probably ain't going to st
Ma never did anything to m
mad," he pleaded.

"She said for a feller of tw
to marry a girl four years olde
little girl of six— Now, listen.
kins," Em'ly said, interruptin
to draw him aside and speaking
heat, "I'll be nice to your m
day, and ask her to dinner.
goes home right after dinn
promise me that or I'll take H
go over to Pearsons'; I swear I

"Oh, for criminy's sake! All
promise you anything. Only y
cent to her because she's my m
it's Christmas Day!"

HE WENT out into the wet,
immediately with the rosy
elderly woman, umbrella,
raincoat, following him.

"Well, Merry Christmas to
and ain't this a downpour!"
Atkins heartily, leaving her
garments on the porch rail anc
ing the small children who
her arms. "Hello, Gran'm
Hello, Willy, I didn't hardly
either of you had grown so bi
Christmas, Em'ly; how's the b
McGrew's tellin' me he was

The women did not emb
Em'ly answered civilly enough
a real bad stomach upset lil
used to have."

While they discussed the ill
Atkins seated herself at the ta
her face with a handkerchief,
person comfortably, drew a sh
or two as tribute to her encou
the storm and put on her gla
began to peel onions with ex
fat, soft old fingers.

"T-t-tut!" she sympathize
him oil?"

"That was the first thing
said when I phoned yesterda
said, her manner melting so
her eagerness to discuss it; "
think you could get oil into t
one! There was oil on the c
me and Joe and pretty mu
where else, but there didn't
get into him!"

"Fever?"

"Oh, he's awful hot. I

# WINE speaks a quiet, warm-hearted welcome

*The wines pictured here are California Sauterne and Burgundy*

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phone the doctor again, but the wires are down."

"I know they are. I was goin' to phone this mornin' in case Joe was comin' into town. Well, Zoe had her baby yet?"

"Chess phoned early this morning and said things were starting."

"Well, her baby's goin' to have a nice birthday. Poor girl! Those are the minutes that are two hours long, as we used to say. Frank Clute, that used to be Pa's partner, told me one day his wife had had an easy time, only sick four hours. 'Yes,' I says, 'but it don't take that long to pull a tooth and yet I don't see you men lookin' forward to havin' one out!' "

Em'ly laughed unexpectedly at this, and immediately Joe and the children laughed too, and the atmosphere lightened. A certain friendliness and companionship made the kitchen cheerful.

"That about right for cinnamon?" Em'ly asked, over the pumpkin mixture.

"I always put a tablespoonful of molasses in, too, and a pinch of salt. Pumpkin's apt to be kind of meanin'less, and you've got to spice it good—" Mrs. Atkins was beginning, when there was a knock at the door. The early winter dusk was beginning to fall now, and for a moment nobody recognized the visitor.

"COME in, Hank," Joe said then. "It's Hank Carozzi," he told the women.

"Chess Carter just phoned my house. No, thank ye, I won't come in; I'm all mud," the lanky big fellow said apologetically. "Your sister's real sick, Mis' Atkins, and they wanted you should get over there tomorrow if you can."

"Tomorrow!" Em'ly said aghast. "They don't expect she's going to be sick all night! Oh, Joe," she broke off frantically, "I've got to go now! If you'll take me to the five-o'clock stage I'll be there by half past six; I can change at Sierra Vista. Oh, Joe, Christmas or no Christmas, you'll have to help me! She's my only sister, and Mamma died only last August—"

"Don't you fret," old Mrs. Atkins' deep voice broke in reassuringly, "there's lots of girls go two days with a baby. You wrap up good and have Joe take you right over. You'll be there by six."

"But I can't leave everything—Christmas and all—" Em'ly stammered. Even as she spoke she was unbuttoning her cotton kitchen dress; five minutes later she and Joe had returned from an upstairs room, coated and mittened for the trip.

"I don't know when we'll get back, Ma!" Joe said.

"There isn't anything you can do for Harry, Mrs. Atkins," Em'ly put in nervously, "except just keep him quiet."

"Now, you go right ahead and don't worry, Em'ly," the other woman said. "You'll feel better if you see how things are for yourself. Drive careful, Joe, the roads are regular mudholes. Margy and me'll keep house until you get back."

"Me, too!" said Willy, crowding against her.

"Yep. Willy too."

"You know where things are if they get hungry?"

"Yes. I know where things are in this house."

IT WAS dark, it was almost eight o'clock when Joe and Em'ly got back. She was quiet and tearful on the long drive, but they were happy tears, and she rested against Joe's shoulder as he drove in a way that made him in no hurry to get home. Little spitfire Em'ly had her gentle moods, he thought. Poor kid, she'd had more than her share of worry and work this last year, a sick mother, a young baby, the care of a farmer and two small children, added to all the straining and preserving, milking and chicken care, baking and sweeping that were everyday routine.

"I've thought fifty times what a comfort it is it's your mother with the children," she presently said, "instead of Maria. All she thinks of is perfume and boys."

"I'm thinking that, too." But he didn't dare add any more, and they went on in silence.

The kitchen lights shone out at them warmly when they came in, cold and spent; the kitchen shone too, the children's faces shone, and the old eyes behind Gran'ma Atkins' spectacles were shining. Possibly a finicky housekeeper would yet have found much to correct, but the toys had been put away, the table was cleared, and the good odors of boiling onions, roasting turkey, baking pies were rich in the air.

"You didn't get that turkey in!" Em'ly protested, unwrapping.

"That turkey's just about cooked. Why, that ain't the first turkey by a hundred that I've cooked in that stove," the older woman answered. "The children helped me clear up, and they trimmed the tree, and we were just wondering if you were having supper over to Carters'. No good news yet?"

"She's got the prettiest seven-pound baby girl you ever saw!" Em'ly said, sitting down at the table and bursting into tears. Margy and Willy crowded against her.

"Mamma, di'n't you want Aunt Zoe to have a baby?" Margy asked aghast.

Em'ly laughed, still crying, wiped her eyes and kissed her daughter.

"It's because I'm so relieved, dearie. She's been so upset, and a year ago her poor little girl died. And how d'you think Harry is?" Em'ly asked.

"Why, there's nothing the matter with him, Em'ly," Joe's mother answered. "He woke up about five and begun yellin'; he was hot and mad and I brought him out here. I fixed him up some oil with soda and orange juice and put it in his bottle and took the chill off it, and 'Look here, young man,' I says, 'who's boss here, you or me? Now,' I says, 'you put that where it belongs or I'll paddle you good!'

"That's a smart baby, Em'ly," she added, as Em'ly, fascinated, could only meet the narrative with eager attentiveness. "He looked up at me real saucy; I could see he was meditatin' re
But he give me one good look, an
it all went, every last drop, a
wasn't for present company I'd
why I know he's much better.
there a few minutes ago and he's
in' so hard I don't believe but wh
have to change him, nightie and
and all. Now you take a good
the table and see what we've
and we can have supper."

"Well, if this isn't a comfort,"
murmured, her lips trembling. S
up to her room, descending a fe
utes later in a warm blue woole
with lace at the throat. "I had
up for Christmas!" she explain
ing on a fresh apron. "Are you
the gravy? Then I'll dish up.
can have your presents right af
per," she said to the children. "W
bother to wrap 'em, and you ca
until nine if Papa says so!"

THE turkey was delicious and t
pany ravenous, yet host and
were rather silent during the m
the children and their grandmo
most of the talking. Old Mrs.
made gallant if not entirely su
efforts to keep the atmospher
Christmas note of family jolli
was watchful of his mother's pla
that she should be served bef
could ask for more cranberry
another piece of pie. Em'ly's
seemed far away; at any dire
tion she would start up as
dreams.

Following a momentary sile
said, "How's things at Mis' V
Ma?"

"Well, just the same, Joe. It's
quiet, just her and me and Old M
son and the Clinton girls. Miss I
been in the post office so long I
she has that warm, rubbery sm
post office about her, and Mis
deaf. Their cousin come fro
New York, for a visit, but she
go home for Thanksgivin'. All
Wilson's getting sort of close,
seems to grudge folks their mea
it's no butter for dinner and
nothing but fruit for dessert, a
say to Nate Judson, 'Where on
you put it?' and things like tha

"If you'd let me help you, M
have more than your thirty
and you could live somewher

"I'd rather you wouldn't, J



"Are you still wondering why we were invited to dinner?"

FRITZ

ith hree children. Unless I could
vé little place of my own and a
ov 'd just as soon live at Wilson's.
o, get on real well," Mrs. Atkins
id eerfully. "But at fifty-eight or
fi -eight I'd like something to do.
wa alkin' to a woman who was raisin'
bb the other day, and I declare I
vi her!".
"J s got rabbit sheds here," Em'ly
t "And I'm a great hand at rab-
ts, it I lost two of my does becuz
do have time to get 'round to 'em
d ep 'em good. I've not slept
ght rough since the children started
noc ng cough last October," she
lde
Ol Mrs. Atkins took up the little
d f sympathy eagerly.
"T se are terrible times!" she agreed.
ee like your feet will drop off."
"N my feet, my back!" Em'ly said.
w trying to get a Mexican girl to
eep the room with Harry, but she
eep ight through everything anyway.
d lon't know that she'd be much
od But seems as if I could get
od ght's sleep I'd sort of catch up."
"It the nights that kill you," her
oth in-law said mildly.
"U nd Gran'ma washed the eggs,"
illy ontributed suddenly.
"I k 'em out to the barn for a few
inu , so's to give them a breath of
esh r," his grandmother explained.
nd, found some eggs. I never saw
gs muddy!"
"M hens haven't been getting hot
ash tely," Em'ly said. "I wish," she
ide little awkwardly, "you'd take
me these fresh eggs back with you.
rem ber you said you and Mis' Wil-
n li l 'em the last time."
"Sa do that little thing, Ma!" Joe's
es brightened as the women of
e fa ly warmed into something like
al co versation. "She'd give away her
rt," e said fondly of his wife.
"On I don't wear 'em, Joe!" his wife
id w a little touch of long-forgotten
que and color. "I declare I feel like
was hristmas after all," she added.
"Th was an awful good pie, Ma."
e sc ed his plate. No, he wouldn't
ve y more; he was going out to
ke a ok at the stock and see if Pete
d fi hed up the milking.
"We we'll get these dishes done and
ar u" his mother said.
"No e won't!" Em'ly protested with
wea laugh. "I'll do 'em all in the
rnin Don't you touch 'em!"
"Oh think it's terrible to come out
the nornin' to crumbs and cold
avy," Mrs. Atkins said comfortably.
ou'll have all you can do in the
rnin with the children home with
air ts and the rain. We'll just whip
roug 'em."

O J came back fifteen minutes later
to d everything proceeding with
expe ed speed and energy. The din-
roc had been cleared and brushed,
fire eplenished, the children estab-
hed ere with their Christmas toys.
wi and mother were deep in shy
friedly talk as they went with ex-
fienc ease through the business of
shin up.
Ever while he watched them, as he
see d at the kitchen table and stuff-
his pe, they finished the last glass
spo . The demolished turkey went
ck i to his pan and into the cold
uet; e vegetables were moved into
all cna containers; tomorrow's din-
we all ready tonight, except for
ne cual heating. Not a spoon or
trea of water or a trail of crumbs
vi le in the kitchen. Em'ly sat
wn arily beside her husband, but
old woman kept serenely busy,
ting acked wheat to soak, strain-
gre pails of milk into wide pans
carrying them into the pantry one
one

"Sit down; you must be dead," Em'ly protested.

"I don't know when I've had such a good time. Seems like the old days," her mother-in-law answered. "We used up most of the bread on that dressing," she presently said; "I b'lieve I'll set some biscuits."

It was warm and pleasant in the orderly kitchen. Em'ly yawned undisguisedly and put her elbows on the table, resting her chin on her hands. Gusts of wild air smote the roof; the rain fell steadily.

Presently old Mrs. Atkins finished her activities, put the hot, clean milk pails on the porch shelf outside, sat down and smiled at the others.

"I was thinkin', Em'ly, since it's pourin' so hard and the road's so black at night, that I'd be glad to stay and sleep in there with Harry," she said, somewhat hesitantly. "He wouldn't bother me a bit; I sleep light, and it'd mean you could get a real rest. I boiled some water for him; it's on the window sill outside getting good and cool, and I can manage him easy. I'd be real pleased to do it."

"I'd hate to put it up to you—" Em'ly answered, hesitant in her turn.

"But she wants you to, Ma!" Joe put in. "You don't know what a night's sleep would do for her!"

"He won't stir in the night. But you'd lie awake thinkin' he was cold or feverish or goin' to wake up."

"You'd be awfully kind," Em'ly murmured, a little embarrassed.

"THERE'S something I wanted to say to you two," the older woman began after a moment's silence, during which Joe had pulled on his pipe, Em'ly had stared into space with a somewhat reddened face, and she herself had looked dubiously from one to the other. "I didn't know as I was goin' to mention it, but it might get Margy into trouble, and she's such a confidin', lovin' little soul that I wouldn't want that. I'd rather tell you myself."

"She broke the Santa Cruz pitcher!" Em'ly exclaimed.

"No, she didn't break anythin'," old Mrs. Atkins said smiling. "But when we were out gatherin' the hens' eggs she spoke up and says she, 'Gran'ma, did you get my letter?' 'Yes,' I says, 'I did, dearie, and I thought it was the nicest letter I ever got.' "

"Who wrote you, Ma?" Joe demanded. "I was going to come in and see you," he added on an explanatory note, "and then I had a lot of trouble with my hogs, and I had the vet here, and then this morning our telephone wires came down—"

"I know, Joe. But she wrote me."

"Margy did!" This was Em'ly, amazed.

"Yes, she wrote me ten days ago, but seems 'twarn't mailed until Tuesday. I only got it yesterday."

"What she say?" Joe demanded, puzzled, his pipe in his hand.

"She ast me would I come here for Christmas dinner," his mother answered simply.

"Margy did?" Em'ly asked quickly.

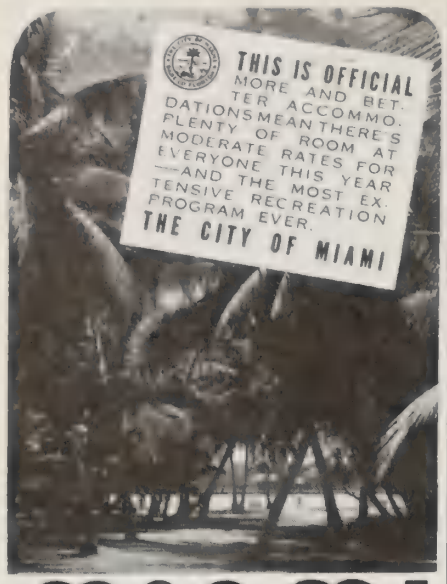
"Yes, she wrote me a real sweet letter. I thought, of course, you and Joe had put her up to it," Mrs. Atkins said.

Joe looked at his wife. Em'ly flushed, and a faintly hard, stubborn look came about her mouth.

"Joe said something about it," she began defiantly, "but what with Zoe's baby expected and Harry sick and feeling like I did about Mamma— And anyway," Em'ly interrupted herself, "I never said anything to Margy about it."

"Well, I know how you felt." The older woman accepted the explanation simply. "But it never came into my head what had really happened," she went on; "and I didn't want you ever




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to blame Margy. It made me real happy all day yesterday. I don't know when I've been so happy."

Joe cleared his throat.

"What did happen, Ma?"

"Well, here's what Margy told me. When we was getting the eggs she piped up and says, 'Gran'ma, did you like my letter?' I says, 'Margy, that was just about the nicest letter I ever got.' She says, 'It was better than all the others.' Of course I asked her what others. 'Oh,' she says, 'we had to write 'em in school, and Miss Miller said that the three best letters she'd put stamps onto 'em and mail 'em herself. She ast was our mothers and fathers alive, and some was and some wasn't, but the ones who lived with their fathers and mothers she says to write to our grandmas or our cousins, a real nice Christmassy letter. She says to tell 'em Mamma and Papa wished they'd come to Christmas dinner.'

"Seems Margy's letter was one of the three best," Mrs. Atkins went on in a silence, her apologetic smile going from one young face to the other, "and Miss Miller promised she'd mail it before Christmas. Well, the young one pasted Santa Clauses and silver stars, and dear knows what all, all over the outside, and I can tell you I was tickled when it come in the mail yesterday. I was going to telephone Joe about gettin' out here in the storm, but Dave Pierce was comin' out to get Mis' Wilson's mother, and I told him if he'd get me out here my son would get me home."

"Yep; that ain't much to do," Joe said gruffly.

Em'ly spoke up quickly and nervously, looking only at Joe.

"Your mother said she'd stay maybe and sleep in Mamma's room with Harry tonight."

"She sure would if you'd like her to," the man said kindly. He gave his mother a look that asked her to be generous.

"The minute I came into this kitchen," the older woman went on with her story, "I saw that something was wrong. It didn't take me a minute to see that I wasn't expected. The children would have known it if you'd expected me, and first thing I thought was, 'I told Em'ly a year ago that I'd not come back until she wanted me, and here I am walking in on her in grief and anxiety, with a sick child in the house!'

"I DIDN'T know just what to say. Seemed as if, gettin' here in such a storm, it'd be kind of silly to say, 'Son, there's some mistake, and if you'll get me back to Mis' Wilson's I'll feel happier.' And beside that," Mrs. Atkins said, her smiling eyes suddenly filling and her strong mouth trembling a little, "you don't know what it meant to me, after livin' in that one room at Mis' Wilson's—the blue paper and the towel across the top of the bureau and the picture of me and Pa on our wedding day—you don't know what it felt like to be back here in the kitchen, with dishes to wash and an oven to watch and the baby sweatin' his fever off in the kitchen chamber. Just thinkin' about wipin' off the children's faces and hands before supper, and huntin' eggs, and gettin' the turkey into the oven seemed heaven to me. Thinks I, 'I *did* get that letter, sayin' I was to come, but Joe and Em'ly don't seem to know anythin' about it.'

"Well, then come the message from Zoe, and you folks left me in charge, and I don't know as I've ever been so happy. I wished the afternoon could go on for a week. The children was angels, helpin' and laughin' and tellin' me this and that. And then Margy asked about her letter and I seen the whole thing. So that's how I come to be here, Joe and Em'ly, and it's made a real Christmas for me and I thank you both."

"You don't have to thank us," Joe protested, clearing his throat after a moment's silence. Em'ly spoke proudly:

"You and I didn't have any quarrel, Mrs. Atkins," she said. "Anyone who says we did is telling a lie. It was just that someone told Mamma that Mrs. Banks over to the store said that you'd said I was lots older than Joe. And that made Mamma mad."

"Well, I may have said that to someone; I don't recall it," the older woman admitted, thoughtfully. "But I certainly didn't to Hetty Banks; she don't need anyone to tell her anything—she knows it all. If I did, Em'ly, it didn't take me long to find out that Joe couldn't have a better wife or a more lovin' one, and I've said that, too, to more than Hetty Banks!"

EM'LY, her face red and her mouth shut firmly, looked into space for a few minutes. Then she suddenly put her head down on the table and burst into a torrent of tears.

"I don't know why everyone treats me so mean!" she sobbed. "Papa always used to call me 'Giggles' becuz I was so happy all the time, but now with Mamma dying and Zoe so sick and Harry in a fever and Frank Blake being spilled off the truck and killed right before my eyes and me left alone with Margy—"

Joe got up and went to pat her shoulder, smiling at his mother.

"You calm down, honey," he said. "You've had a little too much to do. We'll see if we can't get Manuela or Maria."

"I don't want Manuela or Maria, I want someone I can talk to, someone that knows all the folks I know and can make the children stand 'round!" Em'ly protested thickly, her face still buried. "I've wanted her all the time but I didn't have the sense to know it! But becuz I'm a fool don't mean we have all got to be fools!"

"Ma, I guess that's that," Joe said, grinning, his eyes wet.

"No. Now I'll tell you what, children," his mother said. "I'll stay with the baby tonight, and Joe'll run me home tomorrow, and some day if you want me back for a visit—I've got to Ellen for three months in au you know—"

"Mamma, what's the matter?" M alarmed, demanded from the doo She ran to her mother; stood star the others.

Em'ly sat up, wiped her eyes an her nose, and, putting her arm abo child, said rather thickly, but steadily, as she buttoned and str ened Margy's sweater:

"You go over and give Gran'ma and you tell her that Mamma an want her to come here and sta that if she goes to Aunt Ellen to b Tommy and Kate in the fall she's come back here becuz this is hom say it as pretty as you can, Marg maybe she'll say yes."

But Mrs. Atkins, as the child her, her arms about Margy and h hidden, could say nothing. She two attempts; they faltered aw silence.

"Well, Joe—well, son—" she aged finally. Em'ly laughed, got feet.

"Now, you children trot up t she said. "Kiss Papa, kiss Gran'm beat it! You'll have all your thi morrow, vacation isn't over. I'm in to get Gran'ma a nightgown a a look at Harry."

Joe came over and knelt down kitchen floor beside his mother, a put her arms about him and rest cheek against his rough thick hai

"Seems like mothers get kind gry for this, Joe," she said after ment.

WHEN Em'ly came out her h was shaking down the range, mother-in-law was at the open chen door calling the cats in. Th had suddenly grown cold; the r stopped; a white moon was ridi among fleeces of cloud. Good sn rain and earth and woods pen the warm air of indoors.

Em'ly opened a soft old Paisle and put it about the other w shoulders.

"That's my Christmas present Ma," she said.

**BUTCH** By Larry Rey



**"Maybe we'd better give him a penny change. Under fifty dollars is just petty larceny in this state"**

# A bucketful of reasons why good drinks need better bubbles!



*In other words, Canada Dry Ginger Ale or Sparkling Water!*

*What happens when ice melts? Two things. Your high-ball's bubbles sneak a ride right out of your drink on r bubbles escaping from the ice . . . and ice water dilutes what's left.*

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For drinks that stay lively keep this "Champagne of Ginger les" and "Perfect Club Soda" always on hand. Their perior quality *gives* drinks better taste . . . their pin-oint carbonation *preserves* it.

For a refreshing Collins, use Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer.

For a mouth-watering Rickey, use Canada Dry Lime Rickey.

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For a perfect Cuba Libre, use Canada Dry Spur.

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* * *

Symbol of superiority—for more than 109 years—in whiskey distilling and blending is the G & W Label.

**G&W *Whiskey***

*G&W Private Stock, 86 proof, 72½% grain neutral spirits ★ G&W 2-Star Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 75% grain neutral spirits ★ G&W 5-Star Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 72½% grain neu spirits*

# ALDER GULCH

## by Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

### The Story Thus Far:

PORTLAND, Oregon, while the Civil War still raging, Diana Castle, an attractive, strong-willed girl, runs away from her father, who is trying to force her to marry a man whom she does not love. With a young man—Jeff Pierce, who, having killed a brutal sea captain, fears the law, feels that he dare not risk a trial in Portland, goes to the new settlement known as Virginia City.

There, in that bustling mining center, they part company. And soon both are making a success—Diana, by baking pies for a restaurant; Pierce, by working a claim that he stakes on the advice of a friendly prospector: Morris.

Some time after he reaches Alder Gulch, Pierce learns that a gang of crooks and bandits is operating in the Virginia City area. He is, therefore, not surprised when Morris—preparing to return to his wife, in Ohio—asks him to take his hard-earned savings (worth eight thousand dollars) to near-by Bannack.

On the understanding that Morris will follow in a week, Pierce goes to Bannack with the money, which he deposits, for safekeeping, at the express office. But Morris never reaches the town alive; he is murdered by the gang, which learns, from Morris, of the disposition Pierce has made of the gold.

Disgusted by the decent element in the community, the sheriff—a man named Plummer—is actually the head of the bandits. His chief lieutenant is George Ives, a clever scoundrel whose reputation Pierce has incurred. At a meeting of the gang attended by most of the members (including Deputy Sheriff Gallegher and Ollie Rounds, who, although he, too, is a thoroughly dishonest man, has been forced against his will to join the band of ruffians) Plummer issues orders that Pierce is to be killed. He intends, he says, to rob—and then murder—the entire Alder Gulch area. . . .

Ollie Rounds (who has traces of decency in him) and Ben Scoggins, a trader, call on Pierce at his cabin in the Gulch. As the three converse, a neighbor—Archie Caples—is attacked by a man who rides up to his campfire out of the dark. Pierce, seeing what is going on, rushes to the rescue. He knocks the attacker down, exchanges shots with someone who is hidden in the darkness. Then, listening but unable to see much, he hears steps on the upper side of a near-by ridge.



She forced him across the room and flung her full anger at him, "Don't come back—don't ever come back!"

### V

PIERCE came back, his breath lifting and falling. He found Scoggins and Ollie Rounds and he said, "It's me," and moved on to Archie Caples' water-damped fire. A few coals still glowed and by that light they saw Caples standing spraddle-legged and alert, both hands clasped around his head. "Fellow got away before my eyes done me back."

Men were running in from all corners of the Gulch; and a lantern swung forward. Pierce stood lank in the growing light, water shining on his hat. "It wasn't for you, Archie. It was for me."

The oncoming lantern touched these men; and then Ollie Rounds turned and stepped back into the dark and waited while Ben Scoggins joined him. The two returned to their horses and started down the gulch for Virginia City.

"A funny thing," said Scoggins.

"No—not funny. They won't let him alone."

"Who are you talking about?" asked Ben Scoggins.

Ollie Rounds made no answer to that. Later, on the edge of Virginia, he mentioned something else: "He knew what was up the minute the fellow hit Archie Caples. He knew it all—and he knew what to do. He's cut out for it. You and I are not. You stick to your trade and let Jeff handle the beasts in the jungle." At Wallace Street Ollie turned from Ben. He said again, "But they'll never leave him alone. Too much for one man, no matter how good he is."

THAT was Friday of the second week of his steady labor; on Saturday he worked steadily through the day, cooked his supper and sat back from his fire and slowly smoked his cigar; and as he smoked it the two weeks of unremitting work caught up with him and he felt the staleness in him, and the taste of the cigar grew unpalatable. This was always the penalty of solitariness. A man fed upon himself until his fat was gone and then he had to have another kind of nourishment. Rising, he killed the fire and struck for town.

Virginia, in two weeks, was a different camp. It crowded against the Gulch walls, it stretched up the Gulch and it spilled down the Gulch. Cruising forward, he came upon new streets which fourteen days before had not existed and, pushed to the edge of the walk by the crowd, he found himself facing a small single-story frame building across the way on which a newly painted sign said: "Diana Castle's Bakery." He threaded the tight-jammed wagon traffic to the bakery door and as he came to a pause before it he heard Diana's voice at his side: "How are you, Jeff?"

He didn't at this first moment turn to look at her. He kept his eyes on the shop's doorway, and he spoke in a tone as indifferent as her own: "This is it?"

"Yes. It is just finished. The stove was set up today. It was supposed to be for a restaurant down in Central but Ben Scoggins dickered the man out of it."

She went into the shop and came about. He stood fast, seeing the lovely

*(Continued on page 55)*




# The Higher the Better

Continued from page 20

operate at maximum efficiency at altitudes of 16,000 feet and higher—but definitely below the substratosphere—by use of superchargers geared to the engine, driven by mechanical power.

The value of the turbo-supercharger is that it carries sea-level efficiency of the plane motors into the substratosphere.

The turbo-supercharger is not geared to the motor. It is on the turbine principle—that is, a rotor turned by a stream of water or steam or gas—in this case by the hot gases of the motor exhaust; an immensely valuable but otherwise wasted source of energy.

The red-hot exhaust, instead of being allowed to escape into the atmosphere, is conducted through a tube and directed against the vanes of an impeller, or turbine wheel. This sucks outside air in, and "hurries" it back to the carburetor.

The metallurgical and engineering principles involved in dealing with turbine speeds of nearly 30,000 revolutions per minute, exhaust fumes at perhaps 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit, and outside air temperatures of lower than 60 degrees below zero are fundamental secrets of the turbo-supercharger. They are part of the reason that aviation circles here believe that even if the Germans have salvaged the turbo-superchargers from the eight Flying Fortresses they are known to have shot down to date, it would take a year or more of analyses and research before they could duplicate them.

And that's all I can tell you.

## The Man

Sanford Alexander Moss, B.S., M.S., University of California, Ph.D., Cornell, makes a curious impact upon any person with an orderly sense of the fitness of things. Inventor of the turbo-supercharger, which makes new degrees of massacre and terror possible for bombing planes, he is shy, gentle, kindly and full of old-fashioned virtues and scruples. One of the world's great scientists—colleague of Steinmetz, Alexanderson, Langmuir, Coolidge, the rest of the famous General Electric group—he is impish, unpredictable, incorrigibly young. Awarded 45 patents for mechanical devices, holder of scientific honors, member of learned societies, in appearance and mannerisms he is a movie director's typical idea of an international detective.

Probably the first thing Dr. Moss will do is ask you to match quarters with him. His associates warn you he uses a two-headed quarter. But he takes a mathematician's refuge in arguing that the law of chance guarantees him an even break—and that in a lifetime of "gambling" he is neither ahead nor behind.

He is small, birdy, quick-eyed, lively—a man whose leg you love to pull. His associates are always doing it. Yet from behind his informality shines boundless dignity and courtliness, upon which no one ever trespasses.

He was born in San Francisco on August 23, 1872, silver-spoonless. From age seventeen, he was entirely on his own. As a machinist's apprentice in San Francisco he earned $4 each 55-hour week, studied drawing and algebra at night school until he earned his credits for the University of California. Once matriculated, he supported himself by cleaning the college machine shop, driving a laundry truck, bookkeeping, reading to a blind student, correcting examination papers. He instructed at California, while getting his master's degree; at Cornell while making his Ph.D. Gas turbines became his passion then; and his researches so interested General Electric he was engaged to continue them. Which he did so well that many of his adaptations became integrated with the company's vast industrial business.

When the United States entered the first World War, he was asked by the government to investigate the problem of superchargers for airplanes—on which some inconclusive work had been done here and abroad. He carted his turbo-supercharger up to Pike's Peak but the work was too late for application in that war. In the early peace years, however, at McCook (now Wright) Field, there were happy practical results: United States Army planes with his turbo led the way into the substratosphere.

Discouragement came, because the Army and industrial people who didn't believe in high flight outnumbered those who did. The turbo went on the shelf; and so, in 1938, after 35 years with General Electric, did Sanford A. Moss.

The war came, with its lessons of altitude, its swift conversion of die-hard minds—and loud yells for Dr. Moss. You know the rest.

At sixty-nine he is the liveliest man in the Lynn works. A speed demon, he is forever arguing with traffic cops—and usually wins because he knows more about the law. He still doesn't like to fly, claiming, reasonably, "What's the use; I can't get out *in the air* to fiddle with the turbo-supercharger!" When the notion seizes him, he will have his beard shaved off without warning. Once he conferred with two colleagues half an hour before they recognized him. Another time, driving home, he waved to his daughter—who promptly ran away. She thought he was trying to pick her up.

He has that blessed faculty of men with untroubled consciences of being able to take a nap at any time or place. When he does so in his office he sits in his chair so arranged that anyone opening the door awakens him. Then he denies he was asleep. Forecasting vocations of children is a hobby. He says he can tell from brief study of any boy of eight what he is fitted to be in life. He can't pick out future inventors, though—because boys of eight don't have Van Dyke beards.

## The Valiant Little Gang

Behind Dr. Moss and General Brett—and both are most insistent in calling this to your attention—stand numerous colleagues, many unnamed to fame, such as those four Army privates who shared the bitter war autumn of 1918 on Pikes Peak. Some we know, at Dr. Moss' elbow notably was Adolph Berger, also Reeves, Jones, Chenoweth, Puffer, Grimes, and others.

The Air Corps adherents of the turbo-supercharger deserve a special word, for they held the thin line against traditionalism.

Within the Air Corps is an organization that has vigilantly followed the changing pace of world aeronautical science and, more often than not, led it. The Matériel Division was founded in 1917 as a "laboratory for aeronautical experiment, testing, and research in order to provide adequate aviation equipment for war purposes." Its modern purpose is approximately the same: its present chief is Brigadier General Oliver P. Echols and Brigadier General George C. Kenney is assistant chief. Just before the present war began, its laboratories represented an i of $10,000,000. Its little grou pilots and engineers stand fo the bravest annals of the a achievements, over 20 yea virtually all major aeronau velopments, commercial as we tary. High-octane gas, a li cooling liquid to replace th water, oil dilution for col starting, night flight, blind fli voice communication betwe and ground, metal propellers lable pitch and geared propel sure cabins, parachutes, all many other aviation steps w born or brought up in the Ma vision.

There, Dr. Moss' turbo-su was first proved, then believe a persistence against odds— against militarists who seeme planes were not here to stay, against airmen who scoffed a possibilities of high-altitude When this war came with its le Matériel Division was ready turbo at a practical stage.

The most spectacular day in tory was February 27, 1920, w Rudolph W. ("Shorty") Schr vice-president of United A alone in an open-cockpit, plane, fought to 38,180 feet a the first human to invade the sphere. There, oxygen exhaus numbed, he lifted his frosted a lookee. Seventy degrees b temperature instantly froze balls. Unconscious, he plu miles before he came to; hel lids open with one hand while plane on the ground with th and was carried to the hosp long stay, with heart and ot toms that gave McCook doct thing to talk about.

Lieutenant Elsey shared Schroeder's work. Captains Stevens took a turbo-su plane to more than 37,000 Lieutenant Macready later m record of 40,800 feet. Irvi Umstead—these and a fistfu brought records and glory Corps with turbo-supercharge

In the hectic controversy Billy Mitchell with ground-die-hards, the turbo playe Mitchell, for his demonstrati ing battleships by aerial bon wanted turbo-equipped plan all told, were prepared for de Mitchel Field, New York, t in Virginia. The crew of the monkeying with it in flight, a got oil into the turbo, and Langley in a state of smoke, confusion which led them t to the commanding officer Field that the turbos were n in turn, wired to Mitchel Fi tions to dismount the other

Whereupon young Lieute Wade, of first round-the-worl tory, wired back from Mitc teeing to deliver personally than 50 remaining bombers, Field would let him. It w matter for a young lie counterproposition a comm ficer thus. But Leigh was He got the permission—and Today Major Wade is in th Intelligence Division, in Was

Today General Brett wil comforting knowledge that h gang of the Matériel Divisio inspiration for the New Arm more or less, of the world's flyers.

B thankful American
b s and girls
c still play



Nor the least of the "Freedoms" we so rightfully cherish is that inalienable right of our youngsters to play—to grow healthy and strong — to develop clear minds to face the tasks soon to be theirs.

And what better play than that blood-tingling, grand Winter sport of sledding! The rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes of your youngsters after a glorious after- snowy hill is a joyous sight.

than fifty years, Flexible Flyer has been ng to those rosy cheeks—those sparkling more than fifty years, Flexible Flyer *the one* sled in the minds and hearts of girls. Now better than ever, a Flexible is the one best gift to bring joy to g heart.

**And for yourself**

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nding among all skis is the world-famous plitkein—made and sold in the United States xible Flyer. Ski for the joy of it— Ski on yers for the best of it:

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# Retreat from Moscow

Continued from page 22

the left there was a lighted city. It was a beautiful sight. It is a beautiful sight, of course, only if you have lived month after month in blacked-out cities. This city, Kuibyshev, was so far from the war zone that it was not even blacked-out. The lights twinkled in friendly fashion and the train moved slowly on. We approached the lights and then the train rumbled across a bridge. We looked below into the sluggish waters of the Volga. Its banks were snow-encrusted and masses of ice and snow drifted lazily along with the current.

Morning came quickly and we had coffee which tasted as though it had come from heaven and we had black bread and jam and reveled in the thought that soon we would be in a hotel and in a hot bath and we'd be shaved and separated from these clothes that by now had grown on us. An hour later, of course, we discovered that there was a hotel, sure enough, but a hotel without a bathtub. But we didn't know that, as we stepped from the train into clean, crisp air.

On the station platform there was a signpost telling the mileage to Moscow. It read 630 miles. We had taken exactly 105 hours to make the trip.

---

Kuibyshev is a large, middle-aged city sprawling on the eastern bank of the Volga. The city wore a rather tired look, as though it had been through a lot. Nevertheless, today Kuibyshev is the wartime capital of Soviet Russia, the news center of the German-Russian campaign and headquarters for most of the government figures.

Stalin remains in the Kremlin, but his aides were nearly all here in this city of unpaved streets and ankle-deep mud, where personal hygiene and comfort are at a minimum. There was a time when the city was known as Samara. Samara is a lovely name, hardly suited to the bleak ugliness of this Volga city.

In 1937 it was renamed Kuibyshev. It was named after Valeman Kuibyshev, and his statue stands in the huge city square. This hardy revolutionist was a great engineer and city planner who was the genius behind the recapture of the city from the Czechs, who occupied it in 1918.

In the summer, when the warm breezes from the Volga blow over it, Kuibyshev is undoubtedly a clean, tidy-looking place, but when winter comes and a warm spell melts the snow one realizes that Kuibyshev has only four paved streets and that life here is more primitive than any city or village in the United States. Rivers of mud slopped down the streets into the Volga. Sleighs, ox-drawn wagons and automobiles became mired in the cloying combination of mud and snow; sewers backed up and water refused to run out of sinks and the very few bathtubs in town. Nature grabbed Kuibyshev by the nape of the neck and shook her, and we mortals unfortunate enough to be living here bore the brunt of her fury.

In 1935, when the last census was taken, Kuibyshev had a population of 200,000. But where once there had only been grain elevators, factories appeared, and the population almost doubled. Six weeks ago it was about half a million. Today it is swollen and bloated with the thousands of refugees who came here fleeing from the scream of Nazi bombs and the terror of Nazi guns. At least a million people now live in this dreary city.

There are two hotels in Kuibyshev—the National, which is reserved for Russians, and the Grand, which has been taken over by the correspondents, a few high-ranking Soviet dignitaries and an overflow of refugees. There were no bathtubs at the Grand and, to put it mildly, personal hygiene is almost non-existent. Nor was there any heat in the Grand, and we huddled together in the room of one of us lucky enough to have found a small electric heater. In many ways Kuibyshev (except for the virtual absence of beautiful women) would be a fine setting for an Oppenheim novel. Oumansky, recently deposed ambassador to Washington, lived across the hall from me, sharing his cheerless room with two others. The great Vishinsky lived down the hall, and day and night four NKVD (formerly the OGPU) men mounted guard at his door. Vishinsky smiled readily when we passed in the hall. He looked like a genial dean of freshmen at any small college, except that occasionally one noticed a hint of winter in his eyes. His eyes never smiled, and then one remembers that he was the prosecutor in the state trials that resulted in the execution and imprisonment of close to a hundred thousand Soviet citizens, many of whom, it is true, were traitors—many of whom would have made ideal fifth columnists today.

Secretary of State Molotov commuted between Kuibyshev and Moscow, and his chunky figure and bespectacled face were familiar in the main street of this town. He always looked as though he were watching someone else sucking a lemon. Before he left for America, genial, smiling Litvinoff was a familiar of the Grand. By far the most popular of all Russian diplomats, his appointment as ambassador to Washington was hailed with joy by all of us. The dining room at the Grand was usually filled with correspondents, diplomats and uniforms, all waiting very impatiently for vodka, cabbage soup and the monotonous but filling food we were given. There had been no fresh vegetables for weeks but there was plenty of butter and occasionally a sort of French pastry. We could buy five eggs a week at the local food store, and a half pound of cheese.

In the dining room there were Russian, British, Czech and Polish uniforms. Baldheaded General Vladimir Anders, commander in chief of the Polish army in Russia, usually dined with us, his ready smile and quick wit quite disguising the fact that only three months ago he emerged from a rather horrible two years' imprisonment in Russian concentration camps and prisons.

### Hats Off to the Poles

General Anders has an army of 150,000 Poles, all of whom hate Germans so they are willing to forget the past two years that all of them spent in work camps or prisons. One felt like taking off one's hat in the presence of any Pole there. Such magnificence of spirit, such fortitude under adversity and such insistence upon vengeance against the Nazi spoilers of their home is awe-inspiring. The Poles are wonderful.

In the dingy dining room of this dreary hotel were, usually, three or four ambassadors and smart-looking R.A.F. officers, and sometimes Colonel Faymonville, the brilliant head of the American Military Mission in charge of carrying on the work of the Harriman Mission of last September.

The Soviet insistence that Russians (except officially) should not mingle with foreigners precluded any kind of so-

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4 He takes the Gift Certificate back to the store and selects his own LEE Water-Bloc in the size, style and color he wants.

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cial life except that which we made ourselves. At least five nights a week we played poker at the Grand or the American embassy. If the expense accounts of foreign correspondents seem high these days it is due chiefly to the skill at cards of Charley Dickerson, first secretary of the American embassy, and Major Joseph Michels, acting military attaché. Lest one think that the embassy staff spends its time in riotous gambling I have to add that we played for the same stakes that the boys around the firehouse in any town play for. If it had not been for poker there is no doubt that many of us would have gone crazy.

The British embassy was the best and by far the most uncomfortable building in town. It is an imposing marble structure with large rooms. They are too large. The embassy staff sleeps eighteen in a room. Ambassador Steinhardt had secured a former schoolhouse for his staff. From the outside it was a drab three-story building facing an unpaved street that was perpetually mud-filled. But there were forty small rooms in the building and no one had to share his room with more than one other. So dependent were we on small bits of gossip to keep from becoming completely intellectually moribund that a new chair or a curtain wangled somehow by an embassy staff member was excuse enough for a party with vodka, salami and bologna to add to our gaiety.

Life was almost normal in Kuibyshev although the streets were filled with uniforms and at dusk each day new recruits drilled in the big square, with searchlights atop the magnificent palace of culture bathing them in pale light. Children, quite unaware that their country is fighting for her life, still learned their A B C's in the elementary schools. One of the most interesting features of Kuibyshev was the *Detsky Saf* on our main street, a nursery kindergarten where children of workingwomen were brought in the morning and where they remained under skilled supervision until the mothers called for them at the end of the day's work. Seen through big plate-glass windows, the sight of fifty clean, happy youngsters playing with dolls or toys was an antidote for less pleasant sights.

### Lining up for a Bath

I have mentioned the virtual lack of bathtubs in Kuibyshev. The British embassy had two and the American embassy four, two of which worked. But there were the public baths. You had to wait in line for a long time to be accommodated there, for 5,000 people a day used them. We never bothered, we found that the daily baths we were once accustomed to, though a pleasant affectation and a rather nice luxury, were neither necessary to health or comfort. One gets quite accustomed to going two weeks without a bath.

The public baths afforded us some amusement. One day I saw three ambassadors (Mohammed Saed of Persia, Haidar Atkar of Turkey, General Tatekawa of Japan) and three ministers (Pipinellis of Greece, Fierlinger of Czechoslovakia and Gavrilovitch of Yugoslavia) standing forlornly in line waiting for their turn to dip into the communal tub.

Kuibyshev was so swollen with unexpected visitors that we walked in the streets as a matter of course, trying hard to keep up a pretense of normality. Twice weekly there was a musical comedy at the local theater, and the Kuibyshev ballet company, inferior to the great Bolshoi Ballet of Moscow but still perhaps better than any ballet in America or Britain, rendered Don Quixote, gayest of all ballets.

Such diversions took our minds off




THURSTON GENTRY

the slaughter going on seven hundred miles west of us; they took our minds off the constant battle with the press bureau, by far the toughest censorship in the world. We tried desperately to get to the front and, failing that, to Moscow, but had no success. We almost made it, though. We persuaded a Russian playwright, Afinogenov, to intercede for us. He obtained permission to go to Moscow, where he was to see military authorities who might grant us permission to get out of what amounts to exile. He left despite the fact that his new play Mashenka was to open here the night after he left. When the curtain went up on Mashenka at eight-thirty that night he had an appointment somewhere else. At eight-thirty that night he was killed by a bomb in Moscow.

The main street of Kuibyshev is pleasant enough. It is wide and well paved and until the black-out was ordered recently it was well lighted. It is Main Street in the only city for fifty miles around. Rather incredibly, a dozen manicure and hairdressing establishments are located on Main Street and they did a land-office business until midnight. Sometimes there was a line of a hundred women waiting for their turns. Even the ancient waitresses who serve us at the Grand had immaculately manicured nails and waved coiffures. Twenty-five years ago only ten per cent of the people of Russia wore shoes. Today, except for refugees from ruined cities, they are warmly and well-enough dressed and they yearn for the minor luxuries denied them for so many generations. The crowded hairdressing rooms reflected this feeling.

Kuibyshev, hitherto obscure, really came into glory last November 7th, on Soviet Russia's most important anniversary. The Soviet Union was twenty-four years old on that day and, although Stalin remained in the Kremlin and reviewed troops in Red Square, the main celebration took place in Kuibyshev. The day was cold. Clouds too numb to move hung low against a dull, sullen sky. Twenty thousand troops massed in Kuibyshev Square and the great men appeared on the platform to review them as they marched by. Little Kalinin, president of the U.S.S.R., was there, plucking at his thin beard with cold hands. Vishinsky, Oumansky and Litvinoff were there, and even the great Marshal Voroshiloff had come from the front to review the Red army.

They paraded by with their tanks and their artillery and you didn't have to be Russian to feel a pride in these grim-faced fighting men. They did not look like men who had been beaten. They did not look like men who would ever be beaten.

The river boats still tie up to the docks on the banks of the Volga. Once they brought grain and traders who bartered shawls and shoes for food or kopeks. Today they unload pitiful groups of refugees and it was difficult to spend more than an hour watching them emerge from the badly overc boats. The misery in the he these elderly men and women w come from destroyed front-line shows in their dull, lusterless Nearly all of them have lost relatives at the front and to th is over. They squatted apathetic their belongings, mud oozing t their broken shoes and when it they neither move nor seek cove

Now and then one would tal who had come from the south little as she told of the nights of ing which preceded the German tion of her village. The bombin her daughter; her two sons had been killed at the front. Her h fire, she rescued what she cou waited outside. She couldn't r was too numb. The Germans can the very old like herself were le Germans had no use for them. ing to their well-established they had immediately searche house in the town for food and h fixed up the biggest house for brothel. By now the front had g ther on toward Moscow, and th second-line village. Then ca miserable Polish and Czech won had been used by the Germa ever since the occupation of tho tries. The Nazi high comman its soldiers to be happy.

### A Story that Persists

It was an old tale heard a times before. Its accuracy ca doubted. Hoping to win favor natives of occupied Russia, t mans have left the Soviet won sonably alone. Invariably they their female prisoners of war t the troops. The stories of refug front-line towns were very se detail. But always, even tho towns were separated by 500 mil was always the story of the women of Poland and Czechos Army morale must be maintain

The stories that recently fre tell are not pretty either. I spok one day: a doctor, a schoolm accountant and an engineer. pitifully thin but each, despite years of Russian prisons, ha teered to join General Ander Only one of them broke down ing his story. The accountant, a man with a thin beard, sudden to cry. I think it was because with a Polish general—gave h rettes and lit them and called ter. Then he wiped his tears a his tattered sleeve and apolog is the first time in more than tw he said, "that I have shown a ness."

"And now?" I asked him.

"And now I hope I will enough to kill some Germans, grimly.

This, then, was Kuibyshe was boredom here among t spondents and the diplomats. almost unbelievable misery a refugees. There were hunger ease, and the great venerated the party and government w There was everything except defeatism. Not even the mo able, numbed refugee waiting hours to get a bowl of soup an bread would admit that the slightest chance of Germany ing this vast country. And nothing but universal admi Stalin, the man who stayed in Timoshenko and Budenny a shiloff were almost household and every man, woman and ch Volga city knew that they wo tually be victorious. This, Kuibyshev, rather magnifice shabbiness.

## Alder Gulch

Continued from page 51

her hair against the lamplight oundness of her shoulder points straight line of her body. Her e cool. She wasn't smiling and she seemed still to be judging finding him wanting. But she come in."

ered the shop and then he did which, when she came to think typical of him; he reached out d the door so that he would not d to sudden attack. That kind on and self-defense never left life had been violent for so it was an unconscious reaction. very tall in the room and he tly shaved and his face had a compounded of all his outdoor his eyes were dense blue and cbones stood high and pro- against his skin. He had on a rown trousers and a miner's double-breasted shirt. Sud- reached up and removed his e unexpectedly smiled, so that lean formidableness left him s a man she liked—and wished continue to like forever.

he said, "this is it?"

she said, "I found my place."

doing all this by yourself?"

have a baker to help me. You ove?"

long, black restaurant range, its travels through this coun- he was obviously very proud coffee pot simmered on it, re- her of a hospitable gesture. to a cupboard and brought , and poured coffee for him; im a piece of pie. "You're an when I saw you last."

the pie. He said, "You're a , Diana."

ed to cook when I was a little me thought came to him, its ion showing on his face; when aware of it she dropped her ure of how she should feel toward this man who had so desperately hurt her. But a moment later she brought her eyes back to him; and this was the way they stood over a long moment, no longer smiling, but reading each other until at last memory darkened her expression. She was thinking as he was thinking—of the night he had kissed her.

"You're happy here?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm useful. I'm alive. I am doing something." She shrugged her shoulders and changed the subject: "I suppose you know I have taken Lily Beth for a while. We have a cabin on Wallace Street."

"Where's her mother?"

"I haven't asked. But I suspect Mr. Temperton took Lily Beth away from her."

HE MOVED restlessly around the room. She watched him, knowing him better than he knew himself. He was a man out of joint with himself, with great feeling and great wants imprisoned within the walls of his own black discipline. He was like a boiler with no outlet; one day the boiler would burst and he would destroy himself. The thought of it brought a trace of pity to her face, and then she was startled to hear him speak her name in an odd way. "Diana," he said, and looked as though he wished to crush her, or kiss her. He had his hands behind him and he was so near to her that she saw her own reflection in his eyes. She stood fast, remembering that she had once offered this man everything and that he had misjudged her, yet almost ready to forgive him for all the hurt he had caused her.

Somebody tapped lightly on the door, and Will Temperton pushed it before him. He saw them and he said in his cool voice: "Sorry. Hadn't meant to intrude."

Pierce turned about. "No intrusion,"



"This is nothing. At camp we do this for 20 miles with a full pack on our backs!"


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he said as short and hard as he could speak the words.

Temperton inclined his head. He said, "I only wondered if there was anything you wished me to get for Lily Beth, Diana."

"No," said Diana. "There's nothing in town for her. We'll wait until Dance and Stuart's wagons come over from Salt Lake."

"Yes," said Temperton, "I suppose. Be sure and buy whatever you need." He gave Pierce the straight and sharp look of one who had his judgments but held them back, and turned out of the shop.

Pierce wheeled to Diana and then she saw everything had changed between them and her hope of goodness to come went away. It was in the new way he looked at her. He smiled a little, but it was a smile that came through the risen clouds of that old mistrust. For a moment he had forgotten; now he remembered and she was clearly aware of what he thought and what he felt about her. She waited for him to speak and then had her great shock. He took a step to her and closed her into his long arms and kissed her.

She held herself still until she knew from what terrible frame of mind he had acted; thereafter, more outraged than she had ever known herself to be, more deeply hurt and inexpressibly ashamed, she pushed him away. She lifted both hands and struck his chest and forced him across the room until his shoulders hit the door, and she flung her full anger at him, "Don't come back—don't ever come back!"

Had she been less angry she would have pitied him again for the self-hatred he showed at the moment. He said in a completely dead tone, "I am sorry," and left the room.

HE WENT along Wallace Street with his head lowered, a man furious at his own folly; he used his arms to push a way through the crowd. The Pantheon was across the street and he turned over and entered the dance hall. There was no vacant space at the bar but he made a place by driving his shoulder between a pair of men, sliding them aside. He put both arms on the bar and waited for the bottle to come; and he took his drink. The music stopped and partners promenaded and he heard the laughter of the girls beside him.

"What's wrong, Jeff?"

Lil stood by, smiling at him. She had a partner but she turned her back to the partner and watched Pierce.

"Nothing," he said.

"Nothing," she said, "is everything. How long have you been up the creek working?"

"Two weeks."

"That's what's wrong."

"Why?" he said, and for the first time seemed to take interest in her.

She said, "If men could live alone do you suppose there would be women like me in places like this?"

"Why should you be here, Lil? I always wondered."

"Don't ask foolish questions."

"No," he said. "I won't."

He led her to the bar after the dance. She watched him take his whisky and she watched its effect on him. "But don't drink too much, will you?"

"No," he said, "I won't," and watched her go away with another miner. He helped himself to a final drink and paid for it; as he turned from the bar he discovered Rube Ketchum at the hall's doorway, looking in—looking at him.

Ketchum immediately turned back into the street. Pierce started toward the door and came against a man directly in his path. He pushed the man aside, walked straight through the dancing couples and shoved his way to the door. When he got outside he saw Ketchum at that moment passing into Tanner's, whereupon he left the walk, ducked around a six-horse team and reached Tanner's.

When in Virginia City, George Ives usually held out at Tanner's, invariably standing at the far end of the bar wherefrom he commanded a view of the crowd and the doors. Ketchum, hurrying into the saloon, spotted Ives and shoved through the crowd. "He's on my trail, George. He's coming."

Ives' mind was of the sort that seized upon chance like a trap. He said at once, "Go halfway down the bar. Just stand there. Don't look at him." He pushed Ketchum away with a hand and thereafter wheeled on Steve Marshland and Frank Parrish who were near him. "Move around the room." Then he looked through the crowd until he caught Jack Gallegher's attention, and nodded. Gallegher stepped back against the far wall.

Pierce came into Tanner's and immediately located Ketchum. The man was at the bar, drinking, but he faced the back bar mirror and so had a view of his rear. Pushing forward, Pierce found a spot near Ketchum and signaled for a bottle and glass and meanwhile took time to consider his surroundings. He located Ives and he spotted both Gallegher and Steve Marshland, but at the moment he thought nothing of them. Ollie Rounds, he discovered, was bucking a faro game, and Temperton dealt at a middle table. Ben Scoggins was just then entering the saloon; he discovered Pierce and moved over.

He said, cheerfully, "Shook yourself loose from the diggin's, I notice."

A pair of men left the bar, so that now Pierce and Ketchum were side by side. Ben turned to occupy the vacant place and showed a small surprise when Pierce cut in front of him, crowding against Ketchum. His shoulder rammed Ketchum's shoulder, whereupon Ketchum spread his legs and braced himself against the pressure. Still, he did not look directly at Pierce. He raised his whisky glass and when he did so Pierce gave him a full shove which spilled the liquor; that aggression forced Ketchum against the tight rank of men at the bar and someone down the line said irritably, "What the hell's the matter up there?"

Scoggins asked, "What's up, Jeff?"

"Nothing," said Pierce. "Just pushing a ——," and he used one unmentionable phrase on Ketchum, "out of the way."

Ketchum slid beyond the reach of Pierce's shoulders. He held both arms on the bar and he continued [illegible] the big man through the back-l[illegible] with a cautious and wooden e[illegible] This seemed strange to Ben but as he looked around the [illegible] noticed Ives and certain oth[illegible] now watching the play he th[illegible] knew how things moved. [illegible] near Pierce, murmuring, "You[illegible] pocket."

Ollie Rounds had turned [illegible] faro game to observe, where[illegible] Scoggins made a signal with [illegible] which Ollie acknowledged by [illegible] est dip of his head. Jack Gall[illegible] strolled over the room to [illegible] side. "How's things going, [illegible] said. "Everything all right?"

Pierce idly turned and [illegible] Ketchum in the ribs with the [illegible] his elbow. Ketchum flinc[illegible] backed away, at last direct[illegible] Pierce.

"Cut it out," he said.

"When you come to see m[illegible] Pierce, "come during the day[illegible]

"What's that?" asked Ketc[illegible]

GALLEGHER remained t[illegible] of Ketchum, silently back[illegible] dull, black-witted man. He [illegible] Pierce quite closely but at [illegible] glance lifted to the far end [illegible] Ben Scoggins turned his atten[illegible] what lay there and when he [illegible] Ives at the bar's end he gre[illegible] ingly troubled. He put his [illegible] Gallegher and he steppe[illegible] Ketchum and stood beside [illegible] at once drawing the deputy' stare. "What the hell you do [illegible] he grunted.

"Nothing—nothing at all," [illegible] Ben. "But I've got a forty-f[illegible] pocket."

"Take your dime out of this [illegible] go back to your store. You'll [illegible]

Scoggins grinned at the dep[illegible] not a full grin and not an ent[illegible] one but it covered, he hope[illegible] and trembling excitement in [illegible] stuck to his position. Ollie [illegible] noticed from the corner of [illegible] hadn't moved from the faro t[illegible] closely watched Pierce, and [illegible] in the saloon was also watch[illegible] quarrel by now was clear to [illegible]

Ketchum meanwhile seem[illegible] an answer to his problem, for [illegible] at Pierce and said, "You g[illegible] Pierce."

He had not quite finish[illegible] Pierce batted him across the [illegible] his open palm. Ketchum [illegible] teeth, shut his eyes and lung [illegible] with both arms wide flung li[illegible]



"It isn't sturdy enough. Christmas morning I expect to find a set of foxes hanging from it"

BARBA

rce seized one arm and wheeled ainst Ketchum; he pulled s arm over his shoulder and he d gave a sharp twist. Ketchum l came off his feet and plunged out into the center floor, roll- t the edge of the crowd, and layers at the near-by poker ambled away, kicking their de. Ketchum started to rise far as his knees when Pierce zed a poker table and smashed tchum, sending the man down he rim of the table struck on the head and when he e lay without motion.

er called, "Pierce, I've got to gun—"

ggins, who had never moved the deputy, now murmured, and stay out of this." Gal- ung on him, furious at the en's smile was a smaller and ease on his freckled face, but hand in his pocket, snugged e forty-four he said he car- and he met Gallegher's blis- ce and held the deputy out r.

ll he could do and he feared enough, for Steve Marshland ross to the main door and it, and Frank Parrish sifted e crowd, and Ives called out, alone, Pierce."

aid, "Don't send him after me rge."

nt him after you?" challenged at would I do that for?"

n Scoggins saw how it was e. Ives and Ives' friends had led Pierce into Tanner's and he trap would close. Mean- Rounds stood alone by the faro rig, all other players reated to the wall, and Ollie nd watched and showed no ves' entrance into the scene ed the atmosphere for the hat men began to drift toward back door and leave the d Dutch John Wagner ap- n somewhere and took stand, watching Pierce. Ben Scog- g the increase of pressure, oving his glance from Gal- g enough to cast a question- t Pierce, wondering if Pierce horough danger he faced. The ontinued to watch Ives with ttention, seeming not to know der fire from Wagner, from from Parrish.

id, "Don't lie, George."

ROUNDS, standing at the , abruptly reached down and cased cards and threw them . He kicked at them with his stepped across the room un- ehind Pierce, between Pierce n. He kept going until he had de Parrish. Here he stopped.

d watched this, now fully si- Ives and Pierce faced each s the room. Sweat cracked en Scoggins' skin and the the back of his neck began es began to laugh in a hard, his fair skin turned florid and ad bright, dancing points in u're calling me names, you fourflusher. Come on, we'll n your liver is—"

a gesture with his shoulder s, now forgetting Gallegher, John Wagner stiffen and ull. Scoggins yelled, "Look " But Pierce had seen this up his gun and fired and utch John off his feet. The ed the four walls of Tanner's; nd there dropped flat on the ce ran at Ives, flat-footed. moving from the bar's end, erce and ceased to smile, and ed. Dutch John started to shout and thresh on the floor. "My shoulder's bleedin'! Where's Steele—get Steele!" Nobody seemed to hear him.

Pierce stopped within arm's reach of Ives. Scoggins, hard-pressed to keep up with the swift onrush of this scene, got to wondering why it was that Ives had not tried to draw, and why it was that Steve Marshland, unguarded at the door, had not entered the play. Again taking his attention from Jack Gallegher, he looked back at the door and saw Jim Williams standing in it, quiet and bulky and very watchful, and freezing Marshland out of action by his presence.

Scoggins heard Pierce say, "You still think this is fun, George? I told you to let me alone." Then he did something that made Scoggins wince. He lifted his gun so rapidly that Ives had no time for defense and he smashed the barrel down on Ives' head and dropped the man senseless to the floor. Immediately he whirled around to face Parrish and Marshland. He saw Gallegher, and called, "What did you start to say, Jack?"

"We've got no quarrel," Gallegher immediately answered.

"Get out of my sight."

Gallegher wheeled in quick obedience toward the door. Scoggins now joined Pierce, and Jim Williams turned, and these three followed Gallegher out; they watched Gallegher fade into Van Buren. Williams said, "You pushed that hard, Jeff."

"Yes," said Pierce. Sound began to rise from Tanner's and Dutch John Wagner shouted, "Get Steele, somebody—"

Williams murmured, "Ives will bear it in mind."

"I expect so," agreed Pierce. He said, to both of them, "Thanks," and turned down Wallace.

BY SEPTEMBER Alder Gulch was staked out solidly and the steady stream of newly arrived were pushing into adjoining gulches and deeper into the Rocky Chain. A. J. Oliver and Peabody and Caldwell had their stage lines established from Virginia City through Bannack and on to Salt Lake. Bummer Dan McFadden, living on handouts, was one day ejected from a saloon. Aimlessly wandering, Bummer Dan struck a borrowed pick into a discarded claim and discovered the richest bar in the Gulch. Flour went up to seventy dollars a sack. In the hill cemetery slept a growing company of men violently come to death. Idaho Street appeared in Virginia and the camp jumped Daylight Creek. The Virginia Hotel went up, and Pfouts and Russell's store, Dance and Stuart's store, the Planter's Hotel and the Peoples' Theater. Wood replaced log and canvas here and there and presently Virginia was a solid town.

A man named Fields was killed back of Tanner's for nothing more valuable than a two-dollar nugget on his watch chain. Harry Morphy, a miner with a thousand-dollar stake, set out from Virginia City to Salt Lake and vanished entirely. Two roughs killed a third rough in broad daylight between Daly's and Dempsey's, under view of twenty people, and rode slowly away. Late summer's heat struck the Tobacco Root Mountains and poured into the Gulch and tempers grew hotter all along Alder, and the roughs more openly predatory, and Virginia went into its full swing so that it had its man for breakfast every morning.

A tough stood up two miners at dusk on Daylight Grade and relieved them of a joint thirty dollars. "Gentlemen," said the tough, "next time I brace you, have more money in your possession or I will kill you."

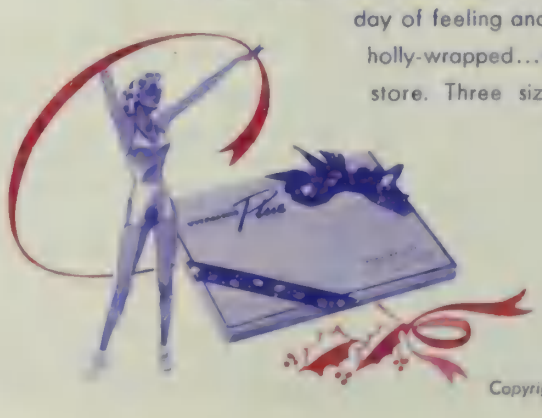
A. J. Oliver came up the Gulch one




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morning in the middle of September to talk to Pierce.

"I need a driver on tomorrow's run. Harry German's sick. You've handled the ribbons, I understand."

"All right," said Pierce.

Oliver said, "Cap Boyd is booked to ride the stage. He's carrying twenty-five-hundred dollars in dust. Nobody knows of it, but it might leak out. Freight outfit left Bannack two days ago for Salt Lake. I had intended sending Barney Morris' money by them but I got word that the Innocents were watching, so I didn't. That wagon train was held up last night."

Pierce said, "Then it won't be held up again. If I drive the stage through tomorrow I'll hit Bannack after dark. I'll eat supper. Now if I could have a horse waiting somewhere on the edge of town, and if I could get that money I'd ride after the freight outfit, hand them the dust—and it would be safe enough."

Oliver said, "I'll go to Bannack tonight. Your horse will be waiting in a shed at the end of the street, that last shed on the road to Horse Prairie. I'll get Barney Morris' money and carry it to the shed. There's some two-by-four stringers that hold the shed rafters together, and some planks thrown on top of the two-by-fours. You get into the shed and reach up and you'll find the bags in a leather cantina on the planks."

"All right."

Oliver said, "Joe Gallup is head man in that freight outfit. Give the money to him."

Oliver had remained outside the range of Pierce's fire and had kept his voice down. Now he looked around him, closely eying the shadows and long listening. "Stage pulls out from the hotel at five," he said, and went away.

PIERCE let his fire die and sat in the darkness, engaged in his practical thoughts; and in a short while he went over to Archie Caples' fire. "Archie," he said, "I'm weary of working and I'm going to take a trip in the Tobacco Roots. If I don't show up on the third day, maybe you'd work my claims."

"Sure," said Caples. But he grinned a little at Pierce, by which Pierce understood Caples' skepticism. In these hills and in this camp nothing was what it seemed to be. Caution was on them all. Pierce returned to his cabin in the side canyon, dug his gold pouches out of a sack of beans, and moved down the Gulch. He slipped between Virginia's tent rows, skirted the black wall of The Pantheon and so came to Dance and Stuart's store. At this hour it was crowded, but he caught W. B. Dance's eye and led him back toward the office.

"Like to leave my dust in your safe," he said.

Dance took Pierce's poke, wrote Pierce's name on a slip of paper and stuffed it into the neck of the poke. The safe stood in a corner, its door ajar. When Dance pulled the door back Pierce saw the layers of other pouches on the safe's bottom. "Young fortune there," he said.

"That gives you the idea," said Dance wryly. "Some day we'll have to run the scoundrels out."

Pierce said, "Who's going to start that?"

"There's enough honest men to do it any time."

"Takes something better than honesty," Pierce answered. "The meek will never inherit Alder." He made his way back through the crowd, through the aisles of sacked goods and kerosene and canned peaches, past the shelves of shirts and trousers and supplies. Clubfoot George sat in one corner, stooped over his shoemaker's last. He looked at Pierce and showed his sharp curiosity. He said, "Evenin', Pierce," and got Pierce's nod.

Pierce had a drink at the Senate and loitered a little while watching a poker game, and turned down Wallace Street. He met Ollie and stopped for a chat. He said, "I'm going to have a little fun tomorrow and drive stage," and moved on. The lights of Diana's bakery fanned through an open door. He saw her standing behind a counter and he stood at the edge of the walk, hard in thought, with the rankling memory of their last scene reviving, with some of its suspicion and its wonder coming back. Then, head down, he plowed his way through the crowd and returned up the Gulch.

CAP BOYD was a jolly man who, having made his stake in the Gulch, now prepared to depart from the scenes of his adventure. He had imposed strict secrecy upon himself and upon his friends, well knowing that any man who rode the stage to Bannack with twenty-five-hundred dollars of gold dust in his belt was powerful bait for the Innocents. But still he was a jolly man and accordingly gathered his few chosen friends around him in the Senate for a last round of drinks.

That last round became an endless circle which, begun in the Senate, moved on to the Pony, thence to the Alcazar and at last near midnight ended in Tanner's. By that time the group of friends had grown into a young crowd and somewhere near the shank of the evening Gallegher joined him for the inevitable "Just one more drink, boys, before I leave." Cap shook hands warmly with Gallegher and mentioned the sorrow he felt upon departing from the Gulch, which had been so good to him; and the last thing he remembered was his friends supporting him through the doorway of the Virginia hotel, all of them singing one of the less respectable versions of John Brown.

Gallegher detached himself from Cap's party at Tanner's and sauntered to the back room, to be presently joined by Ives and Marshland. Clubfoot George later came in. Clubfoot said, "Pierce left his dust in Dance's safe."

"So," said Ives, and drew a long breath of smoke from his cigar. He squinted at the ceiling. "That's a giveaway, I think. Harry German's sick, so he won't be driving. I happen to know Oliver once asked Pierce to drive relief."

"Might be," said Gallegher. "I just found out Cap Boyd's going out on that stage. He's got his dust in a money belt. It'll be around his belly."

"Should be sizable," said Ives, and began to make his plans. "Steve and I will ride down tonight. We'll b somewhere beyond the Beaver a draw, about halfway to We'll stop the stage there." F a careful man, and one who to spike all chances, he impro the idea: "I'll have Bob Zach Dempsey's roadhouse. He'll there as a passenger and ride driver. When Steve and I sho the Gulch, Zachary can throv being scared and put on a nice us. If the driver tries to draw can nudge against him. preten scared, and spoil his aim."

"Might be a crowd inside th put up a fight," suggested Ma

"We need another man rid as passenger. I'll find som that." He looked at Clubfo hear who else is booked on t

"Pfouts is going through. D who else."

"Pfouts could be tough," "But I think he's too old a ha a fight with the odds agains he does the other fellow we p coach can act scared, too, a talk Pfouts out of it. All righ

HE TURNED to the main Ollie Rounds, and walk street with him. "Steve and I ling the stage beyond the B tomorrow. Need a man to g Adobetown tonight and go o senger when it comes throu passengers get tough, you' scared. Or to be practical ab talk them out of shooting. Bo will get on at Dempsey's and the driver—doing the same t

Ollie said, idly, "Don't wa Virginia tonight, George."

Ives, who was a ladies' n to quick conclusions. He "Woman?"

Rounds smiled. "I never the ladies, George."

"One of those ex-gentlem you?"

Ollie quit smiling. "That' ness."

"Don't get sore," said Ive lost the light on his cigar an time to ignite it. He mo Baker's stable and later riding to Van Buren and di Ollie Rounds stood fast, still indifferent. Rube Ketchum other side of the street—and watching him out of dull, nev eyes. After a while Marshla legher came from the sal men spoke to him, Gallegh Gallegher said, "Good luck,




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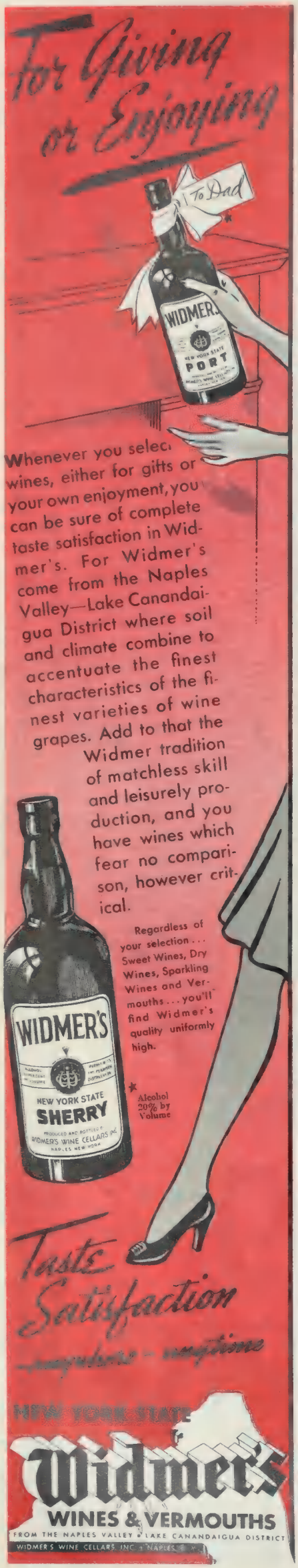
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Marshland nodded and went away. Presently he too rode into Van Buren.

"You know what's up?" asked Gallegher.

"Yes."

Gallegher laughed, short and unamused, finding pleasure in the retribution to come. "If Pierce is driving, he'll be a dead man by tomorrow night," and strolled on.

Ollie Rounds lighted a cigar and, as he cupped the match to the cigar's point, he took this opportunity to scan the far walk, where Rube Ketchum had been. Rube was out of sight, but Rube would still be watching. The man had that constant suspicion, that never-forgetting streak of brutal patience. Rounds crushed the match between his fingers and he tipped his head and watched the black night sky. Nick Tibault came by and said, "Hello, Mr. Rounds," and stopped to look in at Tanner's.

"Go in and have some fun," suggested Ollie. "You work too hard."

Young Tibault shook his head. "Anna wouldn't like it," he said, and turned from temptation.

Somewhere Rube Ketchum hid himself and watched with his small red-rimmed eyes. Rounds left his place by the saloon wall and moved along Wallace in pacing slowness. He came to Van Buren, teetered at the walk's edge for a full three minutes as a wholly idle man might, crossed over and returned on the opposite walk of the street, turning into Diana Castle's bakery.

Diana was at the moment waiting on a miner. Rounds waited until the miner had gone, and looked into the rear of the shop to be sure the baker was gone. "I'm in need of a couple doughnuts, Diana," he said.

"How would you like a cup of coffee to go with them?"

She had always liked him, he thought; she had never seen through him. "Just the doughnuts," he said. He brought out a half dollar but Diana shook her head. "We came upriver together, Ollie. So this is on the house."

"Stick by your friends, don't you?"

"Yes."

He said quietly, "Jeff's driving Oliver's stage to Bannack in the morning. It will be held up beyond the Beaverhead. They're laying for him particularly. I can't go to Jeff—I'm being spotted. But I'll find Ben Scoggins. I'll tell him to come here. Have him warn Jeff not to make that trip." He put the doughnuts into his pocket, noticing the flare of real fear in her eyes. As he went out he thought of this. There was something wrong between Diana and Jeff, and it was now odd to find that she had any feeling for the long-legged tough man up the Gulch.

IT WAS near midnight then, with the crowd thinning out and the stores closing one by one. Rounds had meant to cut in behind Scoggins' store and take the rear door, but when he got to Idaho Street he saw Scoggins come out, lock up his store, and walk away. Rounds crossed the street and so moved up behind Scoggins. He murmured, "Go see Diana," and turned across the street, circling back to Tanner's. He put himself at the bar and took a pair of whiskies straight, afterward joining a late game at Will Temperton's table.

Scoggins had a drink and a bite of lunch in the Senate and then went to Diana's, there waiting for her to close shop. They walked along Wallace Street, toward her cabin. "Where's Lily Beth?"

"Sleeping."

"You know," he said, "the only time I ever saw her smile was when she saw you. That little girl was scared of something."

"And starved for something. She's just a little girl. She has needed a lot of love."

"Wonder," he said, "what her mother was like. This fellow Temperton loves her, but he never seems to show it. Mighty strange."

"There are a lot of strange things in the world, Ben."

He was an observant young man and he had a big heart. Now he offered her a piece of advice: "Some day you'll have to give up Lily Beth. That will hurt. Don't get too fond of her."

They were at her cabin. She turned to him, saying, "You're rather wise. But how can you stop being fond of anyone?"

"I guess," he said, "that's right," and looked at her with a great deal of thought. "You get tied up, and that's it. Maybe in Lily Beth, maybe in someone else."

"Ben," she said, her voice going away from him, "don't make too many guesses."

"Ah," he said, and grinned. He was a big bland-tempered man with a shock of blond hair; nothing appeared to trouble him too much. He had a way of hanging on without seeming to hang on. He was a man with always a soft answer; but behind the soft answer was a bulldog tenacity. "What was it you were to tell me? Ollie was mighty secret about it."

"Tell Jeff not to drive the stage tomorrow. It is to be held up beyond the Beaverhead."

"Didn't know he was driving for Oliver," said Scoggins. He had the kind of mind which took first things first, so that now it was the fact of Pierce's driving the stage which interested him. "Must have gotten weary of working like a horse and living like a hermit. Jeff can't do anything by halves. All of everything or nothing of nothing. So he digs until he's sick of it, then he's ready for a bust." He spoke this in his easy, idle way and meanwhile watched her with his shrewd eyes, interested in her expression. She saw it and gently rebuffed him: "Ben—you're not very subtle."

"I can try to be, can't I?" he said. "Can't stop a man from wondering how tough it would be if he tried his own luck."

"It's Jeff we're talking about."

"Not much danger for a driver in a holdup, Diana. It is a kind of road-agent rule—to let the driver alone." his mind, marching methodica point to point, reached a mor tant fact: "But he isn't just The toughs have marked his They'll knock him over."

"Yes," said Diana, "that's it

He gave her another of glances and he saw the way her leaped ahead to that possible Jeff's destruction. She stood worried.

Ben said, "It will do no good him of the holdup. I couldn't from making the ride. You kn don't you?"

"I know. He would listen He would smile and thank nothing in the world would from going to Bannack."

"That's a streak in him. why?"

"Why," she said, "the thing hates is force. As far as Jeff cerned the world is a brute break him. It is a challenge meet."

"Why should a man be so to it?"

"If you knew his past you stand."

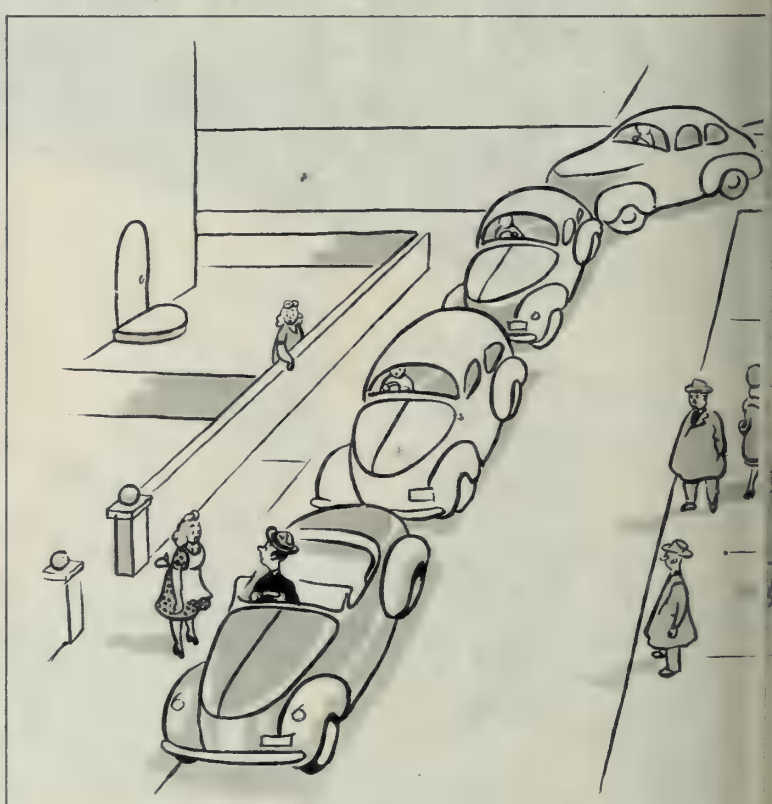
Having patiently plodded through the problem, Scogg reached the last strange part stood with his chin dropped, easy and honest man explorin alleys of human behavior. "F to you, Diana, that it is migh how Ollie should know a holdup?"

"I AM afraid for Ollie," she said nothing more. Lifting he caught her expression; an the two was a common thoug moment. They both had their s and shared them, so that now knew that their suspicions Ben's reaction was to say, " if Jeff didn't know it was told us. He likes Ollie. Hat that."

"We all like Ollie," said Di is what makes it so sad."

"Maybe," said Scoggins, w bottom very kind, "I ought t Ollie."

"Nothing you say would He's like Jeff in that resp



"It's quite a tale, dear—I ran out of gas, the fellow behind gave me a push, then he ran out of gas, then . . ."

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eet he remembered the way
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Scoggins watched him in a
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ked down on Zachary and
uble. He climbed from the
coach to stamp his feet around the yard. He said, "I'm too damned sick to go any farther."

Bob Zachary was a young man with mustache and goatee. He had a wide mouth and a heavy chest. He stood by, eying Cap Boyd all this while and saying nothing. Boyd looked at Zachary and shook his head. "I'm layin' over until the next coach," he said, and started for Daly's roadhouse. But he pulled up and gave Daly's a sudden glance and reconsidered his decision. "No," he added, "might as well go on," and climbed inside the coach. Scoggins started for the near coach wheel, intending to sit beside Pierce, but Zachary was before him. "I'll ride up," he said, and jumped to the seat.

"All right," Scoggins said, "I don't care. By the way, Jeff, I've got a new shotgun. If you hear me blazin' away at jackrabbits think nothing of it. Want to try this thing out."

He got into the coach and closed the door and Pierce set the horses into a run, now skirting the Stinkingwater and meanwhile wondering why Scoggins, who had never to his knowledge cared much about guns, should be packing the weapon. It was out of the way and accordingly caught Pierce's full interest. He thought about it from Daly's to Cold Springs Ranch.

One mile beyond Cold Springs Ranch he paused at Baker's and sat on the box while the relay man changed horses. He forded the Stinkingwater, came upon Dempsey's ranch and halted for a passenger—a very long and loose-jointed man with a tobacco-stained beard and a pair of bright, close-set eyes. Cap Boyd groaned when the new man crowded into the coach.

The road climbed the yellow ruts from the Stinkingwater valley, arrived at Summit and undulated forward through long, barren miles of rolling country. Day's sun burned down and the thin air fanned dryly against the skin, and the brake handle, when Pierce touched it, was uncomfortably hot. Scoggins, he thought, was not a man for extra conversation and Scoggins had gone out of his way to explain that he wanted to fire the gun from the coach. Scoggins was also sufficiently experienced with the half-tamed brand of horses in the country to know that a gunshot would bolt the team. It was a foolish thing to do; and Scoggins was not a fool.

SUSPICION, never at any time fully asleep in him, now freely fed upon the small things that would not make a reasonable answer. The land before him pitched up and down in bare brown swells, and from his place on the seat he was able to look far out into the trough of those swells, wherein road agents might wait. The man beside him —this Bob Zachary whom he only casually knew—seemed nervous, and kept sliding on the seat, crowding into his, Pierce's, side.

Pierce said, "Where's your horse?"

"Lame," said Zachary.

"Two lame horses," Pierce murmured. "Get over on your own side of the seat."

Zachary moved over. After a while he said, "Well, the horse wasn't lame. Tell you the truth, I'm carrying a little money on me and I was afraid to ride through alone. The damned country is full of road agents." The sun was straight overhead but this Zachary pulled the brim of his hat over his eyes and half rose from his seat to scan the forward country. "What would you do if this thing was held up?"

"Haven't thought about it."

Zachary turned on him. "You wouldn't tough it out, would you?"

"Depends on how the play came up. I've done it before."

Zachary said, "Don't do it. You're up here broad as a barn. So am I."

*(To be continued next week)*









A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAG

# The Good Soldier

**By Pat Frank**

ILLUSTRATED BY
GILBERT DARLING

COL. WILLIAM McAVOY, of the War Planning Division, was walking through the lobby of his apartment house, headed for the hospital, when a messenger brought the orders. He would report at the Presidio, San Francisco, at noon Saturday, December 20th. He would sail December 20th. Halfway around the world, on a much-coveted string of islands, there was a delicate, detailed job that needed Col. McAvoy.

The messenger hurriedly saluted and departed, for the colonel's face looked bleak as a guardhouse wall. Outside, the colonel ground the War Department envelope into his hard, square fist and threw the balled paper to the ground so that it bounced. He retrieved the paper, for he was a neat and careful man, swore a bit, and then subsided. In times of national emergency there are things the Army cannot consider, and one of these is the welfare of motherless eight-year-old boys, strapped to a hospital bed at Christmas time.

Bill was on the fifth floor of the hospital, and the colonel caught Dr. Cullen as he stepped out of the elevator. "How's he doing?" the colonel asked.

"Not too good," the doctor admitted. "It's pretty hard on the youngster, being kept on his back constantly. He frets." The doctor looked at his watch. He was a big bone man, and an expensive one, and he didn't have much time to give to one small boy, the colonel knew. "If you could stay here with him all day, every day, and entertain him with Army stories, he'd be happy enough," he continued. "You're his hero, you know."

"I've been ordered away from Washington," the colonel said gloomily. "Far away. I have to leave here on the nineteenth, at the latest, if I go by plane. That's—by golly—that's next Friday."

"Any relative who can come here and be with him?" the doctor asked, suddenly concerned.

"I'm afraid not. There were only"—and the colonel hesitated, because when he spoke of Anne the loneliness returned and throbbed for days inside him—"the two of us."

"You'll have to do something about it," Dr. Cullen said. "You'll have to keep his spirit up. I had hoped he'd be out of here in another month, when that right thigh knits properly. Now, I'm not sure. It's not good for a child to be so alone. It's positively dangerous."

"I'll think of something," the colonel promised. "I'll have to." He marched to Bill's room, and Evans, the day nurse, who was slim and quite pretty, nodded and smiled and slipped down the hall to the nook where she had her cigarettes. Evans, the colonel suspected, wasn't interested in boys—not boys as young as Bill.

HE WAS a small, narrow mound under the covers, his hair astonishingly dark against the twin whiteness of face and pillow. "Hello, son," the colonel began. "What's new today?"

"Well, it won't be long till Christmas," Bill said confidently, and turned his head so that he could see, through the window, the upper floors of the big department store. They were gay with Christmas trappings already, and workmen were erecting a new sign along a cornice. "Do you know what I want for Christmas this year? I want an antiaircraft gun, like the ones we used to put nickels in."

"Well," the colonel said, "it might be arranged." He moved to the chair by the window, and lowered his frame into it. He put his hand on the bed, so that it rested on the boy's thin shoulder. "Bill," he began, "we've got to do some serious talking."

"All right," Bill said.

"You know what it is to be a good soldier, don't you?"

"I guess so."

"You know that you have to obey orders, and you have to keep your chin up and keep on fighting, whatever happens?"

"Sure."

"Well, Bill, we've both got to be good soldiers. I've been ordered to new duty."

The boy's eyes were wide and troubled. "Where?" he asked.

"I suppose it's a military secret," the colonel said, "but I can tell you because you're a soldier. It's the Philippines."

"Can't I go?"

"No, not yet. It's as if you were wounded in action, and couldn't go back to the front until you were well."

"I see," Bill said. He was looking at the red and green garlands draped from the department-store roof. "Of course you're not going until after Christmas. How soon is Christmas, anyway?" To a boy in the hospital the days are not named or numbered. Some are gray and hazy with pain and drugs, and some are bright without pain, but there is no estimating their passage.

The colonel sneezed, and rubbed his nose with his handkerchief to give himself time to think, and the idea sparkled, and the colonel thought, why not? "No, Bill, I'll be here Christmas," the colonel said. "I leave Christmas night. This year," he added firmly, "Christmas comes next Friday."

Organizing a particular, private Christmas for one small boy, the colonel discovered, was an adventure comparable to organizing an attack on a well-fortified position with a minimum force. Everything depended on preparation, timing, and secrecy.

The first thing to do, of course, was inform Evans. He had to be stern with Evans before she'd understand that it was part of a day nurse's duty to change the date of Christmas. Then there was Dr. Cullen, who thought it was a good plan, and promised his co-operation. The night nurse was informed by phone, and then the colonel fled back to the hospital, in panic, to slip dollar bills to

**Bill waited. Then hi ove**
**head he heard the hu of th**
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502-A Christmas was going to me
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He told General Daugherty ecau
General Daugherty's son was 's be
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IT SNOWED on the day be Bil
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seem to notice. The colonel ffen
and hoped that she'd rememb to ke
his secret after he was gone.

Finally, only the colonel a the b
were left in the room, and the ane
leaving in an hour. "Well," colo
said, "how did it go?"

"It was swell," Bill said.

"You'll be out in a month. u'll st
with the Daughertys a while nd th
I'll see if you can't come b to
front with me."

"Don't worry about me," said
a small voice, "I'll be all ri ." I
colonel was glad it was dusk that
could not see the tears he kn were
his son's eyes.

"I'll send you some stuff om
Philippines—maybe a Moro ife."

"That's swell!"

"Goodby, son."

"Goodby." Bill's voice s a
choked now. "Say, this was e swe
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Then the colonel was gon and
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now. Suddenly it glowed bri throu
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More Shopping Days Until istma
High overhead he heard the m of
westbound plane. He wonde whe
he had been a good soldier.

For "DOUBLE-RICH" Holidays give

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## THE "DOUBLE-RICH" BOURBON




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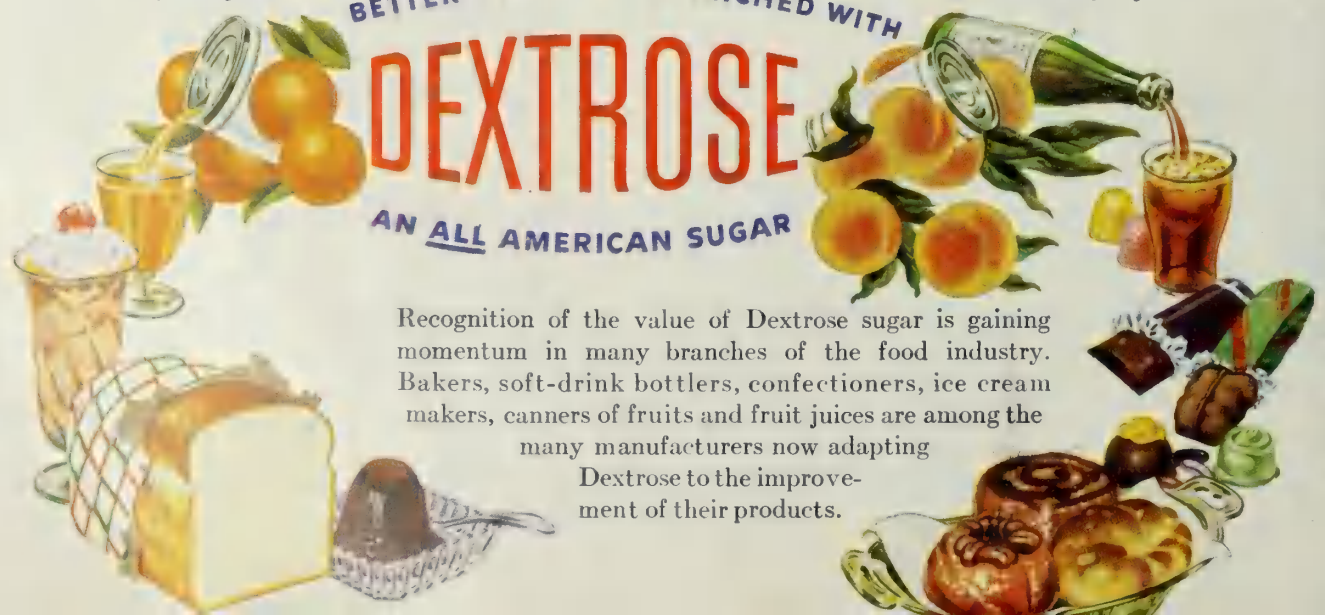
*While the baking industry ranks second in food processing (by dollars), it is *first* in the number of year-round wage earners, *first* in number of producing plants, *first* in wages paid. The baking business serves a three-fold function—it provides essential foods, it is an important employer of labor and a great buyer of equipment and farm commodities.

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# Stranger in the Park

Continued from page 21

d, "perhaps she didn't mark it to e; she may have been talking to the servants. Have you thought ?"

arently O'Neill had, though he did swer directly. How many serv- ere there?

brose," Mr. Carnes said. "My And the maids—three of those. e cook. Five."

e," O'Neill repeated. "Well, I 'll want to talk to them. Would l be out there now?"

" Mr. Carnes told him. "I'm Only Ambrose is with me at the it. The others are with Mrs. , at Seabright; we've a summer here, you know. I can phone to- if you like, and have them here ime tomorrow. Anything at all I to help—"

ill got up.

could do that, maybe. I'd like to em. Tomorrow afternoon, say. me around three?"

ee," Mr. Carnes agreed, not get- o himself until O'Neill looked lly at his watch. Mr. Carnes had raced for something more than or questions, tricky questions, or s even an attempt at bullying. e he got neither of those things began to feel dimly apprehen-

.N came up the hall stairs. arty," this man said, glancing at Mr. Carnes before he turned eill, "here's something, Marty. ndlady tells me—"

f a minute," O'Neill growled at im, iting stolidly then for Mr. Carnes o g A careful man, Mr. Carnes hou , nodding to them both and turn- ng t he door; not clever, just careful. Well Mr. Carnes was careful, too. He went ut to the landing. It was empty ow. he policeman, the one who had een unging there when Mr. Carnes ame p fifteen minutes ago, was gone— own airs, probably, for a breath of air.

Mr Carnes saw instantly what that mean He moved down a few steps, rml but stopped when his head was st low the level of the flooring. 'Ne might get careless now; O'Neill nigh believe the policeman was out here et, so that no one could possibly ster Even careful men sometimes— In e room over him the second man tid. A girl got the front apartment ere, Marty—right next door. The old il wnstairs finally calmed down ou to tell me that. See what that mean She heard what went on in here st r ht—she had to. These walls ain't th er than cardboard."

Mr Carnes, standing very still outside, with the skylight set above him like a great creamy bubble of blistering heat, did not worry himself about the girl. He knew all about her. Last night, on the phone, Rose had told him he needn't be afraid of anyone seeing him when he came; the girl on the floor with her, the only other tenant, would be out. At the hospital, visiting a sick friend.

"Suppose she wasn't in," O'Neill said, putting his finger on that, too. "You thought of that?"

"She was in, Marty—the landlady swears to it. She was gonna go out to City Hospital, to see someone she knew there; but after supper she got a headache, and put it off."

Put it off. Mr. Carnes thought. He did not move at all but his face changed a bit, his flesh whitened slowly around the cheekbones. She couldn't have put it off. Rose had told him, when he asked, that the girl was gone, that—

Perspiration dropped into his eyes. He thought of something else Rose had said bitterly, when she met him on the landing last night. Not like Jellicoe Road, not much like that here, is it, Mr. Roger Carnes? And the door to third-floor front had been open then, not because the girl was out, but because she had a headache, and wanted whatever breeze there was. She had heard that, the girl in the third-floor front—the name, the address, everything they needed.

He began to feel queer, empty and small inside.

O'Neill growled above him. "What's her name? Didn't you try to get hold of her?"

"Wilson. Marty—Carol Wilson. I called up the office where the landlady said she works, but it's closed for the day. And Friday night the landlady says she always stays downtown to have supper with the boy friend and see a movie. It'll be close to twelve before she shows up here again. Unless you want to hunt through the movies downtown for her."

O'Neill must have considered that for a moment. Then he said peevishly, "We might as well hang around here; she may be back early. I'm too hot right now to chase all over town after some little empty-head that won't know nothing at all."

Are you? Mr. Carnes thought, one hand gripped hard on the stair rail. Are you, my friend O'Neill? He moved down quickly and quietly, thinking of Carol Wilson. He knew what he had to do now, and he did not shrink from it.

She met Jimmy a little before six, in the crowded drugstore at the corner of Redwood and Pine. She should have been there half an hour before, but she had stopped to do some shopping on the way, and when she appeared now around the perfume counter Jimmy looked down resignedly at his watch.

"Not bad tonight," he said. "Not bad at all. I had a swell time standing here. I've been thinking what you'd do if I didn't wait. I've been thinking that next week—"

She wrinkled up her mouth at him. She wasn't worried about next week, she said; lately she'd had more than a suspicion that she was too good for him anyway. "The glamor girl," he said, and scowled at her, but she could tell he wasn't really angry. He never was on Fridays. That night, pay night, was the special night of all the week, when they decided between the seafood dinner at the Chesapeake Tavern and the blue-plate special at the Roma Spaghetti House; when they picked out the picture they wanted to see and talked over the multitude of things that had happened since Wednesday, the last time they'd been together.

From Wednesday to Friday there were only two days; yet those two days always seemed to them both a very long collection of hours. They had met each other in February, and since June they had been engaged. She was a slim girl, dark and pretty, with the deep blue eyes that are almost black, and the slender, high-placed cheekbones that shape a young face to delicate and rather wistful lines. After they pushed in to the fountain they smiled at each other faintly in the mirror, because it was Friday night now, six o'clock, and nothing else mattered much.

"What a day I put in!" Jimmy told her. "I'll bet it hit ninety in the office." He paused. "Let's see now—you got any ideas? They got a stage show at the Strand, but the picture's not so hot. At the Century—"

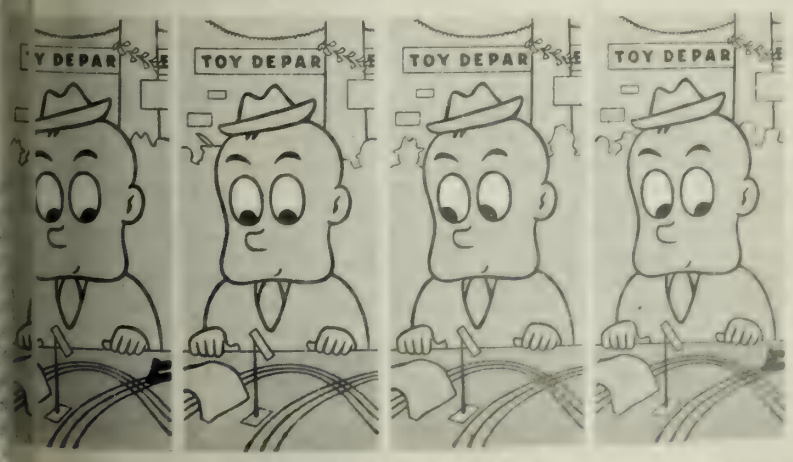
They fixed on the Century, and the Roma Spaghetti House, because it was only around the corner.

O'NEILL hung around the house on East Madison Street till after eight, but he didn't find anything there that helped him. Rose Elizabeth Daly had left some things behind her—four dresses, a couple of pairs of cheap shoes, a Confessions magazine, a single traveling bag that had seen a lot of use. But she had left no letters and the labels had been clipped neatly out of her clothes. Rose Elizabeth Daly—all they knew about her was that name. But suppose, O'Neill thought gloomily, it wasn't her right one?

There was no way he could be sure even of that. She had lived on East Madison Street just four days; she had had, so far as the landlady knew, no callers at all. No job, either. No friends. That's all O'Neill had discovered.

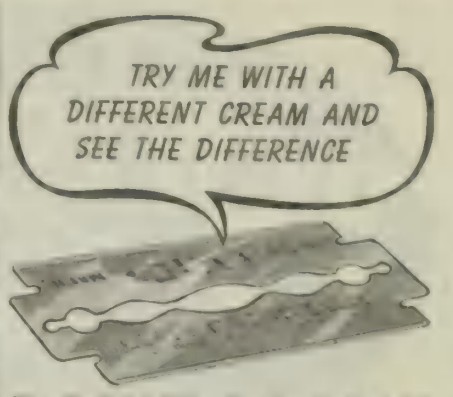
It wasn't much. In a tavern around the corner, over a sandwich and a glass of beer, O'Neill went over it doggedly enough, without seeing a spark of light anywhere. At twenty to nine, when he walked back to the house, Stanton met him on the stoop. No dice, he said, the Wilson girl hadn't got back; now they were stuck till twelve.

Settling himself on the stoop, because it seemed like the coolest place around, O'Neill prepared to wait. Very soon a sleek young man came up the steps from the pavement, looked at O'Neill incuriously, and went on to the vestibule; from there he must have seen Danaher, the uniformed cop on duty, talking to the landlady in the lower hall. Quietly, as if he didn't care to be noticed, the




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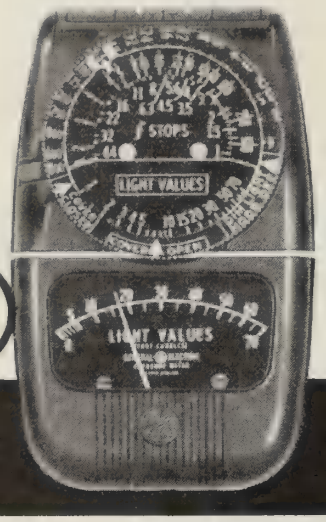
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sleek young man moved down again to O'Neill.

He made his second mistake there; but then, shirt-sleeved like the men on the stoops all around him, O'Neill didn't look much like a cop.

"What goes on?" the young man asked him in a rather worried voice. "What's the law inside for, bud?" As soon as he had spoken he licked his lips; he had just found out then that O'Neill looked a whole lot different when he raised his head and stared at you. Not, the young man said, that he cared. He didn't want anybody here; he must have made a mistake in the house. He'd push off now and—

He didn't push off. He went inside with O'Neill. There, his eyes fixed sullenly on the floor, he said he didn't know what this was all about; he'd just noticed the law around and got curious. They couldn't hang him for that.

"Can't we?" O'Neill said, and nodded somberly at Stanton. "Give him a ride, Eddie; take him downtown and lock him up."

"Okay," Stanton said. "Stand up and take the big rap, brother."

IT WORKED with the young man, as it had worked with many others. He got up staring at O'Neill. He whispered:

"The big rap? The big— Murder?" Then ripples of fear broke, jellylike, from the corners of his mouth. "Wait a minute now. You never said anything about that. You never—if it's Rose—"

The young man began to seem like a bit of luck. O'Neill told him to sit down again.

"It's Rose," he said. "What do you know about her?"

The young man knew a good deal. In a broken voice, beads of sweat glittering like glass on his cheeks, he told O'Neill that if Rose was dead he knew who killed her: Harry Daly. He started off as simply as that, before O'Neill had even lit a cigar.

She'd married this Harry Daly, and lived with him for a couple of months, out in Los Angeles the winter of thirty-five. That long ago, the young man said, when this Daly was a bookie out there, handling small bets, and playing the horses himself on the side. But he never got on with her; the first time he'd got hold of some dough, when a filly he'd hocked his shirt for came romping in at forty to one, he just picked up the take and skipped east.

"Five years ago," the young man said, blinking up painfully into O'Neill's stolid face. "I never knew them then, understand; I only met Rose last winter. She told me all this stuff a little while ago, when we began to think of hooking up—that she couldn't, see? because this Harry Daly was still her husband. In the five years since he left she'd only heard from him once, when he sent her five hundred bucks from the East—from this town—to get a divorce. She was hard up then, and she didn't spend the dough on lawyers; she just got hold of some shyster for fifty dollars, and he filled out some forms for her, just like he'd attended to everything proper and legal.

"When she told me all this I figured"—he rubbed his mouth shakily, paused for a moment, and moved his eyes away from O'Neill—"well, that he'd treated her like a rat, and that if he'd pay five hundred bucks to get rid of her we probably had hold of something good here. So we came east, see? and started to hunt him up. She didn't have his address; she'd always written to him General Delivery down here, but after she sent on the fake papers he never called around for any more mail.

"But we figured he was located somewhere around this part of the country—this city, probably, since she'd written to him here—and that he'd never give up the horses, no matter what happer to him. Last Monday, out at Pimlic he spotted him in the clubhouse, and his car number when he left, and out where to locate him through t never thought—"

He began to cry weakly, and O gave him a cigarette.

"I never thought he'd do any like this. All we were looking fo a stake. The way he was set he could have paid her five grand like ing. So I got her to rent this place because if he knew anything abou or found out she wanted the divorc he wouldn't pay out as much for get it."

"He thought she was alone?" C asked. "That none of her friend on the coast knew where she was began to see it. Harry Daly hadn off; he had killed her instead.

"Five thousand," he added s "That's a lot of money. Why wo pay her all that just to divorce

Between sobs, the young ma explained that too: When he'd com five years ago, splurging away the he'd won, he met a rich dame tha stuck on him. He wanted the div marry her. He did marry her, a got those fake papers. And ther Rose showed up again, not divor all, ready to kick up a row and sp fancy setup—

O'Neill put on his yellowed Pa Where would they find this Harr now?

The young man forgot his sorr eyes narrowed venomously. Out high-hat section, he said—out i brick dump his wife owned on Road. Carnes, he called himself Roger Carnes.

"Carnes," O'Neill repeated soft looked at Stanton, and Stanton at him.

Behind them, in the darkened room, a clock struck nine slow

IT WAS a good show at the Cen romantic comedy about a girl boss who quarreled constant couldn't endure each other, a never suspected once, all th through, that they were very n love. Roland Young had a part i Carol always liked Roland You was smiling up at his droll face screen when the usher came d aisle. He was paging somebody, didn't pay much attention to th until Jimmy touched her arm through the wave of laughter t lowed something Roland You she heard the usher's voice:

"Miss Carol Wilson, Miss Ca son, Miss Carol Wilson. . . ."

She thought at once of her sis of the sister's husband who had of driving fast, as with Jimmy's her arm, and her heart poundi ously, she followed the usher ou the lobby to a little office.

The manager was waiting there. They'd just had a call Agnes Hospital, he said; he w to say there'd been an accide mother—

For a moment she was breath the beating in her chest.

"My mother?" she said, her v riously muffled. "But that's—m er's dead. They didn't say m Mrs. Joseph Crane?"

The manager was pretty s hadn't said that.

"Here," Jimmy put in then, "( lyn up. He'll let you use the p

She was so excited then th instant she couldn't think of t ber; it was Jimmy, blessedly who remembered that. Three times, on the other end of the signal burred shrilly. Then—

"Hello," Evelyn said. No, th gone out tonight; she and Joe

pl ng bridge with the Nolans. Was an hing wrong?

'ot now," Carol said, a deep breath fill g her. "It's some mistake. But it— it ghtened me for a moment, darling —nething about St. Agnes Hospital. Ki the baby for me now; I'll be out tomc ow with Jimmy."

th ll—nerves, of course—a remnant of hu sick dread clung to her after she wh up, so that her voice shook a little cal she spoke to the manager. The ha vasn't for her; some other girl, per- with the same name—

it, e manager thought that would be o. He was very sorry to have worrie her.

wa tside, standing against the lobby wa a tall man in a gabardine suit He ed her go back to the orchestra. wi ad a narrow, gray-fleshed face lined sh strain about the mouth, and when do ad gone inside with Jimmy he sat an in one of the lobby easy chairs, tw looked down at his watch once or to as if he were waiting for someone eet him.

H SAT there a long time, until the arly show was over, and they came ou ith the last of the crowd. Then he go p, and walked out directly behind th . It was still early then, nine tw y-five, and Jimmy suggested Lo out Park

rol was a little uncertain about th

know what you'll do there," she sai "take chances on every single thi , and spend your money like water. If just took that nice bus ride around the ark—"

n pay night?" Jimmy looked pa d. "Act your age, hon. No chances tor ht—I'll promise you that. We'll jus eat some ice cream and dance a litt . Bill Howard's taking Jenny out the later, when she gets off duty. I kind of omised we'd meet them there."

ll, Carol said, if he really meant tha about the chances—

. Carnes stood directly behind the listening.

followed them out to the corner, an got on the same bus they took. The was, after all, no tremendous rush; to be safe he could wait a little longer. O'Neill—he wasn't worried about O'Neill. Back there, on East Madison Street, O'Neill would still be scratching his head.

HE WAS wrong about that. At the moment, the door of 54 Jellicoe Road open before him. O'Neill was showing his badge. "Police," he said laconically. "Mr. Carnes around?"

His brows drew together, rather harshly, when Ambrose told him Mr. Carnes could not be disturbed. He had retired early, with a vile headache, and he had warned Ambrose that under no circumstances was he to be annoyed.

"Nuts," Stanton said, and pushed on into the hall ahead of O'Neill. There were a few words there with Ambrose before the three of them moved together —quietly, O'Neill warned—up the wide curve of the stairway. After they reached the master chamber and turned on the lights that showed an empty bed between the windows, Ambrose seemed to lose the rest of his imperturbable assurance.

This was something he couldn't understand. At half past seven, bringing up some aspirin, he himself had seen Mr. Carnes here in his pajamas. Received his instructions, too. Mr. Carnes would see no one; Mr. Carnes would not even answer a phone call.

O'Neill frowned. "You didn't see him go out? Or hear him?"

"No, sir. I was reading the paper in the kitchen, at the end of the hall. He wanted me to stay up; he said he might want a sandwich later. I wouldn't have heard him on the front stairway from there. Not if he didn't wish me to."

"Scrammed," Stanton said, looking wisely at O'Neill. "Lost his head and lit out. Well—what do we do now, Marty? Phone in an alarm?"

O'Neill took off his Panama and rubbed a handkerchief around the inner band, thinking that over. Then he said:

"He didn't scram. Why should he? He figured that she was a stranger here, this Rose Elizabeth Daly. He figured we'd never find out who she really was, and he was close to being right on that. From his side, not knowing about the




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LAWRENCE LARIAR





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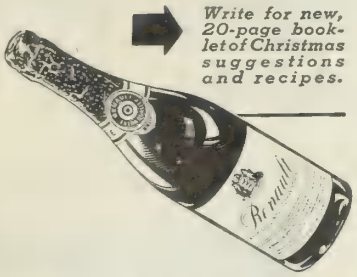
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bird we picked up back there and the story we got from him, he didn't have a thing to worry about."

"Then what did he sneak out for?"

Taking the handkerchief away from his hat, O'Neill ran it around the rim of his collar.

"Take it this way," he said. "He comes home here, gets into pajamas, goes to bed and calls up—Ambrose, are you?—to see him there. Tells him to stay up, too, that he'll ring later, and then slips out. Ambrose didn't see him go out, and the chances are he wouldn't see him come in. So far as Ambrose knows, he's been here all the while. He didn't expect us till tomorrow, remember, so he wasn't worried about that. He's here in bed at seven-thirty, he's here in bed when he rings for Ambrose again after he gets back. He's got himself an alibi then—not perfect, but good. Only what was that alibi setup to cover?"

He himself couldn't see anything. If Carnes realized that he'd missed something, that he'd left an opening behind him he had to plug up— Doggedly, patiently, O'Neill went back over everything in search of that opening, but in the end it was Stanton who stumbled on it.

"The Wilson girl?" he suggested. "I been thinking about her, Marty; I been thinking that if she really heard something, and that if Carnes got worried about her, he'd knock her off, too. Say he listened to us talking about her—"

"From where?" O'Neill grunted. "Wasn't Danaher out on the landing to keep him moving after he left?"

"Well—" Stanton said. He looked at everything in the room but O'Neill's face. "Not just then he wasn't. When I came up to tell you about her, Danaher was in the kitchen getting himself some water. I been thinking about that quite a while. I—"

O'Neill, who didn't curse often, cursed now. Something tight, a pressing consciousness of lost time and danger, whipped itself around his head. The Wilson girl, the little empty-head he'd called her—

He did what Mr. Carnes had done two hours ago; he began to call the downtown theaters, the Century first because he'd been there himself last night, and it was the one he instinctively thought of. When the manager there told him about the other message O'Neill's fingers tingled coldly.

OF COURSE, he thought. Carnes had her placed now. A call from a near-by drugstore, a cock-and-bull story about the hospital, and then a little wait around the manager's office till the usher came out—Carnes might have tried others; at the Century he'd found her. Now—

O'Neill, not sweating now merely from the heat, did what he could; he had the manager at the Century flash her name and address on the screen, so this time she'd know it wasn't a mistake. Five minutes later, when the manager called back, O'Neill's heart dropped like a stone inside him. She wasn't there now. She'd left. So it ended there; at the Century he hit that last dead stop. He went back with Stanton to the house on East Madison Street and he found what he expected to find in the third-floor front—no one at all.

There was a picture on the dresser, a good-looking young man who might be the boy friend. O'Neill ripped it out of the frame, turned it over, and read the photographer's inscription off the back.

"244 Doane Street," he told Stanton breathlessly. "Make it fast."

At 244 Doane Street the photographer who had taken the picture came down from his apartment over the studio. He remembered it at once; it wasn't a month since he'd taken it. He gave O'Neill the name and the address—a big brick apartment, next to a school, just two blocks east.

There J. J. Martin was one of two names bracketed over the bell of Apartment 3E in the vestibule; the other, Wm. F. Howard, was the one who answered O'Neill's ring. Jimmy? he said. Why he was going to meet Jimmy later, after eleven, when his girl friend—a nurse—finished her stretch of three to eleven at the hospital. They were going to meet Jimmy and his girl at Lookout Park. To dance a bit—

O'Neill got in some phoning, too hasty to be explicit, and then he sat crowded between Stanton and Bill Howard for the longest ride in his life—seven miles, six minutes, through the suburbs to Lookout Park.

The two squad cars he'd phoned for were already by the gate, with four uniformed men gathered around the turnstiles as if they weren't quite certain what to do. O'Neill, sweeping them in with him, was stopped by Bill Howard just as they reached the midway. Jimmy, Bill Howard yelled at him—Jimmy, over there at the stand.

O'Neill didn't turn at once. She's with him, he thought savagely; she's got to be with him. She's safe now. She's— He jerked around, his flesh hanging heavily on him, the blood hammering in his head. Ten feet away, on the left, a young man stood before the frozen custard stand, waiting to be served.

He was the young man of the picture, and O'Neill saw that he was alone.

AT HALF past ten, when the bus let them off at Lookout Park, they wandered slowly up the midway, past the freak show and the House of Fun and the Whip and the Tunnel of Love. Then they began to climb the broad stone steps that went up the hill toward the open-air dance pavilion squatting on a terrace at the top.

Once, some distance behind them, she noticed a man in a gabardine suit. He was a tall man, walking with his head slightly bent.

They paused again in the tiny park just below the pavilion, where stone benches were scattered here and there in pools of shadow beneath the trees. Beyond the stairs, in the velvety-soft darkness of a hedge, they found an empty place—cool and quiet, with the dance music not too loud above them, and the midway lights glittering and winking below.

They sat down there. Jimmy said it was early yet, that Bill and Jenny wouldn't be out for quite a while. So they could take it easy here, or go inside and have a dance. Which would she like?

"It's nice out here," Carol said. "Let's just sit."

There were couples on the other benches—very quiet couples, not too near around them, and somewhere far off, sweetened by distance, a carrousel began to tinkle like a baby's music box.

"I'll say it's nice," Jimmy said, rubbing her cheek gently with his fingers. "Any place would have to be nice with you. Happy?"

"Uh-huh," she said dreamily.

"Anything you want?"

"A million dollars," she said. "And someone like you coming home every night with the evening paper."

"Someone like me?" he murmured in her ear. "You better change that—you better make it only me. Gonna?"

"Gonna," she said. "Cross my heart."

That was better, he told her, lots better; now how about a frozen custard while they waited? He could slip down and get one for her before she knew he'd gone. She didn't protest too much, because of the stairs, and because Jimmy said there was no sense to both of them puffing up those again. She sat there, waiting for him to get back, while a couple on the next bench got up and moved off, and other couples, from other benches, began to straggle after them.

Soon, save for the man in the gabardine suit, she seemed to be alone. He had followed them; now he turned to stare at Carol—so directly that she thought she knew what he was trying to do. Fresh, she thought, with a slight flush, and moved around on the bench so that she wouldn't have to look back at him. Then very softly, quite near her, she heard a shoe scuff gravel. It was that—that fool, of course, the small lady-killer in the gabardine suit. He was nervous then, because she'd had to handle his kind before, she said in a furious low voice as he sat down beside her.

"You'd better get away from here. If you're around when my friend comes back, he'll—he'll punch your nose for you."

"Will he?" the stranger asked. His voice was oddly menacing, not the kind of voice she thought it would be. In the dimness his face glistened like wet low clay. She was frightened when she saw it, and tried to move away from him on the bench.

But he had caught her wrist then, with his left hand; his right, in his hip pocket, was feeling for the scarf. It was a thin silk scarf, and very strong; last night on East Madison Street, it had glimmered against Rose Daly's throat like a shaft of light.

If he could keep her quiet now for just a moment—

"I only want your purse," he said. "Don't be fool enough to scream. And—"

A light flashed across them; Carol had not heard the steps that brought Mr. Carnes hadn't either. He fell above her, his head half turned, his teeth showing between his lips.

She saw a glimmer of gray—the uniform of the private police they had at Lookout Park.

"Break it up," a voice said. "Break it up now. We close the garden here at eleven; you two are the only ones left. You got to get out now. You can go to the pavilion if you want; but you can't—"

"Thank you," Mr. Carnes said. His scarf crumpled up in his palm. "Thank you very much."

He moved out three steps before Carol found her voice. Then she breathed something, and Mr. Carnes began to run. He was twenty years younger than the special cop, and fifty pounds lighter, and he reached the steps a good bit ahead. Reached them and started down them, and tried to stop and stumbled on an edge. He fell forward but not far; Jimmy and a long-legged cop, who were a little faster-moving than O'Neill and the others, grabbed him together.

SHE told Jimmy, while they took the man in the gabardine suit away, that it was nothing, he'd only wanted her purse. The way Jimmy looked when he reached her, so wild and excited, and almost unable to speak, calmed her at once. Her voice grew steady and her breath came once more under control.

"I wasn't worried about that," she said. "One week's pay! I was just afraid that you'd come back too soon, and fight him, and—"

O'Neill came up to her. She had to smile at him, he was such a funny-looking man—fat, soaked with perspiration, breathless, his Panama shaking in his hand. Police, O'Neill croaked—they'd been looking for her. They'd—

He stopped there as if he had to, but she couldn't keep the smile from the corners of her mouth.

"Me?" she said, and almost laughed aloud, that was so silly. "Looking for me? But—why? And whatever

# Nonstop Show

Continued from page 28

l his boys and girls hoped for a run and maybe some cakes and s was on July 6, 1933.

ice people around, the show of- t only The Drunkard, but added oldtime vaudeville, along with r, pretzels, ham-on-rye—and t beer, in case of any conver- othing much happened at first, le with good maps and a sense on, who could find the place by n which side of trees the bark kest, began telling friends to go. ow began to build up and soon ing to capacity, which was, and t a $1.75 top. Show-wise peo- the movies liked to catch the and tourists started to hear In the film colony a sort of tarted to see how many times ould look at the thing.

### Babes Don't Get In

lliam C. Fields, the comedian, every time he felt the urge to ong liquor and needed good, oral support. Since 1933 he his urge no less than twenty- es and has attended that many, d by the fact that babes in not admitted. Mr. Fields' af- babes in arms is conservative. ld days, Will Rogers and Fred ne and took part in the olio. d Johnson harangued each d many a famous stage and me put on an impromptu act. tings-up were all in the olio, as iece came to be called—a relic s when theaters, beside using ons for specialty acts, made mers stay after the main show dance and tell jokes.

fourteen actors and actresses ed with the show, eight still g; others came in soon after ng. Sometimes Bell tries to e olio acts, fearing the regu- ire of them, but the regulars d for it.

es at The Drunkard make s part of the proceedings, hiss- e Cribbs, the villain; crying when Heroine Mary Wilson ed; and cheering lustily the peeches denouncing strong en the villain offers Hero Ed- ddleton a bribe everyone shouts: "Don't take it, boy!" and when Edward spurns the silver, the cheers crack the rafters.

Some of the show's statistics are interesting. Although no visitor ever has offered to sign the pledge, Bell says that the percentage of customers preferring root beer to the regular stuff is steadily increasing, while demand for ham sandwiches and pretzels stays constant. Since it started the show has given away two million, one hundred thousand pints of beer, a million and three quarter ham sandwiches, about six and a half million pretzels and hundreds of candlelit cakes, awarded to couples celebrating birthdays or wedding—and even divorce—anniversaries.

The piece rolled past its three thousandth straight performance early in the fall of '41. This contrasts with 2,327 for Abie's Irish Rose, 1466 for Charley's Aunt, and 2,238 for Chu Chin Chow (in London). It is out ahead of Tobacco Road. When it will close no one knows, but it seems safe for ten years, anyway, which would set an all-time record that probably never would be beaten.

After the stage play, the show becomes a sort of community affair. Customers observed by Song Leader George Stuart not to be singing with sufficient gusto have to do solos. People from St. Louis get introduced to total strangers from Honolulu. Old-time vaudeville acts are dead-panned through with considerable help from the customers and even the waitresses do a song or two.

There is hardly ever any audience trouble, although one aged patron who always tries to make a speech during Act Two has been escorted out seven times and complains he doesn't know how the plot turns out. No one ever was cured of the curse of liquor by seeing the piece, but one customer claims it cured his arthritis.

Nobody knows, including Bell and his players, why The Drunkard goes on and on in the converted studio, now called the Theater Mart. It isn't good drama, it has no intentionally funny lines, there isn't a speck of dirt in it and its situations are hackneyed and unreal. Everybody connected with the show has given up trying to explain it. They're not worrying overmuch, either. They think it may work into something steady, after a while.



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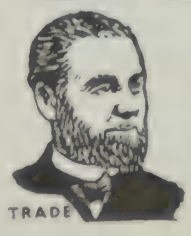


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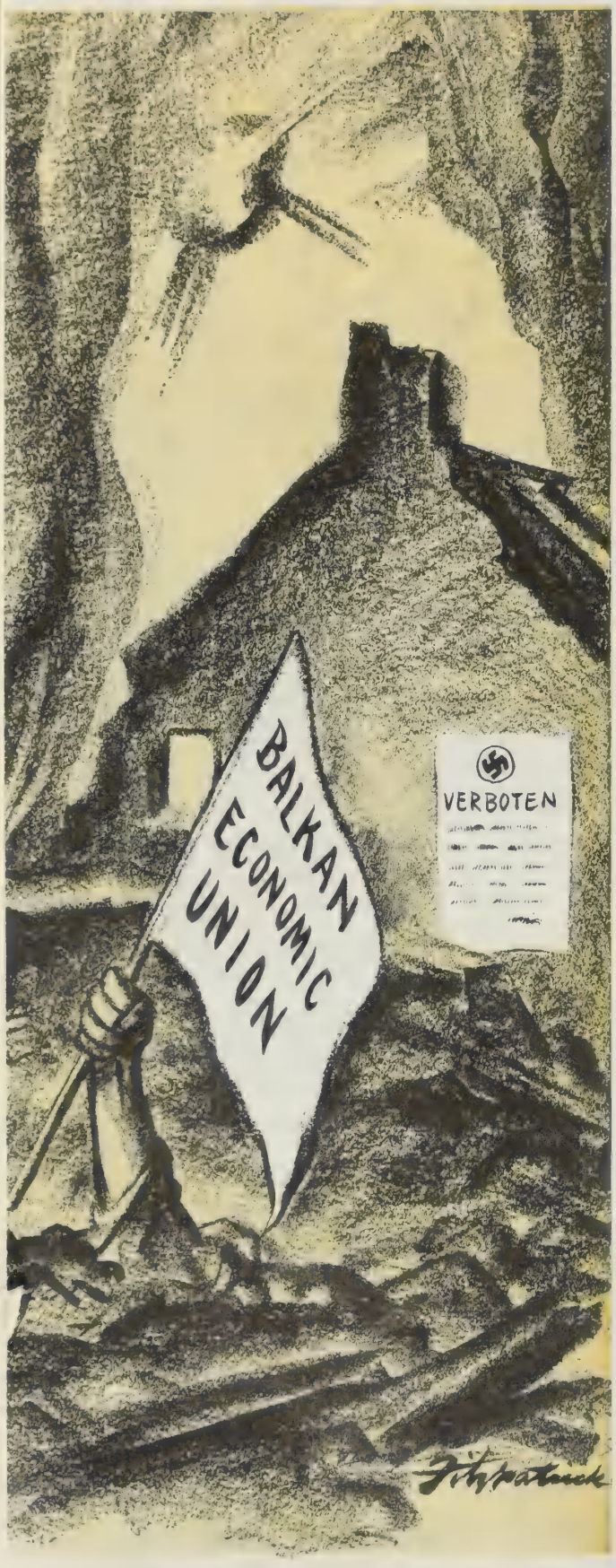
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**Collier's**

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# U. S. E.




AN ACORN that may one day produce an oak was planted at the International Labor Organization's recent New York Conference. Delegates for Czechoslovakia, Greece, Poland and Yugoslavia, with the approval of their London governments in exile, agreed to form a single economic bloc if the war should end in the liberation of their countries from Hitler. Bulgaria, Hungary and Rumania would be asked into this Balkan bloc in due time.

The first problem, of course, is to get these countries free of Hitler's guns and *Gauleiters*. When and if that is done, the proposed Balkan economic union may conceivably lay the foundations for a United States of Europe.

Before Hitler enraged most of the civilized world with the brutalities of his overlordship of the conquered countries, it wa agreed that Europe never could be ous with a network of economic barri ing it a permanent economic jigsaw p this war hadn't butted in, the dr United States of Europe might ha into being peaceably and gradually

In a bloody, debased kind of wa is giving that dream a long shov realization. If he can be pried loose controls somehow, and if the Balka when freed can remember the high they made when enslaved, then a U some type should be off to a good

We hope the various Balkan gov in exile will keep working on this sc will have it ready for instant refe agitation if the war ends in an Allie

## Take It Easier, Please

AS WE go to press, the extreme isolationists and the extreme interventionists are about even-Stephen as regards performances which have hurt their respective causes more than helped them.

Some isolationist ladies (well, call them ladies) greeted Ambassador Halifax in Detroit by tossing eggs at him. Mr. Halifax took it like a sport—and the isolationist cause took on in many people's minds a label of hooliganism which it won't soon live down.

Presently, a Col. Early E. W. Duncan, commanding officer at Lowry Field, Denver, was hitting the headlines with an order forbidding his men to have traffic with preachers, laymen or groups opposing United States' entry into the war. Before Colonel Duncan had finished pulling his cyclone cellar in after him, Civilian Defense Co-ordinator F. H. La Guardia bobbed up with an interventionist sermon which he had mailed to a lot of clergymen with the request that they preach it or something like it the followin

Senator Wheeler, who usually s ter judgment, capped these misadv blunderland by roaring that son manufacturers were using a few sh metal to make toy soldiers.

Which side looked the more foo last of this stick of boob-bombs w don't know; or which had disguste people.

Really, ladies and gents, this ki won't do. The question of whethe go all the way into the war or get out of it is one of the gravest qu country has ever faced. There a patriotic Americans, and a lot o both sides. The question can be se only if both sides will keep that fa cut out the idiotic acts, and deba merits. One of the things these demand of us Americans is that and take to acting like an adult

## Airways Around the World

PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS' new African line, laid out primarily to speed plane shipments to the Middle East, has been getting plenty of publicity of late, but we thought we'd give it some more. We quote from Capt. Harold E. Gray's statement to the press the day the Capetown Clipper left on its maiden voyage to San Juan, Port-of-Spain, Belem, Natal and the Belgian Congo:

> The new airway constitutes the greatest single project of its kind ever undertaken by civil aviation. The route itself is as long as the Clipper route across the Pacific to China, which required four years to build. That this new route from the American mainland to far-off South Africa is ready for its first transport test just 83 days from President Roosevelt's announcement of the assignment is a splendid testimonial to the organization of America's international air transport system.

That is putting it conservatively, Captain. It is a magnificent achievement. It is also one which gives us a very heartening series of thoughts.

Good news in this third year of the war—news that tells of progress and improving conditions and better outlooks for of people somewhere—is not ple sad time and promises to grow quite a while.

But in this news of Pan Amer of the South Atlantic-Africa air days, isn't there a promise of gr come? Even more encouraging indication that there is some tru that war often shortcuts progress speed up, lops away a lot of de inertia?

It isn't likely that in peacetim the Pacific experience behind it, can, or any other airline, woul this giant job in anything like 8 pressure of war and of the scarcity in the Middle East put steam on the project; and now th is laid for American passenger after the war over most of the c and part of the uncivilized. This enough, but here and there it pensations, and it may conceiv dreamed-of dividends.